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THE LIFE OF
JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

BASED ON HIS PRIVATE JOURNALS
AND CORRESPONDENCE

BY
WILFRID WARD

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE
WITH PORTRAIT
NEW IMPRESSION

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THIS BIOGRAPHY OF HIS GREAT PREDECESSOR
WHICH I HAD HOPED TO OFFER
TO
FATHER JOHN NORRIS
OF THE ORATORY
WITH THE GLADNESS OF A TASK FULFILLED
AND IN GRATITUDE FOR ALL IT OWES TO HIS SYMPATHY
I NOW DEDICATE
IN SORROW
TO HIS MEMORY

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

IN order that an Edition of the 'Life of Cardinal Newman,' by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, might be published at the lowest practicable price, the appendices are omitted in this issue. The references are however left in the Index, and all those to pages beyond 614 in Vol. I and 537 in Vol. II are to the Edition in two separate volumes.

Should any questions arise as to Mr. Ward's statements of Cardinal Newman's views, it would be necessary to make reference to the appendices, in which the *pièces justificatives* are contained.

FRONTISPIECE PORTRAIT

CARDINAL NEWMAN

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LIFE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

It is due to the readers of this work that the biographer, in view of the anticipations which may have been formed as to what the Life of Cardinal Newman ought to contain, should indicate at starting the nature of the material placed at his disposal, and the treatment to which it has been found naturally to lend itself. The chief material for the biography consists in Newman's journals and diaries and in the immense mass of letters collected and arranged by his literary executor, the late Father Neville. It includes likewise groups of his letters arranged and annotated by the writer himself. There are notes of some value written by Father Neville recording the Cardinal's sayings and habits; and the late Father Ignatius Dudley Ryder placed at the disposal of the biographer a very interesting record based largely on his own conversations with Newman.

The general trend of the biography of a man of action is determined by the public events in which he has taken part; but the life of one whose fame rests mainly on his writings leaves wider room for conjecture as to its scope, and in some cases for hesitation on the part of its writer as to the lines on which it should be planned. The expectations

formed by different readers are likely to be determined by what the subject of the biography mainly represents in the eyes of each. And in Newman's case different readers are for this reason likely to have very different anticipations.

John Henry Newman is indeed himself a remarkable instance of one of his own most characteristic contentions, that the same object may be seen by different onlookers under aspects so various and partial as to make their views, from their inadequacy, appear occasionally even contradictory. A very able German Catholic critic recently said to the present writer, 'Newman is the originator of the theory of development in dogma—he is that or he is nothing.' This critic took the famous Essay on its theoretical and philosophical side. But while to some Newman is thus before all things a religious philosopher—and he has often been compared with Pascal—there are others, like Lord Morley, who appear to see in him little more than a great master of English prose who is hardly to be reckoned a thinker at all.¹ By yet others he has been placed in the category of the great ecclesiastical writers in history, the eloquence and force in some of his later sermons suggesting a comparison with Bossuet,² his personal charm and delicate balance of mind recalling Fénelon. English Catholics think of him primarily as the great defender of their religion against Mr. Kingsley, Dr. Pusey, and Mr. Gladstone; as the man who has annihilated by his brilliant irony both High Church Anglicanism and the bombast of Exeter Hall in the lectures of 1849 and 1851. Yet the champion who entered the lists on behalf of the Roman claims in 1849 is still hailed by many as the founder of modern Anglicanism. There are, on the other hand, thousands for whom Newman's writings belong, to use Dean Stanley's phrase—'not to provincial dogma, but to the literature of all time.' He is for them the author of the Oxford Sermons, with their matchless insight into human nature; the religious poet who wrote the 'Dream of Gerontius' and 'Lead.

¹ See Lord Morley's *Miscellanies* (Fourth Series) (Macmillan), p. 161.

² Dean Church has truly said that Newman's Oxford Sermons are not the sermons of an orator. It is chiefly the *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*, preached at the Oratory, that give material for the comparison. The contrast between the style of the two periods of his preaching has been admirably drawn out by the late Mr. Hutton in his 'Cardinal Newman' (Methuen).

kindly Light'; while the 'Apologia' belongs in their eyes to the literature of self-revelation, not to apologetic. To others, again, he is the theologian who has an almost unequalled knowledge of the first three centuries of Church history. Such was Döllinger's estimate of him.¹ And by some he was for long chiefly thought of as the greatest exponent of the views of the minority at the Vatican Council.

There is enough, then, in Newman's writing to suggest a wide range of interest for his biography and varied possibilities as to its main direction. And it will be asked if the letters lend themselves naturally to a work which should be in the main the Life of a writer and thinker, including, as do the Lives of Kant and Hegel, a record of the genesis of his thought and its incidence on opinion.

The answer must be that the correspondence points to a biography which is rather an addition to his writings than an illustration of them. There are, indeed, to be found in Father Neville's collection instances of brilliant and masterly controversial letters, and letters bearing on his theological and historical writings. But, on the whole, the story of his life which is found in the correspondence carries the readers of Newman into a new country rather than illustrates one that they knew already. Some of the features above contemplated must necessarily be altogether absent from the biography. Of the Newman specially dear to Anglicans—the leader of the Oxford Movement—most of the letters have already been published by Miss Mozley; and it is at the Cardinal's own desire that his present biographer has not added to the record given in those letters and in the 'Apologia.' Only one chapter of the present work deals with the period preceding 1845.

The comparisons which have been drawn between Newman and Pascal, Fénelon, and Bossuet have no doubt, some value and literary interest, and are incidentally illustrated in the Cardinal's letters and journals. For example, his dealings with the so-called 'Liberal Catholics,' so fully set forth in his correspondence with Lord Acton and Mr. Simpson, present a close resemblance to the attitude of Fénelon in the Quietist controversy. We have the

¹ See p. 444.

same opposition to extremes on either side, the same hostility on the part of the dominant theological party, the same loyal submission to Rome, the same jealous vindication of personal orthodoxy. But the net result of Newman's letters is to enforce not similarities, but differences—to show that Newman's mind and character presented marked and peculiar characteristics of their own. The interest of the letters and journals is not to be found in the comparisons they suggest with other great Churchmen or in the light they cast on his published writings, but rather in the drama of his life and the picture of a very individual mind and character. They give a sequel of extraordinary interest to the narrative portion of the 'Apologia.' To this all that bears on his theology or on his literary work is subordinate. The story more than once threatens to prove a tragedy, but ends, as it begins, in peace and happiness.

This drama, exhibited at length in the present work by his own words, must here be briefly indicated lest its outline be lost or blurred for the reader as he threads his way through an intricate correspondence. Newman's life-story must, moreover, be looked at as a whole, and from the beginning, that its interest may be fully realised. We must have before us the child whose imagination ran on unknown influences and magical talismans, who thought life might be a dream and the material world unreal; the youth who was at sixteen profoundly conscious of an inward conversion and believed himself 'elected to eternal glory,' and who henceforth rested in the thought of himself and his Creator as the only two luminously self-evident beings.¹ Then after the brilliant apprenticeship at Oxford and the few years in which the 'Oxford Plato,'² the friend of Blanco White and of Whately, showed some tendency towards intellectualism, we see him from 1828 onwards undergoing a profound religious reaction, which grew into the conviction that he had a definite mission in life.³

And what was that mission? It was one of relentless war against the 'Liberalism' in thought that was breaking up ancient institutions in Church and State, and would not cease from its work until it had destroyed religion. In

¹ *Apologia*, p. 4.

² *Vide infra*, p. 38.

³ *Apologia*, p. 34.

England its aims were comparatively moderate and its tendencies disguised, but we are now witnessing its inevitable results in Continental Europe. Newman foresaw them in 1828. He saw fresh symptoms of an un-Christian movement in the revolution of 1830 in France, and on one occasion refused even to look at the tricolor that was hoisted on the mast of a French ship.¹ It was not his way to spread a panic or to indulge in alarmist talk of the incoming flood of infidelity. But this was in reality, as we know from a letter written in old age, the anticipation which early haunted him. We learn from this letter that for fifty years he had looked forward to the gradual rising of such a flood until 'only the tops of the mountains will be seen like islands in the waste of waters.'² To rescue his own countrymen from this danger, or to show them an ark of safety, appeared to be a mission specially suited to one keenly alive to the plausibility of scepticism, yet profoundly convinced that modern science and research were compatible with Christianity,³ and that in Christianity alone could be found the meaning of life and the happiness of mankind. The work was to be done not by talking of unbelief before the world at large saw it coming, not by alarming the simple souls who were to be the soldiers of the truth; but by strengthening the English Church as the home of dogmatic religion; by imparting intellectual depth to its traditional theology and spiritual life to its institutions; by strengthening and renewing the almost broken links which bound the Church of England to the Church Catholic of the great ages—the Church of Augustine and Athanasius. And this was the object of the Oxford Movement of 1833.

In five short years the dream of his mission became a reality; it had been accepted in Oxford and beyond it, and had amazed him by its results. Followers literally crowded to his standard, and one who desired only to work for a cause found himself against his own will the leader of a great movement.

¹ *Apologia*, p. 33.

² *Vide infra*, Vol. II. p. 416.

³ I need not remind the reader that he ascribed their actual irreligious tendency not to the genuine scientific method, but to the naturalistic assumptions of eminent scientists.

In 1838 he exercised a kingship in Oxford extending far beyond the ranks of a party—an influence so extraordinary that the tradition of it is now no longer realised and only half believed. For it makes a claim for one man which seems hyperbolic and improbable; but in fact the improbable had occurred. Whether Oxford was right or wrong, it recognised in the personality which dominated it, in the sermons at St. Mary's, and the Tracts, a Christian thinker of unique genius and insight. Let the present writer add to the testimonies of those who speak in the text of this work the words of yet another,¹ who owned that he was bearing witness to a marvel. 'Was there ever in history anything like Newman's power over us at Oxford?' were words familiar to the writer from early boyhood. And Newman's influence was for all England as well, for the Movement promised to spread.

'Let Newman mould the Church and Gladstone
stamp the State.'

Such was the dream of England's future which haunted young Oxford.²

This early victorious achievement and leadership and the hopes it inspired threw on Newman's later history both a light and a shadow which were never to be removed.

To develop the great Movement in the Church of England by reasserting its Catholic elements was a task which the traditions of Oxford, his own affection for the Anglican Liturgy, and his keen sympathy with the English divines of the seventeenth century combined to make a labour of love. This congenial and resplendent armoury had to be set aside in a few years. The Church of England itself had been, he came to hold, unfaithful to that very Catholic tradition which he was rescuing and rebuilding as an ark of safety from the flood of Liberalism and Rationalism. The early Fathers still remained to stir his imagination, and they shone out as guiding stars, but they were more distant than England and Oxford. They were a vision for his guidance, but they had not the special warmth belonging to the home of his youth. And from that home he was now to be torn for ever.

We have all read in the 'Apologia' of the agony of the

¹ William George Ward.

² See Archbishop Alexander's poem, *Oxford in 1845*.

death-struggle. The mission, the reality of which had been so strongly borne in on him, was to be carried on not among the friends of his youth, but in a strange country. Thither he went, taking with him as the link between his old life and his new his henceforth inseparable friend Ambrose St. John, whom the people of Rome in 1847 called his guardian angel. We witness his heartache as he parts from Littlemore, and kisses the leaves of the Oxford trees. The sadness is intense; but God's ways are marvellous. And the sense of God's presence is with him still. The Divine Hand had been visible in the work of the Movement, and its author had been wonderfully led onwards. The writing on the wall in 1839—the thought, 'Rome will be found right after all'—had been followed by other signs pointing in the same direction. Rome had long been the object of his fiercest invective. Yet now it was along the road to Rome that God bade him travel. The journey of 1845 was then desolate, but still wonderful, still speaking of Divine guidance and a Divine plan. Personal suffering, and perhaps personal failure, seemed to be marked out as the conditions of success for his mission. The ways of the strange country were hard to learn. The tasks he was set proved trying. But we see him beginning his new life with a profound sense that he had come to the promised land. The 'blessed vision of peace'¹ stood out before him as he recognised in the Roman Communion the Church of Athanasius, and that vision shed a light on his path. As he had been brought to his great work for Oxford by circumstances, and with hardly any personal effort, so, he doubted not, it would be again.

And the years from 1845 to 1852 brought nothing to dim such anticipations. The Catholic Church was, he believed, now, as in the early ages, to triumph by the suffering of its apostles; and the insults of the No-popery rioters in 1850, and again his trial for the pretended libel against Dr. Achilli in 1852, were looked upon as so much suffering in the good cause. There was much weariness, much distress, much anxiety; yet God's hand was still visible.

Then came a time of trial, long-drawn-out, when the hand of God seemed withdrawn, and not only was his life beset

¹ *Essay on Development*, p. 445.

with trouble, but the labour of many years proved to be apparently without result, even without meaning. He was asked to undertake the formation of a Catholic University in Ireland. Is this at last, he seems to ask, destined to be the great work of his life? Is this to be the field for his mission in his new home? There were facts which made such a supposition not inconceivable. The immense success of Louvain University in Catholic Belgium—a private enterprise at first, and unrecognised by the State—was by this time an accomplished fact. And a University for the English-speaking races in a land where the Catholic population exceeded that of Belgium was not on the face of it a Utopian conception. The Holy Father had given special approval to the Irish scheme. It was set on foot as part of the deliberate policy of the Holy See of establishing Catholic centres of learning, and opposing 'mixed' education at the State Universities. Again, the scheme gave him a direct call to deal with what he more and more regarded as his own especial work—the formation of educated Christian minds capable of resisting the increasing tide of infidel thought. This would be the renewal of his work at Oxford, but with the world-wide Church to back him, and the Rock of Peter to support him. On the other hand, the task was immensely arduous, and his keen and observant mind was gradually made alive to many adverse omens—to signs of general indifference to the scheme in Ireland, to symptoms that it could never do the great work for English Catholics which he had at first pictured, but would be a purely Irish College, disapproved, moreover, as impracticable by the best representatives of the interests of education among the Irish themselves. Here were the factors in a trial which eventually broke his spirit. There was an inevitable hesitation, and then faith was invoked by him against sight, and in the end sight won a tragic victory. At first he seems to rebuke his own want of trust. Peter had spoken, and if necessary would even work a marvel. History told him—he said it in burning words—that to follow the lead of Rome was to prosper. But the cold, unpromising, uninspiring facts gradually chilled him by their dull pressure. He was now at an age when—as he himself kept saying—nature no longer supplied the energy

and enthusiasm necessary for the initiation of difficult tasks. His antecedents gave him no habit of such initiation, for at Oxford he inherited an already formed system and existing traditions, and himself contributed only the living force of genius in his sermons and lectures. He was working amid a race which was strange to him. The Irish Primate, seemingly suspicious of his plans, hindered rather than helped him. Other bishops stood his friends; but the circumstances of the country made the scheme impracticable. He made a sustained effort which involved an unnatural strain. He held fast by the presumption that in attempting a work with such high sanction he was obeying a call from God; and he kept assuring himself that if only he had faith enough all would prosper. With his intense realisation of advancing life he watched, powerless to stop them, the years of still vigorous life passing for ever. He became aware of the utter failure to which at first he would not own. He keeps writing to his friends of satisfaction and success—until suddenly he breaks down. He compares the founders of the University to Frankenstein. They were 'scared at their own monster.' He resigns his office. But the long strain has been too much. Buoyancy is gone for ever. He finds himself an old man. He writes to W. G. Ward that he looks now for paralysis or some sudden end to his days. There is no faltering in his loyalty to Rome. But in this, as in other feelings, buoyancy has left him. The thought that almost a miracle might come if he followed Peter's lead is sadly allowed to have been in this case a dream and not a vision. The authorities at Rome had not realised the conditions which prevailed in Ireland. They had relied on local information which proved to be inaccurate. It was a simple and not surprising fact. It impugned no dogma of his faith. But it meant that the years had passed, not in justifying for him an almost prophetic vision in the face of chilling criticism, but in finding by experience that the critics had been right and his work vain.

Not, then, by founding a great University was he destined to help the Catholic and Christian cause. All he could now hope for was to add something to his writings on behalf of religion during the few years that remained to him of life.

This thought is but a faint flicker of the old flame. He has no heart now to speak of a great mission. But even this view of God's will for him received little external encouragement. The English Bishops, it is true, now asked him to edit a translation of the Scriptures into the vernacular, and he planned and began an essay on the philosophy of the sacred narrative—an antidote to such naturalistic treatment of Holy Writ as Renan's '*Histoire d'Israël*'—as its Introduction. But the whole scheme was abandoned owing apparently to the apathy of Cardinal Wiseman. Then he tried to guide the thought of the intellectual Catholics who under the editorship of the late Lord Acton were conducting the *Rambler* Review, but met again with powerful opposition. He became its editor, but he was asked to resign after his first number, and delated to Rome for heresy after his second.

This was in 1859: and 1860 saw the development of that zealous but intolerant movement of Catholics in defence of the Holy See which the invasion of the Papal States brought about, when all balanced thought, especially in relation to the Temporal Power of the Pope, was liable to be accused of dangerous Liberalism; when in France Dupanloup, Montalembert, and Lacordaire were denounced by M. Veuillot and his friends as unsound Catholics; when, to use Newman's own words, 'a man who was not extravagant was thought treacherous.' And Newman found himself suspected and 'under a cloud.' Yet in all he had done, in all he had written, he had prayed earnestly for guidance that he might know God's will. Where now was his mission? Where was his work for the great cause? He submitted in silence and resignation. His spiritual life indeed found now, as ever, its 'perfect peace and contentment' in the Catholic religion. But otherwise it was a time of darkness and gloom; and there came to him some of the special bitterness that falls to the lot of a dis-crowned king or a forsaken prophet. He thought himself an old man. His health was bad, and he made ready for death. His books had already ceased to sell, and now he ceased to write. His very name was hardly known to the rising generation. Had he died directly after his sixty-third birthday—at an age which would have fallen not very far short of the allotted days of man on earth—his career would have lived in

history as ending in the saddest of failures. His unparalleled eminence in 1837 would have been contrasted by historians with his utter insignificance in 1863. His biography would have been a tragedy.

Then in 1864 came Charles Kingsley's memorable attack, and Newman saw in it an opportunity for a vindication of his whole career before the English public from the accusation of insincerity, and of defending the Catholic cause on the lines which he felt so necessary for the times. The brilliant strategical sallies in pamphlet form by which he at once secured universal attention, and then the graver chapters which are now known as the '*Apologia pro Vita Sua*,' won the heart of England. Middle-aged men long separated from him, but who had once sat at his feet at Oxford, now came forward to tell a world that had forgotten him all that the name 'Newman' had once meant. An article of seven columns in the *Times* on his first public appearance after the campaign of the '*Apologia*' bore decisive testimony to a wonderful recovery.

Thenceforth John Henry Newman was a great figure in the eyes of his countrymen. English Catholics were grateful to him and proud of having for their champion one of whom the country itself had become suddenly proud as a great writer and a spiritual genius. He had a large following within the Catholic Church, who hung on his words as his Oxford disciples had done thirty years earlier. Opposition in influential quarters continued. But his supporters among the Bishops stood their ground, and the battle was on far more equal terms than heretofore.

Still, a reaction in his favour which inspired him with great hopes for the future did not entirely justify those hopes. He continued to concentrate his attention on the educational needs of earnest and thoughtful minds whose faith would be tried in coming years. The Catholic University had failed. The only available University training for English Catholics was at Oxford and Cambridge. In 1864, and again in 1866, he planned an Oratory for Oxford, hoping to influence the intellectual life of the place, so largely affected at that time by the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, and to be a spiritual and intellectual guide

to the Catholic undergraduates. But Manning and W. G. Ward were enforcing in England in an uncompromising form the opposition to 'mixed' education to which Rome was largely committed on the Continent. Newman's scheme was out of harmony with their views. Manning was already, when it was first mooted, all-powerful with Cardinal Wiseman, and a year later he was Archbishop. Rome, therefore, naturally endorsed his policy, and Newman's project was defeated. This was his last hope of active work as a Catholic. The dramatic story of its initial encouragement, of the happy dreams to which it at first led, and of its final defeat, is told in the present biography.

Newman then set himself to write his great work on the question that had haunted him through life—the reasonableness of religious belief—his 'Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent.' And at the same time came the beginning of the controversies which preceded the Vatican Council. The men who had opposed and defeated him on the Oxford scheme were among the chief agitators for the definition of Papal Infallibility. Newman had ever held that doctrine much as Fénelon had held it. But it was now put forward in the newspapers, by M. Louis Veuillot and others, in an untheological and exaggerated form, and Newman dreaded a definition which might be regarded by the world as giving countenance to excesses he deplored. He stigmatised these writers and their followers, in a well-known letter, as 'an insolent and aggressive faction.' In so far as the passing of the definition increased the influence of this 'faction' it was to Newman a blow; although its actual text expressed the dogma as he had always himself held it. His distress was sensibly alleviated, however, very soon afterwards by the action of Bishop Fessler, the Secretary-General to the Council, and others, in protesting against exaggerated and untheological interpretations of the definition. Newman expressed his own views on the subject in the published letter of 1875 to the Duke of Norfolk. This letter was received by Catholics with enthusiastic, almost universal, acclamation. Its reception was indeed a moment of triumph for Newman; and then Ambrose St. John, his beloved and inseparable friend, in the midst of their joy was

suddenly taken from him. Life was now indeed over, and his career as a Catholic had been in one respect at least—he could not deny it—a supreme disappointment. The desire of his heart had been that he should speak with the whole weight of the great historic Church and of the Holy See unmistakably at his back. His words would thus have ten-fold force. The Catholic Church alone could, as he felt and said even at his darkest moments, withstand the social and intellectual movement on behalf of unbelief. But to speak with her authority was just what appeared to be denied him. His critics still whispered that he was not to be trusted.

In point of fact, the failure of his successive endeavours was not entirely an accident. He was, as he said, out of joint with the times. He had formed a definite idea of the work at which he should aim as a Catholic in view of the special dangers of the hour; and the powerful movement on behalf of uniformity and centralisation which marked the period from 1850 to 1870 made its accomplishment almost impossible. He was keenly in sympathy with the general aims of such men as Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Frederic Ozanam, who regarded it as the great need of the times that the Catholic Faith should be explained in such a way as to appeal to the educated classes among their contemporaries. And his own immediate concern was to make it persuasive to his own countrymen. For this purpose in his opinion a provisional freedom in the discussion of new problems and a certain translation of traditionary expressions into more familiar language were required. On the other hand, what Archbishop Sibour of Paris has called the 'New Ultramontane'¹ party which was represented in England by Dr. Manning, in Ireland by Dr. Cullen, was little alive, during the dramatic struggle of that time, to such needs. And this party rapidly gained great influence. Its representatives were suspicious of such liberality of view as Newman's or Montalembert's, dreading lest it might prove the thin end of the wedge which would admit unbelief into the Church. Again, the New Ultramontanes advocated a movement of centralisation which appeared to Newman to dispense with

¹ *Vide infra*, Vol. II. pp. 209-10.

the customary practical checks on absolutism which the Church had provided. While taking the highest view of the Papal prerogatives, he seems, like Archbishop Sibour himself, to have questioned the expediency of constantly exerting to the full powers needful for an emergency. On both these matters the tide set in against him. In his last publication before receiving the Cardinal's hat we read the following sad and significant words: 'It is so ordered on high that in our day Holy Church should present just that aspect to my countrymen which is most consonant with their ingrained prejudices against her, most unpromising for their conversion; and what can one writer do to counteract this misfortune?'¹

With his keen sense of the action of Providence on his life—of the 'kindly light' to which he looked to lead him on—the great event of 1879, which suddenly and completely removed the long-standing feeling of impotence, appeared to him almost like a visible miracle. He was named a Prince of the Church. Nothing but this signal favour from Rome could have lifted the cloud; and one who was wholly indifferent to external dignities saw the hand of Providence, and gave the thanks that were due. The time of wonders had returned. The long patience of many years was seen to have been the condition of accomplishing his true mission, and it was now to bear its fruit. A Cardinal could speak in the name of Rome. His writings had now the aureole they had hitherto lacked. They had the direct approval of the Vicar of Christ. His life had far exceeded the threescore and ten years allotted to man. He had written the last words of his private journal, thanking God for His goodness, and resigning himself to his one cross—the coldness of ecclesiastical authority. It was a cross hard to bear, both from his deep loyalty to Rome and from its greatly diminishing his power for good. When the cloud was suddenly removed, it was almost as though the heavens had opened and proclaimed the reward of long-suffering endurance.

His sunny and happy old age gives a completeness to the drama which real life seldom affords. Even on this earth 'the night was gone' for him. In the happy letters of these years he seems to repeat the lines of his own hymn,

¹ *Via Media*, vol. i. p. xxxvii.

‘And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.’

His life as a Catholic was thus marked by the alternation of light and gloom—the ‘blessed vision of peace’ which he saw in the Church of Athanasius inspiring endeavours that were again and again thwarted by members of the very Church he strove to serve. And the letters reveal something analogous in the temperament of the man. Here, too, the source of light is under another aspect a source of gloom. His own nature enhanced the effect of untoward circumstance. The delicate perceptions which charmed so many were a part of the artist’s temperament, sensitive to praise and blame, craving for sympathy. That is a temperament not helpful in the struggle with the world which practical enterprises entail. Its combination with unswerving obedience to the highest and hardest commands of conscience made him for his followers a prophet as well as an intensely sympathetic friend. But such a combination made his struggle with the world yet harder. Conscience bade him reject without hesitation that indulgence of mood and impulse which makes life tolerable to the artistic temperament. And he was ever ready to see in the less congenial path the way of duty.

Then, again, his extraordinary power of psychological analysis, his insight into the workings of the human mind in individuals and in bodies of men, was a source of great influence in his correspondence with those who sought his advice, as it had been in his sermons at Oxford. But it was a source also of difficulty in a life of action, and this in two ways. Firstly, the habit of minute psychological introspection is apt to beget something of Hamlet’s temperament. And in Newman’s case this was allied with a quality noted by his Oratorian friend and colleague Father Ryder in the valuable notes on the Cardinal which he left for my use, namely, ‘his passivity—making no attempt to fashion the course of his life, but waiting on Providence.’ At critical moments, when friends expect him to strike and to protest, he says instead, ‘Fiat voluntas tua.’ The incident of the Irish bishopric, the suspension of the translation of the Scriptures, the resignation of the editorship of the *Rambler*, the abandonment of the Oxford scheme, are all instances of this.

But, secondly, Newman *saw too much* for a man of action. Difficulties were too vividly present to his mind in all his undertakings. This marked characteristic of his thought held good likewise of his actions. His belief in God, in another life, in the Church, was unwavering. Yet when Huxley said that he could compile a primer of infidelity from Newman's writings, those who knew them best saw at once the grounds for such a misreading. The sceptic's mind was vividly present to Newman's imagination. History witnessed in his eyes to 'the all-corroding, all-dissolving scepticism of the intellect in religious enquiries.'¹ He saw to the full the plausibility of the case which might be made out against the truths he most deeply believed. Of all points of faith he felt, as he has told us, that the being of God was most encompassed with difficulty.² He believed in the divinity of the Catholic Church. Yet he saw so clearly the human element in it that he sometimes alarmed even those who agreed with him by the closeness with which his mind could approach the line which separated the human from the Divine. His deepest convictions were compatible with a keen sense of all that told against them. Mr. Hutton notes a parallel quality in his literary style—its presentation of currents opposed to its steady, onward, main drift.

And his keen realisation of the difficulties attaching to all views on religion had its counterpart in his practical life. In any task which he believed that God called on him to undertake he had a similar keen vision of the difficulties in his path, as he gradually pictured to himself with almost unerring insight the future course of events as they would affect him, the questions he would have to solve, the opposition he would encounter. Such insight has its helpful quality, but it may reach the point where it leads to hesitation or impairs the buoyancy and hopefulness which make for successful action. And I think that it did often reach that point, especially in Newman's later years. We find letters which to a simple and literal reader would appear contradictory. As early as the years succeeding his 'Lectures on the Prophetic Office,' we find him full of the difficulties of a theory of which he had a few years

¹ *Apologia*, p. 243.

² *Ibid.* p. 239.

before been sanguine.¹ There are letters of his from Rome in 1847 on the alternative schemes for his future—whether he should be an Oratorian, a Dominican, a Redemptorist, or the like—which are almost tiresomely fussy from their realisation of objections to any plan and their balancing of alternative considerations. One could quote letters on the Irish University scheme, each of which, taken alone, would seem to point in quite opposite directions—the work seems in one letter just that which he would have chosen; in another quite hopeless. When he undertakes the editorship of the *Rambler*, and again when he resigns it, we have letters in which he groans over the irksomeness of the task and longs to be quit of it; and yet other letters which seem to say that it is the very work marked out for him by Providence. It is the same with the translation of the Scriptures. When the Oxford scheme of 1866 appears to be certain and fixed, he writes of the prospect to W. J. Copeland with the profoundest melancholy. Yet when it is put an end to by Propaganda the blow is a crushing one. In one so subtle, complex, intensely sensitive, these opposite feelings have all an intelligible place. A mind and imagination singularly alive to every aspect and every detail of each plan, a singularly sensitive temperament, naturally views a prospect with mixed feelings. One aspect makes him sad, another makes him happy. But to the world at large such combinations are often perplexing. Some readers will experience the surprise which came to Cardinal Barnabo when he was told in 1867 by the ambassadors, whom he understood to be pleading for Newman's mission to Oxford, that he had

¹ He writes thus to Henry Wilberforce in January 1846: 'In the year 1834 or '35 my belief in this theory was so strong, that I recollect feeling an anxiety about the Abbé Jager, with whom I was controverting, lest my arguments were unsettling him and making him miserable. Those arguments were not mine, but the evolution of Laud's theory, Stillingfleet's &c., which seemed to me clear, complete, and unanswerable. I do not think I had that unhesitating belief in it in 1836-7 when I published my *Prophetical Office*, or rather I should say that *zeal* for it — for I believed it fully or at least was not conscious I did not. It is difficult to say whether or not a flagging zeal involves an incipient doubt. The feelings under which I wrote the volume will be seen in the commencement of the last Lecture. I thought the theory true, but that all theories were doubtful and difficult, and all reasoning a weariness to the flesh. As time went on and I read the Fathers more attentively, I found the *Via Media* less and less satisfactory.'

never wanted to go to Oxford at all. 'Then we are all agreed,' said the Cardinal. This complexity, I think, often led to his being misunderstood, and damaged his effectiveness in action.

Then, again, the deep sincerity, practicalness and unconventionality of his thought and his close perception of the workings of the minds which he strove to help made him a most persuasive guide. But these qualities also brought a drawback in his life as a Catholic. The rigid schoolmen, in England and in Rome, were very slow to comprehend his drift, and ready to find fault with him. For it often happened that he did not reason along the lines with which they were familiar. His distinctions in argument, as Father Ryder points out, 'instead of being clean cut and mutually exclusive, are for the most part based upon the predominance of this or that element, because the treatment aims at dealing with the living subject without reducing it to a *caput mortuum* of abstraction.' This is, of course, the antithesis to the logical distinctions of the schoolmen.

'The truth was,' writes Father Ryder, 'it was exceedingly difficult for men trained in the formal logic of the schools to understand one whose propositions lent themselves so awkwardly to the discipline of mood and figure. When Father Newman was still an Anglican, one who always remained his steadfast friend, Father Perrone [in reviewing at the same time Mr. Palmer's "Treatise on the Church" and Newman's "Prophetical Office"], thus gave vent to his vexation at an antagonist who would not play the game—"optime Palmer, Newman miscet et confundit omnia." Then again what seemed to them antilogies troubled them. Father Newman was reserved and outspoken, Ultramontane and Liberal, uncompromising and minimistic. He was a formidable engine of war on their side, but they were distinctly aware that they did not thoroughly understand the machinery, and so they came to think, some of them, that it might perhaps one day go off of itself or in the wrong direction.'

The quality of complexity and subtlety of mind in one whose purpose was ever so simple in its concentration on following God's will kept him aloof from all parties. This

is a very noteworthy feature to which his correspondence bears testimony. Yet party combinations are generally deemed necessary for effective action. Even as a Tractarian he had opposed over-elaborate organisation, and advocated informal individual effort. It is a question whether he could have been even then strictly a party man had it not come to pass that he found himself the leader of a party—had not the party become Newmanite rather than he a Puseyite. As a Catholic, his isolation from parties was almost complete. Deeply as he sympathised on many points with Montalembert and Lacordaire,¹ he was in no sense a Liberal Catholic. Much as he agreed with Dupanloup's action at the time of the Vatican Council, he had none of Dupanloup's Gallican tendency. Strongly as he felt with Acton and Simpson in their dissatisfaction with certain features in current Catholic Apologetic,² he emphatically dissociated himself from the *Rambler* and the *Home and Foreign Review*. On the other hand, convinced Ultramontane as he was, he was out of harmony with the most typical Ultramontanes of the time—with those who could be called party men. Manning and Louis Veuillot were both intellectually uncongenial to him. So, too, was Father Faber. He wrote to W. G. Ward again and again that he agreed with him in principles. But when it came to practice he seemed to Ward to be taking the side of Simpson and Acton, and to be directly hostile to himself. With Dollinger's recognition of the facts of history he was in full sympathy, yet he wholly dissented from his application of those facts to the duty of a Catholic in 1870.³ It will be said at least he was an 'inopportunist' in 1870—but no. Though he did all he could to avert the definition, though he regretted the definition, he did not pronounce it inopportune. Of its opportuneness God was the judge.⁴ Even if it was a misfortune, misfortune may be the providential means of bringing about good results.

Very few men combine, as he did, profound enthusiasm with the keenly critical temperament. How many men could have written as he did with inspired rhetoric of the practical

¹ *Vide infra*, p. 472.

² *Vide infra*, p. 553.

³ *Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii. 311.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 193.

wisdom of the Papacy displayed in history, and yet have been so strongly opposed to what he believed to be the wishes of Pius IX. in 1870? The rough-and-ready critic notes the contrasts with exasperation. But the careful reader will see that in each case the appeal is to the facts of history. History taught him that in matters of policy Popes were generally right, occasionally wrong.

This excessive isolation in his views, like the keen sense of the difficulties in his path, did not tell for the success of his endeavours; for men who thought he agreed with them would find him at critical moments unexpectedly in an attitude of opposition to them. The late Lord Acton was greatly angered by such incidents. In a lesser degree it was the same with others. The charge against him in a famous correspondence, which we have all read,¹ is that he is 'difficult to understand.' Others besides Manning said this. 'J. H. N. is a queer man. Who can understand him?' wrote T. W. Allies—for many years a friend and close follower—at the time of the Oxford scheme of 1864. Allies' correspondent sent the letter on to Newman himself, and the present writer found it among his papers.

Finally, we see in his letters the intensely affectionate and sensitive nature which won him such devoted friendships and brought at the same time so much suffering. We find him telling Mr. Hutton that nothing could be said about him in praise or in blame which did not 'tear off his morbidly sensitive skin.' And there was something in the depth of his affections distinct from the temperament of the artist of which I have already spoken. My picture would not be true or living if I omitted from the correspondence as published the indications of this feature and its consequences. I am aware that the unsympathetic reader may find matter for criticism in some manifestations of Newman's sensitiveness, and in a certain self-centredness which so often goes with genius, and which had in Newman's case been fostered by his almost unique leadership at Oxford. But I do not think that anyone who appreciates the overmastering love of holiness, the absolute devotion to duty, as well as the intellectual force and wisdom evident in the letters as

¹ See Purcell's *Life of Manning*, ii. 327.

a whole, will feel any disposition so to belittle the great Cardinal when he reaches the end of this book. In reading Newman's correspondence, as when we watch a man in great pain, we hear, perhaps, at moments cries which are not musical, we witness movements not wholly dignified. But the feeling when all is read can hardly fail to be (the present writer speaks at least for himself) one of deep love and reverence. If the biographer has not conveyed his sense of proportion in this respect the fault is wholly his own. But, on the other hand, he did not feel that he would be justified in suppressing the signs of those defects which make the individuality stand out, and publishing a merely conventional biography, painting a 'court portrait.' There are men of genius in respect of whom the world has a right to know the facts as they are, and whose great gifts and qualities enable them to bear an entirely truthful representation. Such was Johnson. Such was Carlyle. One cannot bear the thought of these great men being shorn of their real individuality. John Henry Newman is such another. And his very holiness and devotion to duty are brought into relief by the trials which his own nature enhanced. His brightness of temperament made him keenly alive to the joys of life. It made him at times the most charming of companions. There probably would be few symptoms of undue sensitiveness or of angry and resentful feeling to record had he led a life according to human inclination. But at the call of duty he attempted tasks which were intensely trying. He had strength to put his hand into the fire and keep it there. He had not strength never to cry out with pain, or always to preserve an attitude of studied grace.

Albany Christie walked with him from Oxford to Littlemore when the great separation of 1845 was approaching. Newman never spoke a word all the way, and Christie's hand when they arrived was wet with Newman's tears. When he made his confession in Littlemore chapel his exhaustion was such that he could not walk without help. When he went to Rome to set right the differences with his brethren of London which tried him so deeply, he walked barefoot from the halting stage of the *diligence* all the way to St. Peter's Basilica. When Ambrose St. John died

Newman threw himself on the bed by the corpse and spent the night there. A nature marked by the depth of feeling of which such symptoms are the index has a load to bear which is not given to others. Deep natures are not the most equable. The selfish and shallow man may be at times a pleasanter companion. The men who feel as deeply as John Henry Newman felt win from friends and disciples an enthusiastic personal love which others cannot win. 'Cor ad cor loquitur.' They give and they receive a love for which others look in vain. But deep feeling is not all of one kind. There will be bitter as well as sweet. Where there is intense love and gratitude, there will be at times deep anger, deep resentment.

The complex genius, then, which fascinated and dominated his followers had in it some qualities less helpful in the life of action than the rough fibre of simpler natures. This adds to the interest of the drama, and its pathos; but the reader will not find in it the determining cause of successive failures. This is to be sought rather in the action of his countrymen who opposed him, and in the circumstances of the time which gave them their opportunity.

There is one further feature in the correspondence which calls for special notice. Newman's lifelong preoccupation with the prospect of an unprecedented movement towards unbelief in religion led him from an early date to give close attention to the question,—How can the reasonableness of religious belief be brought home to all the men of goodwill? The Oxford University Sermons (on 'The Theory of Religious Belief'), which began as early as 1826, have this for their main object. The 'Grammar of Assent' pursued it further. His own friendship with Blanco White, with Mark Pattison, with William Froude, the brother of Hurrell, brought closely home to him the fact that there were honest inquirers to whom the mode in which Christianity was presented to them had made its acceptance impossible. In early years he felt the deficiency to lie largely in the fact that the apologetic current in the Anglican Church did not take adequate account of the actual state of inquiring minds or of their special difficulties. And he regarded the result not only

as a matter deeply serious in its bearing on the happiness and welfare of men who were dear to him, but as of overwhelming concern for the faith of the rising generation. He gradually came to see in the Catholic Church the one hope for withstanding a movement towards unbelief which threatened to be little less than a devastating flood. There are traces of this thought even before he joined her communion. The special power of Catholicism in this direction, as he came gradually to believe, was twofold. First, the Church was, as he expressed it, 'the concrete representative of things invisible.' She upheld dogmatic truth with all the authority of immemorial tradition. Her insistence on the whole of revelation, and jealous refusal to mutilate it, was a part of this aspect of her strength. And she was, moreover, a living power specially adapted to resist the excesses of Rationalism—the errors to which the human reason is liable if left to itself. But there was also another side which appealed to him in her history—the side set forth in several of his Essays, and notably in the Dublin Lecture on 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation.' This was the freedom of debate with which the mediæval schools met the intellectual problems of their day. 'Truth is wrought out,' he wrote, 'by many minds working freely together. As far as I can make out this has ever been the rule of the Church till now.'¹ Two causes are referred to in his letters which made him feel that the Catholic schools did not adequately fulfil in the middle of the nineteenth century the functions which were so necessary in this connection. In the first place, the old theological schools had been destroyed at the French Revolution. In the second place, the militant movement of centralisation which De Maistre and Lamennais had inaugurated in the nineteenth century, and which had been developed in an acute form by later writers like M. Louis Veuillot, while it contained very noble elements and while it proved a most powerful instrument of united action among Catholics, was incidentally unfavourable to intellectual interests. It discouraged the provisional toleration of freedom of opinion and of free debate among experts. And the warfare between the Holy See and Continental liberalism strengthened both obstacles. The schools were not likely to

¹ *Vide infra*, Vol. II. p. 49.

be re-established at such a time, and a state of war calls for discipline rather than the encouragement of personal liberty.

The urgency of the danger arising from a very inadequate apologetic in the recognised text-books was, he saw, not fully appreciated by Cardinal Barnabo, the Prefect of Propaganda. The Cardinal had, perhaps, comparatively little experience of the class of minds which were specially affected by it. And the claim for liberty meant too often disaffection and impatience of all authority. It was therefore suspect in the eyes of practical rulers. It was not readily understood by them as having the object and spirit it has in Newman's own letters—as being a plea for the really essential condition of making Catholic apologetic adequate to meeting an infidel movement. But in Germany and in Belgium, as in England, where the need was most urgent, its importance was felt in many quarters as it was by Newman himself. The infidel movement was not merely a moral revolt against Christianity. It had a very prominent intellectual side. There were problems raised by modern philosophers and critics which needed to be met frankly and by free discussion in their bearing on theology. Only thus could a really satisfactory understanding between the theologians and the men of science be achieved. And in its absence the weight of the scientific movement would go to the side of unbelief. Newman seems to have regarded it as his special work to urge the necessity of such a development of thought and learning as should meet this need of the hour. And this led him to express very strong criticisms on those who strove, as he expressed it, to 'narrow the terms of communion,' and unduly to curtail the liberty of thought open to Catholics. Yet these men were among the most zealous champions of the Holy See. Newman always excepted the Holy See itself from the sphere of his criticism, but not all its advisers, some of whom belonged to the party represented in England by Manning and Ward. The extent of that party's influence and the blindness of some of its members to the dangers, which were, to his eyes, so appalling, aroused in him very deep feeling. These men initiated the opposition to his moderate view on the Temporal Power and to his scheme for an Oratory at Oxford, while they clamoured for a definition of Papal

Infallibility far less carefully limited than that which the Council eventually passed in 1870.

I have not felt at liberty to treat this portion of his correspondence perfunctorily for three reasons. Firstly, it represents a feeling which was clearly among the deepest he had during some thirty years of his life, and an account of him which touched only lightly on it would be inadequate to the point of untruthfulness. Secondly, his views are so widely known, and have been expressed to so many in writing, that it is quite certain that any such omission on my part, even were it lawful, would result in some letters which I might omit in these pages being forthwith printed elsewhere. And the public would probably think (though quite falsely) that the correspondence contained criticisms of a more serious character which the biographer had also omitted. But thirdly, and this is most important, such criticisms when read in their context, and in the light thrown on them by other contemporaneous letters which exhibit his enthusiastic loyalty to the Holy See, and his profound satisfaction with the Catholic religion, take their true proportion and colour. They are the expressions of a very acute and critical mind in regard of one special need in the Catholic schools, which he felt, from his own close study of the trend of contemporary thought and of the lessons of history, to be far more serious than was generally recognised. Those who had kept their religious belief by putting aside intellectual difficulties as temptations could not fully appreciate the needs of the increasing mass of thoughtful minds in daily contact with a world to which these difficulties were vivid realities. The former class was, as he put it, *malitia parvuli*. But the educated men of the day had to be *sensibus perfecti*, and required a deeper and more comprehensive philosophy. To argue as though suppression of dangerous views could meet such cases was to propose shutting the stable-door after the horse had escaped. Such suppression might be demanded on occasion. It was especially necessary in the interests of simple and uneducated minds which could be kept from the knowledge of difficulties which would scare them, but it could not adequately meet the case of the earnest inquirers to whom the problems of

religious thought were already familiar. And he used strong words as to the short-sightedness of those who acted on the view that nothing more was needed. But his words had no such one-sided significance as they might have had in minds less complex and of less wide reach. His sense of shortcomings and imperfections which were permitted by God within the Church, no more impaired his loyalty or conviction of her divinity, than his keen sense of the difficulties, suggested by the evil in the world, against belief in the Providence of God, diminished his certainty of that great truth. Sentences from his letters may, no doubt, be wrested from their context by partisan critics, and thus given a false significance. But, as read in these pages side by side with the rest of his correspondence, they will be seen to be the expression of feelings prompted solely by devotion to the interests of the Church and of religion. Though individual letters represent his sentiments at a given moment, which did not always coincide with his mature judgment, their spirit is in this respect unvarying. Only a comparatively small selection from a vast correspondence can of course here be published. But the views he expressed on the critical questions of the day are given with perfect frankness. My endeavour throughout is so carefully to preserve the true proportion between the various elements of his character and opinions that further letters, while they may add much knowledge of detail, will find their natural place in the picture presented by the present work as a whole.

CHAPTER II

LIFE IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND (1801-1845)

‘JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born in Old Broad Street in the City of London on February 21, 1801, and was baptized in the Church of St. Benet Fink on April 9 of the same year. His father was a London banker whose family came from Cambridgeshire.¹ His mother was of a French Protestant family who left France for this country on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.¹ He was the eldest of six children—three boys and three girls.’ Such is the account of his birth and parentage which Cardinal Newman has left in his autobiographical memoir; and beyond the facts that his paternal grandfather’s name was like his father’s John, and that his mother’s family, the Fourdriniers, stayed for one generation in Holland before reaching England, the present biographer has, after careful inquiry, found no evidence for any further details of his ancestry.²

A curious and interesting picture of the various members of the family is given by Mrs. Thomas Mozley—the Cardinal’s

¹ Mr. Thomas Mozley states that the family were once small landed proprietors in Cambridgeshire (*Reminiscences*, i. 11). The Cardinal himself, in conversation with the late Father Neville, named Swaffham, in Norfolk, as the locality to which the family had belonged. The Lancaster Herald, Mr. Bellasis, who looked into the Cardinal’s ancestry when the Cardinal’s Hat was conferred in 1879, informs me that there is no official pedigree extant. The arms used by the family were granted in 1663 to Mr. John Newman of London, from whom, however, the Cardinal’s descent has not been traced.

² The writer was at pains to ascertain the evidence for the alleged Jewish descent of the Newman family, and it proved to be a curious instance of how stories grow out of nothing. It is stated definitely in Dr. Barry’s *Cardinal Newman* ‘that its real descent was Hebrew.’ Dr. Barry, in answer to my inquiries, referred me to the article on J. H. Newman in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as his authority. And undoubtedly that article first broached the suggestion. I happened to know personally the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and communicated with him. In reply he pointed out that he had in his article never alleged Jewish descent as a fact, but only suggested its possibility. ‘There is no

sister—in a little book called ‘Family Adventures.’¹ The eldest boy is described (at the age of eleven) as ‘a very philosophical young gentleman,’ ‘very observant and considerate.’ He is fastidious and bored by general society. He is devoted to his mother, to whom he writes constantly when away from home and whom he delights in surprising with some gift which she will care for. He loves to read to the servants from serious books and to explain their meaning. He is tender and sympathetic to his sisters. ‘You always understand about everything,’ says one of them, ‘and always make me happy when I am uncomfortable.’ There is but one weak spot—the heel of Achilles—an undue personal sensitiveness to blame or to not being liked. He is ever moderate in view, measured in judgment and scrupulous as to facts. He rebukes impossible childish fancies. Thus, to a brother who is disappointed at the size of a famous oak he says in reproach, ‘You expect something quite impossible, and then are surprised to find only a very great wonder.’ One of the family pictures the great Duke of Wellington as a gigantic warrior; the eldest brother reminds them all that the Duke is well known to be short of stature. On the other hand, while ‘unreal words’ were as little to his taste in the schoolroom as in the Oxford pulpit in later years, he believes firmly a marvellous occurrence, if there is evidence for it, however antecedently improbable it may appear. He holds firmly to his story that he saw a tall man brandishing a drawn sword in pursuit of his sister, who had lost her way in the woods. The story proved to be literally true. The tall man was carving at a picnic with an old Indian sword which had been turned into a carving-knife, and, anxious to

evidence for it,’ he added, ‘except the nose and the name.’ For those, then, who agree with the present writer that the nose was Roman rather than Jewish, the evidence remains simply that the name ‘Newman’ betokens Hebrew origin—a bold experiment in the higher criticism. I may add that in a more recent correspondence Dr. Barry agrees with me that no satisfactory evidence on the subject has been adduced. The Fourdriniers were a family of some interest.

¹ *Family Adventures*. By the author of the *Fairy Bower*. London: John and Charles Murphy, Paternoster Row, and Joseph Masters, New Broad Street; 1852. The Cardinal’s two sisters Jemima and Harriet married respectively Mr. John Mozley and Mr. Thomas Mozley.

catch the girl who had lost her way, had run after her, waving his arms to attract her attention.

In these stories there are real characteristics of the future man, although no moral is intended or pointed by the author.

The materials for John Henry Newman's early life are to be found mainly in the two volumes edited by Miss Anne Mozley, containing selections from his letters and diaries, and his own curious Autobiographical Memoir written in the third person, as well as the editor's notes.¹ From these documents, as well as from the 'Apologia,' I here select the main outstanding facts. Much of his earliest childhood was passed at Grey's Court, Ham, near Richmond. So deep an impression was made on him by this home (which the family left in September 1807), that he writes of it nearly eighty years after quitting it, 'I dreamed about it when a school-boy as if it were paradise. It would be here where the angel faces appeared "loved long since but lost awhile."' ² On May 1, 1808, he was sent to a private school at Ealing, kept by Dr. Nicholas of Wadham College, Oxford. His own entreaties aided those of his mother and school-master in preventing his going to Winchester, and he remained at Ealing until he went up to Trinity College, Oxford. Thus he never was at a public school. During the eight and a half years which he spent at Ealing he scarcely ever took part in any game. His character, however, made itself felt, and he was often chosen by the boys as arbitrator in their disputes. He acquired at Ealing his taste for Terence's plays which the boys used to act. Among the parts he himself played were Davus in the 'Andria' and Pythias in the 'Eunuchus.' He wrote both prose and verse with great promise at eleven. His home religious training made him, even at that early period, familiar with the Bible. And in his day-dreams on religion as a boy there was apparent a vivid sense of the wonderful. In early notes quoted in the 'Apologia' he tells us that his imagination as a child ran on 'unknown influences; on magical powers and talismans';

¹ I have also added some particulars from other portions of his works and from the reminiscences of his intimate friend Father Neville.

² This extract is from a letter of 1886.

that he 'used to wish the "Arabian Nights" were true;' that he 'was very superstitious and used constantly to cross himself on going into the dark.' But he was not in childhood deeply religious. In an early MS. book he records that he used at fourteen to wish to be virtuous, but not religious. 'There was something in the latter idea I did not like. Nor did I see the meaning of loving God.'¹ A certain sense of God's presence he always had, but it was just before going to Oxford that he came to know the Rev. Walter Mayer, one of the classical masters, from whom (to quote his own words) he received 'deep religious impressions, at the time Calvinistic in character, which were to him the beginning of a new life.'² A complete and remarkable change in him supervened, deepening greatly the religious side of his nature. It was not accompanied (he states) by violent feeling, but was 'a return to, a renewing of, principles, under the power of the Holy Spirit which I had already felt and in a measure acted on when young.'³ The conversion had in it, he tells us in his Autobiographical Memoir, none of the 'special Evangelical experiences.' He did not go through the prescribed 'stages of conviction of sin, terror, despair, news of free and full salvation, joy and peace,'⁴ &c. The normal Evangelicals doubted whether he had been converted at all,⁵ and when in 1821 he tried to write a description of the typical Evangelical conversion, he added in a note: 'I speak of conversion with great diffidence, being obliged to adopt the language of books. My own feelings, as far as I can remember, were so different from any account I have ever read that I dare not go by what may be an individual case.' The 'Apologia' gives interesting details as to the beliefs and feelings conversion brought in his own case; 'I believed,' he writes, 'that the inward conversion of which I was conscious (and of which I am still more certain than that I have hands and feet), would last into the next life, and that I was elected to eternal glory.' This belief helped, he explains, 'in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two, and two only,

¹ Newman's *Letters and Correspondence*, i. 22.

² *Ibid.* i. 27.

³ *Ibid.* i. 124.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 123.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 122.

absolute and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator.’¹

This last thought had been already expressed in a note of 1817 (the year of the conversion itself). Using in his last three sentences the phraseology which he afterwards adopted in the ‘Grammar of Assent,’ he speaks of ‘the reality of conversion as cutting at the root of doubt, providing a chain between God and the soul that is with every link complete. I know I am right. How do you know it? I know that I know.’²

This feeling lasted in some sense through life. He has expressed it in the ‘Apologia,’ in a well-known passage:

‘If I am asked why I believe in a God, I answer that it is because I believe in myself, for I feel it impossible to believe in my own existence (and of that fact I am quite sure) without believing also in the existence of Him, who lives as a Personal, All-seeing, All-judging Being in my conscience.’³

On the other hand, while he thought of God as ‘luminously self-evident,’ and while his sense of God’s presence was through life, he tells us, never ‘dimmed by even a passing shadow,’⁴ he was conscious of a strong intellectual tendency to general scepticism, and this enabled him to enter into agnostic views of life in others, with a close understanding which was very rare and very helpful. ‘I thank God,’ he wrote to Dr. Pusey in 1845, ‘that He has shielded me morally from what intellectually might easily come on me—general scepticism.’⁵

His new Calvinistic rigorism imparted a solitariness of spirit and a certain austerity to his nature which it never lost. Yet he had also a keen sensitiveness to brighter aspects of life which appeared inconsistent with the typical Calvinist’s

¹ *Apologia*, p. 4.

² *Letters and Correspondence*, p. 25; *Grammar of Assent*, p. 197.

³ *Apologia*, p. 198. In speaking of Newman’s keen sense of God’s presence in his conscience as an interesting psychological fact I am of course not examining the entirely distinct question as to the place which he assigned to the phenomena of conscience as an argument for Theism. Of this I shall speak later on. The feeling referred to in the text is akin to that found in such great mystics as St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa.

⁴ *Letters and Correspondence*, p. 14.

⁵ *Life of Pusey*, ii. 450.

somewhat morose aloofness. In a very remarkable letter to his mother he owns to the depth of his sentiments as to sin and predestination, and defends them as follows:

‘If they made me melancholy, morose, austere, distant, reserved, sullen, then indeed they might with justice be the subject of anxiety, but if, as I think is the case, I am always cheerful, if at home I am always ready and eager to join in any merriment, if I am not clouded with sadness, if my meditations make me neither absent in mind nor deficient in action, then my principles may be gazed at and puzzle the gazer, but they cannot be accused of bad practical effects. Take me when I am most foolish at home and extend mirth into childishness; stop me short and ask me then what I think of myself, whether my opinions are less gloomy; no, I think I should seriously return the same answer that I “shudder at myself.”’¹

A combination of lightness and brightness in his temperament, with a deep sense of human sinfulness, is noteworthy throughout his life.

When his father was about to make the necessary arrangements for his transfer to the University he was in doubt whether to choose Oxford or Cambridge—a doubt which was only resolved by an Oxford friend in favour of his own university when the post-chaise was actually at the door of the house. John Henry Newman was entered as a commoner of Trinity College on December 14, 1816, and came into residence in the following June. He arrived at the University feeling (to use his own words) an ‘awe and transport,’ as though he approached ‘some sacred shrine.’² His imagination surrounded with a glow all the details and incidents of his early residence, and even the College dinner came in for a share of idealisation:

‘At dinner I was much entertained by the novelty of the thing,’ he writes to his father. ‘Fish, flesh and fowl, beautiful salmon, haunches of mutton, lamb, etc., fine strong beer, served up on old pewter plates and misshapen earthenware jugs. Tell Mama there were gooseberry, raspberry and apricot pies . . . there was such a profusion that scarcely two ate of the same. Neither do they sit according to their rank, but as they happen to come in.’³

¹ *Letters*, i. 59.

² *Ibid.* i. 48.

³ *Ibid.* i. 29

The wine-parties, however, soon brought out the Puritan in him. He had, says an intimate friend, 'no grain of conviviality.'

'H. the other day asked me to take a glass of wine with two or three others,' he writes, 'and they drank and drank all the time I was there. I was very glad that prayers came half an hour after. I came to them, for I am sure I was not entertained with either the drinking or the conversation.'¹

In 1818 Newman was elected scholar of Trinity. Self-consciousness, shyness and a touch of awe at the scene are visible in writing of it to his mother:

'They made me first do some verses; then Latin translation; then Latin theme; then chorus of Euripides; then an English theme; then some Plato; then some Xenophon; then some Livy. What more distressing than suspense? At last I was called to the place where they had been voting, the Vice Chancellor said some Latin over me, then made a speech. The electors then shook hands with me, and I immediately assumed the scholar's gown. Just as I was going out before I had changed my gown, one of the candidates met me and wanted to know if it was decided. What was I to say? "It was." "And who has got it?" "Oh, an in-college man," I said and hurried away as fast as I could. On returning with my newly-earned gown I met the whole set going to their respective homes. I did not know what to do. I held my eyes down.'²

At Trinity began his intimate friendship with John William Bowden.

'The two youths,' he writes in the Autobiographical Memoir, 'lived simply with and for each other all through their undergraduate time, up to the term when they went into the schools for their B.A. examination, being recognised in college as inseparables—taking their meals together, reading, walking, boating together—nay, visiting each other's homes in the vacations; and, though so close a companionship could not continue when at length they ceased to be in a state of pupilage, and had taken their several paths in life, yet the mutual attachment thus formed at the University was maintained between them unimpaired till Mr. Bowden's premature death in 1844.'³

¹ *Letters*, i. 30.

² *Ibid.* i. 35.

³ *Ibid.* i. 28.

It is interesting to note that Gibbon and Locke were the writers whose works absorbed him in the Long Vacation of 1818.¹ He has told us that he dreamed for some nights of what he read in Gibbon at this early time. 'My ears rang with the cadence of his sentences,' he adds. Forthwith he commenced an analysis of Thucydides in Gibbon's style.² Later on he read Gibbon assiduously in connection with his own studies in Church history. 'Perhaps,' he writes in the Introduction to the 'Essay on Development,' 'the only English writer who has any claim to be considered an ecclesiastical historian is the unbeliever Gibbon.' Locke, so far as we know, was the first writer on philosophy whose works he studied.

The law was at this time his destined profession,³ and he speaks of himself as 'too solicitous about fame.' He notes 'the high expectations which are formed of me, the confidence with which those who know nothing of me put down two first classes to my name.' Such ideas 'dismay' him. 'I fear much more from failure,' he adds, 'than I hope from success.'⁴

Newman's failure in the Schools, in 1820, from exhaustion brought on by overwork, produced a disappointment which no subsequent success effaced from his mind.⁵ But he writes bravely to his father on December 1: 'I have done everything I could to attain my object; I have spared no labour and my reputation in my college is as solid as before if not as splendid.' His failure in the Schools led his father to think a barrister's profession, with its uncertainties, undesirable; and Newman's own pronounced religious tastes decided his career in favour of Holy Orders.

If he disappointed his friends by his failure he atoned to them for it by gaining the Oriel Fellowship a year later. This prize he eagerly coveted, and reproached himself for his ambition. 'Last 5th of January,' he writes in a memorandum, 'I wrote to my aunt: "I deprecate the day in which God gives me repute or any approach to wealth." Alas how I am changed. I am perpetually praying to get into Oriel and obtain the prize for my essay.'⁶

¹ *Letters*, i. 39.

² See *Idea of a University*, p. 322.

³ He was entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn in June 1819.

⁴ *Letters*, i. 45.

⁵ *Ibid.* i. 49.

⁶ *Ibid.* i. 68.

His ambition, if keen, was remarkable in its limitations, and he cared for nothing higher than the Oriel Fellowship.¹ He received the news of his election on April 12, 1822, while playing the violin; and, with the undemonstrative instinct underlying intense feeling which characterised him through life, only replied to the messenger who summoned him to the College 'Very well,' and went on fiddling. But no sooner had the man left him than he 'flung down his instrument and dashed downstairs with all speed to Oriel College. And he recollected, after fifty years, the eloquent faces and eager bows of the tradesmen and others . . . who had heard the news and well understood why he was crossing from St. Mary's to the house opposite at so extraordinary a pace.'² Then came the congratulations of the Fellows; and when 'Keble advanced to take my hand . . . I could nearly have shrunk into the floor ashamed at so great an honour.' The youth of twenty-one, in whom reverence was ever a characteristic quality, was overcome by the honour of belonging to the great company of Oriel. 'I am absolutely a Member of the Common Room,' he writes to his father, 'am called by them "Newman" and am abashed to find that I must soon learn to call them Keble, Hawkins, Tyler.' What some of his friends looked for in his future career is apparent in such a letter as the following:

'Behold you now a Fellow of Oriel, the great object of the ambition of half the Bachelors of Oxford. Behold you (to take a peep into futurity) in Holy Orders, taking pupils in college, and having a curacy within a short distance; then Public Tutor, Vicar of —, Provost, Regius Professor of Divinity, Bishop of —, Archbishop of Canterbury; or shall we say thus—Student-at-law, Barrister, Lord Chancellor, or at least Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench? Which of these ladders is it your intention to climb? You now have it in your power to decide.'³

¹ 'He never wished for anything better or higher than, in the words of the epitaph, "to live and die a Fellow of Oriel"' (i. 73, *Autobiographical Memoir*).

² i. p. 72, *Autobiographical Memoir*. In a letter to his mother he adds 'Men hurried from all directions to Trinity. . . . The bells were set ringing from three towers (I had to pay for them).'

³ *Letters*, i. 74.

The Oriel Fellowship was the turning-point in Newman's early life. Not only did it give him an assured position, but, to use his own words, 'it opened upon him a theological career, placing him upon the high and broad platform of University society and intelligence, and bringing him across those various influences personal and intellectual . . . whereby the religious sentiment in his mind which had been his blessing from the time he left school, was gradually developed and formed and brought on to its legitimate issues.'¹

His career at Oriel may be divided into three periods: (1) the period of the development of his mind under the influence of such liberal thinkers as Whately and the rest of the brilliant circle of Oriel Fellows afterwards known as the Noetics; (2) the early years of that close intimacy with Hurrell Froude—from 1828 to 1832—which came with the termination of the liberal tendency of his thought; years which witnessed his appointment to the vicarage of St. Mary's and his reforming campaign as tutor at Oriel; and (3) his share in the Tract movement of 1833-1845.

The first period was very momentous, and brought about his emancipation from the narrowness of his earlier Calvinism and Evangelicalism, and at the same time a great change in his social and intellectual character,—in the power of self-expression and of making himself felt. He has left a curious picture in his Autobiographical Memoir of the anxiety of some of the Oriel men after his election as to whether one apparently so reserved, and even awkward, had really the gifts which had been attributed to him:

'In the first place, they had to deal with his extreme shyness. It disconcerted them to find that, with their best efforts, they could not draw him out or get him to converse. He shrank into himself when his duty was to meet their advances. Easy and fluent as he was among his equals and near relatives, his very admiration of his new associates made a sudden intimacy with them impossible to him. An observant friend, who even at a later date saw him accidentally among strangers, not knowing the true account of his bearing, told him he considered he had had a near escape of being a stutterer. This untowardness in him was increased by a vivid self-conscious-

¹ *Autobiographical Memoir* quoted in *Letters*, i. p. 73.

ness, which sometimes inflicted on him days of acute suffering from the recollection of solecisms, whether actual or imagined, which he recognised in his conduct in society. And then there was, in addition, that real isolation of thought and spiritual solitariness which was the result of his Calvinistic beliefs.'

The principal influence which developed the 'raw bashful youth' of 1821 into the brilliant John Henry Newman of 1825 was that of Whately, most stimulating of talkers, ever insisting on reality and activity of mind, professing sympathy with heretics—for they at least thought for themselves—and waging unsparing war on the conventional unreasoning formalism of the High and Dry school. Whately was brilliant and suggestive in intercourse, though at moments 'sharp, rude and positive'—in short, 'a bright June sun tempered by a March north-easter.' 'Much as I owe to Oriel,' Newman wrote to Whately in 1825, 'in the way of mental improvement, to none, as I think, do I owe so much as to you. I know who it was that first gave me heart to look about even after my election, and taught me to think correctly, and (strange office for an instructor) to rely on myself.'¹ In 1825-6 he served under Whately as Vice-Principal of Alban Hall.

The influence of Whately was accompanied, as I have said, by that of other pioneers of liberal theology—members of the Oriel school. 'They were neither High Church nor Low Church,' he writes, 'but had become a new school . . . which was characterised by its spirit of moderation and comprehension, and of which the principal ornaments were Copleston, Davison, Whately, Hawkins and Arnold.'² They 'called everything into question; they appealed to first principles, and disallowed authority as a judge in matters intellectual.' From 1824 to 1826 Newman's views became substantially modified by his intercourse with these men. Some of the mannerisms of a narrow sect survived in his way of expressing himself, but his outlook became notably widened. Sympathy with what was good and earnest in all religious parties was the keynote of the Noetic theology, and Evangelicals found themselves treated with

¹ *Letters*, i. 105-7.

² *Ibid.* i. 114.

respect and kindness—a somewhat new experience, and a marked contrast to the attitude of the High Church party in their regard. Newman, as an Evangelical, was thus readily drawn to the new Oriel school, and in course of time won by their influence from the narrowness attaching to his early creed. From Hawkins especially he learned toleration, and a recognition that the sharp division of men into converted and unconverted was untrue to the facts of life—a feeling which was further developed by the reading of Sumner's 'Apostolical Preaching.' He read Butler's 'Analogy,' which placed his religion on a philosophical basis and rescued him from emotionalism. From Whately he learnt not only breadth of sympathy, but the idea of a Church, and of tradition as a guardian of religious truth.

The breadth of horizon thus imparted to Newman's views, while it drew him away from the Evangelicals, at the same time made his intellectual attitude very different from that of most of those from whom the Tract party was drawn later on. These were the years of his intimacy with Blanco White, the brilliant Spaniard of partly Irish descent, who resided at that time in Oxford. Blanco White in his reaction from the Catholicism in which he was bred drifted into Rationalism, and probably Newman discussed more fundamental questions with him than with any others of his intimates. 'Adieu, my Oxford Plato,' is the termination of one of Blanco White's letters to his friend. These years also saw the beginning of another friendship bringing an influence spiritual rather than intellectual—with Edward Bouverie Pusey, with whom he was not at the time in agreement on matters theological. Perhaps Newman's reputation as a thinker pure and simple—though confined to a comparatively small circle—was at its highest in these days of his youth, when the bent of his mind was towards liberalism.

Newman accepted the curacy of St. Clement's, offered to him at Pusey's suggestion, on May 16, 1824, and took Orders in that year. He also occasionally took Mr. Mayer's duty at Worton. While religion was his greatest interest his gifts and tastes were varied. He loved mathematics, and the study of Church history was, even in those years, a favourite pursuit with him. His senses were exceptionally

keen. He chose the wines for his College cellars—though he himself drank very sparingly. He played the violin with considerable proficiency—often in concert with Blanco White—having begun to learn at the age of ten. He took extraordinary delight in the beauties of nature.

He spent a fortnight of the Long Vacation of 1825 with his friend J. W. Bowden at Southampton, going there on September 27, and was taken to the Isle of Wight by his host, who had friends there in the Ward family, with whom he was later on connected by marriage,—for Bowden and Sir Henry Ward¹ both married daughters of Sir John Swinburne of Capheaton. Newman's intense love of nature made him revel in the beautiful scenery of the island. 'The beauty of water and land,' he writes after an expedition to the Needles on September 28, 'only makes me regret that our language has not more adjectives of admiration.' On October 2 he records dining with Mr. Ward (the grandfather of William George Ward, with whom he was later on so closely associated) at Northwood House, near Cowes. He returned to Southampton on the 6th and to Oxford on the 12th.

In the following year began his acquaintance with Hurrell Froude, who was elected Fellow of Oriel on March 31. The visit to the Isle of Wight had left pleasant memories and was repeated in 1826. But its beauties paled before those of Dartington, where he stayed with the Froudes a little later. Of this lovely country he writes:

'What strikes me most is the strange richness of everything. The rocks blush into every variety of colour, the trees and fields are emeralds, and the cottages are rubies. A beetle I picked up at Torquay was as green and gold as the stone it lay upon, and a squirrel which ran up a tree just now was not the pale reddish-brown to which I am accustomed, but a bright brown-red. Nay, my very hands and fingers look rosy, like Homer's Aurora, and I have been gazing on them with astonishment. All this wonder I know is simple, and therefore, of course, do not you repeat it. The exuberance of the grass and the foliage is oppressive, as if one had not room to breathe, though this is a fancy—the depth

¹ A nephew of Mr. Ward, of the Isle of Wight, and afterwards Governor of Ceylon. Sir Henry Ward's father was the well-known statesman and novelist Robert Plumer Ward, the friend of William Pitt, and author of *Tremaine*.

of the valleys and the steepness of the slopes increase the illusion—and the Duke of Wellington would be in a fidget to get some commanding point to see the country from. The scents are extremely fine, so very delicate yet so powerful, and the colours of the flowers as if they were all shot with white. The sweet peas especially have the complexion of a beautiful face. They trail up the wall mixed with myrtles as creepers. As to the sunset the Dartmoor heights look purple, and the sky close upon them a clear orange. When I turn back and think of Southampton Water and the Isle of Wight, they seem by contrast to be drawn in Indian Ink or pencil. Now I cannot make out that this is fancy; for why should I fancy? I am not especially in a poetic mood. I have heard of the brilliancy of Cintra, and still more of the East, and I suppose that this region would pale beside them; yet I am content to marvel at what I see, and think of Virgil's description of the purple meads of Elysium. Let me enjoy what I feel, even though I may unconsciously exaggerate.'

In 1826 Newman was appointed one of the public tutors of Oriel, resigning the curacy of St. Clement's. And in 1828 he was made Vicar of St. Mary's. In the same year Hurrell Froude and Robert Wilberforce¹ were appointed tutors of Oriel, and henceforth Newman's friendship with Froude was far more intimate, and exercised a marked influence on his life.

We now come to what I have defined as the second period of his Oxford career. A serious illness in 1827 and the loss of his sister Mary in January 1828 made an epoch in his life, and greatly developed his religious nature. To this sister he had been specially devoted. She had been in delicate health. But her death was at the last sudden. His letters show how her memory haunts him. He bids the family set down in writing all they can remember about her. 'It draws tears to my eyes,' he writes, 'to think that all of a sudden we can only converse about her as about some inanimate object, wood or stone. But she shall "flourish from the tomb."' And in the meantime, it being but a little

¹ The brother of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and of Newman's intimate friend Henry Wilberforce. He ultimately became a Catholic.

time, I would try to talk to her in imagination and in hope of the future by setting down all I can think of about her.' He wrote on her loss his well-known poem 'Consolations in Bereavement,' and reflected sadly how she would have loved his lines because they were his. 'May I be patient,' he writes. 'It is so difficult to realise what one believes, and to make these trials, as they are intended, real blessings.' For months her image haunts him when he is out riding, and in bed at night. Two letters illustrate his state of mind:

'I never felt so intensely the transitory nature of this world,' he writes to his sister Jemima in May 1828 after an expedition to the country, 'as when most delighted with these country scenes. And in riding out to-day I have been impressed more powerfully than before I had an idea was possible with the two lines;

"Chanting with a *solemn* voice
Minds us of our *better* choice."

I could hardly believe the lines were not my own, and Keble had not taken them from me. I wish it were possible for words to put down those indefinite, vague, and withal subtle feelings which pierce the soul and make it sick. Dear Mary seems embodied in every tree and hid behind every hill. What a veil and curtain this world of sense is! beautiful, but still a veil.'

And again, some months later, to his sister Harriet:

'A solemn voice seems to chant from everything. I know whose voice it is—her dear voice. Her form is almost nightly before me, when I have put out the light and lain down. Is not this a blessing?'

The change wrought in his attitude on religion, which gradually affected his views, was a very important one. The element of eclecticism which went with his incipient liberalism, the recognition of elements of truth in all the religious schools of thought, the placing of religion on an intellectual rather than an emotional basis, dissipated, as we have seen, the narrowness of his early Evangelicalism and Calvinism—though he ever retained certain Evangelical mannerisms of expression. But in face of the deep religiousness which had now come on him he felt that he was beginning

to overvalue the intellectual element. The human intellect in fallen man actually and historically, he held, if left to itself, issues in infidelity.¹ Yet to acquiesce in infidelity was to deny what was most certain to him, 'the chain in every link complete' between himself and God which had been to him since his conversion the most unquestionable of realities. He turned to the thought of those to whom in the past the supernatural world had been the great source of inspiration. There had been great minds in the past whom spiritual gifts had protected from the onesidedness of intellectualism. To these he looked for guidance. There arose again the vision of the Church of the early Fathers which he has described as a 'paradise of delight' to him. This vision had fired his imagination when he read Milner's 'Church History' as a boy; and now the thought of the Fathers came with fresh significance. In their career and writings he saw religion in action, moulding the world and conquering men's hearts. The obvious living representative in his eyes of the Church of the Fathers, enfeebled indeed, but still capable of restitution, was the Church of his birth. The liberals were striving to undermine her, to destroy the ecclesiastical institutions which represented her descent from those early Fathers whose lives and writings so greatly moved him. Newman, reacting against his former friends, the liberal school of Oriel, and strongly affected by the influence of Hurrell Froude, took sides with the High Church party as a supporter of the Church. He came also under the influence of John Keble, with whom Froude brought him into friendly relations about 1828. At the same time, as Vicar of St. Mary's he began those memorable parochial sermons whereby, as Principal Shairp has told us, he made Oxford feel as though one of the early Fathers had come back to earth. The new accession of apostolic and religious zeal affected likewise his work as a College tutor. Differences arose with the Provost, Dr. Hawkins, as to the duties of the tutorship, which Newman regarded as a quasi-pastoral work. In this view Hurrell Froude and Robert Wilberforce, who were appointed tutors at this time, concurred. Their attitude was one of strong opposition to

¹ *Apologia*, p. 243.

certain long-standing abuses, and of hostility to the gentlemen commoners, men of birth and position, who were, Newman thought, treated with undue favouritism. On the other hand, the new tutors cultivated a special friendship with the pupils whom they regarded as most promising. Hawkins held that Newman was sacrificing the many to the few, and himself inaugurating a system of favouritism. The Provost eventually ceased to assign pupils to Newman and his two friends.

In virtue of his relations with his pupils at Oriel and of the wide influence of his Sermons, the brilliant thinker, the friend of Whately and of Blanco White, became definitely, five years before the Tracts were thought of, a spiritual father to many—one whose mind shrank from intellectualism, and embraced with all his heart the great Oxford motto '*Dominus illuminatio mea.*'

And in the same year, 1828, Newman began systematically to read the Fathers, working at them almost uninterruptedly during the Long Vacation, and continuing to do so during the two subsequent years. He threw into his work not only the exceptional power of application which his letters reveal, but also his faculty of historical imagination which we see already at work in the '*History of the Arians*' and still more so later on in the '*Essay on Development.*' '*The Fathers again rise full before me,*' he writes in one letter. '*I am so hungry for Irenæus and Cyprian,*' he writes in another letter, '*[that] I long for the vacation.*'

It was at this stage of his career that, identifying himself with High Church views, he became avowedly a party man—and he, of all men, the champion of the '*stupid party.*' The paradox was not lost on him, and in a letter of the highest importance, to be cited shortly, he defends the position. The intellectual aristocracy of the day, it was true, found itself on the side of liberalism. The Noetic school of Oxford and the best talent at Cambridge were both liberal and intellectualist in their tendency. But Newman saw in this fact a great danger to be counteracted. A party must be formed to defend the Church,—the guardian of those truths which are above reason—against the assaults of brilliant intellectuality. Though he was never a traditionalist, his plea was in some

respects like that which Vicomte de Bonald urged against the destructive principles of the Revolution. It was an appeal to the wisdom of the ages against the intellectualism of the hour. The revelation of God once given to the human race may, he argued, be doggedly preserved by faithful, even though unintellectual, guardians. The wisdom of God claimed to stand above the most brilliant talent of the passing generation. Truths divinely revealed, developed, and explained by men of genius in the past, were preserved by that Church Catholic which was represented in our own country by the Church of England.

The occasion for formulating and expressing these views was Catholic Emancipation in 1829. Newman had no decided views on the measure itself. But he considered that it was proposed on principles of indifferentism. The Papist was to be tolerated, just as the Socinian was to be tolerated. He regarded it as 'one of the signs of the times,' a sign of the encroachment of philosophism and indifferentism in the Church. When Peel offered himself for re-election, Newman vigorously opposed him, and the opposition was successful. 'We have achieved a glorious victory,' he wrote to his mother on March 1; 'it is the first public event I have been concerned in, and I thank God from my heart both for my cause and its success. We have proved the independence of the Church and of Oxford. . . . We had the influence of government in unrelenting activity against us and the talent so-called of the University.'

On March 13 he writes to his mother the letter already alluded to, indicating the grounds of his reaction against the liberalism which had for a time attracted him. He sketches in it his new position as contrasted with the liberalism whether of the Noetics or of the Cambridge school:

'March 13, 1829.

'We live in a novel era—one in which there is an advance towards universal education. Men have hitherto depended on others, and especially on the clergy, for religious truth; now each man attempts to judge for himself. Now, without meaning of course that Christianity is in itself opposed to free enquiry, still I think it *in fact* at the present time opposed to the particular form which that liberty of thought has now

assumed. Christianity is of faith, modesty, lowliness, subordination; but the spirit at work against it is one of latitudinarianism, indifferentism, and schism, a spirit which tends to overthrow doctrine, as if the fruit of bigotry and discipline—as if the instrument of priestcraft. All parties seem to acknowledge that the stream of opinion is setting against the Church. . . .

‘And now I come to another phenomenon: the talent of the day is against the Church. The Church party (visibly at least, for there may be latent talent, and great times give birth to great men) is poor in mental endowments. It has not activity, shrewdness, dexterity, eloquence, practical power. On what, then, does it depend? On prejudice and bigotry.

‘This is hardly an exaggeration; yet I have good meaning and one honourable to the Church. Listen to my theory. As each individual has certain instincts of right and wrong antecedently to reasoning, on which he acts—and rightly so—which perverse reasoning may supplant, which then can hardly be regained, but, if regained, will be regained from a different source—from reasoning, not from nature—so, I think, has the world of men collectively. God gave them truths in His miraculous revelations, and other truths in the unsophisticated infancy of nations, scarcely less necessary and divine. These are transmitted as “the wisdom of our ancestors,” through men—many of whom cannot enter into them or receive them themselves—still on, on, from age to age, not the less truths because many of the generations through which they are transmitted are unable to prove them, but hold them, either from pious and honest feeling, it may be, or from bigotry or from prejudice. That they are truths it is most difficult to prove, for great men alone can prove great ideas or grasp them. Such a mind was Hooker’s, such Butler’s; and, as moral evil triumphs over good on a small field of action, so in the argument of an hour or the compass of a volume would men like Brougham, or, again, Wesley, show to far greater advantage than Hooker or Butler. Moral truth is gained by patient study, by calm reflection, silently as the dew falls—unless miraculously given—and when gained it is transmitted by faith and by “prejudice.” Keble’s book is full of such truths, which any Cambridge man might refute with the greatest ease.’¹

Almost released now from his labours as tutor (for while the Provost gave him no fresh pupils, each year diminished

¹ *Letters*, i. 204, *seq.*

the number of those who remained), his patristic reading grew more systematic. The Fathers deepened his opposition to liberalism; but the element of intolerance which was now visible in him had no affinity to the narrowness of his Calvinistic and Evangelical days. Though he waged war on intellectualism, there was no return to a merely emotional religion. The vision of the Church Catholic grew ever more distinct. It embodied in its theology the results of the labours of the great thinkers of patristic times and their successors. That theology was a precious intellectual legacy, but it was also a standing protest against mere intellectualism. The sacred traditions inherited from the past were the basis of Christian theology and a touchstone of the truth of its more recent speculations. There could be no greater contrast to the self-sufficient intellectualism of the hour.

In the summer of 1830 he was asked by Dr. Jenkyns to aid in a projected Ecclesiastical History. Newman declined to make any contribution to it which should be in the form of a merely popular work. 'An ecclesiastical history,' he wrote to Dr. Jenkyns, 'whether long or short ought to be derived from original sources, and not to be compiled from the standard authorities.' But the idea of writing history grew upon him. In the end he consented to write a serious work on the 'Arians of the Fourth Century.' His sense, both of the importance of the work and of the complexity of such an historical study to a genuine student, is expressed in his letters to Froude written in August 1831:

'I have nothing to say except that my work opens a grand and most interesting field to me; but how I shall ever be able to make one assertion, much less to write one page, I cannot tell. Any one, pure categorical, would need an age of reading and research. I shall confine myself to hypotheticals; your "if" is a great philosopher, as well as peacemaker.'¹

And again:

'Recollect, my good sir, that every thought I think is thought, and every word I write is writing, and that thought tells, and that words take room, and that, though I make the introduction the *whole* book, yet a book it is; and,

¹ *Letters*, i. 245.

though this will not steer clear of the egg blunder, to have an introduction leading to nothing, yet it is not losing time. Already I have made forty-one pages out of eighteen.' ¹

The subject was congenial to Newman for one reason especially. It was chiefly the state of the Church in the fourth century which enabled him to think of the Established Church of England as a part of the Church Catholic. He could not deny that the English Sees were in 1830 filled by Protestant bishops. But then so were multitudes of Catholic Sees in A.D. 360 filled by Arian bishops. He and his friends were in the position of faithful Catholics in those days, who kept the faith in spite of their bishops. He could only hope that an Athanasius or a Basil would arise in England. Perhaps there was some subconscious presage that he himself might be destined to take the place of those great champions of truth in the nineteenth century. But with this historical parallel to give him confidence in his position, he considered in the course of his history the deeper problems of Christian faith and the analogy in the fourth century to his own campaign against liberalism and intellectualism.

Two sections of his work are of great importance in this connection. One concerns the 'economical' ² character of all religious creeds. Basing his treatment on St. Clement of Alexandria, and exhibiting the Alexandrian teaching, as he says in the 'Apologia,' 'with the partiality of a neophyte,' ³ he argues that all religion is from God, and that Christianity corrects rather than abolishes false religions. But even in the Christian theology itself Divine things are seen 'through a glass darkly,' the human intellect being unequal to their adequate comprehension. ⁴ Thus the task of the Christian

¹ *Letters*, i. 254.

² For Newman's use of the word 'economy' see *University Sermons*, p. 65 note; also pp. 199, 264, 269. See also *Arians*, pp. 77 seq. In the *Apologia* he speaks of the doctrine of the economy as one of the 'underlying principles of a great portion of my teaching' (p. 10). See also *Apologia*, p. 243.

³ *Apologia*, p. 26.

⁴ 'If we would speak correctly, we must confess, on the authority of the Bible itself, that all knowledge of religion is from Him, and not only that which the Bible has transmitted to us. There never was a time when God had not spoken to man, and told him to a certain extent his duty. His injunctions to Noah, the common father of all mankind, is the first recorded fact of the sacred history after the Deluge. Accordingly, we are expressly told in the New Testa-

who would convert the heathen is not to destroy his religion, but to purify it, and restore the original good elements of a creed which has been corrupted.¹

He was alive to the charge of narrowness and formalism made by the liberals against the multiplied and minute propositions of orthodox theology. The answer lay in their origin and their history. They were gradually formulated in order to preserve the fundamental truths of the Christian and Catholic creed. He regarded the crystallisation of portions of the early creed into definite *formulae* as a protection gradually called for—much as in a civil polity laws are passed to prevent infringements on the rules necessary for social life. In a simpler society these rules may be secured—and better secured—by custom or good feeling; as society grows more complex, laws have to be enacted with correlative penalties as their sanction. So, too, the corrupting influence of heresy eventually made exactitude of theological expression a necessity to secure the permanence of the general character—what he afterwards called the ‘type’—of primitive

ment that at no time He left Himself without witness in the world, and that in every nation He accepts those who fear and obey Him. It would seem, then, that there is something true and divinely revealed in every religion all over the earth, overloaded, as it may be, and at times even stifled, by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of man have incorporated with it. Such are the doctrines of the power and presence of an invisible God, of His moral law and governance, of the obligation of duty and the certainty of a just judgment, and of reward and punishment, as eventually dispensed to individuals; so that Revelation, properly speaking, is an universal, not a local gift; and the distinction between the state of Israelites formerly and Christians now, and that of the heathen, is, not that we can and they cannot attain to future blessedness, but that the Church of God ever has had, and the rest of mankind never have had, authoritative documents of truth and appointed channels of communication with Him. The Word and the Sacraments are the characteristic of the elect people of God; but all men have had more or less the guidance of tradition, in addition to those internal notions of right and wrong which the Spirit has put into the heart of each individual. This vague and uncertain family of religious truths, originally from God, but sojourning, without the sanction of miracle or a definite home, as pilgrims up and down the world, and discernible and separable from the corrupt legends with which they are mixed by the spiritual mind alone, may be called the *Dispensation of Paganism*, after the example of the learned Father already quoted.¹ — *Arians of the Fourth Century*, p. 79.

¹ ‘While he strenuously opposes all that is idolatrous, immoral, and profane in their creed, he will profess to be leading them on to perfection, and to be recovering and purifying, rather than reversing, the essential principles of their belief.’—*Ibid.* p. 84.

Christianity. Moreover, as the apostolic period receded into the distant past, the impressions¹ of Christianity among the faithful lost their early vividness—another reason why dogmatic creeds became necessary. The necessity was, however, not congenial to the Church.² And the original impression of Catholic truth which the propositions protected was something far more than the propositions by themselves contained.

Next, taking the doctrine of the Trinity as his example, he analyses the process whereby the simpler language of the early Fathers is replaced by the dogmatic propositions of the Athanasian Creed. These propositions, as expressing human ideas of Divine realities, are necessarily imperfect. Yet they are not merely on a par, as Coleridge seems to have held, with the economical teachings of other religions.³ They are the truth so far as human weakness allows us to know Divine truth.⁴

But while it is clear that the Church's creeds and definitions, in so far as they employ human words and figures, cannot be adequate to the Divine Reality, nevertheless they must be definite and imperatively enforced. 'If the Church would be vigorous and influential,' he writes, 'it must be decided and plainspoken in its doctrine.' Otherwise the

¹ For Newman's use of the word 'impression' see *University Sermons*, pp. 333, 334; see also pp. 332, 336, and 350 for a fuller expression of the analysis of his position given in the text.

² 'While the line of tradition, drawn out as it was to the distance of two centuries from the Apostles, had at length become of too frail a texture to resist the touch of subtle and ill-directed reason, the Church was naturally unwilling to have recourse to the novel, though necessary, measure of imposing an authoritative creed upon those whom it invested with the office of teaching. If I avow my belief that freedom from symbols and articles is abstractedly the highest state of Christian communion, and the peculiar privilege of the primitive Church, it is not from any tenderness towards that proud impatience of control in which many exult, as in a virtue; but, first, because technicality and formalism are, in their degree, inevitable results of public confessions of faith; and next, because when confessions do not exist, the mysteries of Divine truth, instead of being exposed to the gaze of the profane and uninstructed, are kept hidden in the bosom of the Church far more faithfully than is otherwise possible.'—*Arians*, 36-7).

³ Newman speaks of Coleridge as 'looking at the Church, sacraments, doctrines, &c., rather as symbols of a philosophy than as truths—as the mere accidental type of principles.'—*Letters*, ii. 156.

⁴ See *Arians*, p. 143, and *University Sermons*, p. 350.

subtle heretical intellect, so active in Arian days, would claim apostolic and even Papal sanction for its teaching.¹

He never revised these views after 1845, and we have no means of knowing how he would have treated the subject had he written on it in his later years. The importance of the 'Arians' is mainly historical, as indicating the train of thought which actually brought about his Catholic development and his revolt from liberalism.

'The Arians of the Fourth Century' was finished in June. As he wrote the last part his exhaustion was so great that he was frequently on the point of fainting. After it was finished a holiday was a crying need. He visited Cambridge in July for the first time. The *genius loci* seized him, and perhaps the need of relaxation after the tension of his work made his pleasure the keener. Anyhow, he writes of it to his mother with enthusiasm:

'Cambridge: July 16, 1832.

'Having come to this place with no anticipations, I am quite taken by surprise and overcome with delight. When I saw at the distance of four miles, on an extended plain, wider than the Oxford, amid thicker and greener groves, the Alma Mater Cantabrigiensis lying before me, I thought I should not be able to contain myself, and, in spite of my regret at her present defects and past history, and all that is wrong about her, I seemed about to cry "*Floreat aeternum.*" Surely there is a *genius loci* here, as in my own dear home; and the nearer I came to it the more I felt its power.'²

But a far more tempting holiday than the visit to Cambridge was planned in September. Hurrell Froude was to go to the Mediterranean for his health, and he asked Newman to accompany him. They started in December, and the journey proved a memorable one. Like Darwin's voyage on the *Beagle*, it was a pause in routine work which led to fruitful meditation. The Church of England was at the moment in imminent peril. The Liberal party was frankly aiming at her disestablishment. She was, in Mr. Mozley's phrase, 'folding her robes about her to die with what dignity she could.' Newman writes in the 'Apologia': 'The bill for the suppression of the Irish Sees was in progress. I had fierce thoughts

¹ *Arians*, p. 35.

² *Letters*, i. 265.

against the Liberals.' The sights in the course of his travels that reminded him vividly of the early Fathers blended with these thoughts. A champion was needed for 'our Northern Church' to rekindle faith and zeal in an evil day. 'If we had our Athanasius or Basil,' he wrote, 'we could bear with twenty Eusebius'!' It was during this voyage that he wrote his poem on Athanasius. The poem tells also of the work of Cyprian, of Chrysostom, of Ambrose. It ends with the words—

'Dim future, shall *we* need
A prophet for truth's creed?'

The Mediterranean awakened a host of historic memories, including St. Paul's shipwreck and St. Athanasius' voyage to Rome. The sight of Africa again recalled scenes of history both pagan and Christian. I thought 'of the Phœnicians, Tyre, of the Punic wars, of Cyprian, and the glorious churches now annihilated.'¹

On his sister Harriet's birthday he passes Ithaca. Again to his mother he writes:

'I could not have believed that the view of these parts would have so enchanted me. . . . Not from classical associations, but the thought that what I saw before me was the reality of what had been the earliest vision of my childhood. . . . I gazed on it by the quarter of an hour together, being quite satisfied by the sight of the rock. I thought of Ham, and of all the various glimpses which memory barely retains, and which fly from me when I pursue them, of that earliest time of life when one seems almost to realise the remnants of a pre-existing state. Oh, how I longed to touch the land, and to satisfy myself that it was not a mere vision that I saw before me!'²

The leisure afforded him by his voyage, and the stimulation given to his fancy by all that he saw, found vent in verse-making, and of his published poems, if we exclude the 'Dream of Gerontius,' about four-fifths were written in those weeks. Many of the verses contain indications of a sub-conscious presage of the future. The thought of prophets and the leaders of great movements in the Church frequently

¹ *Letters*, i. 306.

² *Ibid.* i. 317.

reappears in them. These poems (published for the most part in the 'Lyra Apostolica'), though written hastily as outpourings of the heart, have been ranked very high by some of our best critics. 'For grandeur of outline, purity of taste and radiance of total effect,' writes Mr. Hutton, 'I know hardly any short poems in the language that equal them.'¹

A very interesting letter to his sister Harriet, written at Corfu, shows us how he himself estimated the ecstasies which foreign travel aroused in him. So complex an attitude as he described may have been only a passing mood, but the letter is a curious illustration of his high-strung and sensitive nature:

'I have a great deal to say, but fear I shall forget it. No description can give you any idea of what I have seen, but I will not weary you with my delight; yet does it not seem a strange paradox to say that, though I am so much pleased, I am not interested? That is, I don't think I should care—rather I should be very glad—to find myself suddenly transported to my rooms at Oriel, with my oak sported, and I lying at full length on my sofa. After all, every kind of exertion is to me an effort: whether or not my mind has been strained and wearied with the necessity of constant activity, I know not; or whether, having had many disappointments, and suffered much from the rudeness and slights of persons I have been cast with, I shrink involuntarily from the contact of the world, and, whether or not natural disposition assists this feeling, and a perception almost morbid of my deficiencies and absurdities—anyhow, neither the kindest attentions nor the most sublime sights have over me influence enough to draw me out of the way, and, deliberately as I have set about my present wanderings, yet I heartily wish they were over, and I only endure the sights, and had much rather *have* seen them than *see* them, though the while I am extremely astonished and almost enchanted at them.'²

After a sojourn at Malta he sails to Naples, visiting Palermo and Egesta on his way.

Naples saddens him. 'The state of the Church is deplorable,' he writes. 'It seems as if Satan was let out of prison to range the whole earth again.'

¹ R. H. Hutton's *Cardinal Newman* (Methuen), p. 44.

² *Letters*, i. 320-21.

Then came Rome. All his letters show that the city made a profound impression on him. 'A wonderful place—the first city, mind, which I have ever much praised,' he writes the day after his arrival. 'The most wonderful place in the world,' he says in another letter.

And in yet another he writes:

'And now what can I say of Rome, but that it is the first of cities, and that all I ever saw are but as dust (even dear Oxford inclusive) compared with its majesty and glory? Is it possible that so serene and lofty a place is the cage of unclean creatures? I will not believe it till I have evidence of it. In St. Peter's yesterday, in St. John Lateran to-day, I have felt quite abased, chiefly by their enormous size, added to the extreme accuracy and grace of their proportions, which make one feel little and contemptible.'¹

The feeling about Rome was profound and lasting. It reappears in letter after letter. But he does not doubt that the religion it harbours is a 'wretched perversion of the truth.' There was 'great appearance of piety in the churches,' but it is a 'city still under a curse.'

The lines written on his journey home show the same feeling:

'O that thy creed were sound!
For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,
By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of service, in thy Saviour's holy home.'

His final verdict is thus given:

'As to the *Roman* Catholic system, I have ever detested it so much that I cannot detest it more by seeing it; but to the Catholic system I am more attached than ever, and quite love the little monks (seminarists) of Rome; they look so innocent and bright, poor boys! and we have fallen in, more or less, with a number of interesting Irish and English priests. I regret that we could form no intimate acquaintance with them. I fear there are very grave and far-spreading scandals among the Italian priesthood, and there is mummery in abundance; yet there is a deep substratum of true Christianity; and I think they may be as near truth at the least as that Mr. B.,² whom I like less and less every day.'³

¹ *Letters*, i. 358.

² Who Mr. B. was I do not know.

³ *Letters*, i. 378-9.

His last letter from Rome, written on April 7, shows no abatement of enthusiasm. What he saw there 'has stolen away half my heart,' he writes. 'Oh that Rome was not Rome! But I seem to see as clear as day that union with her is impossible.'

For three weeks in Sicily, whither he returned from Rome, he had a dangerous fever. He gave his servant instructions as to what he should do in the event of his death, but added that he did not think he should die, for he believed that God had a work for him to do. This illness he ever regarded as a crisis in his life. He has left a *memorandum* of his feelings at the time, in which we find also a searching self-examination. He seems to have felt that he was in some sense chosen by God and might be called to a great work; yet he trembles lest he should therefore regard himself as a great man. The note of 'Domine non sum dignus' is struck in his words; and it is strange that some modern writers should have taken advantage of the self-accusation of a Christian who dreads to spoil his work by pride, and should find in it evidence of his weaknesses rather than of the high standard which made him dwell insistently on each sign of human frailty.

'I felt and kept saying to myself "I have not sinned against light," and at one time I had a most consoling, overpowering thought of God's electing love, and seemed to feel I was His. But I believe all my feelings, painful and pleasant, were heightened by somewhat of delirium, though they still are from God in the way of Providence. Next day the self-reproaching feelings increased. I seemed to see more and more my utter hollowness. I began to think of all my professed principles, and felt they were mere intellectual deductions from one or two admitted truths. I compared myself with Keble, and felt that I was merely developing his, not my, convictions. I know I had *very* clear thoughts about this then, and I believe in the main true ones. Indeed, this is how I look on myself; very much, (as the illustration goes) as a pane of glass, which transmits heat, being cold itself. I have a vivid perception of the consequences of certain admitted principles, have a considerable intellectual capacity of drawing them out, have the refinement to admire them, and a rhetorical or histrionic power to represent them; and, having no great (i.e. no vivid) love of this world, whether riches, honours, or anything else, and some firmness and

natural dignity of character, take the profession of them upon me, as I might sing a tune which I liked—loving the Truth, but not possessing it, for I believe myself at heart to be nearly hollow, i.e. with little love, little self-denial. I believe I have some faith, that is all; and as to my sins, they need my possessing no little amount of faith to set against them and gain their remission.’¹

The sense of human frailty and sinfulness was accompanied by a self-abandoning trust in God. He felt that he must do his duty and that God would do the rest for him.

‘I had a strange feeling on my mind,’ he writes, ‘that God meets those who go on in *His way*, who remember Him in His way, in the paths of the Lord; that I must put myself in His path, His way, that I must do my part, and that He met those who rejoiced and worked righteousness, and remembered Him and His ways—some texts of this kind kept haunting me, and I determined to set out by daybreak.’²

The sense that God was leading him on to some task, he knew not what, seems to have remained with him thenceforth. On his homeward voyage to Marseilles, when becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio, he wrote on June 16, ‘Lead, kindly Light,’ which, well known though it is, must be set down in any record of his life:

‘Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

‘I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on!

‘I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

‘So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.’

¹ *Letters*, i. 416-7.

² *Ibid.* i. 419.

Newman came back to England full of the spring and vitality which follows convalescence. The thoughts over which he and Froude had brooded while abroad had, to use Dean Church's words, 'broken out in papers sent home from time to time' to Rose's *British Magazine*, and *Home Thoughts Abroad*, and in Newman's own contributions already spoken of to the 'Lyra Apostolica.' And he landed in July at a critical moment. The blow at the Established Church which had been so deeply resented when in contemplation had now fallen. Ten Irish bishoprics had been suppressed at a sweep. Disestablishment seemed imminent in England itself. For Newman the Established Church was still the Catholic Church in England, although corrupted by Protestant heresy. If the strength of the Established Church was, as he felt, the most effectual safeguard in England against the plausible liberalism of the day which must eventually issue in infidelity, to defend the Church and to purify it was the great need of the hour. Froude and Keble and Palmer had already discussed the situation in the Oriel Common Room, and pledged themselves to 'write and associate in defence of the Church.' Newman now threw himself heart and soul into the movement which marked out the third and last period of his Anglican career. On July 14 Keble preached his famous sermon on 'The National Apostasy.' The 'Tracts for the Times' began in September, the immediate ostensible programme they were to advocate being the defence of the Apostolical Succession and of the integrity of the Prayer-Book. That the Church of England was a part of the Church Catholic had been maintained by the great Anglican divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but their view had fallen into comparative disrepute in the eighteenth. The writers of the Tracts were bent on restoring its predominance. The root-principle, however, for which they fought was the spiritual independence of the Church and the defeat of Erastianism. The thought of St. Ambrose in his combats with Valentinian and Theodosius inspired these writers. The Tracts were independent—the work of several minds agreeing in general principles, but not in detail.

The story of the gradually growing influence of the

Tracts has often been told. They were unsigned. The solitary exception to this rule was Dr. Pusey's Tract on Baptism, to which he appended his initials. It was mainly owing to this circumstance that the party became known in the country at large as Puseyites. Among those in close touch with Oxford it was (in its earlier years) more often designated Newmanite. In three years the movement became a power in Oxford and in the country. In 1836 the Tracts became treatises, and some, notably Tract 85, were of a somewhat philosophical character. In the same year Newman began to edit the Library of the Fathers—English versions of the great patristic writings. He also undertook, in 1836, the editorship of the *British Critic* as the organ of the party. That year saw Newman and Pusey at the head of the successful agitation which issued in the censure of Dr. Hampden by Convocation on his appointment by the Government as Regius Professor of Divinity, on the ground of his unorthodox views. The majority was nearly five to one, and recorded an emphatic protest on the part of the University against Erastianism.

Many of the ideas which the movement embodied had found first expression in the writings of Keble, the author of 'The Christian Year.' The impulse to take action had largely proceeded from the adventurous spirit of Hurrell Froude. But in Newman's own mind the movement had relation to a deeper problem than the ecclesiastical questions which exercised his two friends. His intellect was more speculative than Froude's, his thought more systematic than Keble's. In much that he wrote he was taking part in that inquiry into the foundations of all belief which the negative thinkers of the eighteenth century had made so necessary—Hume and Gibbon in England, the Encyclopedists in France. It has been truly said that the Oriel Noetic school was in some sense an outcome of the French Revolution. Both his share in their speculations and his subsequent reaction had set Newman thinking, and while Coleridge was preaching a philosophy of conservatism against Benthamism and radicalism, Newman found in the Catholic tradition latent in Anglicanism a more practical antidote to a rationalism which must issue in religious negation. It was in this deeper view

of the bearing of the Anglican controversy that his standpoint differed from that of most of his colleagues. From beginning to end the Catholic movement was in his eyes the only effective check on the advancing tide of unbelief. 'He anticipates,' testifies Mr. Aubrey de Vere some years later, 'an unprecedented outburst of infidelity all over the world, and to withstand it he deems his especial vocation.'¹

In a note written near the end of his life he states that from the time when he turned his serious attention to theology he felt the insufficiency of the current Christian apologetic as a reply to the abler exponents of rationalistic views. In the Middle Ages many of the deepest thinkers had been Christians. Now the predominant philosophy of the day, the intellect of the day, was against Christianity. He believed the necessary antidote to be double—first, the erection of a stronger intellectual defence of Christianity; but secondly (and this was the more pressing need), to strengthen the Church, which was the normal guardian of dogma for the many. He held (as we have seen in his book on the Arians) that definite dogmatic propositions, although the human ideas they employed were inadequate to the divine Reality, were the great safeguard of revealed truth. A deeper philosophy of dogma than that currently recognised was one of those very additions to apologetic which he desired. Thus his two defences had a common element. In all of this his thought was running on the very lines trodden already by S. T. Coleridge. 'During this spring,' he writes in 1835, 'I for the first time read parts of Coleridge's works; and I am surprised how much that I thought mine is to be found there.'²

The philosophy of faith formed the subject of the remarkable sermons preached before the University, and afterwards published in 1843 as a volume. He characterises this volume in writing to James Hope as 'the best, not the most perfect, book I have done. I mean there is more to develop in it though it is imperfect.'³ The

¹ *Life of Aubrey de Vere*, p. 182.

² *Letters*, ii. 39. But there were differences between the two thinkers—cf. pp. 54, 93, 156. Some writers have, I observe, quoted Newman's letter in old age stating that he 'never read a line of Coleridge.' It is not the only instance in which his memory was in later years seriously at fault.

³ See *Letters*, ii. p. 407.

sermons were an attempt to show the really philosophical temper underlying the Gospel ideal of faith—a right disposition of the mind making the divinity of Christianity readily credible. This disposition included a realisation of all that made a revelation antecedently probable. Evidence insufficient apart from the presumption thereby afforded was sufficient with its aid. The simple and uneducated mind was capable of a reasonable faith. There was philosophical wisdom in the Church as a whole; and the faith of individuals was a spontaneous participation in the fruits of that wisdom. The ‘foolishness’ of the Gospel in the eyes of the man of the world, its opposition to the wisdom of the world, was recognised by him to the full. What was stigmatised by the world as credulity and folly was really the instinctive trust of an individual Christian in a wisdom higher than his own.

This view underlay the Gospels themselves. But it had fallen out of the current Anglican apologetic. Yet it was (he held) essentially necessary. The sermons were a profound effort to analyse that wisdom and philosophy which consciously or unconsciously swayed the believer, and to exhibit the shallowness of the merely worldly wisdom which issues in unbelief. Reason and Faith were contrasted; but Reason meant in Newman’s pages the exercise of the intellect with the assumption of secular maxims and with no recognition of the light shed on the problems of Faith by the moral nature.

The University Sermons, except only the first, which belongs to 1826, were preached during the progress of the movement. They were ‘caviare to the general,’ for the questioning attitude on religious belief was not yet widespread among their readers. But by the more speculative minds in Oxford, as W. G. Ward and the students of Coleridge, they were regarded, as by Newman himself, as containing his best and most valuable thoughts.

The more practical side of the controversy—the formulation of his ‘Via Media’ of Anglican theology against liberalism and Protestantism on the one side and Popery on the other, was worked out in his lectures on the prophetic office of the Church, delivered in 1837. These lectures were largely based on a correspondence with a French priest, the Abbé Jager, and the position taken up in them was directly

anti-Roman. The English Roman Catholics were in them regarded as schismatics.

The parochial sermons at St. Mary's, however, were the main instrument of Newman's influence on the Oxford of those years. They appealed to a far wider class than the University Sermons, and the indelible impression they made on many minds has been recorded by eminent men of widely different schools of thought—by J. A. Froude and A. P. Stanley, by Mr. Gladstone and Sir Francis Doyle, by Principal Shairp and Lord Coleridge, as well as by such disciples of the movement as Henry Wilberforce and Dean Church. They were primarily moral discourses, with little of theological elaboration. 'They belong,' writes Dean Stanley, 'not to provincial dogma, but to the literature of all time.'

Newman's merely intellectual reputation in the University had stood very high for about five Oxford generations, reckoning a generation at three years. It was thirteen years since he had been invited as quite a youth to join in the *élite* of English intellect which was to give the newly founded Athenæum Club its prestige at starting. But now the character of a prophet and leader of men was added. And the movement in Oxford of which he was the life and soul aroused all the enthusiasm of the time. 'The influence of his singular combination of genius and devotion,' writes Dean Lake, 'has had no parallel there before or since.'¹ 'Credo in Newmannum' was the creed which W. G. Ward first formulated, and which became general.

The party received a severe blow, in 1836, from the untimely death of Hurrell Froude. But his 'Memoirs,' which Newman and Keble published in 1838, created a great impression in Oxford, and gave fresh power to the movement. That power was viewed with suspicion by the Heads of Houses. Already Tractarianism was charged with Romanist tendencies. But as yet such charges only gave zest to the party in their propaganda. The active persecution of a later date had not begun; and the adherents of the movement presented as yet a united front. Newman himself—so he tells us—had supreme confidence in his

¹ *Life of Archbishop Taft*, i. 105.

position. In January 1839 he writes to Frederick Rogers,¹ 'the Tracts are selling faster than they can print them.' He and Keble and Pusey were the triumvirate that led the movement, and Newman himself shrank from acknowledging the greatness of his position. But in the eyes of many he was not only the leader, but the others were on a totally different plane. Such was the feeling of W. G. Ward and his friends. Such is the testimony of J. A. Froude, who speaks of the others as ciphers and Newman as the indicating number. Let us, in recording this time of his supremacy at Oxford, place before our readers material for forming a mental picture of one whose personality is remembered to have been something far more impressive even than his writing. What is perhaps the most vivid description extant of his position in the eyes of the rising generation at Oxford was penned by the witness whose name has just been mentioned, J. A. Froude.²

'When I entered at Oxford,' writes Mr. Froude, 'John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers. . . . It has been said that men of letters are either much less or much greater than their writings. Cleverness and the skilful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanted. A man of

¹ Fellow of Oriel, afterwards Lord Blachford. ² In *Short Studies*, vol. iv.

genius, on the other hand, is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The painting or the poem is but a part of him inadequately realised, and his nature expresses itself, with equal or fuller completeness, in his life, his conversation, and personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman. Greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that the poetry was, and something far beyond. I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to Providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. . . . He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington" came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think?" he said, "it makes one burn to have been a soldier." But his own subject was the absorbing interest with him. . . . Keble had looked into no lines of thought but his own. Newman had read omnivorously; he had studied modern thought and modern life in all its forms, and with all its many-coloured passions. . . .

'With us undergraduates Newman, of course, did not enter on such important questions, although they were in the air, and we talked about them among ourselves. He, when we met him, spoke to us about subjects of the day, of literature, of public persons and incidents, of everything which was generally interesting. He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than anyone else who was present. He was never condescending with us, never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong, he knew why

we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength—and he was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake, but because he had something real to say.

'Thus it was that we, who had never seen such another man, and to whom he appeared, perhaps, at special advantage in contrast with the normal college don, came to regard Newman with the affection of pupils (though pupils, strictly speaking, he had none) for an idolized master. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. For hundreds of young men *Credo in Newmannum* was the genuine symbol of faith.'

So far Mr. Froude; and to Newman's directly religious influence on the University Principal Shairp has perhaps given the most definite and direct testimony in his study of Keble.¹

'The movement when at its height extended its influence far beyond the circle of those who directly adopted its views. There was not, in Oxford at least, a reading man who was not more or less directly influenced by it. Only the very idle or the very frivolous were wholly proof against it. On all others it impressed a sobriety of conduct and a seriousness not usually found among large bodies of young men. It raised the tone of average morality in Oxford to a level which perhaps it had never before reached. You may call it overwrought and too highly strung. Perhaps it was. It was better, however, for young men to be so than to be doubters or cynics.

'If such was the general aspect of Oxford society at that time, where was the centre and soul from which so mighty a power emanated? It lay, and had for some years lain, mainly in one man, a man in many ways the most remarkable that England had seen during this century, perhaps the most remarkable the English Church has possessed in any century—John Henry Newman. The influence he had gained, without apparently setting himself to seek it, was something altogether unlike anything else in our time. A

¹ The Essay on Keble was published in a volume entitled *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy* by Principal Shairp of St. Andrews (p. 244).

mysterious veneration had by degrees gathered round him, till now it was almost as though some Ambrose or Augustine of older ages had reappeared. He himself tells how one day, when he was an undergraduate, a friend with whom he was walking in an Oxford street cried out eagerly, "There is Keble," and with what awe he looked at him. A few years and the same took place with regard to himself. In Oriel Lane light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, "There's Newman," as with head thrust forward and gaze fixed as though at some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless step he glided by. Awe fell on them for a moment almost as if it had been some apparition that had passed. . . . What were the qualities that inspired these feelings? There was, of course, learning and refinement. There was genius, not, indeed, of a philosopher, but of a subtle and original thinker, an unequalled edge of dialectic, and these all glorified by the imagination of a poet. Then there was the utter unworldliness, the setting aside of all the things which men most prize, the tamelessness of soul which was ready to essay the impossible. Men felt that here was:

"One of that small transfigured band
Which the world cannot tame."

Of the ever-memorable sermons and of the evening service at St. Mary's at which they were delivered, Principal Shairp writes as follows:

'The centre from which his power went forth was the pulpit of St. Mary's, with those wonderful afternoon sermons. Sunday after Sunday, month by month, year by year, they went on, each continuing and deepening the impression the last had made. . . .

'The service was very simple,—no pomp, no ritualism; for it was characteristic of the leading men of the movement that they left these things to the weaker brethren. Their thoughts, at all events, were set on great questions which touched the heart of unseen things. About the service, the most remarkable thing was the beauty, the silver intonation, of Mr. Newman's voice, as he read the Lessons. It seemed to bring new meaning out of the familiar words. Still lingers in memory the tone with which he read: *But Jerusalem which is from above is free, which is the mother of us all.* When he began to preach, a stranger was not likely to be much struck, especially if he had been accustomed to pulpit oratory of the Boanerges sort. Here was no vehemence, no declamation, no show of elaborated argument, so that one

who came prepared to hear a "great intellectual effort" was almost sure to go away disappointed. Indeed, I believe that if he had preached one of his St. Mary's sermons before a Scotch town congregation, they would have thought the preacher a "silly body." The delivery had a peculiarity which it took a new hearer some time to get over. Each separate sentence, or at least each short paragraph, was spoken rapidly, but with great clearness of intonation; and then at its close there was a pause, lasting for nearly half a minute; then another rapidly but clearly spoken sentence, followed by another pause. It took some time to get over this, but, that once done, the wonderful charm began to dawn on you. The look and bearing of the preacher were as of one who dwelt apart, who, though he knew his age well, did not live in it. From the seclusion of study, and abstinence, and prayer, from habitual dwelling in the unseen, he seemed to come forth that one day of the week to speak to others of the things he had seen and known. Those who never heard him might fancy that his sermons would generally be about apostolical succession or rights of the Church or against Dissenters. Nothing of the kind. You might hear him preach for weeks without an allusion to these things. What there was of High Church teaching was implied rather than enforced. The local, the temporary, and the modern were ennobled by the presence of the catholic truth belonging to all ages that pervaded the whole. His power showed itself chiefly in the new and unlooked-for way in which he touched into life old truths, moral or spiritual, which all Christians acknowledge, but most have ceased to feel—when he spoke of "Unreal Words," of the "Individuality of the Soul," of "The Invisible World," of a "Particular Providence"; or again, of "The Ventures of Faith," "Warfare the Condition of Victory," "The Cross of Christ the Measure of the World," "The Church a Home for the Lonely." As he spoke, how the old truth became new! how it came home with a meaning never felt before! He laid his finger—how gently, yet how powerfully!—on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then. Subtlest truths, which it would have taken philosophers pages of circumlocution and big words to state, were dropt out by the way in a sentence or two of the most transparent Saxon. What delicacy of style, yet what calm power! how gentle, yet how strong! how simple, yet how suggestive! how homely, yet how refined! . . .

'To call these sermons eloquent would be no word for

them; high poems they rather were, as of an inspired singer, or the outpourings as of a prophet, rapt yet self-possessed. And the tone of voice in which they were spoken, once you grew accustomed to it, sounded like a fine strain of unearthly music. Through the silence of that high Gothic building the words fell on the ear like the measured drippings of water in some vast dim cave. After hearing these sermons you might come away still not believing the tenets peculiar to the High Church system; but you would be harder than most men, if you did not feel more than ever ashamed of coarseness, selfishness, worldliness, if you did not feel the things of faith brought closer to the soul.'

Such were the feelings kindled even among those who dissented from his theology by the man who was the central figure in the Oxford of 1838. 'Those who by early education and conviction were kept aloof from the peculiar tenets of High Churchmen' (writes Principal Shairp) 'could not but acknowledge the moral quickening which resulted from the movement, and the marvellous character of him who was the soul of it.' That year was the summit of Newman's life to which he ever wistfully looked back, a time of hope, of confidence, of influence, when his one inspiring ideal, to work for God and for religion, was satisfied, and tokens of success daily multiplied. The vision of the future, unclouded as yet by misgiving, was of a Church of England purged of heresy, and once more breathing the spirit of Ambrose and Augustine.

The following lines from Aubrey de Vere's 'Reminiscences' give a vivid picture of Newman's appearance and manner at this time:—'Early in the evening a singularly graceful figure in cap and gown glided into the room. The slight form and gracious address might have belonged either to a youthful ascetic of the middle ages or to a graceful high-bred lady of our own days. He was pale and thin almost to emaciation, swift of pace, but when not walking intensely still, with a voice sweet and pathetic, and so distinct that you could count each vowel and consonant in every word. When touching on subjects which interested him much, he used gestures rapid and decisive, though not vehement.'

In April 1839, Newman, still pursuing his patristic studies, began the systematic reading of the Monophysite controversy.

For the first time there came a misgiving as to the Anglican position—a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, the forerunner of storm and shipwreck. While, like the Anglicans, the Monophysites took their stand on antiquity, their claim was, he saw, disallowed by the Church, which, at the instigation of Pope Leo, invented a new *formula* ('in two natures') at Chalcedon to exclude them. He was struck, as he writes to Rogers, by 'the great power of the Pope, as great as he claims now almost.' He could not adjust the story of the Monophysites to the principles of the *Via Media*. In September Robert Williams put into his hands Wiseman's article in the *Dublin Review* on the 'Schism of the Donatists.' This deepened the impression made by the Monophysite story. It brought home to him a point of view which shook his faith in his own position. St. Augustine had replied to the claim of the Donatists to be really Catholics, on the ground that they adhered to antiquity, by the words *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. The mere appeal to antiquity had been disallowed. For a religious society to belong to the Universal Church it was necessary that that Church should recognise its claim. The parallel of the Arian period, on which Newman had relied, was gradually recognised by him not really to cover the facts of the Anglican position.

It so happened that these impressions came at a time when a new impulse towards Rome had just been brought to bear on the movement and on Newman's own mind. W. G. Ward and Frederick Oakeley had joined the Tractarian party in a spirit of avowed admiration for Rome. Ward's friend, Arthur Stanley, for a brief space shared in the new Roman campaign, which was directed against the comparatively moderate Anglicanism of Mr. Palmer and even of Dr. Pusey. Frederick Faber was another whose influence was in the same direction. The new party was characterised by great enthusiasm, a disposition to startle the older and more moderate spirits, a recklessness of consequences, a certain love of paradox. Their trust in Newman was absolute. And as long as he himself was confident in his own position they were not likely to break loose. It was when Newman's own mind was touched with doubt and his answers to arguments advanced by the Romanising school lacked

confidence, that they waxed bolder and more positive. A new sense of danger, of uncertainty, of disunion, was gradually felt in the ranks of the Tractarians.

Newman at first welcomed Ward's accession to the movement, which came in 1838 after the publication of Froude's 'Remains.' 'Ward is a very important accession,' Newman had written to Bowden. 'He is a man I know very little of, but whom I can't help liking very much.' After he had joined the Tract party Ward rapidly became intimate with Newman, and saw him almost daily, losing no opportunity of pressing the Roman argument and disparaging the purely Anglican view of the movement. Newman had not long before read Manzoni's 'Promessi Sposi.' This picture of 'Romanism' in action had deeply impressed him. 'The Capuchin in the "Promessi Sposi,"' he writes to Rogers, 'has stuck in my heart like a dart. I have never got over him.' And now in September 1839 came, as I have said, the Monophysite and Donatist histories, which suddenly touched him with real misgiving as to the theory which a year earlier he had taught with supreme confidence.

'Since I wrote to you,' he writes to Rogers on September 22, 'I have had the first real hit from Romanism which has happened to me. Robert Williams, who has been passing through, directed my attention to Dr. Wiseman's article in the new *Dublin*. I must confess it has given me a stomachache. You see the whole history of the Monophysites has been a sort of alterative. And now comes this dose at the end of it. It does certainly come upon one that we are not at the bottom of things. At this moment we have sprung a leak; and the worst of it is that those sharp fellows, Ward, Stanley, and Co. will not let one go to sleep upon it. *Curavimus Babylonem et non est curata* was an awkward omen. I have not said so much to anyone.

'I seriously think this a most uncomfortable article on every account, though of course it is "ex parte."'¹

The article worked on him so rapidly that in the following month he confided to Henry Wilberforce his suspicion that in the end he might possibly find it his duty to join the Roman Catholic Church.²

¹ *Letters*, ii. 286.

² See *Dublin Review*, April 1869, p. 327.

Newman really never recovered from the blow which had thus been dealt him. At the moment when hope was highest he had received a serious wound; that it was mortal he did not think. But it destroyed the sense of triumph. It destroyed the confidence which had given his leadership such power. The isolation of the English Church from the rest of the Church Catholic—a commonplace of the controversy—had suddenly got hold of him. It had failed to affect him earlier because it was in the writings of the Catholic controversialists mixed up with untenable positions. The actual anomalies presented by history in the fourth century were not, he felt, allowed for by the Roman Catholics. Yet the argument from anomalies might, he now realised, be pressed too far. The precedent of the fourth century, on which he had taken his stand, might have justified an Anglican in the sixteenth century, before sides were clearly taken in the controversy between Catholic and Protestant. It could not in the nineteenth. He never returned to the old *Via Media*. He could not answer Ward and his friends with the decision which would have reassured them. They were quick to see this. They pressed the Roman view more and more openly. Pusey and the older party of the movement were distressed and uncomfortable. They failed to obtain from Newman a clear disavowal of the views of Ward and Oakeley. A sense of discomfort and uncertainty arose which changed the character of the movement and clouded its prospects.

In point of fact Newman's old anti-Roman position was broken. He did not see his way clearly, and therefore could not speak confidently. He now admitted that English Roman Catholics belonged to the Church Catholic. He no longer spoke of them as in schism. He gradually thought out a new basis for his position. He maintained that the life within the Church of England was a testimony to its being a living branch of the Church as the Roman Church was also a branch. If the note of Catholicity was not clear in the Church of England, she had clearly the note of Life and the note of Sanctity.¹ 'We could not be as if we had never been a church. We were Samaria,' so he put it a little later, in 1841. He developed his new position in an article in

¹ *Apologia*, pp. 150-52.

the *British Critic* in 1840, and in the discourses afterwards entitled 'Sermons on Subjects of the Day.' But he could not satisfactorily answer the difficulty Wiseman's article had raised. 'The only vulnerable point we have,' he wrote to Rogers in November 1840, 'is the *penitus toto divisos orbe*. It is the heel of Achilles. Yet a man must be a good shot to hit it.' He seemed to *dread* Rome now. 'It is a bad thing,' he writes to Bowden, 'stirring one's sympathies towards Rome.' And again: 'Were there Sanctity among the Roman Catholics they would indeed be formidable.'¹ Oxford only gradually became conscious of the change. For one so long eager and confident in his attacks on Rome to hesitate and be on the defensive, for him to explain and apologise, meant a profound change, an immense loss in effective leadership. But he maintained still in his letters the attitude of a vigorous champion of the Anglican Church, though Rome had frightened him. Gladstone's book on Church and State he welcomed at this time. 'Doctrinaire and somewhat self-confident,' he writes, but nevertheless 'it will do good. Somehow there is great earnestness, but a want of amiableness about him.'

In one for whom subconscious workings of the mind went for so much, their symptoms may be noted. We see in his letters of 1840 several references to the prospect of adherents of the movement going to Rome. But further, in a letter of February 25, 1840, to his sister Mrs. John Mozley, we find for the first time a thought which must have strongly supplemented the effect of Dr. Wiseman's article—namely, that the Church of Rome alone would be found strong enough to stem the various infidel currents of the time.

'I begin to have serious apprehensions,' he wrote, 'lest any religious body is strong enough to withstand the league of evil but the Roman Church. At the end of the first millenary it withstood the fury of Satan, and now the end of the second is drawing on. Certainly the way that good principles have shot up is wonderful; but I am not clear that they are not tending to Rome—not from any necessity in the principles themselves, but from the much greater proximity between Rome and us than between infidelity and us, and that in a time of trouble we naturally look about for allies.'²

¹ *Letters*, ii. 314-15.

² *Ibid.* ii. 300.

In the village of Littlemore, in his parish of St. Mary's, he had as early as 1829 interested himself specially, and had given catechetical instructions there on Sunday evenings. In 1836 he had built a chapel there. He regarded that year as a landmark¹ in the providential course of his life. Now in 1840 he further developed his connection with Littlemore, with a dim presage that it might be his future home.

'We have bought nine or ten acres of ground at Littlemore,' he writes to his sister, 'the field between the chapel and Barnes's, and so be it in due time shall erect a monastic house upon it. This may lead ultimately to my resigning my fellowship. But these are visions as yet.'

The change in the character of the movement became more and more apparent. The Church of England had been the central object of interest from 1833 to 1838. The 'Church of Rome' had been only a feature in the historical controversy which defined her position. By 1841 the proportions were reversed. The presumption was no longer on the Anglican side—it was on the Roman. England had to justify a position at first sight untenable. In this new condition of things it was more than ever necessary to vindicate a Catholic interpretation for the Anglican formularies. The stronger the argument against the Anglicans from their actual separation, the more necessary it was to show that they were not committed to the views of a Protestant sect, and that they still interpreted all formularies enjoined in the Church of England in the sixteenth century, 'according to the sense of the Catholic Church.'² To establish this principle in the case of the Thirty-nine Articles was the

¹ The following note is attached by Newman to a packet of letters of 1836: 'March 1836 is a cardinal point of time. It gathers about it, more or less closely, the following events:

1. Froude's death.
2. My mother's death and my sister's marriage.
3. My knowing and using the Breviary.
4. First connexion with the *British Critic*.
5. The tracts becoming treatises.
6. Start of the "Library of the Fathers."
7. Theological Society.
8. My writing against the Church of Rome.
9. Littlemore Chapel.

A new scene
gradually opened.'

² *Letters*, ii. 336.

object of the famous Tract 90, published in February 1841. If this were not done promptly Newman foresaw that the new adherents of the movement would go over to the Roman Church. The Articles (he noted in the Tract), while censuring popular corruptions in the Church of Rome, admitted those Catholic doctrines of which they were corruptions. They censured, not the authoritative and obligatory statements of that Church, but the prevalent teaching of its officials. Moreover, as they were drawn up before the Council of Trent, they could not have been directed against the decrees of that Council.

Newman had gone to history. He had realised that the Articles were a compromise, and that their framers had hoped to get the Catholic party to subscribe them in spite of their Protestant rhetoric. He claimed a like liberty of interpretation now, as the Franciscan, Santa Clara, had done in Charles I.'s reign. But such a claim amazed the Oxford of 1841, and Newman was charged with dishonest quibbling, a charge which remained in the public mind for many years.

The first person to insist on this view of it was Mr. Tait (the future Archbishop), then Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, who with three other tutors formally protested against the Tract. This step was followed a week later by its official censure by the Hebdomadal Board of the Heads of Houses. Dean Stanley's biographer has left a graphic account of the kindling of the flame which spread so rapidly:

'On the morning of the 27th of February, Ward burst excitedly into Tait's rooms. "Here," he cried, "is something worth reading," and threw No. 90 on the table. Tait described to Stanley how he "sate, half-asleep," over the pamphlet, "rather disturbed from time to time by sentences about 'working in chains,' and 'stammering lips,'" till, on turning over the pages, he was suddenly awakened by lighting on the commentary on the Twenty-second Article. He immediately rushed to Ward's rooms to know whether he had rightly understood it; and from that moment the sensation began. He showed No. 90 to one person after another; the excitement increased, but still unknown to Newman; and, on the second Sunday after the Tract had appeared, Ward, who had predicted that it would rouse a tumult, was dining with Newman, and Newman said, "You see, Ward, you

are a false prophet." When Ward returned that night to Balliol, he found that the Protest of the Four Tutors was already prepared. It appeared the next day; by the end of the week came down, like a clap of thunder, the Protest of the Heads, and instantly the silence was broken by its being reverberated through every paper in the country.¹

The general excitement alarmed the Church authorities. The Bishop of Oxford sent a formal message objecting to the Tract and advising the suspension of the series of 'Tracts for the Times.' Newman published a second edition of the Tract with additions and changes designed to meet the criticisms it had received, writing at the same time to the Bishop expressing his willingness to discontinue the Tracts.

'The affair of No. 90,' writes Newman, 'was a far greater crisis than March 1836, and opened an entirely different scene.' Henceforth the members of the party were suspect of Romanism, and of dishonesty in holding their preferments in the Church of England. The party whose chiefs had represented practically the whole University in the Protest of 1836 against Dr. Hampden's appointment, and had been regarded as the champions of Anglican orthodoxy, was now under a cloud in University and Church alike. The change in the general atmosphere in the University itself was thus described in after years by the late Lord Coleridge:

'Four tutors protested, six doctors suspended, Hebdomadal Boards censured, deans of colleges changed the dinner hour, so as to make the hearing of Newman's sermon and a dinner in Hall incompatible transactions. This seemed then—it seems now—miserably small. It failed, of course; such proceedings always fail. The influence so fought with naturally widened and strengthened. There was imparted to an attendance at St. Mary's that slight flavour of insubordination which rendered such attendance attractive to many, to some at any rate, who might otherwise have stayed away. In 1839 the afternoon congregation at St. Mary's was, for a small Oxford parish, undoubtedly large—probably two or three times the whole population of the parish; but by 1842 it had become as remarkable a congregation as I should think was ever gathered together to hear regularly a single preacher. There was scarcely a man of

¹ *Life of Stanley*, i. 292.

note in the University, old or young, who did not, during the last two or three years of Newman's incumbency, habitually attend the service and listen to the sermons. One Dean certainly, who had changed the time of his College dinner to prevent others going, constantly went himself; and the outward interest in the teaching was but one symptom of the deep and abiding influence which Cardinal Newman exercised.¹

The Bishops were not satisfied with the suspension of the Tracts. One after another they issued Charges against them. The Charges emphasised the Protestant character of the Church of England. Then came the establishment of the avowedly Protestant English bishopric in Jerusalem, the Bishop being consecrated by the English Primate with the express object of ruling the Lutheran and Calvinistic congregations of the East.

Besides the action of the ecclesiastical authorities, there occurred at this time another event in the University which reminded the party that it was regarded with suspicion in Oxford itself. Mr. Isaac Williams, who was obviously the best qualified candidate for the Professorship of Poetry left vacant by Keble's resignation, was in January 1842 defeated, unmistakably on the ground of his being a Puseyite, though he was by no means in sympathy with the Romanising wing of the party. Then again in May 1843 Dr. Pusey preached a sermon on the Eucharist. He went not a step beyond the recognised Anglican divines, and yet was forthwith suspended for two years from preaching, by authority of the Vice-Chancellor. Signs were accumulating on every side that Oxford and the Church of England regarded Tractarianism as necessarily Roman, whether it took the professedly Anglican colour it wore in Pusey or the avowedly Roman hue imparted to it in Mr. Ward's writings and conversation. Newman's doubts perforce revived. How, he asked himself, could a position be normal to the Church of England which its authoritative organs energetically repudiated? Newman's position at Oxford became more and more difficult, and his visits to Littlemore grew longer and longer. Knowing fully

¹ See Lord Coleridge's tribute 'In Memoriam,' to Principal Shairp, published in Professor Knight's volume, *Principal Shairp and his Friends*.

the weight of his lightest word, filled with a painful sense of responsibility, speech became almost impossible for him. He had led the party on for years in supreme confidence that he was strengthening the Anglican Church against Rome. He had denounced Rome with energy in his writings. Now, in his uncertainty, he could neither urge his followers to advance towards Rome nor keep back those who were actually moving Romewards. For himself, external events were slowly but surely pressing him onwards. For others he declined all responsibility. 'His parochial sermons assumed an uneasy tone which perplexed his followers,' writes Principal Shairp. To remain an Anglican with his views appeared to him more and more a paradox. The defence of the position in Oxford he left to those to whom paradox was more congenial, and W. G. Ward became gradually more and more active and outspoken.¹

Before he had taken the final step Newman thus referred to the effect on him of the action of the ecclesiastical authorities at this time:

'Many a man might have held an abstract theory about the Catholic Church to which it was difficult to adjust the Anglican, might have admitted a suspicion or even painful doubt about the latter, yet never have been impelled onwards had our rulers preserved the quiescence of former years; but it is the corroboration of a great living and energetic heterodoxy that realises and makes such doubts practical. It has been the recent speeches and acts of authorities who had been so long tolerant of Protestant error, which has given to enquiry and to theory its force and edge.'

On April 19, 1842, he migrated to his cottage at Littlemore for good. Henceforth it was his headquarters, visits to Oriel being occasional. He was at Littlemore for some days quite alone, without friend or servant. He had made his determination and begun his preparations in February. It is clear that he regarded it as a significant step. The movement had never been more influential, and Tract 90 had an immense sale. But its success was not for him. He writes thus to Mrs. J. Mozley:

¹ Dean Bradley writes of this time that W. G. Ward 'succeeded Newman in Oxford as the acknowledged leader of the party' (see his *A. P. Stanley*, p. 65).

Feb. 6, 42.

'I am going up to Littlemore and my books are all in motion—part gone, the rest in a day or two. It makes me very downcast. It is such a nuisance taking steps. But for years three lines of Horace have been in my ears:

“Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.”

'Of Tract 90 12,500 copies have been sold and a 3rd edition is printed. An American clergyman who was here lately told me he saw it in every house.'

In 1843 Newman wrote to a friend definitely that he believed the Roman Catholic Church to be the Church of the Apostles. England was in schism, and such graces as were apparent in the Anglican Communion were 'extraordinary and from the overflowing of the Divine dispensation' ('Apologia,' p. 208). He resigned the vicarage of St. Mary's on September 18. In the same year in the pages of the *Conservative Journal* he retracted all his attacks on the Church of Rome. The inevitable sequel was in sight for others as well as for himself—the parting from so many Oxford friends and disciples who had for years hung on his every word. On September 25 he preached at Littlemore his sermon on the Parting of Friends. It was the last public scene of the silent tragedy which was being enacted. He told in that sermon, clearly for those who understood, how he himself had found the Church of his birth and of his early affections wanting; how he was torn asunder between the claims of those he must leave behind him and those who would follow him; that he could speak to his friends no more from that pulpit, but could only commit them to God and bid them strive to do His will. His voice broke (so the tradition runs) and his words were interrupted by the sobs of his hearers as he said his last words of farewell.

From this time onwards he lived in seclusion at Littlemore with a group of his younger disciples, in whose company he led a life of quasi-monastic discipline. The *Via Media* as an intellectual theory was finally relinquished. He clung to the argument supplied by the presence of life and sanctity

within the Church of England. And it was this note of some continuity between the existing Church of England and that of happier days which inspired the 'Lives of the English Saints' which he now began to edit. Sanctity had been, he maintained, throughout Church history the great antidote to corruption. His last despairing hope for the Church of England seems to have been that this might be so again, and that, as with the human body, intense vitality might remedy functional disorder and restore normal health. To arouse interest in the English saints of old would stimulate religious zeal within the Church of England. It became plain, however, that the tone of the Lives was not in harmony with the Anglicanism of the time. The Life of St. Stephen Harding was held by persons of weight to be 'of a character inconsistent even with its proceeding from an Anglican publisher.' Newman retired from the editorship after two numbers had been published, though many others of the Lives were already in an advanced state of preparation and made their appearance in due course. That the Church of England could not now stand the biographies of those who were on Catholic principles its own saints was one more significant fact added to the number that had by now well-nigh crushed him.

The change of Communion was now really only a matter of time. And the terrible secret was whispered through Oxford. Gradually it dawned on those who had been longing to hear the loved voice again, who had been chafing at his silence without realising what it portended, that for Oxford he had ceased for ever to speak. Perhaps men had never before fully realised all that those sermons had been to them.

'How vividly,' writes Principal Shairp, 'comes back the remembrance of the aching blank, the awful pause, which fell on Oxford when that voice had ceased, and we knew that we should hear it no more. It was as when, to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still. To many, no doubt, the pause was not of long continuance. Soon they began to look this way and that for new teachers, and to rush vehemently to the opposite extremes of thought.

But there were those who could not so lightly forget. All the more these withdrew into themselves. On Sunday forenoons and evenings, in the retirement of their rooms, the printed words of those marvellous sermons would thrill them till they wept "abundant and most sweet tears." Since then many voices of powerful teachers they may have heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like his.'

CHAPTER III

LAST DAYS AT LITTLEMORE (1845-1846)

IN Oxford itself, events hurried on to a climax. Left without the restraining hand of Newman, W. G. Ward and his friends emphasised the most Roman interpretation of the Movement, and the paradox soon became intolerable. In the summer of 1844, W. G. Ward published his 'Ideal of a Christian Church,' in which he claimed to remain a clergyman of the Church of England while holding 'the whole cycle of Roman doctrine.' The book was condemned at the famous meeting of Convocation on February 13, 1845, and its author deprived of his degrees. A vote of censure on Tract 90 was proposed on the same occasion, but defeated by the veto of the two proctors, personal friends of Newman—Mr. Guillemard and Mr. R. W. Church. The Movement was already mortally wounded by Newman's retirement, and this event was, in Dean Stanley's words, its 'closing scene.' Up to then, although blow after blow had been struck at the party—the episcopal charges against the Tracts, the institution of the Jerusalem Bishopric, the censure of Pusey's sermon on the Holy Eucharist,—no disaster had been quite irretrievable. Newman had indeed prepared his friends for his coming defection from Anglicanism, yet the more sanguine hoped against hope that the prospect might change, that the Church of England might keep him, and that the cause of the Movement might still triumph. Now the party was finally defeated. 'It was more than a defeat,' writes Dean Church, 'it was a rout in which they were driven headlong from the field.' Newman remained absolutely impassive. 'That silence,' writes the same witness, 'was awful and ominous.'

We know from the 'Apologia' what he was going through

at this time, his steadily growing conviction that he ought to join the Church of Rome, his fear lest he might in so momentous a step be acting on a view which would subsequently change. I have found one letter, and one only, in which he pours out his whole heart on the subject. It was written to Henry Wilberforce in the spring of 1845, after reading the autobiography of his old friend, Blanco White, who had ceased to be a Christian before he died. The letter gives a vivid picture not only of Newman's mind at the moment, but of his thoughts concerning his own past history.

' Littlemore, Dom. V post Pasch. Ap. 27, 1845.

' Blanco White's autobiography, which is just published, is the most dismal possible work I ever saw. He dies a Pantheist denying that there is an Ultramundane God, apparently denying a particular Providence, doubting, to say the least, the personal immortality of the soul, meditating from Marcus Antoninus, and considering that St. Paul's Epistles are taken from the Stoic philosophy. As to Christianity he seems thoroughly to agree with Strauss, and rejects the Gospels as historical documents. Yet his Biographer actually calls him a *Confessor*—Confessor to what? Not to any opinion, any belief whatever, but to the search after truth, ever wandering about and changing, and therefore great to the end of his life? Can there be a greater paradox than this? But what a view does it give one of the Unitarians and id genus omne! They really do think it is no harm whatever being an Atheist, so that you are sincerely so, and do not cut people's throats and pick their pockets. Blanco White gives up religion (by name) altogether. He says that Christianity is not a religion, and that this is one of the great mistakes which has led to corruptions. It has no *θρησκεία* or worship—or rather as St. James says, its *θρησκεία* is visiting the fatherless and widows, i.e. moral duties. I have heard him say this, but was shallow enough not to see its drift. Yet it is remarkable he should run into Pantheism which I have said in the "Arians" is the legitimate consequence of giving up our Lord's Divinity and about which I have warned people since from time to time very earnestly.

' Blanco White's book then shows more and more that one knows *the lie of the country*. It is an additional testimony to the fact that to be consistent one must believe more or less than we are accustomed to believe. Of course it may be said that one ought not to *attempt* to be consistent,

which is systematizing—but to do each duty by itself as it comes, without putting things together, or saying that two and two make four. Well, I will not debate this, but when a person feels that he cannot stand where he is, and has dreadful feelings lest he should be suffered to go back, if he will not go forward, such a case as Blanco White's increases those fears. For years I have an increasing intellectual conviction that there is no medium between Pantheism and the Church of Rome. If intellect were to settle the matter, I should not be now where I am. But other considerations come in, and distress me. Here is Blanco White sincere and honest. He gives up his country, and then his second home, —Spain, Oxford, Whately's family,—all for an idea of truth, or rather for liberty of thought. True, I think a great deal of morbid restlessness was mixed with his sincerity, an inability to keep still in one place, a readiness to take offence and to be disgusted, an unusual irritability, and a fear of not being independent, and other bad feelings. But then the thought forcibly comes upon one, Why may not the case be the same with me? I see Blanco White going wrong yet sincere—Arnold going wrong yet sincere. They are no puzzle to me; I can put my finger on this or that fault in their character and say, Here was the fault. But they did not know the fault, and so it comes upon me, How do I know that I too have not my weak points which occasion me to think as I think. How can I be sure I have not committed sins which bring this unsettled state of mind on me as a judgment? This is what is so very harassing, as you may suppose.

'Blanco White's book has tried me in another way. I am nearly the only person he speaks with affection of in it among his English friends—at least he says more about me than anyone else. . . . It seems as if people were just now beginning to praise me when I am going. It seems an omen of my going that they praise me. Their praises are valedictions, funeral orations. Rogers, James Mozley, and now Blanco White. The truth is I have had so little praise that I do not understand it, and my feelings have been a mixture of bitter and sweet such as I cannot describe. I do not think it raises feelings of elation as to what I am—at least Blanco White has not, because he speaks of what is gone and over; it hardly seems I that he speaks of—I, this old dry chip who am worthless, but of a past I. No one has spoken well of me. My friends who have had means of knowing me have spoken against me. . . . Others have kept silent in my greatest trouble. The mass of men in Oxford who knew me a little

have shown a coldness and suspicion which I did not deserve. In the affair of No. 90 few indeed showed me any sympathy, or gave me the least reason to believe that I was at all in their hearts. I have not thought of all this, *indeed* it comes to me now as a *new* thought by the contrast of what Blanco White says of me, which is light showing the previous darkness. I say to myself, Is it possible I was this? and then a second set of feelings succeeds. It is over—my spring, my summer, are over, and what has come of it? It seems Blanco White thought so and so of me,—others then I suppose thought in a degree the same; but what has come of it? . . . and now my prime of life is past and I am nothing. What has often seemed mysterious to me has been that, whereas my *ἔργον* seems to be direction or the oversight of young men, I have all along been so wonderfully kept out of that occupation. And I get intellectually (not morally) fidgetted at the mystery, and think what my influence would have been in anything like station, when it has been what it is among people who never saw me. And now it is all gone and over, and there is no redress, no returning, and I say with Job, "O that it were with me as in years past, when the candle of the Lord shone on me." And yet, carissime, I don't think anything of ambition or longing is mixed with these feelings, as far as I can tell. I am so desperately fond of my own ease, like an old bachelor, that having *duties*, being in office, &c., is an idea insupportable to me. Rather I think of it in the way of *justice*, and with a sort of tenderness to my former self, now no more.

'How dreadful it is, to have to act on great matters so much in the dark—yet I, who have preached so much on the duty of following in the night whenever God may call, am the last person who have a right to complain.'

I think this letter tells us of a mind really made up. Old reasons for hesitation remain, but their force is nearly spent.

Newman himself has told us that he was already on the death-bed of his Anglican life; and we may perhaps continue the metaphor by saying that by the summer of 1845 he had reached the end of the death-struggle. The rest was the peaceful awaiting of the final deliverance. He was between two lives. His Anglican life was over; his life in the Catholic Church had not begun. His connection with Oxford affairs and with the Movement was at an end. Of Oxford men

only intimate friends now saw him. He had begun to write his work on the 'Development of Christian Doctrine' in the previous autumn. It soon absorbed his whole mind, and he resolved to complete it before finally effecting the change of Communion. He made no plans for the future. He lived externally as one lives from day to day in the sick chamber—passing an uneventful existence, seeing a few familiar friends, and saying his prayers. Both Anglican friends and the Catholics at Oscott were prepared to receive any day the news of his departure. But the death-bed, as often happens in the literal passing of a life, was so unexpectedly prolonged as to try the patience of onlookers.

Dr. Wiseman's eagerness to know more of the prospect was especially keen. He had with him at Oscott, as a theological student, Bernard Smith,¹ a recent convert, formerly rector of Leadenham, an old friend and quondam curate of Newman. Mr. Smith consented to pay Newman a visit at Littlemore to ascertain how matters really stood. His visit was on June 26. Newman received him coldly at first, and left him to the care of the rest of the Littlemore community. Later on he reappeared and asked Mr. Smith to remain for dinner. The guest from Oscott was on the look-out for the smallest sign of his intentions from one who was apt, as Dean Stanley has said, 'like the slave of Midas to whisper his secret to the reeds.' And a sign came—slight but unmistakable. At dinner Newman was attired in grey trousers—which to Bernard Smith, who knew his punctiliousness in matters of dress, was conclusive evidence that he no longer regarded himself as a clergyman. Mr. Smith returned to Oscott and reported that the end was near.²

Among Newman's Anglican friends, too, there was first an interval of suspense, and then they witnessed definite signs of the great changes which were at hand.

'There was a pause,' says Dean Church. 'It was no secret what was coming. But men lingered. It was not till the summer that the first drops of the storm began to fall. Then, through the autumn and the next year, friends whose

¹ Afterwards Canon of Southwark and vicar of Great Marlow.

² This incident and one or two which follow have been already related by the present writer in the *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*.

names and forms were familiar in Oxford one by one disappeared and were lost to it. Fellowships, livings, curacies, intended careers were given up. Mr. Ward went. Mr. Capes, who had long followed Mr. Ward's line and had spent his private means to build a church near Bridgewater, went also. Mr. Oakeley resigned Margaret Chapel and went. Mr. Ambrose St. John, Mr. Coffin, Mr. Dalgairns, Mr. Faber, Mr. T. Meyrick, Mr. Albany Christie, Mr. R. Simpson of Oriel, were received in various places and various ways; and in the next year Mr. J. S. Northcote, Mr. J. B. Morris, Mr. G. Ryder, Mr. David Lewis.¹ 'We sat glumly at our breakfasts every morning,' adds the same writer elsewhere, 'and then someone came in with news of something disagreeable—someone gone, someone sure to go.'

When the summer of 1845 brought the first group of conversions, three months were yet to run before the great leader moved. I find in Newman's private diary the bare record of events at an uneventful period, but friends have left us materials for some picture of the time.

Living with him constantly at Littlemore were his dear friends Ambrose St. John, J. B. Dalgairns, Richard Stanton, and E. S. Bowles; while Albany Christie (afterwards the well-known Jesuit) and John Walker (afterwards Canon Walker) were frequent visitors. The inmates of the house at Littlemore were leading a life of the utmost self-denial and simplicity. Divine office was recited daily. There were two meals in the day—breakfast, consisting of tea and bread

¹ *Oxford Movement*, p. 341. These names nearly all became well known in the Roman Catholic Church as time went on. Robert Coffin became Superior of the Redemptorists at Clapham and afterwards Bishop of Southwark. Frederick Faber and John Bernard Dalgairns were famous as writers and preachers at the London Oratory, of which Father Faber was the Superior. Frederick Oakeley was a Canon of Westminster and Missionary Rector at Islington, and became a popular writer among Roman Catholics. Mr. Meyrick joined the Society of Jesus. Mr. Lewis became well known by his *Life of St. Theresa*. Ambrose St. John was Newman's *fidus Achates*, whose name will ever live in the concluding paragraphs of the *Apologia*. J. S. Northcote became President of Oscott and Provost of Birmingham. George Dudley Ryder was the father of Dr. Ignatius Ryder, who succeeded Newman as Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, and of Sir George Lisle Ryder. Of Richard Simpson's career as the colleague of Sir John Acton in the liberal Catholic campaign carried on in the pages of the *Rambler* and *Home and Foreign Review*, and of Mr. Frederick Capes' work as editor of the *Rambler*, some account will be given in the present work.

and butter taken standing up, and dinner. In Lent no meat was eaten. The rule of the community prescribed silence for half the day.¹ Reading, writing, and praying were the occupations of the morning; and later Newman would often take his disciples for a walk.

Then he was his old fascinating self. While walking so fast that his companions could hardly keep pace with him, he conversed on all subjects—except the one which was most anxiously pressing on him. To Ambrose St. John alone he spoke in secret of that all-absorbing topic. In public his conversation was of current politics, of literature, and still more of early Oxford memories, of Keble, Hawkins, Blanco White. Whately was a favourite theme. He and other old friends, whose intimacy belonged to the past, were held in the affectionate grasp of that clinging memory. After dinner, again, Newman conversed with the others for a short time. The rest of the day he was working in the library or in his room.

He went into Oxford occasionally to visit Pusey. Oakeley came to see him now and again from Rose Hill, where he was often the guest of W. G. Ward, who had taken a cottage there after his marriage. R. W. Church, W. J. Copeland, Mark Pattison, W. Palmer, and other friends would call or dine; but even such 'events' took place but once or so in the week. It was at this time that he sat for the well-known picture by Richmond, visiting London at intervals for the purpose.

For his Anglican friends these interviews were the leave-takings of a death-bed. Their paths were to divide, and if intercourse were ever renewed it would be as though in another world, with relations totally changed.

On July 7 his sister Jemima—Mrs. John Mozley—came with her husband to stay at a cottage close by him and remained a fortnight, and Newman walked or dined with her almost daily.

A little note to St. John on the day after her departure seems to bring before us the peaceful atmosphere and homely details of his life at Littlemore during those months:

¹ These and subsequent particulars were given me by the late Father Stanton of the London Oratory, one of the Littlemore community,

‘Littlemore: July 18, 1845.

‘Carissime,—Since you stop longer at Norwood, we send your letters on. My sister was very sensible of your kindness in the matter of the shoulder of lamb and the nosegay, but there was no way of saying it. We are doomed to know but a few people here on earth; and no one can be known in a moment—else had you the opportunity, you would know what a very sweet gentle person she is. They left me yesterday for Ogle’s.

‘There is a sort of consensus against your favourite tin canister. Dalgairns is not the least loud in his reprobation of its top.

‘We have a *most splendid* show of lilies—no wonder, for Bowles has just told us it has been discovered at home that he has robbed his mother’s garden of every bulb; so they are to go back in the autumn. He has cut one off stalk and all, and it stands in the hall breathing sweetness and looking majestically.

‘I suppose I shall see Dodsworth in town to-morrow. I am at Sir W. Ross’s at 2, and at 11 at Richmond’s on Monday; then I hope to return.

‘Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.’

All this time the ‘Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine’ was growing. The book gave him infinite trouble, and wore him out mentally and physically. A letter of June 1845 to Mrs. William Froude tells us something of what it cost him:

‘Did I tell you I was preparing a book of some sort to advertise people how things stood with me? . . . Never has anything cost me (I think) so much hard thought and anxiety, though when I got to the end of my “Arians” thirteen years ago, I had no sleep for a week, and was fainting away or something like it day after day. *Then* I went abroad and that set me up. At present I have been four months and more at my new work, and found I had vastly more materials than I knew how to employ. The difficulty was to bring them into shape, as well as to work out in my mind the main principles on which they were to run. I spent two months in reading and writing which came to nothing, at least for my present purpose. I really have no hope it will be finished before the autumn—if then. I have not written a sentence, I suppose, which will stand, or hardly

so. Perhaps one gets over sensitive even about style as one gets on in life. My utmost ambition, in point of recreation, is to lay aside the actual writing for three weeks or so in the course of the time, and take to reading and hunting about. Our time is so divided here that I have not above 6 or 7 hours a day at it, and it is so exhausting, I doubt whether I could give more. I am now writing it for the first time, and have done three chapters, out of 4 or 5. Besides re-writing, every part has to be worked out and defined as in moulding a statue. I get on as a person walks with a lame ankle, who does get on and gets to his journey's end—but not comfortably.'

The mental tension to which these words bear witness was visible to his friends and comrades. He stood—so the late Father Stanton told me—for hours together at his high desk writing, and seemed to grow ever paler and thinner, while the sun appeared to shine through the almost transparent face. As the task neared its end he would stand the whole day, completing and revising it with the infinite care which was his wont.

This great work is too well known to need full analysis here. It purported directly to justify what were regarded as Roman corruptions and additions to the primitive creed, as legitimate developments. The Anglican creed accepted developments as well as the Roman. The Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon imposed additions to the defined creed as well as the Council of Trent. The Anglicans (as he argued) attempted to arrest this normal principle of intellectual growth; the Roman Church more consistently allowed it to continue its work. But the philosophy of the book went deeper than the theological controversy of the hour. It applied the great principle of life as a test of truth in religion. In a really living system there are changes which, far from being corruptions, are the natural response of a living social body to changing conditions. New questions are asked; new answers given. But the new answers were but the fuller expression of the original genius of the system. He regards Christianity as an idea with many aspects which were successively elicited and exhibited in fresh opportunities, and as having at the same time its own distinctive and unique genius which every aspect serves to illustrate. It grows into

a definite philosophy or system of belief. As circumstances change 'old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change and to be perfect is to have changed often.' Thus he accounts for and justifies the proud claim of the Catholic Church to be *semper eadem*, in spite of the changes in its outward form and polity—the growth of ritual, the assimilation of extraneous philosophies by its theological schools, the changes in the method pursued in those schools, its fresh definitions of dogma, the varieties in its social standing at different epochs, in the Catacombs, in the theocracy of the thirteenth century, in the apostasy of the nineteenth. Thus he formulates the principle which explains why the Reformers who claimed to do away with the wanton innovations of Rome in religion were by the Church boldly accused of that very crime which they denounced. They discarded later additions and went back to the primitive text of the Scriptures, yet they were roundly styled by Rome *novatores*, or innovators. The Protestants had in their antiquarian zeal discarded the principle of life and of true identity. Their rediscoveries from primitive times were for the living Church novelties or dead anachronisms. The Catholic Church herself had the identity of uninterrupted life and genuine growth.

The identity of the Church still in communion with Rome with the Church of earlier ages is presented in three singularly vivid pictures in the course of Newman's work, and they served as the inspiration of his life in after-years. I refer to the historical parallels between the Roman Catholic Church of the nineteenth century and the Church of the chief periods he surveys in his narrative—the Church of the Apostolic period, of the Nicene period, and of the fifth and sixth centuries. In each case the parallel is given in his work after the exhibition of a mass of facts which he had accumulated during many weeks, and we feel the imaginative intellect of the poet-historian to be burning at white-heat, while the style never loses its self-restraint.

Here is the first:

'If there is a form of Christianity now in the world which is accused of gross superstition, of borrowing its rites and

customs from the heathen, and of ascribing to forms and ceremonies an occult virtue;—a religion which is considered to burden and enslave the mind by its requisitions, to address itself to the weak-minded and ignorant, to be supported by sophistry and imposture, and to contradict reason and exalt mere irrational faith;—a religion which impresses on the serious mind very distressing views of the guilt and consequences of sin, sets upon the minute acts of the day, one by one, their definite value for praise or blame, and thus casts a grave shadow over the future;—a religion which holds up to admiration the surrender of wealth, and disables serious persons from enjoying it if they would;—a religion, the doctrines of which, be they good or bad, are to the generality of men unknown; which is considered to bear on its very surface signs of folly and falsehood so distinct that a glance suffices to judge of it, and careful examination is preposterous; which is felt to be so simply bad that it may be calumniated at hazard and at pleasure, it being nothing but absurdity to stand upon the accurate distribution of its guilt among its particular acts, or painfully to determine how far this or that story is literally true, what must be allowed in candour, or what is improbable, what cuts two ways, or what is not proved, or what may be plausibly defended;—a religion such that men look at a convert to it with a feeling which no other sect raises except Judaism, Socialism, or Mormonism, with curiosity, suspicion, fear, disgust, as the case may be, as if something strange had befallen him, as if he had had an initiation into a mystery, and had come into communion with dreadful influences, as if he were now one of a confederacy which claimed him, attested him, stripped him of his personality, reduced him to a mere organ or instrument of a whole;—a religion which men hate as proselytizing, anti-social, revolutionary, as dividing families, separating chief friends, corrupting the maxims of government, making a mock at law, dissolving the empire, the enemy of human nature, and “a conspirator against its rights and privileges”;—a religion which they consider the champion and instrument of darkness, and a pollution calling down upon the land the anger of heaven;—a religion which they associate with intrigue and conspiracy, which they speak about in whispers, which they detect by anticipation in whatever goes wrong, and to which they impute whatever is unaccountable;—a religion the very name of which they cast out as evil, and use simply as a bad epithet, and which from the impulse of self-preservation they would persecute if they could;—if there be such a

religion now in the world, it is not unlike Christianity as that same world viewed it when first it came forth from its Divine Author.’¹

And the Nicene period, with its parallel, is given as follows:

‘On the whole, then, we have reason to say that if there be a form of Christianity at this day distinguished for its careful organization and its consequent power; if it is spread over the world; if it is conspicuous for zealous maintenance of its own creed; if it is intolerant towards what it considers error; if it is engaged in ceaseless war with all other bodies called Christian; if it, and it alone, is called “catholic” by the world, nay, by these very bodies, and if it makes much of the title; if it names them heretics, and warns them of coming woe, and calls on them, one by one, to come over to itself, overlooking every other tie; and if they, on the other hand, call it seducer, harlot, apostate, Antichrist, devil; if, however they differ one with another, they consider it their common enemy; if they strive to unite together against it, and cannot; if they are but local; if they continually subdivide, and it remains one; if they fall one after another, and make way for new sects, and it remains the same; such a form of religion is not unlike the Christianity of the Nicene era.’²

Finally, and with a closer detailed resemblance to the Roman Catholic Church of to-day, we have his summary of the position and characteristics of the Church in communion with Rome in the fifth and sixth centuries:

‘If, then, there is now a form of Christianity such that it extends throughout the world, though with varying measures of prominence or prosperity in separate places; that it lies under the power of sovereigns and magistrates, in different ways alien to its faith; that flourishing nations and great empires, professing or tolerating the Christian name, lie over against it as antagonists; that schools of philosophy and learning are supporting theories or following out conclusions hostile to it, and establishing an exegetical system subversive of its Scriptures; that it has lost whole Churches by schism, and is now opposed by powerful communions once part of itself; that it has been altogether or almost driven from some

¹ *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* (1st ed.), pp. 240-42.

² *Ibid.* p. 269.

countries; that in others its line of teachers is overlaid, its flocks oppressed, its churches occupied, its property held by what may be called a duplicate succession; that in others its members are degenerate and corrupt, and surpassed in conscientiousness and in virtue, as in gifts of intellect, by the very heretics whom it condemns; that heresies are rife and bishops negligent within its own pale; and that amid its disorders and fears there is but one Voice for whose decisions its people wait with trust, one Name and one See to which they look with hope, and that name Peter, and that see Rome;—such a religion is not unlike the Christianity of the fifth and sixth centuries.’¹

In this third parallel we seem to see his final reply to all that could be urged against his change, and his support in any trial which it might bring. In each of the first two parallels he hails as a note of the Church in each age the false judgments of its enemies. But in the last, true judgments in its disfavour—the very reasons which might be alleged to hold him back—are allowed for. The inferiority of Roman Catholics, if it so proved, in intellectual gifts and even in virtue, to the friends of his Oxford days, was admitted as consistent with the exclusive claims of Rome. The first parallels were but the fulfilment of a beatitude—for men spoke evil of the Church falsely. The last takes account of the very arguments of those hostile critics who spoke truly.

What mattered the shortcomings of his future comrades if they were members of the “Church of Athanasius”! Not given to strong phrases, he has told us that to live in imagination in the Church of the Fathers had for years been to him ‘a paradise of delight.’² And now, in the keen mental life which this book had aroused, all the past was alive. He seems in its pages to see the Catholic Church of history as one great *aula* in which the Fathers are collected at one end and Pope Gregory XVI. stands at the other. With heart and mind in such a state, the resolution he had made to wait until the book was published was not proof against even slight determining causes. He found those around him, whose simpler minds were strangers to his own resolve to resist the promptings of impulse for a fixed time, on the

¹ *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* (1st ed.), pp. 316, 317.

² *Difficulties of Anglicans*, i. 324.

point of being received. Ambrose St. John and Dalgairns were on a holiday and wrote that they had actually joined the Church of Rome. Henry Wilberforce, on the other hand, who still hoped against hope to keep Newman in the Church of England, wrote urging him against being received in Advent or at Christmas—hoping that delay might yet save him. Newman accepted this advice as an excuse to move not later, but earlier. Dalgairns had been on September 27 to Aston to be admitted into the Church by Father Dominic the Passionist. Father Dominic was to come to visit his convert at Littlemore on October 8 on his way to Belgium. Here was the occasion which Providence supplied. Here was the ‘kindly light’ which relieved his uncertainty and marked out for him the immediate course.

On October 3 he addressed a letter to the Provost of Oriel resigning his Fellowship. On the same day he wrote to Pusey informing him of this act, and adding, ‘anything may happen to me now any day.’

On October 5 he notes in his diary, ‘I kept indoors all day preparing for general confession.’ Oakeley was with W. G. Ward at Rose Hill, and dined with Newman that evening. On October 7 St. John returned to Littlemore, and Newman had with him when he took the great and solemn step the one disciple to whom he habitually opened his whole mind. On this day he wrote thus to Henry Wilberforce:

‘Littlemore: October 7, 1845.

‘My dearest H. W.,—Father Dominic the Passionist is passing this way, on his way from Aston in Staffordshire to Belgium, where a chapter of his Order is to be held at this time. He is to come to Littlemore for the night as a guest of one of us whom he has admitted at Aston. He does not know of my intentions, but I shall ask of him admission into the One true Fold of the Redeemer. I shall keep this back till after it is all over.

‘I could have wished to delay till my book was actually out, but having all along gone so simply and entirely by my own reason, I was not sorry to accept this matter of time at an inconvenience, to submit myself to what seemed an external call. Also I suppose the departure of others has had something to do with it, for when they went, it was as if I were losing my own bowels.

‘Father Dominic has had his thoughts turned to England from a youth, in a distinct and remarkable way. For thirty years he has expected to be sent to England, and about three years since was sent without any act of his own by his superior. He has had little or nothing to do with conversions, but goes on missions and retreats among his own people. I saw him over here for a few minutes on St. John the Baptist’s day last year, when he came to see the chapel. He is a simple quaint man, an Italian; but a very sharp clever man too in his way. It is an accident his coming here, and I had no thoughts of applying to him till quite lately, nor should, I suppose, but for this accident.

‘With all affectionate thoughts to your wife and children and to yourself,

‘ I am, my dear H. W.,
Tuus usque ad cineres,
J. H. N.’

‘Littlemore: October 7, 1845.

‘Carissime,—I had just finished a letter to you which is not to go for several days, when your affectionate letter came. Yes, it is true. Since you said you wished it to be not at Christmas or Advent, my mind has turned to an earlier time; meanwhile my book drags through the Press to my disappointment. . . .

‘On Thursday or Friday, if it be God’s will, I shall be received. We expect St. John back to-day.

‘Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.’

On the evening of October 8 Father Dominic was expected, and almost at the same time Stanton, who had been absent for a few weeks, returned. Father Dominic was to arrive at Oxford by the coach in the afternoon. Up to the very day itself Newman did not speak to the community at Littlemore of his intention. Dalgairns and St. John were to meet the Passionist Father in Oxford. The former has left the following account of what passed:

‘At that time all of us except St. John, though we did not doubt Newman would become a Catholic, were anxious and ignorant of his intentions in detail. About 3 o’clock I went to take my hat and stick and walk across the fields to the Oxford “Angel” where the coach stopped. As I was taking my stick Newman said to me in a very low and quiet

tone: "When you see your friend, will you tell him that I wish him to receive me into the Church of Christ?" I said: "Yes" and no more. I told Fr. Dominic as he was dismounting from the top of the coach. He said: "God be praised," and neither of us spoke again till we reached Littlemore.¹

It was then pouring with rain. Newman made his general confession that night, and was afterwards quite prostrate. Ambrose St. John and Stanton helped him out of the little Oratory. On the morrow his diary has this record: 'admitted into the Catholic Church with Bowles and Stanton.' Next day Newman made his first communion in the Oratory at Littlemore, in which Mass was said for the first time, and Father Dominic received Mr. and Mrs. Woodmason and their two daughters. Newman walked into Oxford in the afternoon with St. John to see Mr. Newsham, the Catholic priest. On the eleventh Father Dominic left. On the same day Newman paid a visit to W. G. Ward at Rose Hill, and Charles Marriott came to see him at Littlemore.¹

Thus very quietly and without parade took place the great event dreamt of for so many years—with dread at first, in hope at last. The MS. of the 'Essay on Development'

¹ Father Dominic himself in response to a wish expressed by many wrote to the *Tablet* a month later the following simple and in parts rather quaint record of his reception of the Littlemore group:—"The first of these conversions was that of John Dobrée Dalgairns, Esq., who made his profession of the Catholic Faith, and received his first Communion on Michaelmas day, in this our chapel at Aston Hall. He soon after returned to Littlemore; and I was on the point of setting out for Belgium, when I received a letter from him, inviting me to pass through Oxford on my way; for, he said, I might perhaps find something to do there. I accordingly set out from here on the 8th of October, and reached Oxford about ten o'clock the evening of the same day. I there found Mr. Dalgairns and Mr. St. John, who had made his profession of Faith at Prior Park on the 2nd of October, awaiting my arrival. They told me that I was to receive Mr. Newman into the Church. This news filled me with joy, and made me soon forget the rain that had been pelting upon me for the last five hours. From Oxford we drove in a chaise to Littlemore, where we arrived about eleven o'clock. I immediately sat down near a fire to dry my clothes, when Mr. Newman entered the room, and, throwing himself at my feet, asked my blessing, and begged me to hear his confession, and receive him into the Church. He made his confession that same night, and on the following morning the Reverend Messrs. Bowles and Stanton did the same: in the evening of the same day these three made their profession of Faith in the usual form in their private Oratory, one after another,

lay unfinished on his desk. Newman now added a few lines to it which give the best contemporary picture of his mind at the time—‘one of those passages,’ writes Mr. Hutton, ‘by which Newman will be remembered as long as the English language endures.’

‘Such,’ he wrote, ‘were the thoughts concerning “The Blessed Vision of Peace” of one whose long-continued petition had been that the Most Merciful would not despise the work of His own hands, nor leave him to himself; while yet his eyes were dim, and his breast laden, and he could but employ Reason in the things of Faith. And now, dear reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past, nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long. Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace, quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.’

The neophytes henceforth followed the simple rule of life prescribed by Father Dominic. On Sunday, October 12, the little church of St. Clement’s, Oxford, saw for the first time the group from Littlemore—St. John, Dalgairns, and Stanton—accompanying Newman to Mass. On the 16th the same quartet again visited it to receive Communion. John Walker was admitted into the Church at Oxford on

with such fervour and piety that I was almost out of myself for joy. I afterwards gave them all canonical absolution, and administered to them the Sacrament of Baptism *sub conditione*. On the following morning I said Mass in their oratory, and gave Communion to Messrs. Newman, St. John, Bowles, Stanton and Dalgairns. After Mass, Mr. Dalgairns took me to the house of — Woodmason, Esq., a gentleman of Littlemore; I heard his confession, and that of his wife and two daughters, and received all four into the Church. When I returned from Belgium, I passed through Littlemore again, and had the happiness to find the Reverend F. Oakeley and another reverend gentleman already received into the Church, by the Reverend R. Newsham. I had the pleasure of administering Communion to Mr. Oakeley and the other converts to the number of seven. I can vouch for the truth of this much, as having been eye-witness; the rest I hope some other eye-witness will supply.’

the 21st, Oakley on the 29th, on which day Father Dominic paid a second visit to Littlemore. On the 23rd Dalgairns accompanied the rest of the Littlemore party to Mass at St. Clement's and then left for Oscott *en route* for France, where he was to read theology with his friend M. Lorain at Langres. R. W. Church and James Robert Hope (afterwards Hope-Scott) were the only Anglican friends whom Newman saw before going up to Oscott on the 31st to receive Confirmation at the hands of Dr. Wiseman.

Of the meeting between Newman and Wiseman on this occasion the late Canon Bernard Smith, who was present, gave me the following account:

'The meeting between the two men was characteristic. The great Oxford leader, who had at last owned that Rome had conquered, had come, as it were, to surrender his sword to the man who had so strenuously urged surrender as his only course. Orders disowned, preferments resigned, he came in poverty and simplicity to ask for Confirmation at the hands of the Bishop. His faith and conviction brought him to Oscott, but they could not untie his tongue or rid him of the embarrassment which belonged to the situation. In company with John Walker and Ambrose St. John, he was ushered into the Oscott guest-room, and in a few minutes Bishop Wiseman, with Mr. Bernard Smith and Father Ignatius Spencer,¹ entered the room. The embarrassment was mutual, and Wiseman could scarcely find words for more than formal inquiries about the journey. Any touch of exultation, or any expression of commonplace and conventional congratulation, would, as all felt instinctively, outrage a situation in which the leading mind was so highly wrought that silence seemed the only possible course. The two principal figures sat almost silent, while their companions talked more readily to each other. A message which shortly announced that a boy was waiting to go to Confession to the Bishop gave Wiseman an excuse for retiring, which he accepted with significant alacrity.

'The Confirmation was given on November 1, the feast of All Saints, and the ice was then broken and much conversation on the past and future ensued.'

The period which followed will be best depicted by a

¹ The well-known Passionist Father, youngest son of the second Earl Spencer. He had become a Catholic in 1830, and was at Oscott from 1839 to 1846.

liberal selection from Newman's letters—many of them hardly more than notes. Father Whitty,¹ who often saw him and his brother converts at that time, used to say that they gave him an idea of the early Christian community of apostolic days. The letters they exchanged are marked by absolute simplicity. There is no attempt in them at literary form. They are direct and objective rather than reflective. Discussion and reasoning belonged to the past. The time had come for Faith and Action. Intense reality brings a certain reserve, and the letters show, what Father Whitty also noted in his recollections, that the converts were far less apt to talk effusively of religion after their reception than before. With Newman himself there was the lasting happiness of coming into port, as he has expressed it, after a rough sea.² But the past struggle left its scars and its fatigue, and he, personally, in his absolute candour, disowned the lively sentiments which younger followers experienced. We see in his own letters, as in those of the others, the sense of a great work before them—namely, the chivalrous attempt to win what was a lost cause in the world's eye. They were to restore England to the obedience of the Catholic Church, so long dethroned; and they assumed the designation of the eighteenth-century Jacobites—'those who went out in '45.' There is something of the sense of adventure apparent in many of the letters. They are like the simple and practical intercourse between men who are founding a settlement in the wilds. Elaboration of speech and feeling disappears before the effort to find or make their way in unfamiliar country. The past was broken with. What Oxford was doing or saying of them was a matter only of momentary interest when it was brought before them. Their thoughts, as their prospects, were elsewhere. They had come into a new land.

The note of what critics term 'proselytism' is at this time observable. The movement seemed for the moment destined to bear its fruit by a large accession to the Catholic Church. It was a direct attempt to lead men to leave

¹ Father Robert Whitty, S.J., was in 1845 a young secular priest. He was later on Vicar-General of the Westminster Diocese, and subsequently Provincial of the English Jesuits.

² Vide *Apologia*, p. 238.

the Communion in which they were born. Conversions actual and prospective are a favourite subject in the letters. Many names of persons not heard of before or since appear in them. An excitement, a keen sense of pleasure in action in its nature transient, hangs over the period of this novitiate in the Church of their adoption. It is to some extent present in Newman's own letters, which tell of constant activity, though he now and again sighs for rest.

If the causes I have suggested gave rise to great reserve among the converts in speaking openly and reflectively of religion, association with the English Catholics of the old school doubtless fostered it. The deep and undemonstrative piety of such men as Dr. Newsham of Ushaw, and Dr. Weedall the former president of Oscott, was accompanied with suspicion and dislike of phrases and professions. 'Deeds, not words,' was the Ushaw motto, and the spirit of this motto was prevalent even to excess in the English Catholics of that time. Newman has himself described in the sermon he preached at Dr. Weedall's grave 'that old school of Catholics which had characteristics so great and so special,' who were 'simple, single-minded, blameless, modest, and true,' having 'nothing extravagant, nothing fitful, nothing pretentious.' But the depth of feeling which possessed Newman is occasionally apparent in a chance line or sentence in a letter, when he speaks of the constant nearness of the Blessed Sacrament in his Catholic home. The speech and writing then of the converts were for the most part very simple, sometimes almost childlike. And we must fill in the picture by bearing in mind some characteristics noted by Father Whitty—their total disregard for comforts and conventionalities, the daily life of prayer and self-denial, with the morning meditation and Mass as its mainspring; the sense of brotherhood among the neophytes.

The Confirmation at Oscott was a landmark, and Dr. Wiseman wrote of it as follows in a letter to Dr. Russell of Maynooth:

'Newman came on the Eve of All Saints with Messrs. St. John and Walker, and was followed by Mr. Oakeley. Those from Littlemore had been confirmed here the Sunday before. On All Saints, Newman, Oakeley, and the other

two were confirmed, and we had *ten* quondam Anglican clergymen in the chapel. Has this ever happened before since the Reformation? Newman took the name of Mary; Oakeley, Bernard and Mary. Newman stayed with us Sunday and half of Monday, and he and all his party then expressed themselves, and have done so since, highly gratified by all they saw and felt. Oakeley stays with us altogether. Newman's plans are not finally determined, nor will they be till his book is finished. But he opened his mind completely to me; and I assure you the Church has not received, at any time, a convert who has joined her in more docility and simplicity of faith than Newman.'

Before Newman and St. John left the College, plans began to form themselves definitely for the future. The day was commemorated by a joint gift of a Roman missal to Newman from Ambrose St. John and the absent brother, John Bernard Dalgairns. Newman placed in it the following inscription in which he added to the customary initials of himself and each of his friends that of their Confirmation name:

'J. H. M. NEWMAN
neophyto
A. M. St. John et J. D. M. B. Dalgairns
neophyti
Fratres fratri
Contubernales contubernali
Hic peregrinans, ille domi
dono dederunt
in festo Omn. SS. 1845.'

The 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine' appeared in the course of the month. Dr. Wiseman judged that it would be a more effective plea for the Catholic religion if it received no theological revision. It was published as it stood. 'The conversion of England'—for which the English Catholics sighed during the long reign of Elizabeth, long retaining the phrase in Stuart times after hope for the reality was practically extinguished—was now once more seriously talked of and prayed for. Newman at no time ignored adverse omens; but Father Robert Whitty used to describe

the scale of hope and feeling among Catholics at this moment as quite exceptional. There was a general sense that supernatural agencies were in operation, and there was in the atmosphere that faith which works wonders. For years the old English Catholics had laughed at the bare idea of the Oxford School submitting to the Holy See. Their Catholicism had been treated as unpractical antiquarianism. So unlooked-for a marvel as the conversion of Newman and his friends brought a reaction, and men were now prepared for any marvels that might follow.¹ Newman's own imagination dwelt on the early triumph of the despised and superstitious sect of Christians in an empire yet greater in its day than the British Empire of the nineteenth century. Sanguine confidence of great visible achievement was utterly alien to his nature. But he never lost the sense that God can do all things even through insignificant instruments; and he saw day by day the accession of recruits conspicuous for piety or ability. Where would it end, and what might it not lead to? We cannot read his letters written at the time without seeing that the thought was present to him of great possibilities in the future. But his immediate care was to do his own duty, leaving the result, great or small, to God. He was slow to make over-definite plans—rather waiting for a further sign in the course of events.

He hesitated even before becoming a priest. He was opposed to founding an Order or Congregation for the neophytes at once, preferring to wait on events, and accepting after some consideration Wiseman's offer of the Old Oscott College—close to the existing college—as a temporary residence for the Oxford converts. A visit to Rome

¹ 'This movement is assuredly only in its commencement,' says a writer in the *Orthodox Journal* of December 1, 'but I cannot help feeling that we Catholics have too often shewn ourselves unworthy of the great mercies which have been poured upon us. Surely these firstfruits ought to urge us to greater fervour and diligence than we have hitherto exhibited. Above all, let us be instant in prayer for the conversion of our country. Recent events have given a palpable token of the efficacy of prayer. Woe be to us if we do not persevere.'

May I suggest one [name] deserving of veneration, and which I myself have rarely omitted: one that all must respect, all must wish well to—there is a want among the returned pilgrims without *him* which all must deplore. Reader, may I recommend to your good prayers, by *name*—that of DR. PUSEY?

seemed to him from the first an essential preliminary to any decisive step.

The early days of November brought a fresh batch of converts. Newman tells Dalgairns in a letter, as a 'great secret,' of the impending visit of Frederick Faber to Oscott, when he, Watts-Russell, Francis Knox, and eight others are to be 'received.' He welcomes Dr. Wiseman's proposal that they should migrate from Littlemore and be his neighbours at Old Oscott. 'It seems the right thing as well as necessary,' he writes, 'in the first place to submit ourselves to the existing system and to work ourselves out through it. If we are worth anything we shall emerge.' He felt that he must be in touch with the Catholic community as a whole.

'It is quite necessary to see people,' Newman writes to Ambrose St. John on November 19; and the next few months saw him active in intercourse with the old Catholics and converts.

Newman has described in a well-known passage what the 'Roman Catholic' body had been in his eyes and in the eyes of the average Englishman in his boyhood. Catholics were wholly external to English society, which had in their regard 'the sort of knowledge possessed of Christianity by the heathen of old time, who persecuted its adherents from the face of the earth and then called them a *gens lucifuga*, a people who shunned the light of day.'¹ And though his study of their theology had since been so complete, and he had had some intercourse with individuals, he had as yet no knowledge of the English Catholics as a body. He was now to enter a new society.

The Roman Catholics had in 1845 made considerable strides since the days of his boyhood. Their schools and colleges which Newman was now to visit were flourishing institutions, and they were all in some sense historic, and recalled that ordeal of persecution which he held to be the normal lot of faithful Christians. They were the outcome of two gigantic exhibitions of intolerance in high places towards the Catholic religion. For they were all the descendants of houses of education abroad, built by the Catholics of England when Elizabeth banished them from their own land and a

¹ See *Occasional Sermons*, p. 172.

Catholic house of education in England was liable to immediate confiscation; and they owed their actual existence to the French Revolution, which drove religious houses and colleges alike from France. A kinder spirit than that of Elizabeth or Robespierre now allowed them to settle and thrive on English soil. St. Edmund's College and Ushaw were direct heirs to Douai College—founded by Cardinal Allen in Elizabeth's reign, and finally suppressed under the Terror in 1793. Stonyhurst represented the Jesuit College at St. Omer.

Prior Park was somewhat different in its story and character. The house was originally a picturesque country seat near Bath, and remained so up to 1829, the year of Catholic Emancipation, when it was bought by Bishop Baines, the Vicar Apostolic of the western district, as an episcopal residence. The Bishop added to it a school and a college for divinity students. Bishop Baines was a Benedictine, a man of great personal gifts, and was destined (so Cardinal Wiseman testifies in his 'Last Four Popes') by Leo XII. to be the first Cardinal resident in England. The death of Leo XII. prevented his elevation to the purple, and he devoted his energies to the success of his college at Prior Park, on which he left the impress of his own piety, refinement, and culture. During his long absence in Rome Dr. Thomas Brindle, his coadjutor, another Benedictine and a man of somewhat similar stamp, had administered the government of the diocese and of the college; and at Dr. Baines's death in 1843 Dr. Brindle was his successor in both capacities.

Visits were now arranged to St. Edmund's College and to Prior Park. Ushaw and Stonyhurst were to follow later. Newman made acquaintance with Dr. Griffiths, the Vicar Apostolic of the London district, and with Father Brownbill, the well-known Jesuit, who received so many of the converts into the Church. He had probably been suspicious of Dr. Griffiths, as the opponent of those more enterprising Catholics of whom Dr. Wiseman was the chief, and the result of the interview was a pleasant surprise. The visit interested him and the general outlook was encouraging, though the report of a letter from Father Dominic to the *Tablet* describing his reception evidently tried his fastidious temper.¹

¹ See p. 94, footnote.

The following extracts are from letters to Ambrose St. John:

‘ Temple: November 20, 1845.

‘I have seen Mr. Brownbill to-day, and taken Miss Giberne¹ to him (this is a secret) and had an hour’s talk with Dr. Griffiths, who is a very amiable taking person—not at all what I expected. Our talk was almost general—but satisfactory.

‘Faber &c. were received on Monday. Whether I go to St. Edmund’s to-morrow or Saturday depends on Knox, whom I shall hear from to-morrow.

‘I dine with Badeley to-day.

‘Yesterday I was at Moorfields—to-day at Lincoln’s Inn Fields Chapel. I have seen Oakeley several times, and breakfasted with Christie this morning. There’s a journal for you.’

‘ The Temple: November 22, 1845.

‘Yesterday afternoon I was at St. Edmund’s, and returned this morning.

‘A letter has come from the Pope addressed to Dr. Wiseman, congratulating “Joannem Henricum Newman, Puseistorum factionis ducem” on his recovery from the heresy in which “miserrimé jacuerat.” It has the Pope’s autograph signature. Also he transmitted to me a kind letter from Cardinal Acton. . . .

‘Carissime, I was much taken with those St. Edmund’s people. Dr. Cox² is very pleasing, and Mr. Whitty is one of the most striking men I have seen. I hope I see him as he is, for a more winning person I have not met with. I really seemed to form a sudden friendship with him, as the ladies in “the Rovers.” He is in appearance almost as young as you are, quite a boy. Everything I saw impressed me with the one idea you got elsewhere, of *simplicity*.

‘Christie was confirmed this morning. Estcourt³ is still in trouble. He is to be received about December 16.’

On the 24th he repaired to Oscott to discuss his plans with Dr. Wiseman, and wrote thence to Frederick Bowles, who was with Ambrose St. John at Littlemore:

‘ St. Mary’s, Oscott. Nov. 25/45.

‘Charles Woodmason and I . . . arrived here on the festival of St. Cecilia—kept here on Monday, Saturday being

¹ Miss Maria Rosina Giberne, see p. 112. ² The President of St. Edmund’s.

³ Albany Christie and Edgar Estcourt were both received in 1845. The former became a Jesuit, the latter was from 1850 a canon of Birmingham.

Confession day. It is here kept by the boys as a yearly gala with a concert. I think they were half scandalized at our coming just then—though pleased too—they said it was the most noisy day of the year, etc., etc. We found the passage crowded and no servants to answer the bell, and had to poke in as we might, leaving our luggage at the entrance. I say they perhaps were scandalized, for they have the most absurd notions about us. I think they fancy I never eat, and I have just lost a good dinner in consequence. After returning from Birmingham walking and hungry, I literally have had to pick up a crust from the floor left at breakfast and eat it, from shame at asking again and again for things. But this is a digression. . . . Well, we were ushered into the boys' dining room—the orchestra at the end, and the tables plentifully laden for all hearers with cake and (pro pudor) punch—a very sensible way of hearing music. They certainly were scandalized at my detecting the punch—for they said again and again that it was made of lemon and sugar. All I can say is that *ours* at the high table was remarkably stiff, and that I was obliged to dilute it to twice or thrice its quantity with water. The concert was capital, the voices remarkably good, and the instruments played with great spirit—but its gem was towards the end. Only fancy the Bishop, me and the whole of that good company, listening to Mynheer Vandunk in honor of St. Cecilia. And the worst is that the tune has been running in my head all this morning. Then we went to Chapel, then a hymn was sung really to her honor, and a commemoration made.

'I found Faber and Knox¹ were in Birmingham, having come for the chance of seeing me. Knox is a very young looking man aged 23. He may come to Littlemore any day, so be ready for him.

'Faber proposes to go with me on a visit to Ushaw and Stonyhurst. We are setting out Thursday or Friday. . . .

'I had more to tell you—but Faber has been sitting here an hour and more, and driven things from my head. This gas makes my head and eyes ache.'

To Ambrose St. John he wrote on the following day:

'St. Mary's, Oscott: November 26, 1845.

'I declare I doubt whether I shall have courage to look into Father Dominic's Epistle. One must bear the infliction as one does a stomach ache; with the feeling that grumbling does no good.

¹ Francis Knox, afterwards of the London Oratory.

'This is a most portentously windy place. I am in the Stranger's Room—the chimney almost vibrating—my ankles fanned with a continuous stream of air, and the shrieking and screaming of the keyhole and casements making me shiver. See what stuff I am putting into my letter for want of matter. But I can't help writing to dear Littlemore, now that I am a pilgrim at a distance from it. I suppose it is good penance going from home.'

The plans for the future framed themselves, as Newman wished, only gradually. And Bishop Wiseman, ever elastic and keen in initiation, was prepared to leave the converts, if they finally accepted his offer of Old Oscott, with an undefined programme, until more thought and further experience of the several capacities of recruits should enable them to make the prospect more definite. One or two priests, good theologians and experienced directors, were at first to live with them for their guidance. The Bishop's programme for the new apostles of the Church was one of preaching and writing, chiefly with a view to counteracting the anti-Christian influences of the day.¹

While Wiseman welcomed the neophytes with enthusiasm, and their general reception among Catholics was cordial, there remained a few who looked at them askance, holding that nothing good could come from Oxford Puseyism. The ascetic life at Littlemore was disparaged as due to pride and a love of singularity. Good Father Dominic was indignant at this jarring note, and published in a second letter to the *Tablet* his own reflections on what had occurred, and a description of the scene of the conversions which were the topic of the hour. This production of the holy and simple Italian priest was so quaint and characteristic that it deserves to be given at length:

'The events that have lately happened at Littlemore, will undoubtedly draw the attention of many reflecting persons. Friends and enemies will alike be attracted to their

¹ 'What we wanted, he said, was this—a body of men educated above the common run not for ordinary missionary purposes but for extraordinary—principally for two objects, first to meet the growing Germanism and infidelity of the times by literature; next to be preachers,' &c. *Letter from Newman to Hope-Scott*, dated November 28, 1845.

consideration, and both will draw the consequence which their hopes or fears may suggest. . . .

'Men'are but too commonly inclined to connect the idea of a great event with the idea of some great place, where they imagine it to have occurred; but in this they are not unfrequently deceived. Sinai, whereon the law was given to Moses, is a large mountain, it is true; so also Jerusalem, where Solomon's temple was built, was a large city. But Bethlehem was a small town, and Calvary a despicable place; here, however, the great mysteries of our redemption were accomplished. Under the new dispensation great things have been but seldom connected with great places. This will serve to give some hint of the idea the reader is to form of Littlemore. When he hears this name he is liable to figure to himself some large and magnificent building, but he is very much deceived.

'Littlemore is a village about two or three miles from Oxford. It presents nothing charming in its aspect or situation, but is placed in a low, flat country; it exhibits no delightful villas, nor agreeable woods and meadows, but one unvaried uniform appearance, rather dull than pleasant. In the midst of this village we meet with a building, which has more the look of a barn than a dwelling house; and in reality, I think it formerly was a barn. This unsightly building is divided by a number of walls, so as to form so many little cells; and it is so low that you might almost touch the roof with your hand. In the interior you will find the most beautiful specimen of patriarchal simplicity and gospel poverty. To pass from one cell to another, you must go through a little outside corridor, covered indeed with tiles, but open to all inclemencies of the weather. At the end of this corridor, you find a small dark room, which has served as an oratory. In the cells nothing is to be seen but poverty and simplicity—bare walls, floors composed of a few rough bricks, without carpet, a straw bed, one or two chairs, and a few books, this comprises the whole furniture! ! ! The refectory and kitchen are in the same style, all very small and very poor. From this description one may easily guess what sort of diet was used at table; no delicacies, no wine, no ale, no liquors, but seldom meat; all breathing an air of the strictest poverty, such as I have never witnessed in any religious house in Italy or France, or in any other country where I have been. A Capuchin monastery would appear a great palace when compared with Littlemore.

'Now, in this house, I may say barn, the best geniuses of the Anglican Church have retired, and lived together for

about six years,—persons of birth, learning, and piety, who possessed, or at least might have possessed, the richest livings and fellowships which the Church of England can bestow on her followers.

‘This is indeed a surprising fact, one which ought to excite the attention and thoughts of every reflecting person. Why did these men take such a resolution? Through pride, perhaps? So, at least, I have heard from some: but how uncharitable! how unjust! how groundless such a suspicion! Those who entertain such an idea, might in the same way calumniate our Blessed Saviour, his Apostles, and all the followers of the Gospel.

‘Why, then, have these men confined themselves to such a place? Why! Because they considered that the Gospel was better than worldly wisdom; because they looked upon the salvation of their souls as something far above the possession of rich livings, and heaven much superior to earth. The man that is not stirred up by these examples is inexorable in his blindness. O men, O Englishmen, hear the voice of Littlemore. Those walls bear testimony that the Catholic is a *little more* than the Protestant Church, the soul a *little more* than the body, eternity a *little more* than the present time. Understand well this *little more*, and I am sure you will do a *little more* for your eternal salvation.

‘Dominick of the Mother of God,
Passionist.’

A letter from Newman to Dalgairns early in December gives a vivid picture of this time—of conversions certain and probable, and of the doings of old Oxford friends.

‘Littlemore: December 10, 1845.

‘Carissime,—I was present at Coffin’s¹ reception at Prior Park this day week, in fest. Francis Xavier—and I left him at once much overcome and somewhat sad with the prospect of confession. He did not make his first Communion till the day before yesterday, Monday, the feast of the Conception, I suppose wishing to receive first on that day. He wrote to me the same day saying that he was full of a peace and joy which he had not had for years. This seems to have been the experience of every one of us but one; I suppose because

¹ Robert Aston Coffin, afterwards a Redemptorist and later Bishop of Southwark, was Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene’s, Oxford. He was received at Prior Park by Dr. Brindle in December 1845.

he has not faith enough.¹ Since St. John wrote, a Mr. *Henry* Marshall (a second of the name) has been received—he is a Curate of Robert Wilberforce, the Yorkshire Archdeacon;—and a clergyman named Birks of the Chester Diocese. Formby² has left this place this morning—and, tho' it is not to be talked about, is with his Curate Mr. Bardex, to meet me at Oscott at Christmas—when I *suppose* they will be received. He has given up his living. A Mr. Martin, a clergyman in Suffolk, has had some correspondence with me and is to have a talk with me at Christmas, which apparently will end in his reception, and a person, layman or clerk, I know not, in Devonshire, is all but made up—he sticks at St. Cyprian—and is to bring others. And an attorney in Gloucestershire has written to me. Spencer Northcote, Christie's pupil, who married one of the Pooles, is all but safe. Macmullen³ and Lewis⁴ are very near, I am told—and I hear other names which it is not well to name. Good Father Dominic has published a second letter in the *Tablet*, which no one here can read with a grave face—there seems a *consensus* that the sooner it is forgotten the better. I have been afraid to look at it. Bishop Wareing has been publishing in the *Tablet* an account of Faber, his serving at Mass &c. &c., calling him in various parts of his letter “the devout Faber,” “the pious Faber,” and “the humble Faber”—I have written to Dr. Wiseman to remonstrate about both these compositions. . . .

‘I dined with Johnson⁵ yesterday, who was in good spirits, and very glad to see Walker and me. St. John and I are to go soon. Church was there, who seems nearly the only person who is not too sore to bear the meeting. . . . I saw Pusey on my way to Prior Park with Coffin—he was tried to see me, and looked thin and pale. St. John was with me. He [Pusey] had begun my book and asked if I meant that the doctrine of the Holy Trinity was developed *just as* the Papal Supremacy. He has been extremely pained to find from Faber's and Oakeley's proceedings that after all we really do mean to proselytise, instead of considering ourselves transferred to another part of the vineyard. He has said he

¹ On the other hand the reader should compare with this statement the letter quoted at p. 201, in which he speaks of his ‘fulness of satisfaction’ in his new religion as the ‘earnest and the beginning of the repose of heaven.’

² Henry Formby, vicar of Ruardean, Gloucestershire, was received into the Catholic Church on January 24, 1846.

³ R. G. Macmullen, of Corpus, afterwards Canon Macmullen of Chelsea.

⁴ Mr. David Lewis, of Jesus College.

⁵ Mr. Manuel Johnson, the well-known astronomer, known as ‘Observer’ Johnson.

did not wish to hear from Faber again, and that another spirit besides love was at the bottom of the movement of certain persons. He was pierced, as if by a new thing, at the conversion of a Miss Munro, whom he and Oakeley knew. It took him quite by surprise. . . .

'Oakeley has settled at St. Edmund's, meaning to be at Oscott till over Christmas—he left this place for Oscott this morning. Dr. Wiseman has been most singularly kind about it, showing no suspicion at all though Oakeley changed his mind about Oscott.

'My book came to a second edition at once. Toovey wants a second 1,500, but I cannot help thinking 1,000 will be enough. We have just got a piano for Walker, and I have been tuning my violin.¹ I hope that is not wrong in Advent. . . . [John Moore] Capes was very flourishing—his wife is to be received nearly directly. His brother,² a proctor in Doctor's Commons, has just been received and given up 1,200*l.* a year or thereabouts. These two Capes's have done together the greatest thing that has been done in money matters. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. N.'

Another letter to the same friend, six days later, describes visits to Prior Park and St. Edmund's and records what were practically the final arrangements for taking possession of Old Oscott, although Newman did not give his formal decision until a little later in the month:

'Littlemore: December 16, 1845.

'I was but a few hours at St. Edmund's (Nov. 21). Mr Whitty I liked extremely. . . . He is a very simple, natural, warm-hearted, reflecting person—apparently not thirty—very expectant of great accession of information and instruction &c. from the converts. Dr. Cox is not more than 39, but looks fifty. He is mild and taking in his deportment. I liked him too very much. They both were most pressing to keep me; so I am going again. There is apparently little learning or cultivation there—they are behindhand—and have not the worldly set out (I am not using the words in a bad sense) of Prior Park. They wanted me to write histories of England, &c. &c. for education. They all seemed to have

¹ 'Yesterday evening,' writes Walker to Richard Stanton on December 10, 'Newman and I had some delightful duets of Beethoven and Haydn.'

² Frederick Capes, afterwards an occasional writer in the *Rambler*, of which his brother was founder in '48 and editor until '58.

a great idea of Oxford men, and to be very willing to follow their lead.

‘Dr. Griffiths I was much pleased with. I sat with him an hour. He quite took away my scruples about ordination—did I tell you? He fully allowed, as they did at Oscott, that Anglican orders were but doubtful—i.e. some said they were good, others not. But he said that excepting in Baptism, a condition was not expressed—that in Confirmation and Ordination it was implied in the intention of the administrator. *And he gave this curious proof of it*—that now and then they repeat their *own* confirmations and ordinations—i.e. when there is some doubt—and that without condition—so that they do nothing to ours which they do not do to their own under like circumstances.

‘As to Prior Park, Dr. Brindle is a gentleman in the true sense of the word—and I think is just what Capes described. I do not think it a school of perfection, but of sensible, as well as earnest (for I do think so) religion. In the Bishop’s house the whole set out is gentlemanlike—yet accompanied with the deep impression of religion as an objective fact, which I should not expect to see in an Anglican House (parsonage) equally gentlemanlike. How can it be otherwise with the Blessed Sacrament in it? I think I should get on well with Dr. B. and the bursar Mr. Shattock, who is very like an Oxford resident of 50 years old, say a fellow of Magdalen or St. John’s, in externals. I was amused at the set out. I saw Lord Clifford there. They would not let me herd with the theological students, which I wished to do—but I believe their mode of living is very plain. There cannot be greater contrasts than are presented by Oscott, Prior Park, and Old Hall Green one with another.

‘Do not expect to have such oppressive letters from me always—I am idle just now. I have no resolution to read this over.’

At Christmas time a systematic round of visits to the Catholic colleges was arranged. The account in his diary of this effort to make personal acquaintance with his co-religionists is minute as to dates and places. With Knox, Walker, and St. John, Newman had a farewell dinner at the Observatory on Christmas Day, and next morning, after breakfasting at Magdalen with the ‘father of ritualism,’ J. R. Bloxam,¹ went with Coffin to London and on to St. Edmund’s, where his

¹ The great friend of Dr. Routh, and afterwards rector of Upper Beeding Priory, Sussex, well known as an antiquarian writer.

friendship with Mr. Whitty was renewed. The 29th saw him again at Oscott, where he found old friends—Estcourt, Neve, Penny, Oakeley, Christie, Capes. Ambrose St. John and Capes joined him next day, and visits were paid to Bishop Walsh and to Father Dominic at Aston, and to Faber, who was in Birmingham. Old Oscott was carefully reconnoitred and arranged for the future. On the 7th of January he passed some days with Mr. Ambrose Lisle Philipps at Grace Dieu, Coffin and Capes being fellow-guests,¹ and visited the Trappist Monastery of Mount St. Bernard and Dr. Briggs, the Vicar Apostolic, with whom he went on the 12th to Ushaw (then under Dr. Newsham's presidency), calling on Bishops Mostyn and Riddell on the way. At Ushaw he stayed until the 15th, witnessing the President's feast day. By Dr. Newsham himself he was more impressed than by any Catholic dignitary except only Bishop Wiseman.

On the 16th, with St. John, Newman took route for Stonyhurst travelling by Todmorden and Burnley, and ending up with a ten-mile walk through Erfield and Whalley. At Hodder, the junior Jesuit house near Stonyhurst, he found his old Oxford friend George Tickell in the novitiate and Oakeley in retreat. On the 18th, with St. John, he proceeded to Preston, where he visited the Jesuit priests, and then went in the evening to Birmingham, arriving there at 1 A.M. Here he came upon J. B. Morris and other friends, who had just been received into the Church. The 19th saw him at Bishop Eaton, and Bishops Brown and Sharples took him to Liverpool. He visited the churches and dined with Dr. Youens, the Vicar-General, returning at night to Bishop Eaton. The 21st found him again in London at the end of his wanderings—'a pilgrim,' he writes to a friend, 'without peas in my shoes.' He dined on the 22nd with Badeley and James Hope, returning to Littlemore on the following day, finding Pusey to greet him; and the faithful R. W. Church came to him next day from Oxford.

'My wanderings lasted through a month' (he writes to Henry Wilberforce)—'such a life is a great trouble to me, but

¹ From Grace Dieu he writes to Ambrose St. John: 'Here I have been seized with one of my bashful fits and cannot speak two words, if it was to keep me from starving.'

I was received with the most unaffected singlehearted kindness everywhere, and saw nothing but what made me feel admiration and awe of the system in which I find myself.'

His disciple, and old family friend, Miss Maria Rosina Giberne, had just been received into the Church by Mr. Brownbill. Miss Giberne, a lady of remarkable gifts, belonging to a Huguenot family, played an important part in a later chapter of Newman's life. He wrote to her at this time as follows:

'As you say, "one step enough for me"—let us hope and believe that that Most Merciful Hand, which has guided us hitherto, will guide us still—and that we shall, one and all, you as well as I and my Littlemore infants, all find our vocation happily. We are called into God's Church for something, not for nothing surely. Let us wait and be cheerful, and be sure that good is destined for us, and that we are to be made useful.'

Another letter to the same correspondent a week later tells us much of his own feelings at this time:

'Littlemore: Jan. 28, 1846.

'My dear Miss Giberne,—Your feelings at present must indeed be very much tried, and I sincerely thank you for letting me share them. Take your present trial, as you do, as a gracious means of bringing you under the more intimate protection of your true friends, those Saints and Angels unseen, who can do so much more for you with God, and in the course of life, than any mere child of man, however dear and excellent. You speak as if I were not in your case, for, though I left Littlemore, I carried my friends with me, but alas! can you point to any one who has lost more in the way of friendship, whether by death or alienation, than I have? but even as regards friends of this world I have found that Divine Mercy wonderfully makes up my losses, as if "instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children" were fulfilled in individuals as well as to the Church. I am now engaged in looking over, sorting, burning my papers and letters, and have had pangs and uttered deep sighs, such as I have not at all yet (though I used before) since my reception into the Church. So many dead, so many separated. My mother gone; my sisters nothing to me, or rather foreign to me; of my greatest friends, Froude, Wood, Bowden taken away, all of whom would now be, or be coming, on my side. Other dear friends who *are* preserved in life *not* moving with me; Pusey strongly bent on an opposite course; Williams

protesting against my conduct as rationalistic, and dying¹; Rogers and J. Mozley viewing it with utter repugnance. Of my friends of a dozen years ago whom have I now? and what did I know of my present friends a dozen years ago? Why, they were at school, or they were freshmen looking up to me, if they knew my name, as some immense and unapproachable don; and now they know nothing, can know nothing of my earlier life; things which to me are as yesterday are to them as dreams of the past; they do not know the names, the state of things, the occurrences, they have not the associations, which are part of my own world, in which I live. And yet I am very happy with them, and can truly say with St. Paul, "I have all and abound,"—and, moreover, I have with them, what I never can have had with others, Catholic hopes and beliefs—Catholic objects. And so in your own case, depend on it, God's Mercy will make up to you all you lose, and you will be blessed, not indeed in the same way, but in a higher.

'I am sorry I did not tell you any thing about the impressions I formed of things and persons in my wanderings. If any thing takes me to Cheltenham, I will give you an account of all I have seen. Everything has been as I could wish it to be. I have received most abundant cordial single-hearted kindness—and have found a great deal to admire—and everywhere the signs of an awful and real system. I was especially pleased with Ushaw College, near Durham, with the professors and above all the President, Dr. Newsham. The Bishops have been especially kind to me, and I think I have made the friendship of some of them, as far as it can be done in a day or two.

'Ever your affect. friend,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Dr. Wiseman's offer of Old Oscott was finally accepted, and the parting from Littlemore was now imminent. "Obliviscere populum tuum" and "domum patris tui" has been in my ears for the last twelve hours," he wrote to Ambrose St. John when all was settled. 'I realise more and more that we are leaving Littlemore, and it is like going on the open sea.' The next month was given to packing and preparations for departure. Occasional intercourse with friends is recorded in the diary, with the W. G. Wards, Allies, David Lewis, and J. B. Morris, and a visit from that remarkable woman, Princess E. Galitzin. Ambrose St. John

¹ Isaac Williams was very ill.

and Stanton went to Oscott on the 12th to make all ready.

Pusey's unconquerable optimism made him wish to see and talk with Newman before he left Oxford. More than once he begged Newman to come and see him, but the interviews were simply painful.¹

Newman anxiously superintended the packing of his beloved books before leaving Littlemore. His letters to St. John tell of the painful struggle with the material world which the removal involved.

‘Littlemore: February 16, 1846.

‘Carissime,—I know perfectly well you are working like a Trojan, but I must give you more.

‘We must have all the book boxes emptied by Monday. Boswell cannot come till Tuesday morning, and then he is to unpack in a day, a sad Shrove Tuesday. He begins at 8.

‘Stanton must write to Walker to come on Monday. I shall bring C. Woodmason with me. Then we shall be eight. You, I, Stanton, J. Morris, Walker, Bowles, C. W. and Montgomery—besides Boswell and his man. We must work simultaneously at different boxes; and relieve each other. Boswell thinks it will last from 8 to 4. He brings 7½ tons. I have been packing here from morning to night these three days. You may think what a whirl I and Bowles are in. Knox has come—Pusey was here to-day. . . .

‘Pusey’s visit has made me very sad. How right I was in saying it was better not to meet! He urged me to call on him on Sunday evening.

‘I think we need not begin our rule of silence till the first week of Lent, but just as you will.

‘I shall delay accepting Dalgairns’ invitation (to M. Lorain’s at Langres). I am afraid I shall have too many engagements and obligations on me. They only dissipate me.

¹‘Poor Pusey cannot understand,’ Ambrose St. John writes after one of them, ‘what to me seemed most natural. It is nothing more or less than your most naturally grave way of speaking when we both called there together. To me I assure you your manner was so much what I should have expected that any other would have been forced and unnatural. But poor P. seems to have felt differently, for he told Upton Richards that you “came upon him very unexpectedly and spoke to him very sharply,” he seems to have felt something or other very keenly, for Richards used his words as argument to dissuade Morris from joining the Church, and as a proof of a change of *θέος* in you, I suppose. The truth is, I believe, Pusey realised in that visit the death of any hopes he may have indulged in, of your falling in with his unhappy theory of branches in the same vineyard.’

The other day I declined Mr. Whitty's offer to join the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart on that ground. I want a little peace. These things are exciting. The very remembering them is a trial.'

'February 17, 1846.

'Your packing, Carissime, is nothing to mine. I am burning and packing *pari passu* reading and disposing, passing from a metaphysical MS. to a lump of resin or a penwiper.'

'Littlemore: February 19, 1846.

'My dear St. John,—You wrote in such a hurry that you could not tell me, else I should like to have known whether the books got safe. First I fancy you would have told me, if there had been any mischance, and next that you have not told me lest it should annoy me. Perhaps you had not time to observe—but I, like David, instead of listening to the news of your general success, keep asking, "Is the young man safe? is Absalom alive?"'

'Stanton or you have carried off the closet key, and but for my own private key we should have been tealess, wineless, jamless. Just before you went, when I came in to breakfast, I saw a key on a plate, which I seized with much secret commendation of your or Stanton's thoughtfulness, but it turns out to be the key of Bowles's box—who, I believe, had lost it, and is much puzzled to make out how it got there.

'I think we shall have a harvest of conversions *after Lent*, but do not repeat it. I would suggest the propriety of our having some prayers through Lent on the subject. . . . Lewis yesterday gave us the news, from a person not a gossip, that Pusey's *whole* nunnery is moving—don't repeat this. We have not heard from Knox. Bishop Sam has (at the Bishop of London's instance) taken to task Chepnell of St. Peter le Bailly for speaking in praise of the Blessed Virgin: he has defended himself by Bishop Solly. This was on Thursday last—nothing more has occurred. If Pusey is in that distress about his nunnery, I doubt whether I shall say to him what I had intended. It will be striking the raw.'

One by one his friends left Littlemore for Oscott to make all ready. He writes on February 15 to Mrs. William Froude:

' . . . Part of us are gone—part going—I shall, I suppose, remain the last, as I came in first. A happy time indeed have I had here, happy to look back on, though suspense

and waiting are dreary in themselves;—happy, because it is the only place perhaps I ever lived in, which I can look back on, without an evil conscience. In Oxford indeed, where I have been near 30 years from first to last, I trust I have all along served God from the day I went there—but in those many years, amid the waywardness and weakness of youth and the turmoil of business, of course many things must have occurred to leave sad thoughts on the memory. Nay even my responsibilities at St. Mary's, as one who had the care of souls, have always all along weighed most oppressively on me and do still. Alas, I will not speak against my circumstances, when my own personal fault is so great. Yet how dreadful is a cure of souls in the English Church, an engagement, with no *means* to carry it into effect—a Jewish yoke! Oxford then is not to me in the 20 to 30 years I have been there more or less, what Littlemore has been for 4 or 6. Doubtless if my life here for these last years were placed in the light of God's countenance, it would be like a room when a sunbeam comes into it, full of hidden unknown impurities—but still I look back to it as a very soothing happy period. I came into this house by myself, and for nights was the sole person here, except Almighty God Himself, my Judge; and St. Francis's "*Deus meus et omnia*," was ever and spontaneously on my lips. And now, so be it, I shall go out of it by myself, having found rest.'

February 22 saw the final parting from Littlemore and Oxford. Left alone, he writes on his last evening, his forty-fifth birthday (February 21), to Henry Wilberforce:

'I am here to-day by myself—all my friends gone-- and the books. Tomorrow I leave here, for dinner at the Observatory, where I sleep. On Monday morning I go off for Oscott, Birmingham.

'I have had a very trying time, parting with the people. I came into this bower by myself—I quit it by myself. Very happy times have I had here, (though in such doubt)—and I am loth to leave it. Perhaps I shall never have quiet again—Shall I ever see Littlemore again?'

The end is thus chronicled in the diary:

'Feb. 22. Went to mass at St. Clement's for last time with C. Woodmason. Fly came for me and my luggage at four o'clock to take me to Johnson's, where I dined with Lewis, Buckle, Copeland and Bowles, who came from Hendred. Church and Pattison came in the evening.

Called on Ogle. Pusey came up to Johnson's late at night to see me.

'Feb. 23. Went off by 8½ o'clock with Bowles for Maryvale via Leamington. Got there before 5 o'clock. St. John missed us in Birmingham. Walker came. Thus we were six—St. John, J. Morris, Stanton, I, Bowles, Walker.'

To W. J. Copeland, his curate at Littlemore, he wrote thus of his final leave-taking:

'I quite tore myself away, and could not help kissing my bed, and mantelpiece, and other parts of the house. I have been most happy there, though in a state of suspense. And there it has been that I have both been taught my way and received an answer to my prayers. Without having any plan or shadow of a view on the subject, I cannot help thinking I shall one day see Littlemore again, and see its dear inhabitants, including yourself, once again one with me in the bosom of the true fold of Christ.'

We know from the 'Apologia' all that the final severance from Oxford cost him. May we believe that he has described that last morning in Reding's parting from Oxford in 'Loss and Gain'?

'The morning was frosty, and there was a mist; the leaves flitted about; all was in unison with the state of his feelings. He re-entered the monastic buildings, meeting with nothing but scouts with boxes of cinders, and old women carrying off the remains of the kitchen. He crossed to the Meadow, and walked steadily down to the junction of the Cherwell with the Isis; he then turned back. What thoughts came upon him! for the last time! There was no one to see him; he threw his arms round the willows so dear to him, and kissed them; he tore off some of their black leaves and put them in his bosom. "I am like Undine," he said, "killing with a kiss."'

The tenderness of his feelings at this moment poured itself out as it did so rarely in the first letter written from his new home—again to Henry Wilberforce:

'February 26, 1846.

'Carissime,—I write my first letter from my new home to you. Pusey is my oldest friend since dear J. W. B[owden] was taken away—you come next. I am going to write to him, and had got out my paper, but somehow my fingers

have slipt away with my purpose, and I write to you, who have been so faithful to me. No one can be truer or more faithful to me than Pusey himself—but Aristotle says something about our hearts going more with those younger than ourselves than with others; and of those who in any sense have been providentially placed under me you alone have been affectionate to me. And that is the reason perhaps I love St. John so much because he comes from you and from your teaching. Oh that he might be a pledge to me that you are yourself to repair that breach which you sorrow over, by your doing what he has done—but I say the above whatever you resolve upon, Carissime, great indeed as must be my distress, as well as yours, while we are divided.

‘I am writing next room to the Chapel. It is such an incomprehensible blessing to have Christ’s bodily presence in one’s house, within one’s walls, as swallows up all other privileges and destroys, or should destroy, every pain. To know that He is close by—to be able again and again through the day to go in to Him; and be sure, my dearest W., when I am thus in His Presence you are not forgotten. It is *the* place for intercession surely, where the Blessed Sacrament is. Thus Abraham, our father, pleaded before his hidden Lord and God in the valley.

‘My last morning at Littlemore, when I was by myself, the call of Abraham, as you know in the English service, was the subject of the lesson—and when I got here the first office was that of St. Matthias, who took his place in the Apostolate later than his brethren.

‘I have brought here your little reading-desk which was Wood’s. I had not the heart to let it remain behind. (You should not have lost it, if it had.) It formed part of the altar on which Father Dominic offered Mass, and from which I received my first communion, last 11th of October.

‘Please come and fetch it—I can’t help saying so—excuse this importunate letter, and believe me,

‘Ever yours most affectionately,

J. H. N.’

CHAPTER IV

MARYVALE (1846)

OLD Oscott had a long history and traditions. It was on the site of a Catholic mission existing in the seventeenth century. A secluded site in a valley away from the public road was purposely chosen in those days of persecution. Its priest, Mr. Andrew Bromwich, was condemned to death during the Titus Oates scare, but contrived to elude the sentence. The house in which Newman and his friends now found themselves had been built by Bishop Hornyold in 1752 as a residence for the Vicars Apostolic. When the French Revolution drove the Catholic Colleges on the Continent back to England in 1794, a school was established in this building. Its governing body were some of those laymen of Cisalpine opinions, who gave the Bishops so much trouble at that time. But in 1808 its fortunes had declined and it was taken over by the great foe of the Cisalpines, Dr. Milner, who had become Vicar Apostolic of the district. He dedicated it on August 15 to Our Lady, and himself resided there for a considerable part of each year. His whole influence, both in the school and among English Catholics at large, was (I need hardly say) in the direction of promoting loyalty to Rome and rekindling the zeal and piety of a community which had become worn out by the penal laws and was too much disposed to a policy of compromise with their Protestant neighbours. Both for Milner and for his successor as President of the college, Dr. Weedall, Newman had a great admiration. The former he is said to have called 'the English Athanasius.' Of Dr. Weedall he spoke in the memorable sermon at his funeral in 1859.¹ 'Through the whole man,' he said, 'shone the spirit of evangelical charity, which made his

¹ Published in the volume of *Occasional Sermons*.

gentleness and refinement seem what they really were, a growth from or a graft upon, that pure harmony of soul which is a supernatural gift.'

In 1838 Dr. Weedall had completed the new buildings—the present college of Oscott. And from that time onwards Old Oscott ceased to be more than an appendage to the college until Newman entered it. Now to this ancient home of piety in the Oscott valley, dedicated by Milner to St. Mary, the Oxford converts gave the name of 'Maryvale.'

The day after Newman's arrival, George Talbot—afterwards so well known as Monsignor Talbot and the intimate friend of Pius IX.—and Henry Formby came over from New Oscott to see him. On the following day he walked up with St. John in the afternoon to visit Bishop Wiseman. The succeeding days were spent in getting the household in order. 'I am beginning Bellarmine,' writes St. John to Dalgairns, 'with my head full of pea soup, roly-polies and ribs of beef, and puzzling my brain all the morning to make a stupid jack turn.' Soon, however, the regular life of Littlemore was resumed, though the rules given by Father Dominic gave place to fresh ones drawn up by Bishop Wiseman. The little community consisted of eight persons—Newman, St. John, Stanton, J. B. Morris, Formby, Walker, Christie, and Penny. Charles Woodmason joined them a few days later.

'Day begins at five,' St. John continues, 'Newman ringing the bell, which office the Bishop has given him together with seeing that all the rooms are in decent order by 10 o'clock. Mass at 7. Prime and Tierce at a quarter to eight. Breakfast quarter past eight. Sext and None quarter past twelve, a Latin Conference half past twelve to one; quarter past one dinner; silence ends with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament after dinner; and begins again at 6, with Vespers and Compline—then tea. Rosary or Litany half past eight, Matins quarter to nine; bed. Moreover Newman has formed a choir, consisting of Walker, Bowles, Stanton, Christie, C. Woodmason. The rest of us form the awkward squad. But we have not been able to get Benediction yet. The library at last is in order except a few shelves; the great room and the small adjoining one hold all, but some of the books are up awfully high. Newman grumbles

uncommonly, but what was to be done? The floor would not bear projecting bookcases like the Bodleian; and there was no alternative without expensive alterations. The large bookcases from Littlemore have been heightened and the rest are new; altogether the house looks very much improved inside. It is strikingly like the Sandford paper mills without. So much for our habitation. It only remains to say that nothing can be kinder than the Bishop is towards us, and I think we all rejoice that Providence has put us in the way of such a director.'

Both Dr. Wiseman and Spencer Northcote urged Newman at this time to take advantage of the general attention concentrated on the converts and to write a succinct account of his reasons for becoming a Catholic. The essay on 'Development' was being widely read. People were asking questions and raising objections to its argument on behalf of the Church. One inquirer had been communicating his own objections to Northcote, who passed them on to Newman.

Newman, who ever felt the impossibility of recording adequately the growth and advance of a living mind, declined in a letter to Northcote the proposal that he should write any such controversial document as was suggested.

'February, 1846.

'My dear Northcote,—It is unreasonable in anyone to object that the grounds a person gives for his conversion cannot be expressed in a formula, but require some little time and consideration to master; which seems to be your correspondent's complaint of my volume. If I could express them in a formula, they would not really be the more intelligible or comprehensible—indeed to show this as a general principle is the main object of the Essay. Catholicism is a deep matter—you cannot take it up in a teacup.

'Any dogmatic or sententious proposition would too surely be misunderstood. If I said, for instance, "I have become a Catholic, because I must be either a Catholic or an infidel," men would cry out "So he has flung himself into the Catholic Church to escape infidelity," whereas I should only mean that Catholicism and Christianity had in my mind become identical, so that to give up the one was to give up the other.

'I do not know how to do justice to my reasons for

becoming a Catholic in ever so many words—but if I attempted to do so in few, and that in print, I should wantonly expose myself and my cause to the hasty and prejudiced criticisms of opponents. This I will not do. People shall not say “We have now got his reasons, and know their worth.” No, you have not got them, you cannot get them, except at the cost of some portion of the trouble I have been at myself. You cannot buy them for a crown piece—you cannot take them in your hand at your will, and toss them about. You must consent to *think*—and you must exercise such resignation to the Divine Hand which leads you, as to follow it any whither. I am not assuming that my reasons are sufficient or unanswerable, when I say this—but describing the way in which alone our intellect can be successfully exercised on the great subject in question, if the intellect is to be the instrument of conversion. Moral proofs are grown into, not learnt by heart.

‘I wish however to say something in answer to your friend’s question—let me refer then to p. 138 of my Essay, where I state my conviction that were St. Athanasius and St. Ambrose now to come to Oxford, they would go to Mass at St. Clement’s.

‘And in proof of this position, I should refer to Chs. IV and V, pp. 204–317, which your correspondent might read without troubling himself with the rest of the Essay. The argument of those chapters is this: that the general type of Christendom, and the relation of part with part, in early times and in the present is one and the same—that the Catholic Church and sects and heresies then, correspond to the Roman, Protestant, and other communions now—and in particular that the Angelican Church corresponds to the Semi-Arian body, or the Nestorian, or the Monophysite.

‘With kind remembrances to your circle, I am

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

In the months that then ensued Newman put aside all controversial writing and set himself to learn the ways and traditions of his new Communion, and to help his little community at Maryvale to prepare for the ministry. He himself, after a brief hesitation, determined to take Orders. I have found no full explanation of the scruples on this subject to which he alludes, but that they did not last long is shown by the fact that he received minor orders in May. Hardly any subject is referred to in the letters of these months

except the practical prospects of the community for the future. A visit to Maryvale in July from his brother, Frank Newman, is regarded as a gratuitous intrusion interrupting the new life.

'My brother is coming to see me at Maryvale,' Newman writes to St. John from London on July 11; 'I saw him yesterday. Why should he come? I think he has some obscure idea about thumb-screws.'

On June 8 came news of Gregory XVI.'s death, and early in July the new Pope, Pius IX., sent Newman a special blessing.

Two alternative plans for the future seem for a time to have contended for the mastery. Father Dominic wished Newman and his friends to be 'preachers, missionaries, martyrs.' On the other hand, Wiseman's idea that they should use their special gifts in contending with modern infidelity gradually took shape in Newman's mind not as the prospect of mere literary work, which he ever regarded as unsatisfactory, but as a scheme for founding a school of divinity—even for teaching theology to the future English priests. His own laborious searches into theological history in connection with the 'Essay on Development' made him sensitive to a certain neglect of the historical side of theology—the study of the early sources of the existing dogmatic theology—in the Catholic schools of the time.¹ The story of the living Church, and of the actual working of faith through the ages, was ever Newman's *solvitur ambulando* of the puzzles raised by anti-religious philosophy. This was one of the morals pointed by his famous Essay. He held that dogmatic theology, fully realised in its history and genesis, as the outcome of Christian faith and Christian thought in contact with successive phases of intellectual civilisation, might

¹ He expressed this feeling in a letter to Wiseman in the following year. Even in Rome he did not find what he wanted in this respect. Wiseman owned to a certain deficiency. 'I did not much anticipate,' he wrote, 'your finding the cast of theological learning to which your own habits of study have accustomed you. . . . Perhaps in Graziosi you would have found a Professor who if he had not gone much to the sources of dogmatic theology had well mastered the streams that flow from them. . . . This was the character of many professors whom I knew. But I fear there is a falling off even from this by what you write.'

be a power both for Christianity and for Catholicism which it had not been yet. He even conceived the possibility of Maryvale being the training ground of the divinity students, or 'divines' as they were called, for the whole of England. The cordiality of his reception at the various colleges, and the evident respect for Oxford learning on the part of the ablest of the hereditary Catholics, made such an idea appear not too ambitious, though of course the neophytes expected to have the aid of some one already grounded in the theology of the schools.

The 'Friars preachers' founded by St. Dominic and made illustrious in the schools by St. Thomas Aquinas were by their history marked out for such a work, and the suggestion was discussed that Newman and his friends should become Dominicans.

A full letter to Dalgairns dated July 6 opens with an account of Newman's trials in giving up the old Oxford swallow-tail coat and choker for a Roman collar and the long skirts of the Catholic clerical costume. He writes from the rooms of Mr. David Lewis, in London, whither he had been called by the widow of J. W. Bowden, the dear friend of his undergraduate days, who was on the point of becoming a Catholic:

'Mrs. Bowden has summoned me up here—and that I may not waste some hours while she goes down to her boy at Eton, I attempt to write to you a letter. My dislike of marching up the London streets is considerable, not indeed that I have any reluctance to wear a clerical dress, for I need not unless I had wished it, but I am so awkward and gawky that I feel ashamed of myself. The only make up is that the poor Catholics recognise it as I go along and touch their hats to me; but fancy *me*, who have never been in costume, wearing a straight cut collar to my coat, and having a long skirt to it. I know I look like a fool, from my own great intrinsic absurdity.'

He passes in the letter to the subject of future plans, and suggests definitely that Dr. Wiseman ought to transfer the divinity school from Oscott to Maryvale, and that he and his friends should be Dominicans. Then he states the objections to his scheme. Is not the Dominican Order 'a

great idea extinct'? Are not the Jesuits 'the fashion of the age'?

'Thus you see,' he continues, 'I see nothing, except that the notion of a theological school is a great idea—and natural, not only from our hitherto line of reading, but because the Rosminians . . . are fast spreading themselves, as givers of retreats and missions, all over England. I have been thinking lately of an institution having the express object of propagating the faith (the Dominican object) and opposing heresy—whether by teaching, preaching, controversy, catechising &c. &c. But then comes the question whether this would not be very bad policy in this age. An indifferent age will admit Catholicism if it comes under the garb of *utility*, as making people good subjects, or as claiming protection from its being the religion of a large party—but, when you beat the pulpit cushion and rouse the "odium theologicum" you will have statesmen against you. Else, I sketched out the first outlines of a community under the patronage of St. Mary "*quæ sola interemisti &c.*" with the object of first recognising, second defending, the *Mysteries* of Faith. And now I have come to the end of my say, and am "*incertior multo quam ante*" as Demipho in the play.'

The comments of Bowles and St. John on the suggestion of joining the Dominicans which was communicated to them by Dalgairns were not favourable.

'For my part,' writes Bowles to Ambrose St. John, 'I would sooner be a Jesuit. I have no fancy for that no meat diet, and eight months' fasting you talk about. And how do you think you would stand all that hard head work, living on nothing but air? "*Nous avons changé tout cela,*" said Newman, and I think he is right.'

St. John in a letter to Dalgairns discourages the discussion from another point of view:

'I can't help thinking that all our schemes now are little more than castles in the air, for I am sure Newman will do just what he is told in Rome and nothing else. If he is given to understand he is to be a secular, a secular he will be; whether his line is to be Divinity or Missions will be decided for him.'

Another letter from Newman to Dalgairns shows that St. John is right. 'Our plans are altering or modifying,' he

writes, and the visit to Rome is the immediate prospect. For a moment the *Collegio Nobile* was thought of as a suitable *habitat*, but ultimately *Propaganda* was decided on.

‘At present I am sanguine about my going to Rome,’ he continues. ‘My only fear is they are expecting too much of me. Cardinal Franzoni took particular interest in my having the crucifix. He sent back the first that was brought him, as not pleasing him. The new Pope has sent me his blessing, and I hear that the last thing he was speaking of before going into conclave was about Dr. Wiseman and me. Dr. Wiseman’s credit has risen at Rome much in consequence of our conversions. . . . It would be a nice plan of John Bowden to come here with Lewis. He is hard beset, poor boy. Johnson (who is not himself for grief), Henry Bowden and Church &c. &c. all on him, telling him his father would not have changed &c., and then his love of Eton and Oxford all on one side—and his mother and sister on the other.’

Meanwhile Mrs. Bowden had, to his great joy, been ‘received’ into the Church—not however by Newman himself or one of the Oxford converts, but by a venerable link with the old Douai College, which was dissolved at the Revolution. The meeting on the occasion between the Oxford leader and the Douai priest is described by Newman himself:

‘17 Grosvenor Place: July 8, 1846.

‘My dear St. John,—Mrs. Bowden was received this morning. “Deo gratias.” I have said not a word, till I could say all. The three younger children will be received in due course—meanwhile no one will know that they are not received, for they will go to Mass with her. I think I shall take up my abode here for several days (hitherto I have been at Lewis’s) and shall not return at soonest till Monday next, though I have no wardrobe and no money.

‘The Bishop, on whom I called about her on Saturday, was going out of town for a week on Monday. He had sent me to Mr. Wilds for confession, and I was so much pleased with him, that she made up her mind to go to him.

‘Do you know who Mr. Wilds is? an old man of 80—a Douay priest, with his senses quite his own, and apparently as sharp as the President of Magdalen. He had been five hours in the Confessional when I went to him, and I was ashamed to give him more trouble. When I rose to go, I

said "Perhaps, Sir, you would like to know my name—my name is Newman." "No," he said "go, I don't want to know your name—goodbye." By degrees he comprehended who it was—and then his joy was quite great—he wanted to put me in his own arm-chair—he wanted me to dine with him—and he would have a gossip with me—which he had. When I told all this to Mrs. Bowden (the Bishop being away) she determined to see Mr. Wilds.

'On Monday, she went down to Eton to her son, without a knowledge of whose mind she did not like for many reasons to move—on Tuesday I introduced her to Mr. Wilds, and he appointed next day (to-day) for her admission. She has been received accordingly—and to-morrow is conditionally baptised and sacramentally absolved. She takes her first communion on Friday at eight. . . .

'Send on my letters here—thanks for yours—I had a walk in the streets yesterday with Talbot, who to his or my shame had no Roman collar on. It discomforted me a good deal, and made me a most dull companion. What a fool I am.'

Newman had been especially eager that Mrs. Bowden, and a few other close friends of whom he felt quite sure that they would ultimately follow him, should come without delay. The world was already reporting him to be dissatisfied with his change. For what the world said Newman cared very little. He did deeply care that those who had been for years closely associated with him should now share his hopes and plans and the blessings he found in the Catholic Church. He trusted that they might all be united before he left England for Rome, to begin what might form a new chapter in his life. Foremost among those for whose reception he longed was Henry Wilberforce. Another was George Dudley Ryder, to whose little son Lisle¹ he had stood godfather. The two were associated in his mind, for they were near connections, having married sisters.² And six weeks before Mrs. Bowden's reception the welcome news had come from Ryder's cousin, Mr. Lisle Phillipps, that he and Mrs. Ryder and their children, who were staying at Rome, had been received. This was his first Catholic godson. Newman wrote at once to give his friend joy:

¹ Afterwards Sir George Lisle Ryder, K.C.B.

² The Miss Sargents, sisters of Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Samuel Wilberforce.

‘St. Mary’s Vale, Perry Bar, Birmingham: May 22, 1846.

‘My dear George Ryder,—What great joy your letter gave me, and I hear this morning from Mr. Phillipps more about you and yours. I cannot tell you better how I felt than by describing St. John who was with me when the news came both times. When he heard about you he coloured up from joy—when he heard this morning of your wife and the rest, he turned pale and went at once to the chapel. I am an old fellow, and have not keen feelings, but yet *mutatis mutandis* I felt as much as he. To think that I have a godson a Catholic—he is the first of them. I do trust others will follow.

‘And now I have said nearly all I have to say, for your news swallows up everything else. How I long to see you! you are to be out for a year longer—but I will whisper you a secret—perhaps I shall be in Rome in July. If so, I shall stop there a year, but I shall be kept tight, I suspect—and shall not see much of friends. Yet it will be a great thing to see you at all.

‘We are getting settled here—but the house is a large one, and is not fully furnished yet. The book-cases have been a great job.

‘We are beginning to read divinity and make syllogisms. Only fancy my returning to school at my age.

‘I will give my warmest congratulations to your wife, whether she recollects seeing me once, or not, some ten years ago. I think it must be ten years and more.

‘Ever yours very affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Newman could not but hope that George Ryder’s step would help to bring Henry Wilberforce, to whom he wrote of this news on May 29:

‘It would be hypocrisy in me not to confess the joy I felt at hearing that I had a godson a Catholic—my first Catholic godson. O that they were all Catholics—may those I have seen, as well as those I have never seen, be such. Never will I cease to pray that they may one day be Catholics—may my prayers be a spell over them, though they know it not. I say, I cannot deny the joy it gave me to hear about Lisle Ryder, for I suppose he is one of the converts. But then I did not forget the pain which *they* must feel, the intense perplexity, who had the task of separating cousins who had been accustomed to play together and had formed more

or less one family. Poor George and his wife have this pain too, as well as you. O that all had his reward, his compensation.'

Henry Wilberforce tarried awhile, although Newman wrote him at this time some of the most insistent letters on the claims of the Catholic and Roman Church which are to be found in his correspondence. From these I make a few extracts:

'St. Mary's Vale, Perry Bar, Birmingham: June 25th, '46.

'It is very difficult for one like myself to put himself in the position of a person, believing indeed in one Catholic organised Church or Kingdom, yet believing also that it consists of various separate governments and polities, quite independent of one another. I do not date my conviction on this subject from October last: for years it has seemed to me a mere absurdity to say e.g. "England and the United States are one kingdom because they came of common ancestors"—and I have kept my conviction under, only from the notion that my sins might have brought upon me some extreme delusion, or some abuse of intellect, of which I was not conscious, might have judicially inflicted on me captivity to some sophism, which others could see through—moreover from deference to the authority of such names as Hammond's or Ken's, I said "Is it possible I should be out of the Church? it is so strange; yet it is so clear; well, perhaps the very clearness shows there is some fallacy in the proof of it. I will wait to see what comes of it." I waited then to see, whether, like some big bright bubble, it would burst, or would prove itself a divine direction by remaining. It has borne the trial; and now in consequence, when I have at length recognised and obeyed it, it acts as a long habitual conviction, not one of yesterday; and it is to me utterly marvellous how a person of your clear intellect can seduce himself into the notion that a portion of Christendom, which has lain disowned on all hands, by East as well as West, for three hundred years, and is a part of no existing communion whatever, but a whole in itself, is nevertheless a portion of some other existing visible body, nay of two other existing visible bodies, Greek and Latin. The Siamese twins are nothing to this portent; yet we commonly account even them monsters and not men; but here you have two separate organised frames or persons having a limb in common, and that limb a part of neither, yet two bodies and separate limbs all together one and but one body;

all which is a sort of bad dream, and recalls the specimens of extravagant Yankee humour which we see in newspapers. Excuse me, carissime, I do not write thus broadly to everyone; many would call me irreverent; but is it not so as I say? Is it not better to give up at once the notion of one Visible Church than thus to impose such a burden on one's understanding? Is it not a mockery to pretend to the doctrine? Is any Unitarian evasion of a sacred truth a greater?

Newman gradually realised that mere argument would not as yet bring his friend to the Catholic Church. One of his letters reads as though he came to look for the causes of Henry Wilberforce's continued delay in general considerations rather than in theological reasons:

‘Maryvale, Perry Bar: Aug. 1st, 1846.

‘I don't like your letter just received at all. You read Allie's book—but not mine, till I put you upon it. I expect no good from your reading it.

‘As to your talking of your dread of my influence, and the necessity of guarding against my influence, I have always thought it a piece of nauseous humbug—though I have said nothing—and in this letter you seem to confess it. The question is, have I a grain of influence, as *I*, to make you *move*? not at all. But it is very uncomfortable for you to have views put before you, which, though they do not at all tend to make you act, are, to your reason, a grave perplexity with your professed creed. I doubt whether you *have* a creed now—I don't know *what* you believe. I don't think you can say. Is this a right state? . . . Is it a state to live and die in?

‘I say you confess your dread of my influence is humbug, because you say “As long as Pusey, Keble, and all are unshaken I shall feel the difficulties of moving much greatest.” What is the good then of pretending to examine? What is the good of giving *me* your *reasons*? What is the good of talking about my influence?—please, never talk of my influence again—we are agreed both, that it is nothing. Nor did it ever come into my head to be pained that it was nothing in yours any more than in many other cases.

‘I never knew when I wrote the article what Keble thought of the conversions—else I would not have said what I did. But I think it cruelly unjust—think of Capes giving up some £10,000 and his brother £1,500 a year, Marshall leaving the

country with his wife for want—Glenny sweeping his house with a sick wife and no servant—think of Thompson, Northcote, the Pooles, &c. &c. I really don't know what is meant. All that *can* be said, *i.e.* all that an enemy can say, is that Faber and Oakeley have acted either under excitement, or to and fro, or might have acted better. Faber's giving up a good living goes for nothing. And he has been wretchedly slandered in Oxford.' ¹

New ties and interests did not prevent Pusey's illness at this time from being a great grief and anxiety, and Newman went at once to Tenby and saw him for some hours.

Pusey recovered, and the friends continued to correspond at intervals. But experience had now made it clear to Newman that there was little but pain to be looked for from personal intercourse. They did not meet again for some twenty years.

The rest of August was spent in preparations for the journey to Rome. Ambrose St. John was to accompany Newman. It was ultimately decided that they were to go to the 'Collegio di Propaganda,' and they were not deterred by the almost laughably uncompromising account of the strictness of its rule given by Dr. Fergusson, an old Roman student, which Newman records in a letter to St. John:

'I had a long talk with Dr. Fergusson about Propaganda, and you will all laugh at his information. I don't mind your knowing it—but I should not like it to get beyond our own brotherhood. Above all, don't tell Faber.

'He gave me a minute description of the day there.

¹ Of the severity of this letter Newman half repented, and he wrote to say so:

'Maryvale, Aug. 3rd, 1846.

'My dearest H.,—A fear has come over me lest I should have been severe in my last letter. I dare say I may have worded what I said unkindly and have hurt you; if so, I am very sorry.

'I write to ask you a question which I forgot. What is George Ryder's direction?

'You know of course how ill dear Pusey is—I only heard yesterday afternoon—I have offered to go to him if he wishes it.

'Ever yours affly.,
J. H. N.'

Every quarter of an hour has its work, and is measured out by rule. It is a Jesuit retreat continued through the year. You get up at half past five, having slept (by compulsion) seven and a half hours, at quarter to six you run into the passage and kneel down for the Angelus. Then you finish your dressing. At six you begin to meditate—the prefect going up and down and seeing you are at your work. Three minutes off the half hour a bell rings for the colloquium. At the half hour (half past six) mass—which every one attends in surplice. Seven breakfast, some bread and some milk and (I think) coffee. Then follow schools—at half past eleven dinner and so on. A compulsory walk for an hour and a half in the course of the day. Recreation an hour after dinner and supper—but all recreate together—no private confabs. In like manner no one must enter any other person's room. (Corollary. It is no good two *friends* going to Propaganda.) This Corollary is further confirmed—viz. the whole body of students is divided into eight classes or portions (*cameratas*?)—who are never allowed to speak to each other. If you and Christie and Penny went, they would of course put you into three separate *cameratas*.

‘Further, your letters are all opened, and you put the letters you write into the Rector’s hand. To continue—you must not have any pocket money. You must give up your purse to the Rector. If you want to buy anything, you must ask him for money. Everything necessary is found for you. “Then there is no good,” I asked, “in taking money.” “No,” said Dr. F., “none at all.”’

‘Next, you may not have *clothes* of your own—the Rector takes away coat, trousers, shirts, stockings, &c. &c. and gives you some of the Propaganda’s. “Then it is no use,” I asked, “taking a portmanteau.” “No,” said Dr. F., “it is no use.” They give you two cassocks, an *old* and a new one. It is a great object to use up the old clothes. Mr. Eyre (who was present) even said, though I suppose it was fun, that they gave you old shoes. Why, one might catch the plague, for, depend on it, there are Egyptians and Turks there.

‘Yes, they are from all nations—except English. Dr. F. said there was not a single Englishman all the time he was there.

‘To complete it, he said that I should be kept there three years, and that I should have to read Perrone.

‘Meanwhile Talbot assures me that my going there gives the greatest satisfaction in London, and you know we heard that at Rome they are much pleased also and

that "apartments" have been got ready at Propaganda for Dr. Wiseman and me.

'The only allowance I extracted from Dr. Fergusson was that you might have private papers in your writing desk. . . . Dr. F. said one thing was provided gratis—snuff *ad libitum* and I should be allowed to take a snuffbox.'

It need hardly be added that Newman did not in the event find himself treated like the Propaganda boys, but was offered the option of as much freedom as he pleased. On September 2 Newman went to visit Lord Shrewsbury at Alton Towers before his departure for Rome, and met there a large party of Catholics. Seven Bishops were in the house—Drs. Wiseman, Walshe, Gillies, Polding, Griffiths, Waring, and Briggs. Lord and Lady Camoys, Lord and Lady Dormer, Mr. Scott Murray, Sir E. Vavasour, and Sir E. Throckmorton represented the Catholic laity; and the Austrian Ambassador and Sardinian Minister, who were among Lord Shrewsbury's guests, were invited to give Newman any useful hints or introductions. Faber and Oakeley were also of the party.

'A house full of company,' Newman writes to St. John, 'and I looking like a fool. Lord Shrewsbury most kind; would introduce me to the Austrian Ambassador, out of whom Dr. Wiseman and he (Lord S.) tried in vain to get some good for us as regards Milan.'

'The Chevalier Dotti, to whom the Pope gave the message for me, is here. The message was more definite than I had before heard.'

St. John joined him in London on the 4th. On the 7th the two friends went to Brighton and thence to Dieppe.

Newman approached Catholic France and Catholic Italy in the spirit which I have already noted as marking the first years of his life in his new Communion. The halo of 'the blessed vision of peace,' of which he speaks at the end of the 'Essay on Development,' bathed in its light all manifestations of Catholic life, feeling, and devotion. Some of his letters are like those of a man in love—Professor Phillimore has used of these years the phrase, 'the honeymoon period'—for whom every look and action of the woman he loves is transfigured. While he was urging his old friends to become Catholics, with an eagerness which contrasted with his more

cautious habit in later years, he threw himself, in the first instance, into the current of thought and feeling which he found prevalent in Catholic lands. He did so as a matter of principle even apart from the feeling I have above referred to. 'Converts come, not to criticise, but to learn,' he wrote. The more critical attitude, which was natural to him, appears, it is true, at times; but it more fully reasserted itself only by degrees, as the testing process of fuller experience sifted the first impressions he formed. He held, moreover, that a discriminating judgment among varieties of taste and opinion in the Church was eventually called for in a thoughtful Catholic, which was not in place in a neophyte.¹ At the time of which I am writing he seems to have feared lest to be critical of the devotions or beliefs which came before him might be to show a weak faith, and to confirm the prejudices of those who thought that the converts could never really enter fully into the religion they had adopted. 'God keep us,' he wrote to W. G. Ward, 'what I trust we are, averse from every opinion, not only which may not be held, but which only *may* be held in matters of doctrine; that, in spite of the cruel suspicions of those who think there is heresy at the bottom of us, we may submit ourselves, as our conscience tells us to do, to the mind of the Church as well as to her voice.'

¹ Cf. Letter to Dr. Pusey, p. 19.

CHAPTER V

MILAN AND ROME (1846-1847)

THE night of the 7th was spent at Dieppe, and the next day saw Newman and his companion in Paris, whither they travelled, taking the *diligence* as far as Rouen.

At Paris they were met by Robert Coffin. Notre Dame and the Archbishop were visited on the 9th and the Nuncio on the 10th, as well as the Lazarists and the Jesuits, M. Goudon acting as cicerone. On the 11th all three set out—after a visit to Abbé Degenettes at Notre Dame des Victoires—for Langres, to see Dalgairns. They arrived at M. Lorain's the following evening, remaining as his guests. Of their intercourse with the clergy at Langres Newman wrote the following account to Frederick Bowles:

'Langres: Sept. 15 (day of dear Bowden's death), 1846.

'I had intended to write to you today, and your and Christie's most welcome and interesting letters have just come. I shall not answer them now, but write on about ourselves. How shall I begin? Coffin is still kept here as in a mouse-trap, the coaches to Paris being full. He is a great comfort to us. We set off at ten to-night if all is well, for Besançon, being uncertain whether we shall thence proceed by way of Lausanne or Geneva. . . . Their mode of living [here] is marvellous. They have hardly any thing warm, even from the beginning of the day to the end—but the very pleasant but cold Burgundy wines. Then they have greeted us in the warmest, most affectionate way—we have had state breakfasts and dinners every day, consisting of a succession of dishes dressed in oil, the very scent of which was enough to make one sick—one at 11 A.M., the other at 7 P.M., nothing except (in honor of us) the absurdest mockery of tea in tiny coffee cups, or some wine and grapes about 9 A.M. and nothing between breakfast and dinner. And, to add to it, they

are in utter astonishment that such fare disagrees with us. It was the worse luck to-day, as we had to dine with the Bishop—at noon—and it was of course a dinner given for me, and I had to talk Latin to him, being so out of sorts all the morning. I rejoice to say, however, it went off very well. It was a very elegant dinner—and little which I could not eat—sherry in liqueur glasses (as well as claret and burgundy, which you may think I eschewed) and rum; a poor imitation of English roast beef, tough in order to be truly à l'Anglaise, and an English plum pudding in the guise of a custard pudding with raisins and *eau de vie* sauce. Besides this was the usual run of dishes. After dinner he handed me, as a lady, to a sofa in another room—and my good genius gave me strength for the time to talk on as fluently as I could expect. It all went off very well. Dalgairns said he had never seen the Bishop to such advantage. He embraced me on the right and left shoulder, as the Archbishop of Paris had done, on parting. . . .

'The clergy are a merry, simple, affectionate set—some of them quite touchingly kind and warm-hearted towards me, and only one complaining, as I think he did, of English heaviness (our stomachs were in fault). At the same time their ceremony is most amusing—they have never done bowing in the most formal manner. St. John has in vain asked how often we ought to bow on taking leave—and for me, who hardly ever made a formal bow in my life, I can hardly keep my countenance, as I put my elbows to my hips and make a segment of a circle, the lower vertebra being the centre and my head the circumference. . . . M. Lamont is very cheerful, and talks Latin well, which few of the other clergy do. The Dean does, and is a kind warmhearted person. There is not a great deal to see here—the Gregorians at the Cathedral pleased St. John and Coffin very much. . . .

'The rooms are curiously furnished—M. Lamont lodges with two ladies, who curtsy as much as the men bow. We paid them a formal visit—I *think* in their bedroom, and they suddenly came upon us with M. Lamont to return it in *our* bedroom. Luckily the beds were made, but one of the two rooms, (they open into each other) was in sad disorder. The bedrooms are all drawing rooms. In mine, in which I am writing, there is a profusion of wood—a wooden ceiling and wainscotting—a polished oak floor—a very handsome French clock—bouquets of pretty artificial flowers—handsome mantelpiece ornaments—and per contra not a drawer for my clothes, the windows and blinds perishing for want of paint,

and a most miserable feather bed which has cost me, added to the causes above mentioned, one or two restless nights. It is indefinitely a greater penance to lie on a feather bed than on the Littlemore straw—and I don't see when we shall be off the feather bed.

'There is a very kind, but French account, of my proceedings at Paris in the *Univers*, which I suppose will be translated for your edification in the *Tablet*. M. Goudon is the author, doubtless—he was most extremely attentive to us. He is translating my Essay.'

After dining with the Bishop, Newman and St. John went on to Besançon at night (Coffin returning to Paris). The further route to Milan—by Jura, Brigue, the Simplon, and Domodossola—lasted four days more, and Milan was reached on Sunday, the 20th, in time for Mass at the Duomo.

A gossiping letter from St. John to Dalgairns tells the story of the journey from Langres to Besançon and onwards:

'Milan: Sept. 21, 1846.

'We got to Besançon on Wednesday at 12 o'clock and found the Archbishop's secretary waiting for us. He insisted on taking us to the Archbishop after we had made our enquiries about the coaches and found that the diligence for Lausanne did not start until the next morning at 5 o'clock. I need not tell you how extremely hospitable the Archbishop was; how he showed us everything, got us tea directly we came in, looked to our rooms himself, took us over the Cathedral, and told us everything about it: one thing which I think he never could have told you, how that a certain chapel opposite the High Altar was set apart for the sacred cloth (Sindon) of our Lord: how it was lost in the troubles of the French Revolution and the Archbishop has made every enquiry for it and never been able to find it. He described it as having been of extremely great length, but so fine that it was commonly kept in a box less than a foot long. After showing us over the Cathedral, the Chaplain took us over the town, and very beautiful were the Churches I assure you. But, to come to what is more to the point, after all this we went to dinner where to our infinite amusement there was for "maigre" fare a dish of fricasseed frogs. Oh! for the "Record" or the "English Churchman!" I rather think Newman relished them, but I am sure it was out of obedience that he ate them. After dinner (during which by

the bye the only language spoken was Latin, which the Archbishop spoke more fluently than I ever heard anybody speak before) the Archbishop spoke of our prospects, and in the course of other matters, I mentioned your fancy for the Dominicans. Upon which he expressed himself very strongly urging us "to tell you to abide in that station where you are called"; and to this advice he added: "I think also I have S. Paul on my side. It is the business of all of you to put yourselves under your Bishop and to be regulated by him in all that you do." After this he gave us his blessing and accompanied us to our roosts, and then took leave of us.

'Sept. 22nd.— . . . From Besançon we started on Wednesday morning—had a most beautiful ride to Lausanne over the Jura mountains; Mont Blanc and the Alps all before us on our right and opposite the lake of Neuchatel. But I must not now describe scenery. . . . It was very delightful to find a little chapel near the summit [of the Simplon] which we entered for a few minutes: there was no light and I think it must have been too great a risk to leave the Blessed Sacrament there, but still it was very cheering; a little further on nearer the top Newman and I stopped at a Crucifix and gained an indulgence I hope which was written up in German on the cross. The Italian side is more beautiful than the other and the descent longer as it seemed, for it was near 4 before we got to Domodossola. From Domo we started in an hour's time, passed thro' S. Charles's town Arona at mid-night, and got to Milan just in time to hear the last mass on Sunday morning in the Duomo.'

At Milan Newman and St. John tarried between four and five weeks. To Newman that town more than any suggested the whole picture of the Church of the Fathers. His letters from thence speak more simply of peace and happiness than any others. Three days after his arrival he writes thus to Henry Wilberforce:

'Milan: Sept. 24, 1846.

'My dearest H. W.,—We are most happy here. We arrived here on Sunday morning in time for Mass—and after all the troubles of our journey, the heat, the tight confinement in diligences, the dust, the smoking, the strange faces and the uncatholic bearing of fellow-travellers, and the long spells of journeying, night as well as day, and then again the discomforts of an hotel, we are quite in harbour. An Abbate, to whom Hope gave me an introduction, has got

us most excellent rooms, lofty, cool and quiet in the heart of Milan. They form a part of the Priest's house of S. Fidelis, and are reserved for the missionaries who come to give retreats in Lent. We can get into the Church without going into the street, so it is like a private Chapel. It belonged to the Jesuits before their suppression, having been given to them by the great St. Charles. It is like a Jesuit Church, Grecian and Palladian—and I cannot deny that, however my reason may go with Gothic, my heart has ever gone with Grecian. I loved Trinity Chapel at Oxford more than any other building. There is in the Italian style such a simplicity, purity, elegance, beauty, brightness, which I suppose the word "classical" implies, that it seems to befit the notion of an Angel or Saint. The Gothic style does not seem to me to typify the sanctity or innocence of the Blessed Virgin, or St. Gabriel, or the lightness, grace, and sweet cheerfulness of the elect as the Grecian does. I could go into this beautiful Church, with its polished tall pillars, and its smiling winning altar, all day long without tiring. And it is so calm . . . that it is always a rest to the mind to enter it. Nothing moves there but the distant glittering lamp which betokens the Presence of Our Undying Life, hidden but ever working, though entered into His rest.

'It is really most wonderful to see the Divine Presence looking out almost into the open streets from the various Churches so that at St. Lawrence's we saw the people take off their hats from the other side of the street as they passed along; no one to guard it, but perhaps an old woman who sits at work before the Church door, or has some wares to sell. And then to go into St. Ambrose's Church—where the body of the Saint lies—and to kneel at those relics, which have been so powerful, and whose possessor I have heard and read of more than other saints from a boy. It is 30 years this very month, as I may say, since God made me religious, and St. Ambrose in Milner's history was one of the first objects of my veneration. And St. Augustine too—and *here* he was converted! and here came St. Monica—seeking him. Here too came the great Athanasius to meet the Emperor in his exile. I never had been in a city which moved me more—not even Rome. I do not know whether it will—but I have not the history of Rome enough at my fingers' ends to be so intimately affected by it. We shall be here, I suppose, three weeks, or a month—how sorry I shall be to go!

'I have said not a word about that overpowering place,

the Duomo. It has moved me more than St. Peter's did—but then I studiously abstained from all services &c. when I was at Rome, and now of course I have gone wherever they were going on and have entered into them. And, as I have said for months past that I never knew what worship was, as an objective fact, till I entered the Catholic Church, and was partaker in its offices of devotion, so now I say the same on the view of its cathedral assemblages. I have expressed myself so badly that I doubt if you will understand me, but a Catholic Cathedral is a sort of world, every one going about his own business, but that business a religious one; groups of worshippers, and solitary ones—kneeling, standing—some at shrines, some at altars—hearing Mass and communicating, currents of worshippers intercepting and passing by each other—altar after altar lit up for worship, like stars in the firmament—or the bell giving notice of what is going on in parts you do not see, and all the while the canons in the choir going through matins and lauds, and at the end of it the incense rolling up from the high altar, and all this in one of the most wonderful buildings in the world and every day—lastly, all of this without any show or effort—but what everyone is used to—everyone at his own work, and leaving everyone else to his.

'My best love attend you, your wife and children—in which St. John joins.

'Ever yours, Carissime, most affectionately, J. H. N.'

He writes on the same day to William Goodenough Penny, one of the Oxford converts who had joined the community at Maryvale:

'It is always a refreshment to the mind, and elevates it, to enter a Church such as St. Fidelis. It has such a sweet, smiling, open countenance—and the altar is so gracious and winning, standing out for all to see, and to approach. The tall polished marble columns, the marble rails, the marble floor, the bright pictures, all speak the same language. And a light dome crowns the whole. Perhaps I do but follow the way of elderly persons, who have seen enough that is sad [in] life to be able to dispense with officious intentional sadness—and as the young prefer autumn and the old spring, the young tragedy and the old comedy, so in the ceremonial of religion, younger men have my leave to prefer Gothic, if they will but tolerate me in my weakness which requires the Italian. It is so soothing and pleasant, after the hot streets,

to go into these delicate yet rich interiors, which are like the bowers of paradise or an angel's chamber. We found the same in a different way in Paris. It was oppressively hot and we wandered through the narrow streets in the evening, seeking out the Jesuits' house. When we found it, the Superior was out, and we were ushered in, as into a drawing-room, into so green and beautiful a garden, with refreshing trees on the lawn, and quiet figures stealing along the walks saying their office. We entered a trellised walk of vines and seated ourselves on a stone bench which lay on the ground.'

He continues the letter on September 29:

'We are pretty well settled here now, and have begun with an Italian master today, not that we have been idle before. I am as much overcome with this place as I was at first. The greatness of St. Carlo is so striking. I have been reading good part of his life. He is the very life of this place to this day. In spite of all sorts of evils, political and others, in spite of infidelity and the bad spirit of the day, there is an intense devotion to San Carlo. And the discipline of the clergy is sustained by his regulations in a more exact state than we found it even in France or than it is at Rome. He was made Archbishop, as you know, when a young man, by the Pope his uncle—there had not been a Bishop appointed for eighty years, and the place was in a frightful state of disorder. For twenty years he laboured here with the zeal which is so well known in the history of the Church, and carried out and exemplified the reforms laid down at Trent. Well, when he was in the midst of his labour, he was taken off, by his excessive mortifications doubtless as a disposing cause, but immediately by a fever. He was near and at his native place Arona and with difficulty he got to Milan. He was but 46—the news spread in the city that he was in danger—people did not know how to believe it—he was in the very midst of a career of great reforms, and at the prime of life, as men speak. At length the fact forced itself on people's minds, and the churches were crowded—the Blessed Sacrament was exposed—the utmost excitement prevailed—night came, and the frantic devotion (so to call it) of the people continued. Suddenly the great bell of the Duomo began to sound and announced to the city its irreparable loss. This is over three centuries ago, yet St. Carlo seems still to live. You see the memorials of him on every side—the crucifix that stopped the plague as he bore it along—his mitre—his ring—his letters. Above all his sacred relics.

Mass is offered at his tomb daily; and you can see it from above. "O bone pastor in populo" seems forced on the mind by everything one sees. And it seems as if there were a connexion between him and us, though at first sight what have Saxons who have never paid him any special devotion to do with an Italian? but he was raised up to resist that dreadful storm under which poor England fell—and as he in his day saved his country from Protestantism and its collateral evils, so are we now attempting to do something to resist the same foes of the Church in England—and therefore I cannot but trust that he will do something for us above, where he is powerful, though we are on one side of the Alps, and he belonged to the other. So I trust; and my mind has been full of him, so that I have even dreamed of him—and we go most days and kneel at his shrine, not forgetting Maryvale when there.'

Several friends came and went while they were at Milan—George Talbot and Amherst from Oscott; Richard Simpson of Oriel, who had just been received, and with whom Newman was to be closely associated at a critical moment later on; Edward Walford from Oxford; and Mr. Serjeant Bellasis, the friend of James Hope. On September 29 systematic Italian lessons were begun, St. John being especially keen to become a proficient. Italian manners and Italian compliments were learnt, and to Newman's great delight St. John parted from an Italian friend, whom they expected to see again in Rome the following January, expressing in confident Italian a strong hope that they would shortly meet again 'in hell'—for he pronounced 'inverno' (winter) as if it were 'inferno.' Newman's diary is almost without entries during most of the visit—the time being probably spent in visiting all that was interesting in the place. During the last few days Count Mellerio was in Milan, and several meetings with him are recorded, including an expedition to Monza. Manzoni, however, the author of 'I Promessi Sposi' (which cost Macaulay 'many tears'¹), did not return to Milan until after their departure.

¹ 'I finished Manzoni's novel,' writes Macaulay, 'not without many tears. The scene between the Archbishop and Don Abbondio is one of the noblest I know. The parting scene between the lovers and Father Cristoforo is most touching. If the Church of Rome really were what Manzoni represents her to be I should be tempted to follow Newman's example.' Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, ii. 409.

A letter from Newman to Dalgairns towards the end of the visit shows his unabated delight in the place. Newman again goes into the question of the future plans of himself and his friends, on which his views were constantly changing. The Jesuits, to whom later on, in Rome especially, he was so greatly drawn, had evidently been severely criticised by his Milan acquaintance, and the Oratorian prospect was for the moment in the ascendant.

‘Milan: October 18, 1846.

‘You are always in my thoughts when I am at St. Carlo’s shrine, who was a most wonderful saint, and died just at the age at which I have begun to live. But this is altogether a wonderful city—the city of St. Ambrose, St. Monica, St. Augustine, St. Athanasius, to say no more. Our parish Church belonged to the Jesuits and in it is preserved a cast of St. Ignatius’s head taken after his death. The Church of St. Satyrus (St. Ambrose’s brother) belonged to the Oratorians, and there is an altar to St. Philip. And St. Paul’s was the favourite place of devotion of St. Carlo. But the memorials of St. Carlo are all about us—and to go back to early times, here is the Church from which St. Ambrose repelled the soldiers of the Arian, and where he and the people passed the night in prayer and psalmody. “Excubabat pia plebs in Ecclesia, mori parata cum Episcopo servo tuo”; I quote St. Augustine, as you may not have it at hand. We have just returned from the Duomo where there has been a great function including a (Pontifical?) high Mass in celebration of the Dedication of the Church by St. Carlo. The day is very wet, but the area of the Church was crowded from end to end. . . .

‘We have missed Manzoni—but been besieged almost daily by his chaplain—Ghianda, whom we like very much indeed. He speaks Latin like a *native*, though he has given it up in his late conversations with us. Rosmini passed through Milan, sending me a civil message, with an explanation that he did not call since he could not speak Latin nor I Italian. This is not enough to explain his not calling. Ghianda has a great admiration for him, and Manzoni has also. I wish we had more to tell of him, but I cannot get at the bottom of his philosophy; I wish to believe it is all right, yet one has one’s suspicions. I do not think we have got a bit further than this in our reflections and conclusions, to think that Dr. Wiseman was right in saying that we ought to be Oratorians. . . . Altogether it seems rather

the age for external secularism with the gentle inward bond of asceticism—and this is just Oratorianism. We have been asking Ghianda about the Dominicans, and *whether* they had preserved their traditions anywhere. He said he thought they had at Florence, and somewhere else. We asked what he meant—why that they were still Thomists &c. However, on further inquiry we found that the said Dominicans of Florence were manufacturers of scented water, &c. and had very choice wine in their cellar. He considered Lacordaire quite a new beginning, a sort of knight errant, and not a monk. However, as to our prospects, I repeat nothing can be known till we get to Rome.

‘I have asked St. John what else I have to say, and he says “Tell him you bully me!” This is true, but he deserves it. I am glad to tell you he is decidedly stronger. I have been making him take some quinine. The journey along the Valley before we came to the Simplon was very trying; and the weather now is not good. We have been so happy here for a month or five weeks, I quite dread the moving again—and if it is wet, so much the worse—but it does not do to anticipate evils.’

On October 21, Newman and Ambrose St. John went the round of the seven Basilicas of Milan, and at six o'clock on the morning of the 23rd they left for Pavia (where they saw St. Augustine's shrine), going on to Genoa, which they reached at noon on Saturday, the 24th, and thence (after a halt of two days) to Pisa and Civita Vecchia, arriving at Rome by *diligence* at 10 P.M. on the Wednesday. On Thursday morning Newman and St. John went straight to St. Peter's, and by a fortunate coincidence found the Holy Father himself saying Mass at the Confession—the traditional tomb of the Apostles.

On the same day visits were paid to Cardinal Franzoni and to Monsignor Brunelli, secretary to Propaganda, who soon became their fast friend. The presence of George Ryder and his young family in Rome gave Newman the rest and happiness of seeing the familiar faces of old friends, and we find many meetings with them recorded in the diary.

For a few days Newman and St. John took up their residence at an hotel at which George Talbot, Amherst, and Lord Clifford were staying. But on November 9 they moved to Propaganda.

The 'Collegio di Propaganda' was founded by Urban VIII. in the early seventeenth century, to further the plan of his predecessor Gregory XV., who had in 1622 founded the Congregation of Cardinals 'de propaganda fide' with the object of promoting foreign missions to the heathen. The college contained young men of every nationality and prepared them for missionary work. The building in which Newman and St. John found themselves was built by Urban from the designs of Bernini. The college has a fine library and a museum containing interesting MSS. and a wonderful assortment of idols, trophies of missionary conquests in heathen parts. Newman's first impressions of the place are given in a letter to Mr. David Lewis, in which he also gives some account of the last days at Milan and the journey to Rome:

'Collegio di Propaganda, Nov. 15, 1846.

'We have been at Rome three weeks next Wednesday, and in College nearly a week. They are wonderfully kind to us, we have everything our own way and, if we pleased, might be mere sight seers come to Rome to kill time (I suppose, however, they would not be pleased with us if we were). We are in daily lectures with the boys. We dine at 11½ and Sup at 8—both very good meals. At 7 A.M. have café au lait, and tea as we go to bed. They insist on the tea. They have put stoves in our rooms and anticipate all our wants. We have not yet been introduced to the Pope. The climate of Rome is trying—as variable as England, and some days very keen. We have seen Meyrick, who is very happy; we have been to the Passionists—but have seen more of the Jesuits than of any others. We have not yet seen anything of the Oratorians. We had a most pleasant time at Milan, and much regretted to leave it. We were lodged in a Priest's house, but quite to ourselves, and we employed ourselves in visiting Churches and attempting Italian. It was a time when most people, even Priests, were out of town; which would have been a loss, had we been better Italian scholars—and we were even glad to be to ourselves. We made one or two very pleasant acquaintances, besides dining at Count Mellerio's, who is a great person at Milan. Our passage to Genoa might have been much worse, but as it was, we had first to be shipped in boats (a little way past Pavia), when we rowed through the fields and woods of the place for an hour or so—then we had all our luggage opened under

a most threatening sky, without any covering—then we were mounted atop of our own luggage in two one horse carts, riding backwards, for sundry miles, till night-fall—and then in the dusk and rain to be rowed across the mighty Po. The Jesuits are in great force at Genoa, the French Fathers having taken refuge there. We fell in with an Irish Novice, a very nice fellow, who was allowed to take us over the place—and with a French Father, who had been in England, and spoke English, of whom we saw a good deal. From Genoa we came to Civita Vecchia by the steamer, and went up by a railroad to Pisa on our way. See what a dull matter of fact letter I am writing, but I have not the pictorial power for any other—and you must take it as the best article I can produce. . . . There are above thirty languages in the town; we have been introduced to all the youths—as many as 30 (out of perhaps 120) speak English¹—but we are the only Englishmen. Everything goes on with quite a military punctuality—but the boys seem very happy and merry.

‘We hear no Politics here—but the English papers seem to be full of the Politics of Rome. The Pope’s solemn Processo was this day week, when he gave his blessing from the loggia of St. John Lateran—it was a most wonderful sight. We saw him the very first morning we came, walking about St. Peter’s, and stood quite close to him, and the first Mass we heard in Rome was his, and that at St. Peter’s Tomb—a very unusual occurrence. St. John desires all kind remembrances—and now good bye.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

St. John writes on the same day to Dalgairns at Langres:

‘Rome: Nov. 15, 1846.

‘We have visited the seven Basilicas, the tre Fontane (St. Paul’s place of martyrdom) St. Peter Montorio (St. Peter’s) St. Clement’s where lie St. Ignatius M. and St. Clement, (close as might be expected to the Colosseum); St. Ignatius Loyola’s bed-room and the room where he wrote his constitutions; here also died St. Francis Borgia; there are in the Gesu also St. Stanislaus Kostka’s bed-room at the Noviciate (where he died); also St. Philip Neri’s relics, and what is most interesting the very little chapel in the Catacombs where his heart was enlarged. We have been

¹ Americans, Canadians, Scotch, and Irish—so Ambrose St. John explains in a letter.

extremely kindly treated, there is no doubt about it: two of the best rooms in the house have been selected for us, and fitted up with very handsome furniture new from top to bottom; which in Italy is a special compliment. . . . When we first came they seemed to propose that we should have our own way entirely, living here as [at] a lodging house, going to Church at a fashionable hour at the Church opposite, going in and out as we liked: but when they found that this would not do, they were evidently not unwilling that we should conform to the rules as much as we pleased, ourselves; and we are accordingly given three lectures a day. The rector was evidently pleased when Newman talked with him the other day, and spoke of the great sacrifice we chose to make &c. I wonder what he thinks we have been used to. We have everything in greater luxury than at Maryvale except fires which we might make up for with stoves. I cannot doubt however Newman does edify them in the true sense of the word by turning schoolboy at his age. For me it is all very well, and I have no doubt with time I shall not find old Perrone very dry. We shall move together and get on in spite of a cut and driedness which one may have to expect. What they will do with us I have no idea yet, we have not had any hints about ordination or anything else. All the authorities in the house are Jesuits, and the domestic places of responsibility are filled by Jesuit lay brothers: as doctor, porter, superintendent of the house affairs, &c. So much for our new school, for school it is, tho' for grown up boys albeit. There is every prospect of its being a very happy place to stop in. I hardly know what else to tell you—we have met the Ryders and a good many others that we know, amongst others Newman's friend and convert Miss Giberne.'

It was Newman's temptation—so he told Father Neville in looking back at those days—to spend the leisure time he allowed himself with old friends whose memories and habits had so much in common with his own. But he felt that he must not fail to use his opportunity for knowing Rome and the Romans. Forty-five was not young for the beginning of a new life, and there was no time to be lost. The climate tried him and a very severe cold kept him in bed for some days: but he made friends with Cardinal Acton, who took him to see the Passionists on the Celian within a few days of his arrival. He had a long talk with Padre Mazio and other Professors at the Roman College, with the Rector of

Propaganda, and with Monsignor Brunelli during his first week, and called on Princess Doria.

On the 23rd, after a visit to William Clifford¹ at the Collegio Nobile and a walk of some hours in the country, Newman and St. John were unexpectedly summoned by Monsignor Brunelli to the Vatican to be presented to Pius IX. The interview is described a little later by both in letters to Dalgairns:

‘As St. John has not given you an account of our visit to the Pope,’ Newman writes, ‘I will; though you don’t deserve it, you write such scanty letters. At the end of November, one Sunday, after we had been taking a dirty walk and come in almost at dusk, we were suddenly summoned in that dirty state to go to the Pope, and went with our Mantille dipped in water, not to remove, but to hide, its filth. We went with Monsignor Brunelli, the Secretary here, Archbishop of Thessalonica, and after waiting about an hour and a half in the anteroom, were summoned in to His Holiness. We saw him for but a few minutes. He is a handsome vigorous man, not looking older than he is, and his manners exceedingly easy and affable. He told us a story of some English conversion, and when St. John asked in simplicity “What was the man’s name?” he smiled and, laying his hand on St. John’s arm, answered, “Do you think I can recollect your English names?” He asked our Christian names, and said he was very much pleased to see me—a recovered sheep, and then he ran across the room and gave me the picture St. John told you of. He gave St. John himself a coronation medal, and afterwards told some one he was so sorry he could not give him a picture, but he had no other. When I knelt down to kiss his foot on entrance, I knocked my head against his knee. A friend of mine, Miss Giberne, on being presented, took up his foot in her hands; it is a wonder she did not throw him over. This is what I suppose you wanted to know. There is not much to tell—but particularity brings a thing home to the mind, I know.’

St. John writes at the same time:

‘Before Newman went to the Holy Father, he (the Pope) told F. Corta that he wished to see Newman “again and again,” and when we were there nothing could be more really and heartily cordial than his way. . . . I do hope

¹ The brother of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, afterwards Bishop of Clifton.

and trust that when Newman has become more familiar with the language he will have an opportunity of laying open to him the wants of England &c.: from the Pope's encyclical letter it quite looks as if he felt that the most pressing want of the Church at present is something to meet the philosophy of the age. It is curious how exactly this coincides with Newman's line. But now here comes the rub—how in the want of a free knowledge of the language and of influential persons to represent Newman's capabilities and all that the rest of the converts might do in this or in any other way, how, I say, is the Pope without almost a supernatural guidance to put Newman in the way of carrying out any plan for establishing a school of philosophy or for any other purpose. How is the Pope to know again the influence Newman has on the minds of others, how that he is almost alone as a preacher to students and divines of an English turn of mind? All these things when on the spot present themselves as practical difficulties which are not so easy to solve, and Newman as you well know is not the person to solve them by putting himself forward.'

Father Neville, to whom Newman had talked often of these days, learned from him that he was somewhat tried by the schoolboy life and schoolboy companionship at Propaganda—'a whole troop of blackamoors,' in Father Neville's own phrase; and to one who had for years lived in the most interesting society which Oxford afforded, the great change in his surroundings, coming in middle life, must have had its drawbacks. He ever spoke, however, with especial admiration of Father Bresciano the Rector, and of Father Ripetti his Jesuit confessor. St. John had, as we have seen, been sanguine that the importance of the work which Newman had most at heart for intellectual needs within the Christian Church, in view of the anti-Christian movement of contemporary thought, was strongly felt in Rome. But this hope was not entirely verified. Whatever the Pope felt and desired instinctively and in general, in fact things seem to have remained much what they had long been, and developments in philosophy with a view to the thought of the hour received no encouragement. This, the one serious trial of his Roman visit, became more evident later on; but there were symptoms of it from the first which led to a certain moderation in anticipations for the future. The new life was, in Newman's

ownphrase, 'loss and gain.' Trials multiplied later on. The time at Propaganda, however, remained on the whole in his mind one of peace on which he loved to look back. A letter written at this time to Henry Wilberforce speaks unmistakably of happiness, although the note of sadness is not absent:

'Collegio di Propaganda: Dec. 13, 1846.

'My dear Henry,—I am tempted to write to you again, since your kind message through the Ryders—and that the more because it is pleasant to think of an old friend in a far country. Nothing can exceed the kindness of the people with whom I am. Father Bresciano especially, the Rector, is a man of real delicacy as well as kindness, and he anticipates all our wants in the most acceptable way—he really enters surprisingly into our feelings; but after all there is nothing like an old friend. New friends cannot love one—if they would; they know nothing of one—but to one who has known another twenty years, his face and his name is a history; a long series of associations is bound up with every word or deed which comes from him, which has a meaning and an interpretation in those associations. And thus I feel that no one here can sympathize with me duly—for even those who think highly of me have the vaguest, most shadowy, fantastic notions attached to their idea of me, and feel a respect, not for me, but for some imagination of their own which bears my name. It would be sad indeed, if all this did not throw me back upon more directly religious thoughts than that of any creature—and indeed it does. Both what people here can do for me, and what they cannot, carries off the mind to Him who "has fed me all my life long until this day," whom I find protecting me most wonderfully under such new circumstances, just as He ever has before, and who can give me that sympathy which men cannot give. It is so wonderful to find myself here in Propaganda—it is a kind of dream—and yet so quiet, so safe, so happy—as if I had always been here—as if there had been no violent rupture or vicissitude in my course of life—nay more quiet and happy than before. I was happy at Oriel, happier at Littlemore, as happy or happier still at Maryvale—and happiest here. At least whether I can rightly compare different times or not, how happy is this very thing that I should ever be thinking the state of life in which I happen to be, the happiest of all. There cannot be a more striking proof how I am blest. As we go about the Churches of Rome, St. John ever says of the last he sees,

“Well, this is the most striking of all.” This as yet has been the happiness of my own life—though of course I do not know what is before me, and may at length against my will be brought out into the world—but it does not seem likely. I say it does not seem likely, for I can’t tell as yet what they will make of me here, or whether they will find me out. It is very difficult to get into the mind of a person like me, especially considering so few speak English, and fewer still understand it spoken,—and I can say so little in Italian. Then again in a College one sees so few people out of doors. It is most difficult even to get to speak Italian, though I am in an Italian house; what with the time in chapel, the Latin spoken in lecture, and the brief vacations. I am living the greater part of my time to and with myself—with St. John in the room opposite. What can people know of me? Nor would it do good to go out—both because I am so slow at the language and because I am so bashful and silent in general society. Miss Giberne, who is here, tells me a saying of Rickards about me, that when my mouth was shut it seems as if it would never open, and when open as if it would never shut. So that I don’t expect people will know me. The consequence will be, that, instead of returning with any special responsibilities upon me, any special work to do, I should on my return slink into some ready-formed plan of operation, and if I did not become a friar or Jesuit, I should go on humdrumming in some theological seminary or the like. It is one especial benefit in the Catholic Church that a person’s usefulness does not depend on the accident of its being found out. There are so many ready-formed modes of usefulness, great institutions, and orders with great privileges and means of operation, that he has but to unite himself to one of them, and it is as if Pope and Cardinals took him up personally. I am always, I think, egotistical to you, but indeed I believe to no one else. So, since I am in for it, I will add, what (as far as I know) I have never told to anyone—that, before now, my prayers have been so earnest that I never might have dignity or station, that, as they have been heard as regards the English Church, I think they will be heard now also.

‘As yet the persons I have chiefly seen, besides the good Jesuits here, are those of the Gesu and the Roman College. They are all abundantly kind—and I think I shall gain a good deal from them—there are none however yet, who quite come up to our good priests at Milan, to one of whom in particular we got much attached. They are generally some-

what cut and dried here—(all I say to you is in confidence). One thing however has struck me here and everywhere (though I am ashamed to introduce it with an “however”—ashamed to introduce it at all) the monstrous absurdity of supposing that the Catholic Priests are not absolute and utter believers in the divinity of their own system. They are believers so as to be bigots—their fault is that they generally cannot conceive how educated Englishmen can be Anglicans with a good conscience—but they have a profound confidence in the truth of Catholicism—indeed it would be shocking to entertain the question, except that it is so commonly asked in England.

‘We are about 150 here. 32 languages spoken in the house. It is most affecting to see the youths give the embrace at the Pax at the Mass. It is like Pentecost come again. And some of them may, for what one knows, be martyrs. There have been (many) Martyrs of the Congregation, for they go to all sorts of countries. By the bye we have in a chapel the relics of a martyr, St. Hyacinth, which have lately been found in the catacombs, inscription and all—he was burnt; it is a long and curious story. The tomb had been unopened since the time of St. Damasus who inclosed it. We have been with Fr. Marchi to the Catacomb of St. Agnese. I dare say you have heard an account of it from the Ryders. My imagination was disappointed, I had heard so much of it, but not my reason. Fancy a chapel under ground, deep and (of the 2nd or 3rd century) highly painted. This strikes me as a most remarkable fact, that church decoration should be a part of Christianity, that it should be practised in the midst of persecution and in the heart of the earth. The chapel I speak of has an apse; and an altar, just like a modern Catholic one, with the tomb of a martyr under—the paintings of two martyrs *praying* on each side—and at the back (what we should call the east end) a large figure of the Blessed Virgin with her hands out in prayer (as the Priest stretches them now in the Mass)—our Lord is in her lap, *not* in prayer. . . . In the same (I think) chapel there were two stone chairs—think of seeing the chairs in which the primitive bishops and priests sat in persecution, and in their very places, unmoved! . . . It is impossible to see Mrs. and still more Miss Ryder, without seeing how firmly they are Catholics; and that excitement has nothing to do with their conversion. I wish you saw the children—they seem so happy. Little Alice came up to me on St. Francis Xavier’s day and asked me if

I did not love the saint of the day. They take to Catholicism just as the Bowdens do. O my dear H. how can you be so cruel to poor John! Why defraud him of his inheritance? The report here is that Fortescue is near moving.

'We are under the Pincian, but the Tiber was close to us the other morning, having crossed the Corso.

'Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. N.'

The thoughts, feelings, and general impressions of Rome during the first two months of their residence may be gathered from the following letter written at the end of December by St. John to Dalgairns, who had just received priest's orders at Langres:

'All the Italians we have been thrown amongst have been, I must say, most universally kind, in the college it increases rather than wears off; and the F. Rector is certainly one of the most considerate not to say kind persons I have met with. Meeting with such a man has certainly saved us both a great many trials. He is always telling Newman to have his own way more, and looking out to see what he really wishes. . . . We have picked up divers things from time to time about the rules &c. of different orders we have come across. [From] what I have heard of the Dominican *ἡθός*; they put me in mind of the old Anglican "High and dry's." Newman will go into them more at length. The Jesuits I never can cease to venerate, be my calling what it may; they are a wonderful body: The Passionists have a high name as a very edifying body, too strict though for poor dear old human nature. Their house is one of the best ordered monasteries in cleanliness &c. &c. in Rome: we hope to see them again to-morrow for it is the anniversary of our stay at Aston Hall. Dr. Theiner of the Oratorians we have seen and breakfasted with; most extremely kind he was, said Mass for us and gave us Communion on St. Stephen's day in St. Philip's little chapel where he had his ecstasies at Mass and where the brother used to come back after leaving him for two hours, and look thro' a grating to see if his ecstasies were over (his Sciocchezze as St. Philip used to call them himself). All remains as he left it. His confessional, bed, shoes, discipline, all there. A most interesting visit we had and we hope soon to see more of the institute and get acquainted with its working. The Redemptorists we have not seen; they have no house here, only a small church and two or three priests, but they have

a very high character indeed as a rising order. Their great house is at Naples, and see them we certainly ought. Have we then after all got nearer our mark you will ask; what is to be our line? As yet we have not. Newman has no data yet to know whether Theology or preaching is to (be) his line: it must work out in time. Meanwhile we are getting experience and all of us are being sifted. Besides us three Penny is certainly to be with us. "De caeteris nihil constat—Spero sed timeo." You yourself when at Maryvale can undoubtedly do much. . . . What think you of coming to Rome before you return to England? If Bowles perhaps were to come with you, I really think it might be more important than returning at once to Maryvale. It may be Newman may see his way so plain that you would not be needed here, but the chances are that your being here would very much assist him. No one at a pinch could trumpet for him, and bring out his meaning and his line &c. like yourself. The Pope and all persons high in office here, speak French.¹ However I only throw this out now; it may so happen that by Easter we shall say to you:—"you must come."

An incident slight in itself, yet trying and tiresome in the gossiping atmosphere of Roman society, had happened early in December. A niece of Lady Shrewsbury died suddenly immediately after her arrival in Rome. Prince Borghese called on Newman on December 3 and begged him to preach at her funeral on the following day. The Prince hoped that he would point the moral of a sudden death. The Romans always imagined that many Protestants in Rome were deterred only by worldly motives from joining the Church. Here then was an opportunity of reminding them that if they delayed it might prove to be too late. Newman did his very best to excuse himself from a distasteful office, but in vain.

'Prince Borghese would take no refusal,' St. John writes to Dalgairns; 'in vain did Newman say it was not in his way to make appeals to the feelings &c., there was no getting off it was clear without offending the whole—Borgheses, Dorias, and perhaps Lord Shrewsbury; the Prince made such a point of it, that he went himself to the Cardinal Vicario to get permission for Newman to preach. And so preach he must, and that upon a certain subject

¹ Dalgairns spoke French like a native.

(viz. the Protestants), and preach he did the next day. I was there and heard him. You may guess what a trial it was to him. You will have little difficulty in imagining the sermon. In many points not unlike some of his printed sermons, according to request turning the event into an argument for the necessity of conversion in every one of us. You may fancy him saying:—"We all need conversion." When he had spoken in general to Catholics and all, he addressed the Protestants, commenting strongly on the usual miserable irreverence of the English in the Churches, as everybody knows the one thing which strikes people who go to any great function in Rome, prying about like brute animals into the Holiest places. He especially excepted all who had come to the funeral, saying, "Do then for God what you are willing to do for men you love. Help this poor soul by your Conversion as Catholics can by their prayers." He concluded with a beautiful panegyric on the real greatness of the Anglo-Saxon character, "it only needed to be Catholic &c." Such a sermon to you and I would be an old friend: but excepting myself I really believe it was a new idea to every soul present. As you may guess, those who did like it liked it very much—as the Princess Aldo Brandini, a half sister of Prince Borghese, who himself with others of his family could not follow the English. But the majority, including many old stageing Catholics who brought Protestant friends to hear the music, were disgusted to see their friends whipped before their faces. And still more the Protestants who heard the account from their brother Protestants (whose sole idea seems to be that Newman has called them all brutes and dogs &c. &c.) became quite rabid; and the disease, propagated at balls and parties, has spread partly amongst Protestants and partly even amongst Catholics to an amazing extent. All this would be mighty little consequence. Pretty nearly all English here come for pleasure, and do not like to be told "Rome is no place for them but the very place in the whole world where Michael and the dragon may almost be seen in battle." (Newman's words.) But Talbot has spread far and wide that the Pope told him (Talbot) that Newman had spoken too strongly to the Protestants and that he supposed he was more of a philosopher than an orator. This has given a handle which has certainly produced a bad effect amongst the English Catholics in Rome. Talbot, I should say, at first liked the sermon and wished others to like it, so it is no more than mere thoughtless gossip

on his part; but it is a sad mistake. So much for this affair which . . . as you may suppose has at times rather tried Newman.'

For a time there seems to have been at the Vatican a touch of that neglect with which any court is apt to show its displeasure; and the Pope's wish to see Newman 'again and again' appeared to evaporate.

But other trials were in store from Newman's difficulty in obtaining the agreement of Roman theologians with certain views, expressed in his writings, which he felt to be necessary for the times.

Newman had, before leaving England, heard from many quarters of the impression made by his 'Essay on Development' on thinkers outside the Church—Protestants, as they were in those days comprehensively called. The following letter from Dr. Gillis, Vicar Apostolic of one of the Scotch districts, written earlier in the year, 1846, bears witness to the effect of its general argument on an Edinburgh audience.

'I received your book late on a Saturday night, and spent a portion of the night in reading it—I introduced it next day from the pulpit to a mixed congregation, and announced at the same time a short course of lectures upon it—My eighth and last lecture was given last evening, and I am most happy to tell you that from first to last, once in spite of the most stormy and trying weather, your Book has secured a very select and crowded attendance. Fully two thirds of those present were Protestants of every description, and there were at least ten men for one woman, and mostly men of education. The lectures generally occupied the best part of two hours each, when they did not considerably exceed that time; yet from first to last your arguments were listened to with the most intense interest, and I have had occasion to hear since from the best authority that very many Protestants were extremely sorry that I so much compressed the matter at the end, as already to have brought our weekly meetings to a conclusion. That a very favourable impression has been made by your essay on the minds of many Protestants I am certain.'

It is probable that the nature of Newman's first chapter in the 'Development' Essay had a large share in giving the

thoughtful Scotchmen a new idea of the importance of the Catholic Religion and interesting them in the Essay itself. Newman's treatment of the development of a living idea in its relations to the civilisation in which it energises, infused into an old controversy the quality of philosophical imagination. Roman rigidity and the 'variations of Popery' were dealt with as opposite manifestations of the special genius of Catholicism. A deep philosophical principle was suggested as accounting for phenomena in the Catholic religion which had been so often treated with contempt.

That the philosophical law exhibited in the development of any great idea was manifest in the changes in the external presentation of the Catholic religion from the days of the Apostles to those of Gregory XVI. was Newman's constant contention. As the idea remains identical in spite of all changes in that environment which determines its actual expression, so was the Catholic religion, he argued, ever essentially the same through all the changes in its external manifestations and *status*, and in the method of the theological schools. Of the course of that religion may be said in some measure what he says of the development of a living idea itself, 'old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below, to live is to change and to be perfect is to have changed often.'

The assurance of Bishop Gillis that the argument of his book had arrested the attention of the Scotch thinkers was very satisfactory and encouraging. He desired to get it authoritatively recognised as orthodox Catholic apologetic. It was all-important, then, to utilise the opportunity of his being in Rome for this purpose.

Moreover, almost at the beginning of his visit to Rome Newman turned his serious attention to the proposal that his own followers should take their place as theologians and apologists of the new age. He considered again the scheme which he and Dalgairns had discussed in England, that Maryvale should be a school of theology. And both in theology and in apologetics the principle of his Essay was in his mind all-important. The acute secularist and anti-religious movement on the Continent was being brought before his eyes. It was

the eve of the revolution of '48, in which the anti-clerical spirit was so marked. Rome, on the other hand, stood before him as the living evidence of the continuous existence of Christianity in the Catholic Church, and of its truth. The vigorous life of Rome's old age was on Newman's principles one of the very proofs that its religion was true. Both these spectacles inspired him to complete and co-ordinate his own philosophy of the development of the Christian Church. 'The maxims and first principles of religion in a perfectly logical mind lead to Rome; their denial to religious negation'—this was his main contention from 1845 to the end of his life. One set of principles led to the development of religious truth, the other to the development of religious error. Thus the principle of development combined both the evidence for the Catholic Church and the reply to modern agnosticism.

He expressed this position later on in one of his Catholic works as follows:

'The multitude of men indeed are not consistent, logical or thorough; they obey no law in the course of their religious views; and while they cannot reason without premisses, and premisses demand first principles, and first principles must ultimately be (in one shape or another) assumptions, they do not recognise what this involves, and are set down at this or that point in the ascending or descending scale of thought, according as their knowledge of facts, prejudices, education, domestic ties, social position, and opportunities for inquiry determine; but nevertheless there is a certain ethical character, one and the same, a system of first principles, sentiments and tastes, a mode of viewing the question and of arguing, which is formally and normally, naturally and divinely, the *organum investigandi* given us for gaining religious truth, and which would lead the mind by an infallible succession from the rejection of atheism to theism, and from theism to Christianity, and from Christianity to Evangelical Religion, and from these to Catholicity.'¹

Newman desired, if he resumed his work for theology, to draw out this argument scientifically both as a strong weapon

¹ This statement of the case was added as an appendix to the later editions of the *Grammar of Assent* in reply to a misrepresentation of Newman's argument which appeared in the London daily Press.

in the hands of the Christian apologist and for the benefit of inquirers and sceptics. The task of teaching divinity to theological students would be exactly the opportunity he wanted to bring out clearly and persuasively his philosophy of faith and to instil it into the rising generation—a far more effective mode of influence than mere controversy, with its attendant misunderstandings. Yet for men, however acknowledged their intellectual eminence, to aspire to teach divinity when they were but recent converts, must, he felt, appear bold. In England the converts, though so well received at the colleges, were, he gradually learnt, already viewed with some suspicion by the bulk of English Catholics. On the other hand, they were absolutely trusted by one man of genius among their English co-religionists—Bishop Wiseman. And the scheme, both in itself and in its ultimate object of stemming the tide of modern infidelity, had been Wiseman's own. Moreover, Wiseman was by education and traditions a Roman. The hope arose that the views he and Newman shared might find special support in Rome; and armed with authority from the Holy See Newman might successfully accomplish what else it would be extravagant to think of attempting. The root-principles of his religious philosophy were sketched in the sermons on Faith and Reason known as the 'Oxford University Sermons,' of which he wrote that he considered it, though incomplete, the best book that he had ever written.¹ The superstructure was indicated in the 'Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.'

The first thing, then, was to ascertain how these works were viewed in Rome. And there was a difficulty from the start, for no theologian in the city read English with any facility. The 'Development' Essay, as the work immediately leading to his conversion, naturally came first under consideration, and Dalgairns arranged to have it translated into French. A similar proposal was made a little later as to a selection from the Sermons.

But all this while there was a country besides England itself in which English was read, America. And the practical people inhabiting that country were first introduced to the 'Essay on Development' by the Unitarians, who quoted it as evidence

¹ See p. 58.

that the Trinitarian doctrine was not primitive, but was a development of the third century. An outcry followed—the narrow and vigorous Dr. Brownson taking the matter up in his Review; and echoes of the outcry found their way to Rome. Further, the ‘Development’ Essay—which, though finished when he was convinced of the truth of Catholicism, was, strictly speaking, a work of Newman’s Anglican life—was not separated by the popular hubbub in Rome or in America from his other Anglican works, written in the days when Rome was hateful to him. Strong sayings were quoted from the ‘Prophetical Office’ as to the papacy being Antichrist and Romanism ‘possessed by the devil.’ Echoes reached Rome, within a fortnight of his arrival, of ignorant clamour in America of a kind which it is hopeless to deal with—in which misunderstanding acquires the heat of righteous wrath, and to listen to explanation is held to be like giving ear to the tempter. All this was the more disappointing because Newman had found immediately on his arrival that the all-important *principle* of ‘Development,’ the fact that it was a *vera causa*, was admitted by the Roman theologians; and he had hoped that the question of its extent as evidenced by the facts of history could be discussed calmly. The American outcry prevented for the moment any such calm discussion and seems to have scared the Romans. Controversial exigencies naturally held an important place in the city which was the centre of the government of a militant Church, and thus the report that Newman’s book had given the Unitarians big and effective guns created prejudice. All this was most annoying and discouraging for Newman. He was determined not to press his view publicly without Roman support, but he at once took steps to let the Americans know that at least in principle his theory *was* accepted in Rome. A fortnight after his arrival Newman refers to the situation in a letter to Dalgairns:

‘Collegio di Propaganda: November 15, 1846.

‘My dear Dalgairns,—Knox writes me word that the whole American Church, all the Bishops I think, are up in arms against my book. They say it is half Catholicism half infidelity. Of course they know nothing of antiquity or of the

state of the case; . . . but their extreme violence—for Knox calls it a storm—shows that I am quite right in writing to Knox what people think here before I now commit myself publicly to what yet I see no reason whatever to relinquish privately. All I have heard about my book here has been from two professors, one dogmatic of the Collegio Romano, (Jesuits). They evidently have been influenced by the American opposition which is known in Rome; but what they say after all is not much. They admit the *principle* of development but say I have carried it too far, judging by bits translated for them. When I asked for instances they took *the part of Bull against Petavius* and said Petavius went too far and retracted. I pressed them whether I had been too far on the subject of the Pope's supremacy, but they didn't seem to know more of the book than the above. They said that the American *Unitarians* availed themselves of my admissions. This both showed whence their objection to me came, and also explained the cause of the American irritation. The Socinians of Boston urge them with bits of my book; they are not divines enough to know whether or not they should take my theory, and therefore are simply at a disadvantage. I suspect this is the state of the case. Also I fancy the book may be too ultramontane for our American friends, and too much representing the Church as against government.

'However it is clear that (*though I don't think it will come to this*) I must not be the propounder of a new theory on so grave a subject without any encouragement to believe that I am concurring in the Roman traditions.

'But the practical point is this. You see *everything* depends on the exactness of the French translation.¹ An incautious rendering of particular phrases may ruin everything. It is plain, then, sorry as I am to give you trouble, a good deal depends on your sharpness of eye. You are the only person who can do what is required. I will say this too—I am very anxious that my Preface, containing my Retractions, should be carefully translated. You will see the reason—for what do you think Father Perrone in his new edition says of me? "Newman Romanum Pontificem vocat diabolum." By the bye it is an encouraging fact, connected with the theory of development, that the said Perrone is writing a book to show that the Immaculate Conception may be made an article of Faith. . . .

¹ This will seem to some a remarkable presage on Newman's part in respect of the singularly inaccurate translations of his writings in our own time.

'You must not be prejudiced against the Jesuits. I say this because I think you have never come *in contact* with any. We have seen a great many, and with no persons do we get on so well. Not that I *mean* to be a Jesuit or to persuade you, but I really do think we should leave ourselves open to everything, and I wish you to be clear of prejudice. We got acquainted with a very pleasing Father (P. Jourdain), a Frenchman at Genoa, and here we like them very much. Meyrick¹ is very happy and we have seen him twice—last on Friday, St. Stanislaus's day.

'What do you think of Mr. Spencer having joined the Passionists? I am very glad for Father Dominic's sake. We went to their House here with Cardinal Acton. It is very clean and beautifully situated. We saw various remains (dress, &c.) of Venerable Paul.² They expect he will be canonized by the end of three years. Suppose we all become Passionists.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. NEWMAN.'

As Newman learnt more of the state of opinion in Rome and among Catholics elsewhere, the situation became more tantalising. His Oxford University Sermons made a great and most favourable impression among the theologians in some quarters—notably in France. Then, again, the neo-scholastic philosophical revival had not yet begun, and Rosmini had been urging the need of a religious philosophy specially suited to the age. The absence then of any existing generally accepted rival system (for he learnt on all hands that there was none) seemed at first sight to give Newman the opportunity for urging his own views. Moreover, Newman found that what was taught on 'Faith and Reason' and on 'Development' by Father Perrone, the chief theological Professor in Rome, went in its general direction on lines with which he himself entirely concurred. Again, one of the most important points in Newman's own philosophy—the idea of "wisdom" as the outcome of deep thought in the Christian Church on the whole field of knowledge under the

¹ Newman had written by mistake 'Tickell.' St. John, in correcting it to 'Meyrick,' adds: 'N. says it is all the same, all Jesuits have the same cut about them.'

² St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists, who was in 1846 not yet canonised.

guidance of the Spirit of Wisdom, and as the special gift of the perfect—he found accepted in substance by a representative theologian with whom he conversed.

Yet in the end it proved that, while he understood, and claimed as in accord with his own thought, so many of the views of the ablest Roman professors, some of the most influential among them did not understand him and hesitated to accept his teaching. His terminology was different from theirs; and when thought advanced to further issues than they had already contemplated, even though the consideration of such issues was Newman's response to questions raised by the thinking world, these minds, so acute up to a certain point, appeared to him to stop short abruptly.

Moreover, what was not understood was at once wrongly characterised by its adverse critics: they gave it a label from their own stock in trade, and it was then declared to be untenable. His language on 'probability'—in which the essential contrast was really between demonstrative evidence and circumstantial or cumulative evidence—was interpreted as a denial, with Hermes, of the possibility of getting beyond probability and attaining to certainty on matters of religion. It availed not that Newman found precisely his own view in so approved a writer as De Lugo. De Lugo points out that while our belief in revelation, in so far as it depends on the Word of God, is most certain, nevertheless its ultimate premiss is our belief that God has in fact spoken. This is a matter of circumstantial evidence and not of demonstration. And it is less clear and cogent than our belief (for example) in the existence of India, which rests on human testimony, and is also a question of moral proof and not of demonstration.¹

¹ Oritur autem hæc major evidentia de India, quam de rebus fidei, non quidem ex eo quod fundamenta nostræ fidei minora sint; sunt enim multo majora, cum sint veracitas et testificatio divina; sed ex eo, quod minus clare nobis proponuntur, quam fundamenta ad credendam existentiam Indiæ. Nam ad convincendum intellectum, et determinandum ad assensum non solum deservit pondus ipsius motivi, sed etiam major claritas, qua proponitur, quæ magis impedit dubium, et formidinem de objecto, quam pondus solum motivi absque ea claritate cogniti. Quare licet auctoritas divina æque clare cognita magis determinaret ex se, et convinceret intellectum, quam motiva humana, quæ habet ad credendam Indiæ: de facto tamen seclusa pia affectione, et imperio voluntatis, minus cogit, quia non æque clare, sed magis obscure apparet, quam appareant illa alia motiva, et ideo secluso imperio voluntatis, posset facile intellectus dissentire,

Newman held that his own position no more disparaged religious certainty than De Lugo's, but his terminology made his view suspect. Some of his critics, adhering to the language of the thirteenth century, with its passion for syllogism, seemed to him to be ready to lose an important truth and ignore undeniable facts rather than admit a new expression.

Newman's language about Faith was confused by others with the condemned fideism of M. Bautain. So, too, on the question of actual development of doctrine he could not get the Roman professors who criticised him to face clearly his difficulties, and his critics accused him of holding that the Church could define what was simply not in the tradition. His position was, of course, that what was implicitly present from the first, as being an 'aspect of the idea' handed down by tradition, might be at a given time denied by those who did not yet master intellectually all the implications of this tradition. And yet at the same time, while Roman divines failed to accept the view in the abstract, they were defending it in the concrete. Perrone was maintaining that the Immaculate Conception—which such representative Doctors as St. Bernard and St. Thomas had declared *not* to be in the tradition—*could* nevertheless be defined. Again, Perrone *did* admit the difference between moral and demonstrative evidence; yet many demurred to Newman's own expressions, which meant no more. And these criticisms were, he learnt, based on scraps of his writings, which were not understood in their context. All this tried and perplexed him. The customary exposition on these questions was that left as a legacy by acute minds; but it stopped short here and there, he thought, of issues which had since become pressing. On difficulties long familiar the current text-books had the accepted answer, often expressed extremely well. A new point of view, however, those divines who criticised him seemed not to realise. To acquiesce in this state of things was, he said, to abandon the dream of an apologetic adequate to meet the growing infidelity of the age.

prout de facto dissentiunt hæretici, quibus proposita sufficienter sunt motiva credibilitatis nostræ fidei: cum eadem experientia ostendat neminem negare Indiam humana solum auctoritate probatam.—De Virtute Fidei divinæ, Disp. II. Sect. 42. Cf. Newman's letter to Mr. Capes at p. 247.

Yet, on the other hand, Newman, whose great desire was to work under authority, could not undertake a campaign against a phase of theological thought which tried him. He did indeed urge privately that the philosophy he advocated, based as it was on generalisations from the history of thought within the Church herself, though unfamiliar to Catholics in its form, was in substance unquestionably in harmony with Catholic traditions. He urged that it ought to be given time to develop and explain itself. Whereas it was instead hastily judged by a customary mode of speaking which did not allow for it, and by an interpretation of its phraseology which was alien to its true nature. That authority should condemn or check what he believed to be essential for the defence of Christian faith in new circumstances, before it had been given time to make itself understood, would be in his eyes a misfortune. Yet he feared that this might occur if he pressed his points too insistently. Moreover, he thought he saw signs that the views of Roman divines were in a state of transition. He found, to his surprise, that both St. Thomas and Aristotle were now out of favour in Rome. Philosophising in general was suspect. It was clear that such views were not likely to be permanent. A little patience was needed. When, therefore, it became finally evident to him that he could not, for the time at least, win general and hearty support among the Roman theologians for his writings on these subjects, he determined to abandon the scheme of founding a theological college as at least premature, and simply to leave his books to make their own way gradually.

At first he thought of laying his own view of the situation before the Pope himself. But this idea he soon abandoned. Some years would have to be allowed for what he had already written to be weighed and understood. It must then come to be generally realised that what Rome already admitted as to Development in such cases as the prerogatives of the Papacy and the Immaculate Conception, really conceded principles for which Newman was contending, and which the theologians who opposed him hesitated explicitly to grant. Moreover, on Faith and Reason his terminology was the real *gravamen*. His own analysis was not opposed in essence to that of the schools, but rather was engineered by a different

line of approach—starting from the psychological side where the heirs to scholasticism started from the logical side. Certain principles familiar to Oxford were, he said, new to Rome. They must be understood before his works could be themselves accurately taken in. Without such preparation, his drift being misconceived, he might even be censured—a painful commencement of his Catholic life.

He had written definitely to Wiseman within a few weeks of his arrival, proposing to found a theological seminary at Maryvale: and Wiseman accepted the suggestion. But after it had been made, further interviews with Roman theologians raised serious doubts. In his letters at this time we see his changing impressions as to what was thought in Rome of his last book, and what hope there might be of his teaching in England under the direct authority of Propaganda. In the end the theological scheme was abandoned and the Oratorian plan was revived, to its exclusion.

J. H. NEWMAN TO J. D. DALGAIRNS.

‘Rome. Collegio di Propaganda In Fest. St. Caecil. Nov. 22.

‘My dear Dalgairns,—I sent you a letter from this place so recently, that probably I shall not dispatch this at once, but I write while things are fresh in my mind and as they occur.

‘We heard in Milan that Rosmini’s one *idea* was to make a positive substantive philosophy instead of answering objections in a petty way and being no more than negative. He seemed to think that the age required a philosophy, for at present there was none. Several things of the same kind which he said struck me as good. What we hear here, though we have but just begun to hear, confirms this. Hope told me we should find very little theology here, and a talk we had yesterday with one of the Jesuit fathers here shows we shall find little philosophy. It arose from our talking of the Greek studies of the Propaganda, and asking whether the youths learned Aristotle. “Oh no,” he said, “Aristotle is in no favour here—no, not in Rome—nor St. Thomas. I have read Aristotle and St. Thomas and owe a great deal to them, but they are out of favour here and throughout Italy. St. Thomas is a great saint—people don’t care to speak against him; they profess to reverence him, but put him aside.” I asked what philosophy they did adopt. He said

none. "Odds and ends—whatever seems to them best—like St. Clement's Stromata. They have no philosophy. *Facts* are the great things, and nothing else. Exegesis, but not doctrine." He went on to say that many privately were sorry for this, many Jesuits, he said; but no one dared oppose the fashion. When I said I thought there was a latent power in Rome which would stop the evil, and that the Pope had introduced Aristotle and St. Thomas into the Church, and the Pope was bound to maintain them, he shrugged his shoulders and said that the Pope could do nothing if people would not obey him, and that the Romans were a giddy people not like the English. He did not like to talk more, but said, if we came to his rooms some day, he would have a talk with us. I am glad to say that he and another Father spoke highly of the Dominicans, and he on this occasion said that St. Thomas was honoured among them (!) as Ghianda had told us was the case at Florence. He spoke slightly of Perrone—but seemed to think he was useful for the moment.—Here's a look out. . . .

'This notion has come into my head,—if it seems possible a little while hence, I shall write to Dr. Wiseman—till then you are the only person I tell it to—but it may vanish in smoke. Might not Propaganda like to have a dependency of its own in England? All England is now under the Propaganda, but for that very reason it has almost no part of England. Again they talk of a hierarchy, and *then no* part of England would be under Propaganda—and they might like to keep a hold over it. Now, might not we become such an offshoot of Propaganda under strict rules? . . .

'*Nov. 23rd*. Yesterday after writing the above, we were suddenly summoned to the Pope; but I shall leave St. John to give you an account. From what I hear to-day, I fear theology, as such, must for a time be laid on the shelf at Maryvale, and we must take to preaching practical sermons. The theologians of the Roman Church who are said to sway the theology of Rome are introducing *bits* (without having seen the whole book) *bits* of my Essay into their lecture to dissent from. This seems very absurd. I will not raise controversy in the Church, and it would ill become a new Catholic to be introducing views—and again, really all my books hitherto have been written from hand to mouth—and though it will not only be a triumph to such as Palmer but I fear throw back such as Hope, I think I shall be content to let the matter rest for years before I write again. The

worst is that I am cut off from controversy against infidels altogether.

'Nov. 26th. I have complained to Father Mazio of the Collegio Romano, who assures me the Professors have not been speaking against my book; yet there must have been some foundation for the report. I told them how it would be taken up in England, and did all I could to frighten him—for if the Yankees make a clatter about concessions to the Unitarians on the one hand, it is right to inflict upon the Romans the fear of the English being thrown back on the other. I think I shall get no opinion whatever one way or other on my main point. If I were to write a sort of memorial or case to the Pope himself and ask his advice, you would tell me it is worth nothing, as you did at Langres. I cannot think this—all Saints have had recourse to the Pope for advice and direction—yet they did not expect him to speak "ex cathedra."

TO THE SAME.

'Collegio di Propaganda In Fest. Concept. Immac. B. M. V. 1846.

'I fear you will call me a fidget since I have written to you so lately—but I think I might put a few lines of Preface to my third (French) Edition of the Essay, if you did not think that by saying something I should be committing myself to what I did *not* happen to deny. Since I wrote I find the Essay is accused of denying moral certainty and holding *with Hermes* we cannot get beyond probability in religious questions. This is far from my meaning. I use "probable" in opposition to "demonstrative" and moral certainty is a *state of mind*. . . . I suspect they are somewhat afraid of the *book* in prospect, here; yet they grant the principle [of development]. Perrone has written a Treatise on the connection of Reason and Faith which I like very much. I am glad to see I have no view counter to it—but there is the subtle question "whether a person need be conscious of his own certainty (faith)" &c., which I cannot find he answers, and I have asked him about it. . . .

'There is no doubt the Jesuits are *the* only persons here. They say, however, that the Dominicans are rising in Italy. You shall come and judge for yourself. You have plenty of cash.

'I have just discovered that at p. 9 of my book I quote from my Prophetic Office a passage where I say that there is but probability for the existence of God. This would scandalize the Romans sadly. I might leave it

out did it not seem to throw light upon other passages. What I *meant* was that the moral certainty which belief *implied* arose from probable not demonstrative arguments.¹ Would a Preface of a few lines confined to the subject of probability be the best remedy?’

Even apart from the reasons which finally decided Newman in his choice for the future, his letters show that the Oratorian plan was growing on him. Possibly the daily intercourse with Ambrose St. John, whose tastes were not intellectual, told in the Oratorian direction and against Dalgairns’ idea of joining the Dominicans. Newman did not sympathise with the exclusive Thomism in theology and the French rigorism with which the Dominicans were associated. In one letter he avows that he could not join an order with a ‘dominant imperious theology.’ On the other hand, the Oratorians, essentially Italian, fell in with the gentler moral theology of St. Alfonso. ‘You and St. John,’ he writes to Dalgairns, ‘must of course have a real influence on my decision.’

‘We have seen the Chiesa Nuova,’ he writes to Dalgairns on December 31, ‘and the Casa adjoining, with Theiner—who said Mass with and for us and communicated us in the small room where St. Philip had his ecstasies. The “casa” is the most beautiful thing of the kind we have seen in Rome—rather too comfortable, i.e. fine galleries for walking in summer, splendid orange trees &c. &c. If I wished to follow my bent, I should join them (the Oratorians) if I joined any. They have a good library, and handsome sets of rooms apparently. It is like a College with hardly any rule. They keep their own property, and furnish their own rooms. It is what Dr.

¹ W. G. Ward often pointed out that the language of modern Roman theologians on this subject was quite unlike that of the greatest scholastics, who fully recognised the difficulties attaching to the proof of Theism. In a letter to J. S. Mill, dated November 1848, he quotes the words of De Lugo, ‘existentiam Dei vix potest eximius philosophus evidentem demonstrare,’ and of Suarez, ‘Constat ex dictis magna consideratione et speculatione opus esse ad veritatem hanc efficaciter persuadendum . . . Multi gentiles de hac re dubitarant . . . et nonnulli etiam fideles et docti negant eam veritatem esse evidentem’ (*W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, p. 27). The words of St. Thomas Aquinas are well known, ‘If the way of reason were the only road open to the knowledge of God, the human race would remain in the greatest darkness of ignorance, since the true knowledge of God, the best means of making men perfect and good, would accrue only to a few after a long time’ *Contra Gentiles*, i.

Wiseman actually wishes, and really I should not wonder, if at last I felt strongly inclined to it, for I must own I feel the notion of giving up property try my faith very much. . . .

‘I have the greatest fear I am bamboozling myself when I talk of an order; and that, just as Anglicans talk of being Catholics but draw back when it comes to the point, so I, at my time of life, shall never feel able to give up property and take to new habits. Not that I should not do it, had I a *clear* call—but it is so difficult to know what a clear call is. I do not know enough of the rule of the different congregations to have any opinion yet—and again I do not think I could, religiously, do anything that Dr. Wiseman disapproved. . . . But as much as this I think I do see—that I shall not be a Dominican. I shall be of a (so-called) lax school. Another great difficulty I have in thinking of a regular life, is my own previous history. When it comes upon me how late I am trying to serve the Church, the obvious answer is, Even saints, such as St. Augustine, St. Ignatius, did not begin in earnest till a late age. “Yes, but I am much older than they.” So then I go on to think and to trust that my past life may form a sort of ἀφορμή and a ground of future usefulness. Having lived so long in Oxford, my name and person are known to a very great many people I do not know—so are my books—and I may have begun a work which I am now to finish. Now the question is whether as a regular I do not at once cut off all this, as becoming a sort of instrument of others, and so clean beginning life again. As a Jesuit e.g. no one would know that I was speaking my own words: or was a *continuation*, as it were, of my former self. On the other hand this matter of the Sermon and the Pope, of which St. John will tell you, seems to throw me *off* any direct assistance from the Pope and *on* to an order or congregation, if I am to be useful. Don’t suppose I lay more stress on it than this, viz. that he may think me a person of little judgment, who has lived in a College all his days, and is not likely to do much *directly* for the conversion of the English. Had I time, I would tell you a notion, which I have thought it worth while to mention to Dr. Wiseman of our being a college in England dependent on Propaganda here, and as it were their servants. This would not be inconsistent with being Oratorians.’

Ten days later he returns to the anxious question of the French translation of his Sermons and Essay.

'I am both surprised and pleased,' he writes to Dalgairns, 'to hear what you say about my University Sermons—for though I feel confident they are in the main Catholic, yet I doubted whether they did not require considerable alteration in the phraseology, as indeed I have hinted in the Preface. I still think they require explanation. . . . The truth is, I think people want *preparing* for the Essay by laying down principles which have long been familiar to *our* minds. . . .

'*Jan. 11.*—We have been hearing mass this morning in the very room of St. Francis (Assisi) in the Trastevere. The Superior is a learned man, one of the Congregation of the Index, and we had some interesting talk with him. He seemed to take it for granted we were to be *writers*, and spoke most handsomely (on the information of a friend) of the "Lives of the Saints." He wished theology written as a *whole* and "con gusto," not drily and by bits—recommended St. Thomas, and *no* commentator (not Cajetan even, whom the Jesuits so recommended, as being dry) or if one, Billuart, whom Father Dominic recommended. St. Alfonso had no view—collated opinions, put them down, gave his own, and that was all. Rosmini was an able, holy man—a great friend of his own, but had made theology *somewhat* too philosophical, i.e. wished to prove everything. . . . He spoke of "the theologian" very much as I have spoken of "wisdom" or philosophy in my last Sermon but one. We hope to see him again. He is a great friend of Theiner's and has translated one of his works. By the bye, we went to the Oratory last night, and were very much disappointed to find it a *simple concert*, with hardly anything religious about it—a short sermon—a few prayers, people sitting the while. (7 P.M.) We were this evening at St. Andrea, the Theatine Church, to hear Father Ventura. The whole was just what we had hoped the Oratory would be; the Rosary, a clear, plain, dogmatic, powerful sermon—and benediction;—a large Church crowded. . . .

'*Jan. 12.*—It strikes me there may be a difficulty of getting the book published in Rome—first it goes through three censors, which will cause delay—next one is a Dominican "ex officio," as you know, and may be severe with it. It must be published by you in France. Again, which I am told here is very important for the Essay, you must find for the Sermons some *authorities* to put in notes "ad calcem." You once showed me, e.g. a passage of St. Bernard—you may have some from St. Thomas—and Nicolai's "summa" may give some from the Fathers, e.g.

Tertullian says that the heathen called faith a "presumptio"—perhaps, however, not in my sense of the word. And there is a passage about faith in Origen *Contra Celsum* 1, 8 or 9. If, however, you will send me references, I will send you back the *passages* from hence. They should be short and critically apposite. I *have* some at Maryvale. You must not think Father Passaglia at the Collegio Romano not a philosophical divine. I think he most probably is—he has the appearance of it. They *quite* recognise here the distinction between moral and demonstrative proof, but are jealous. I really do think I should, and do, agree with them fully. I discard Hermesianism &c., &c., as much as they. I may have used unguarded expressions, or been now and then extreme, but I think they (i.e. the Church, viewing it humanly), take a broad *sensible* shrewd view of reason and faith—and I have ever wished to do the same and think I have so done. I will sketch a preface and send to you directly my volume comes to me from England. A great deal depends on a clear explanation *what I mean* by reason and by faith—and the *drift* of the whole. The first sermon (on the Epiphany) is the most delicate. I should not wonder if I had to alter some bits.'

It was perhaps Newman's keen sensitiveness to his surroundings, and his instinctive craving to persuade and desire to be understood, which made him write at this time his Latin treatises on St. Athanasius, as he found his English writings so imperfectly comprehended. They included a dry historical exhibition of the variations in the use of the terms finally employed in the definitions which fixed the doctrines of the Incarnation and Trinity—a point of great importance to some of his arguments in the 'Development' Essay.

In the letter to Dalgairns in which he announces the preparation of these treatises occurs one of those rare passages in which he betrays a keen consciousness of his own intellectual power. Evidently the work of revising the University Sermons had made him grasp their outcome with new vividness and realise their power as a whole:

J. H. NEWMAN TO J. D. DALGAIRNS.

'I am terribly frightened lest the book [the French version of the University Sermons], like Rosmini's and others, should be brought before the Index. Do they do

so to *Protestant* books? no, therefore *best keep* all those allusions which show it was preached in Oxford. It seems hard, since nations now converse by printing, not in the schools, that an English Catholic cannot investigate truth with one of France or Rome without having the Inquisition upon him. What I say is, "I am not maintaining what I say is all true, but I wish to *assist in investigating* and bringing to light *great* principles necessary for the day—and the only way to bring these out is *freely* to investigate, with the inward habitual intention (which I trust I have) always to be submitting what I say to the judgment of the Church. *Could not this feeling be expressed in the Preface?*

'I will put down here, as I read thro' the Sermons, any thoughts which strike me, *which will make the Preface*. I quote from the *Second Edition*, but I believe there is not above a page difference between them. I may also include some independent thoughts for the Preface.

'And now after reading these Sermons I must say I think they are, as a whole, the best things I have written, and I cannot believe that they are not Catholic, and will not be useful. Indeed these are the times (I mean after reading them and the like) that feelings come upon me, which do not often else, but then vividly—I mean the feeling that I have not yet been done justice to—but I must leave all this to Him who knows what to do with me. People do not know me—and sometimes they half pass me by. It has been the portion of Saints, even; and well may be my portion. He who gives gifts, is the best judge how to use His own. He has the sole right to do as He will, and He knows what He is doing. Yet sometimes it is marvellous to me how my life is going, and I have never been brought out prominently—and now I am likely less than ever—for there seems something of an iron form here, tho' I may be wrong; but I mean, people are at no trouble to deepen their views. It is natural.

'What do you think of my being engaged in translating into Latin and publishing here 4 disputations from my Athanasius? 1. On the 4th oration. 2. On the creed of Antioch. 3. On the *ὑπόστασις* &c. So it is—you see I am *determined* to make a noise, if I can. It shan't be my fault if people think small-beer of me. Is not this ambitious?' . . .

On February 14 Newman writes hesitating even as to the publication of the Sermons without a strong theological approval. He absolutely denies the coincidence of his theory with the *fideism* of Bautain; yet, as even Dalgairns thought that the two views were coincident, how could he hope to avoid suspicion? Again, Dr. Grant and Father Passaglia were reported to have been speaking against the 'Essay on Development.' He does not want a second 'row.' The trouble over the St. Isidore sermon had already tried him. 'I don't like,' he writes, 'to begin my Catholic career with a condemnation and retractation.' The more peaceful prospect of practical work as an Oratorian definitely wins the day. He begins making suggestions for the *personnel* of the Oratory. He wants a 'good musician,' a 'good lay-brother,' a 'good cook.'

St. John in an accompanying letter speaks of the Oratorian plan as practically decided and the idea of a theological college abandoned. The French translation of the Sermons, however, was ultimately published. St. John's words explain the situation clearly:

'As to any other plan—as of a Theological school—there is no doubt it is too much for us poor converts at present. Even those who are most favourable to us I think feel it is—and there is a party who would be up in arms at the idea. These people have tried Newman a great deal lately. Nothing is so harassing as to hear suspicions, and not to be able to get anything definite to act upon. And as far as I see Newman's game is to wait and let his book fight its own way. Come what will, it will never be pooh-poohed. Again it harasses him much to be lugged head and shoulders into controversy again. The truth is to be brief we want the Church to back us in England against prejudices. In all practical work we shall be backed most heartily—and as to Dr. Griffiths or the old Catholics they are not, between ourselves, in good odour here at all. The Pope, Cardinal Franzoni, Mgr. Brunelli—one and all complain of the state of London &c. Here then we are sure of support; but in theology all as yet is quite uncertain.'

Such difficulties were perhaps inevitable considering the extreme slowness of Rome to admit even novelty of expression in theology. Moreover, Newman thought that

the history of Lamennais, who after being honoured by Leo XII. had ultimately left the Catholic Church, had increased the traditionary fear of originality. 'They can't forget that they burnt their fingers over Lamennais,' he said. However, as we shall see, Newman arrived later on at a satisfactory *modus vivendi* with Father Perrone. But the unanimous and cordial Roman support for his views which he regarded as a *sine qua non* to undertaking the teaching of theology was clearly, as has been already intimated, not at the time forthcoming.

CHAPTER VI

THE ORATORIAN NOVICIATE (1847)

THOUGH the plan of being secular priests and Oratorians rather than Jesuits or Friars was not formally determined on until the middle of February, it was clearly outlined a month earlier in the correspondence of Newman and St. John with Dalgairns.

J. H. NEWMAN TO J. D. DALGAIRNS.

‘Collegio di Propaganda: January 15, 1847.

‘. . . How would it *suit* us to be Oratorians? First, we must give up our Dominican notion of *teachers of divinity in schools* or of *classics* or *philosophy*. The Oratorian rule does not admit of it. . . . Secondly we *must* be *located* in a *town*. These are two conditions which seem to me plainly unavoidable, if we are to be Oratorians at all. And now to see how we can adjust ourselves to them.

‘First, the Oratorian duties take up only a portion of the time of the members—and having much time to themselves they can be learned men, as in the case of Baronius &c. &c. And Baronius it seems connected his learned pursuits with serving the Hospitals. . . . I confess that, as far as I am concerned, *I* should prefer much a season given to active duties before returning to my books. Next I conceive that the plan of the Oratory needs altering, in order to adapt it to the state of England, and this alteration would be in favour of study. St. Philip met with his brethren three hours a day, and all comers were admitted. A spiritual book gave rise first to some remark, then to a dialogue—then to a sermon. Now I should prefer meeting in this way only on Sundays and other festivals, and giving the discussion somewhat more of an intellectual character. On festivals it might also be, or at least embrace, the discussion which would be found in a mechanics’ institute, indeed I should wish at any rate the Oratorio to include the functions of a Mechanics’ Institute among its duties. On Sundays,

when English habit would not bear mere science or literature, the matter, which was the ἀφορμή of the discussion, might be Butler's Lives, Ecclesiastical History, a spiritual book &c. &c. First then would come music, then the reading, then *an objection* upon it; e.g. "*This* saint gave up his property—I don't see the good of this"; or "I can't make out that there was time enough between the deluge and Exodus for *this* formation of language"; or "These Mahometans seem as good people as Catholics"; or "*These* discoveries in the stars seem to shake one's faith in the special connection of the human race with the Creator," &c. &c. Then would follow a debate, ending perhaps in a sermon, if there was not too much of it. The whole should end either with the Rosary, or Litany, and with music too in some way or other. Out of the persons who came a confraternity should gradually be formed, chiefly of course of young persons, and confession and directions would come in. Now pause a while. First it is plain that such a work would come easy to ten or twelve persons—and there would be much time over for reading &c. e.g. for Penny. It would be work in the *way* of reading. It would afford room for lecturing and disputation which may be my line; for preaching, which is (one of) *yours*; for taking care of young people, which is St. John's; for science which may be Christie's, for music which is Formby's and Walker's. Though it does not embrace schools for higher lore or theology as such, it comes as near both as is possible without actually being either. To proceed:—St. John and I feel London has particular claims on us; how is this reconcilable with our position at Maryvale? thus: I would begin in Birmingham, but only by opening such a mere oratorio as I have described. You will observe I have said nothing about a Church. The circumstances of Birmingham make a Church undesirable. We might there be a mere appendage to the Cathedral and might make our experiment near home on this small scale. If it succeeded, or if from local circumstances it did not, we might propagate ourselves or migrate to London (keeping of course Maryvale) and there attempt to get both Church and Oratorio. Meanwhile, while we were at Birmingham, the Oratorio might be open from October to June—and during the summer months the Confraternity might march out on holydays to Maryvale, and we might have the stations in the garden. . . .

'St. John will transcribe the greater part of this for Dr. Wiseman, and will ask him to show it to Penny.'

St. John adds a postscript:

‘Newman has never told you that it is part of the Oratory rule to flog, I think in public but in the dark during Lent for edification. If this rule is essential and cannot be abolished, he says he will put you and our Irish John in front as the best floggers whilst he and Walker retire to the rear and lay on gently behind a screen. Our John by the bye is a regular good fellow, quite a prop in Maryvale at present.’

J. H. NEWMAN TO J. D. DALGAIRNS.

‘Collegio di Propaganda: Jan. 22, 1847.

‘I am diligently analysing St. Philip’s rule—and in the course of doing so yesterday and this morning this fact broke upon me—that the rule, though embodying the one idea we are contemplating, viz. a body of priests labouring in the conversion of great towns, (yet with time for literary works), the rule, I say, was in almost all its parts perfectly unsuited to a country of heretics and Saxons. E.g. four sermons running every day, disciplining before or with a congregation, going in a troop from Church to Church, sitting down on grass and singing, getting by heart a finished composition &c. &c. Then again I found that the Pope had forbidden all alterations of St. Philip’s rule, and the appropriation of the name of St. Philip by bodies making such alterations. This posed me—and I thought no time was to be lost in ascertaining how the truth lay. St. John then was bold and good enough to go to Theiner (I suppose you know his name, the continuator of Baronius, an Oratorian) with the purpose of stating generally that he had friends in England who contemplated the erection of an Oratory in one of our large towns, but that the above seemed a difficulty in their way. He has just returned, and will give you himself an account of his mission which has been most satisfactory. He says Theiner has been most excessively kind, but is rather an unmethodical talker, does not listen or enter into one’s meaning, and seems to have little tact. This by the way. But now, enter St. John, solus. (Applause.)

‘Yes,’ writes St. John on the same sheet of paper, ‘Theiner is most kind upon all occasions, *but he is not a Jesuit*, and this quite accounts for all want of tact &c.: so I cannot be a Jesuit. Mind you I mean to make this proviso upon all occasions, you are never henceforward in my presence to express unqualified approbation of anything that is not of or belonging to the Society. On this condition, *perhaps*, I may

consent to live in the same house with you. And now for my mission.

'Theiner began by asking about Newman &c.—upon which I took occasion to say that he had been very much interested in reading the Annals of the Congregation which he had lent us; one thing had occurred to us, it appeared there had been at one time a house of Oratorians in Germany, and we wished to know whether that had been obliged to adopt any modification in a country which was so unlike Italy. He did not know anything about the order in Germany, but modifications of the rule had continually been made. St. Philip had governed his congregation without any rule intentionally, because as he (St. Philip) said, rules were means to a religious life but did not constitute it, he seems to have been afraid of his children becoming formal: still as this could not go on during his life he directed Baronius to write a rule. Still, notwithstanding this, I understood him to say that the spirit of St. Philip had been preserved rather by tradition than by letter. . . . Study is quite one of its objects, e.g. Baronius and now Theiner himself: tho' they never have made much of their learned men. When Baronius brought his first volume to St. Philip very handsomely bound as a sort of tribute to him as Superior, St. Philip took it up, and whist!—away it went to the other end of the room on the floor and the only praise he got was:—"now go down into the Church and hear three masses." So at present they say of Theiner himself:—"Father Theiner is very much talked of out of doors for his learning, but he is no such great shakes after all"; and he has to go down from his studies and teach little children at times. All this I heard from Theiner himself. If ever there was a Saint who set his face against humbug it was St. Philip. Fancy his sending a smart spruce noble youth to a public house with a most enormously large bottle and a piece of gold to buy a pen'orth of wine!

'*Feb. 2nd.* You see I have waited a long time for a letter from you, but none comes and I shall go on. A great deal has occurred this last week. I hope we shall not take away your breath. 1. I have been dining with the Oratorians, and can answer for their observance of their rule in the Refectory. . . . They gave me the idea of simple amiable men whose life had been passed in the house and the Confessional. This corresponds with what we hear of them as good Confessors and nothing more. Not great preachers, not learned, with the exception of Theiner. This at present is all the

information I have gained personally. *Now open your ears.* Newman has been turning the thing over and over in his mind, and at last wrote down in a Latin letter to the Cardinal his whole view as he drew it but roughly for you; explaining by the bye the state of our large towns, the position of our house with regard to Birmingham, our feelings about London itself &c. &c. and concluding with an appeal "*successori Piscatoris et discipulo Crucis*" against the jealous inertia of certain old Catholics in England. I assure you *he* came out in that letter. Well Newman took it to Mgr. Brunelli, Secretary of Propaganda, who after two days' consideration began to us: "*Mi piace immensamente*"; it is "*ben ideata*," and this he repeated three or four times. Then he went thro' the several parts of it approving as he went on, and admitting that the application of the Oratory in England would require certain alterations so as to make it take with a sharp manufacturing population. He told us we must at once take it to the Cardinal (which we have since done) and after they had prosed together about it, and it had become matured, he would take it to the Pope, who doubtless would give us a Brief for the establishment of a House in Birmingham observing St. Philip's rule with such external alterations as would be required. He said also "you will require means to carry this out."

A glow of excitement appears in Newman's and St. John's letters towards the end of February. It appeared that the Holy Father was delighted with the Oratorian plan. The coldness at the Vatican—real or imagined—which had followed the sermon at St. Isidore's, had evidently passed away. Pius IX. was not contented with approving—he made his own suggestion. Let the English, he proposed, have a noviciate in Rome. He named a friend of his own as a likely person to act as their Superior.

The proposal gave general pleasure. Among those specially interested was a remarkable man with whom in later life Newman was destined to be closely connected—Dr. Ullathorne, afterwards Bishop of Birmingham, and at that time Vicar Apostolic, who was in Rome negotiating the establishment of the future English hierarchy.

St. John and Newman both write the news to Dalgairns. Newman sets his imagination at work. The social element

is needed at the Oratory. So he tries to think of recruits who are something more than devout priests.

Their letters are on the same sheet—Ambrose St. John's coming first:

AMBROSE ST. JOHN TO J. D. DALGAIRNS.

'Propaganda. Rome: St. Matthias.

'The Pope has taken us up most warmly, not merely approving, but advising and assisting. When Mgr. Brunelli took him Newman's paper last Sunday evening, he said the project seemed to him not only good in itself, but *adapted to ourselves*; what he actually knows of us I cannot say, perhaps more than I think. Next, he saw there would be a difficulty in taking an Oratorian with us to England, yet withal the necessity of having the traditions orally and practically. So he threw out a suggestion of his own, not however wishing it to be more than a suggestion; "why" he said, "should they not all, as many as can, come to Rome, we would find them a house, and after going through the Exercises together, and passing a sort of Noviciate under an Oratorian Father who would 'pro tempore' be their Superior, all go back together." He then mentioned Father Caradori of Ricanati with whom he is personally acquainted and who he said would be just the person to superintend us if he could come; if not he directed Mgr. Brunelli to write to the Bishops of Ricanati and Fermo to enquire if out of the houses in their dioceses they could send such a Superior as we should require. The time Mgr. mentioned to me was a few months, though of course when the Pope acts, we must not bargain. On the whole the advantages are so obvious if we follow the Holy Father's advice, and it will be such a settler to all future opposition here or at home, that Newman is at once determined to act upon it. He has written to Dr. Wiseman, to whom the Pope wished we should refer. . . . Those whom we have spoken to express such interest in the plan, particularly Dr. Ullathorne, who by the bye has a great deal in him, and will be a very useful ally: he takes to Newman much, and has been recommending his sermons. . . . Newman has been slaving like a horse and in the midst of his thoughts about the Oratory has translated into Latin his four long notes to St. Athanasius. They will make some 70 or 80 pages. I hope and trust it will teach people a thing or two.'

Newman's letter follows:

‘Feb. 24.

‘Here I have nothing to say and the paper not full. Please bring from France some little *sixpenny* keepsakes for me to give away to the youths here—e.g. beads, little crucifixes &c. &c. They will be valued more as coming from a distance. We are now musing over our need of companions who have a good deal of fun in them—for that will especially be wanted in an Oratory. Fat Marshall, I don’t think you saw him, is the kind of man—to please boys and young men, and keep them together. Learning and power of preaching will not be enough for us. St. John suggests Irishmen—they have wit and fun. . . . I should like a regular good mimic, who (if we dare suffer it) would take off the great Exeter Hall guns. What stuff I am writing. If we have not spirit, it will be like bottled beer with the cork out.’

The latest news is added by St. John on March 2:

‘I have just come from Mgr.’s who had mentioned to the Pope Newman’s accordance with his wish to bring more of our party here. The Pope was much pleased and immediately counted us all his own property. “Let them write to their friends at once, to come as soon as they can after Easter.” Newman thinks you had better set off not later than the end of Easter week. As to the house the Pope has one in his eye, “*bellissimo sito*” Mgr. says, whether in Rome or not I know not. The Oratorian Father they will look out for themselves. So, literally, nothing remains except to collect all together as fast as we can. What will be done about our Ordination we do not as yet know.’

Dalgairns, Bowles, Stanton, Coffin, and Penny soon joined their friends in Rome with a view to a quasi-noviciate before returning to England.

For a time the Holy Father talked of ultimately giving the Englishmen the great Oratorian House at Malta. For the present they were assigned rooms in Santa Croce, which they furnished themselves, leading there a far freer life than they had led at Propaganda.

‘Pius IX. chose Santa Croce as the place where we should all go,’ writes Mr. Bowles in a letter to a friend, ‘the Pope himself calling it *un bel sito*—a beautiful situation, which it certainly was—We were then Newman, St. John, Penny, Dalgairns, Coffin, Stanton, and myself. We had a whole wing of the monastery on the upper floor to ourselves with a

kitchen and man cook, an Italian named Michele, as servant, and a dining room to ourselves on the ground floor. Father Rossi was appointed, by the Pope, from the Oratory in Rome, to be our Novice Master. He also had his room on the same floor, and there was a recreation room also, which was also the Chapel, with an Altar in it.'

It was understood that the Englishmen were to visit the Oratory at Naples and elsewhere, to learn the working and spirit of the congregation, before their formal beginning in England. A special intimacy grew up between Monsignor Palma and Newman and St. John: Pius IX., even amid the distractions of that turbulent and anxious time, was all kindness and thoughtfulness.

A letter from Newman to Mr. David Lewis gives Newman's feelings as to the immediate prospect and shows him wistfully mindful of old friends at home:

'Collegio Propaganda: Ascension Day, 1847.

'In $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour I and St. John are going in for our examination—in a few days we expect to be Ordained Sub-Deacons, and by the end of a month we are to be Priests, and perhaps placed altogether in our new abode—which is at the Bernadine Convent at Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. This Basilica is so called, because St. Helena, not only brought the True Cross there, but earth from Mount Calvary on which the Chapel or the Altar there is built—thus if there be a centre of the Church, we shall be there, when we are on earth from Jerusalem in the midst of Rome. The Pope is constant in his thought of us, and when we ask anything says, "Siano tranquilli—I will do all." . . . I don't know at all what the papers say, as I see none but the *Tablet*—which is generally too full of Irish news to give the English gossip. Then as to [Arthur] Stanley, I did not know he had been preaching Sermons—are they bumptious? Are they printed? are they against the book of Daniel? or do they prove Moses to be a Turk? or Abraham to be a Myth? Something strong it must be which has touched the sensibility of the Heads—and which Heads? Has old Faussett roared, or old Golius been whispering? or has he come across the new professor of Exegetics?—All these are questions quite beyond me. As to Sibthorp, I see the *Tablet* announces his return to the Church absolutely. Perhaps you have heard that Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Grant are on their road, being it

is said, on important matters, as a deputation from the Bishops.'

On May 22 St. John and Newman underwent their examination for orders; on the 26th they were ordained sub-deacons by Cardinal Franzoni in his private chapel, in the presence of their companions; the diaconate and priesthood following on the 29th and 30th. The Malta scheme was abandoned owing to the objection of the local Bishop. The diary records this month visits to Perrone, to the Passionists, to the General of the Jesuits, to the Archbishop of Besançon, who was in Rome, and to Monsignor Palma, who had succeeded Monsignor Brunelli as secretary to Propaganda. Newman says Mass one day in June (the 8th) in St. Ignatius' room at the Gesu, another (the 13th) in St. Philip's room at the Chiesa Nuova. The intimacy with both Perrone and Theiner grew; and St. John reports that 'Newman and Perrone have struck up a great friendship—they embrace each other.'

In point of fact, Newman, although he had abandoned the idea of teaching theology and further pressing the arguments in his work on Development, was still extremely anxious to secure the *imprimatur* of Perrone for his theory. And this important matter of technical theology divided his attention with the plans for a future Oratory in England. They had much discussion together, and Newman wrote a summary of his argument in Latin and sent it to Perrone.¹

The result was satisfactory, for Perrone's main objection was confined to Newman's expression 'new dogmas' in place of 'new definitions.' Newman was using the phrase 'dogma' to denote the explicit intellectual concept expressed in a new definition. Perrone seems to have taken it as tantamount to

¹ With the MS. he sent the following letter: 'Ad Reverendum Patrem Perrone, S.J.—Ecce ad te mitto, vir spectatissime, illa, quae à me pro tuâ solitâ benevolentia petisti; longiora tamen, credo, quam pro tuâ maximâ patientiâ sperasti. Sed difficile est etiam prolixâ tractatione simplicem rem aliquam, obscuram certe aut novam, expedire. Si notulis hic et illic in margine positâs, horâ quâdam vacuâ, si vacuum habes, iudicium de hisce meis tuleris, lucro à me erit apponendum. Spero me non errasse, sed in huiusmodi materie facilius est sperasse quam nosse; id solum profitebor, decantatum licet, "errare possum, haereticus esse nolo."

'Tui observantissimus &c.

J. H. NEWMAN.'

new truth added to what was at first revealed to the Church. This was a difference almost entirely of expression. In principle they agreed. Both held that the 'deposit of the Faith' once for all committed to the Church was so given that Christians were not explicitly conscious of all its intellectual implications, which were subsequently defined. The 'dogma' was given once for all, but its explication, which made it more distinctly understood by the faithful, was a matter of time.

Perrone's summary of his own criticism on Newman's tractate is appended to the MS., and runs thus:

'What I have above noted may be reduced to the following: (1) that the Church was always conscious of the whole *depositum* committed to her of all the truths of faith, (2) that this *depositum* was committed to her as it were in a block and as one revelation, (3) that the truths of faith are not capable of increase in themselves but only of more explicit exposition, (4) that therefore these truths do not grow materially (as the schools speak) and in themselves, but only in relation to our fuller comprehension of them and more distinct knowledge by the definition of the Church, and, as it is generally expressed, not in relation to themselves but in relation to us.'¹

Newman held that this criticism substantially left his position untouched; for if the difference between explicit and implicit knowledge, between the later dogma as defined in distinct dogmatic propositions and the earlier dogma given to the Church as a block and as one revelation, might be so great as to permit (as Perrone held) the definition of the Immaculate Conception, which was long denied by some of the best theologians to be part of the original deposit given 'as a block,' it might well cover all he had said in his Essay.

¹ The translation in the text is somewhat free, and I append Perrone's own words: 'Quae hactenus adnotavi revocari possunt ad insequentia: ac 1° quod ecclesia semper habuerit conscientiam totius depositi divinitus sibi commissi omnium veritatum fidei—2° quod hoc depositum in solidum ac veluti per modum unius eidem ecclesiae commissum fuerit—3° quod veritates fidei in se non sunt capaces incrementi, sed solum magis explicitae expositionis—4° quod propterea veritates istae non crescant materialiter, ut loquuntur scholae, et in se, sed solum in ordine ad nostram maiorem cognitionem, seu magis distinctam illarum notitiam per ecclesiae definitionem, et ut dicitur *non quoad se sed quoad nos*.'

He re-expressed his general theory in 1849 as follows, using the terminology of Perrone:

‘It is well known that, though the creed of the Church has been one and the same from the beginning, yet it has been so deeply lodged in her bosom as to be held by individuals more or less implicitly instead of being delivered from the first in those special statements, or what are called definitions, under which it is now presented to us, and which preclude mistake or ignorance. These definitions which are but the expression of portions of the one dogma which has ever been received by the Church, are the work of time; they have grown to their present shape and number in the course of eighteen centuries, under the exigency of successive events, such as heresies and the like, and they may of course receive still further additions as time goes on. Now this process of doctrinal development, as you might suppose, is not of an accidental or random character, it is conducted upon laws, as everything else which comes from God; and the study of its laws and of its exhibition, or, in other words, the science and history of the formation of theology, was a subject which had interested me more than anything else from the time I first began to read the Fathers, and which had engaged my attention in a special way. Now it was gradually brought home to me, in the course of my reading, so gradually, that I cannot trace the steps of my conviction, that the decrees of later councils, or what Anglicans call the Roman corruptions, were but instances of that very same doctrinal law which was to be found in the history of the early Church; and that in the sense in which the dogmatic truth of the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin may be said, in the lapse of centuries, to have grown upon the consciousness of the faithful, in that same sense did, in the first age, the mystery of the Blessed Trinity also gradually shine out and manifest itself more and more completely before their minds. Here was at once an answer to the objections urged by Anglicans against the present teaching of Rome; and not only an answer to objections, but a positive argument in its favour; for the immutability and uninterrupted action of the laws in question throughout the course of Church history is a plain note of identity between the Catholic Church of the first ages and that which now goes by that name; just as the argument from the analogy of natural and revealed religion is at once an answer to difficulties in the latter, and a direct proof that Christianity

has the same Author as the physical and moral world. But the force of this, to me ineffably cogent argument, I cannot hope to convey to another.' ¹

The intercourse with Perrone was of great importance for the future, for Newman could always remember that when he had talked out his views he had found substantial agreement between them, except that Perrone was unwilling to say 'yea' or 'nay' on certain questions, and did not carry his analysis to the point which Newman's penetrating mind desired.

But communications between them were naturally intermittent and the practical prospects of the future Oratorians occupied Newman's attention very closely.

Much was expected from Dr. Wiseman's visit to Rome in July in the direction of maturing plans for the future. He came to see Newman at Santa Croce on the 24th. The Brief for the English Oratory was prepared that week and left with Monsignor Palma on August 4. On the 9th Pius IX. came in person to visit them at Santa Croce. Wiseman chanced to be there, and a visit to the Oratory at Naples was planned for Newman and St. John. It was arranged moreover that Newman should go with Wiseman in the following week to the country house of the English College of Monte Porzio in the lovely country near Tusculum. This would be an opportunity for arranging further details. But once again came disappointment, for the political disturbances of the time caused Wiseman to be sent off suddenly to England on a semi-diplomatic mission to the British Government.

A note to Henry Wilberforce at this time shows Newman's feeling of uncertainty as to the future, and at the same time his calm trustfulness that the 'kindly light' will be with him, and that Providence will mark out his further course:

'Santa Croce in Gerusalemme: August 11, 1847.

'St. John has given me to seal this, though he has not signed his name. You shall soon hear from me. It rejoiced me to see your handwriting. It is quite wonderful to see how wonderfully we have been protected through the

¹ See *Difficulties of Anglicans*, I. pp. 344-346. In a letter to W. G. Ward, written in the same year, he proposes writing further on the subject if he could get Perrone to revise his work. 'I would not do it without the highest sanction,' he writes. 'You see the Pope has in a way taken up Perrone.'

summer here, which is now waning, though autumn, as Horace tells me, is the more fatal time. We do not deserve such protection, but I hope St. Mary and St. Philip will stand by us still. "Lead Thou me on" is quite as appropriate to my state as ever, for what I shall be called to do when I get back, or how I shall be used, is quite a mystery to me.'

The visit to Naples was on the 20th, and after a night at an hotel they took lodgings in the Via Pasquale, and made Naples their headquarters for a fortnight. They spent much time with the Oratorians. 'Most of them are young, lively, pleasant persons,' Newman reports to Frederic Bowles. 'They seem all gentlemen—or nearly all . . . one old father of 89 had had two conversations with St. Alfonso.' The Englishmen rowed to Baiae, visited Virgil's tomb, went to Nocera and Amalfi; Newman said Mass over St. Andrew's body at Amalfi. They inspected Pompeii and climbed Vesuvius on August 31. Newman was urged by the Oratorian fathers to stay for the Feast of St. Januarius. He was unable to do so, but satisfied himself of the genuineness of the famous miracle. Going Romewards by Capua they visited the great Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino, whence they travelled by diligence to Rome on the September 7.

To Henry Wilberforce ten days later he gives some account of the visit to Naples:

'Santa Croce: Sept. 17, 1847.

'I should have written before, but St. John and I have been at Naples, and our time, as you may guess, not quite our own for writing letters. We went there, among other reasons, to see the Oratory of the place, which was founded in St. Philip's time. It is a magnificent Church, Sacristy, and House—and beats the Roman, fine as the House of the Chiesa Nuova here is. And we were very much pleased with the clergy who inhabit it—most of them were young men and very intelligent and inquisitive about England. We liked all the clergy we saw there—we were introduced to the Cardinal Archbishop, a young man of 33—saw a good deal of the Jesuits, who are a wonderfully striking body of men, and about whom I could write you a good deal. I have a very clear idea of the said Jesuits, as far as it goes, and of their position. . . . When we were there the feast of St. Gennaro was coming on—(it is the day after to-morrow, the 19th) and they were eager for us to stop—they have the

utmost confidence in the miracle—and were the more eager, because many Catholics, till they have seen it, doubt it. Our father director here tells us that before he went to Naples, he did not believe it. That is, they have vague ideas of natural means, exaggeration, &c., not of course imputing fraud. They say conversions often take place in consequence. It is exposed for the Octave, and the miracle continues—it is not simple liquefaction, but sometimes it swells, sometimes boils, sometimes melts—no one can tell what is going to take place. They say it is quite overcoming—and people cannot help crying to see it. I understand that Sir H. Davy attended every day, and it was this extreme variety of the phenomenon which convinced him that nothing physical would account for it. Yet there is this remarkable fact that liquefactions of blood are common at Naples—and unless it is irreverent to the Great Author of Miracles to be obstinate in the inquiry, the question certainly rises whether there is something in the air. (Mind, I don't believe there is—and, speaking humbly, and without having seen it, think it a true miracle—but I am arguing.) We *saw* the blood of St. Patrizia, half liquid, i.e. liquefying, on her feast day. St. John Baptist's blood sometimes liquefies on the 29th of August, and did when we were at Naples, but we had not time to go to the Church. We saw the liquid blood of an Oratorian Father, a good man, but not a Saint, who died two centuries ago, I think; and we saw the liquid blood of Da Ponte, the great and Holy Jesuit, who, I suppose, was almost a saint. But these instances do not account for liquefaction on certain days, if this is the case. But the most strange phenomenon is what happens at Ravello, a village or town above Amalfi. There is the blood of St. Pantaleon. It is in a vessel amid the stone work of the Altar—it is not touched—but on his feast in June it liquefies. And more, there is an excommunication against those who bring portions of the True Cross into the Church. Why? because the blood liquefies, whenever it is brought. A person I know, not knowing the prohibition, brought in a portion—and the Priest suddenly said, who showed the blood, "Who has got the Holy Cross about him?" I tell you what was told me by a grave and religious man. It is a curious coincidence that on telling this to our Father Director here, he said "Why we have a portion of S. Pantaleone's blood at the Chiesa Nuova, and it is always liquid."

'I must say I like what I saw of the Naples clergy. I never agreed in Froude's view of the priest's laughing

in the Confessional, which I saw as well as he; but he would not give in to me. Indeed, though of course there are bad men everywhere, I think the priests in every country I know about, are most exemplary. Think of how they are dying in England, cut off by the fever—not by chance, but one succeeding another in the same post, just like soldiers in a battle—eight in Liverpool alone—four or five in Leeds, and going down with the consciousness beforehand it was to be a martyrdom. Mr. Spencer's and Burder's case are very remarkable in another way. Mr. Spencer had become a Passionist, Burder (of Magdalen Hall) a Trappist—two of the very strictest orders of the Church. They had accordingly a long noviciate each, and wished it to be shortened and to be irrevocably bound to their order. Each took the fever and received (I believe) the last Sacraments. Considered to be dying, they were allowed to take the vows and receive the habit in their last minutes—and then both recovered. Thus they have cheated as it were their rule of *noviciate*. Many other touching things have come to my knowledge, or across me, since I became a Catholic. Last year Sir Edward Vavasour called on me at Maryvale—and I had some pleasant talk with him. He was a most amiable person, and talked in an amusing way of his surprise at two of his daughters having lately taken the veil. What he was thinking of came out soon. In a few months he gave up all his property to his son, and became a poor "Christian Brother"—a set of laity who teach poor-schools. Well, Bishop Wilson (not Daniel) tempted him to come to Rome, and they were to join company at Marseilles; when the news reached the Bishop at Marseilles of his sudden death on his journey. Near Dijon, he had got out of the *diligence* to walk up a hill, and suddenly died. No one knew at first whether he was a Catholic or Protestant—being English, it was presumed he was the latter, but on stripping him for burial they found some medals &c. upon him, and a discipline in his pocket. What joy to the poor Curate to find a brother in the dead! and for him it seemed as if he had been tried whether he would make the sacrifice of giving up his all, and then taken away without the labour and sorrow which it involved. I could run on, but must stop. As to Oxford, is it not ominous, considering the new House of Commons, that the British Association has met there! It met there in 1832 and just before the attempt to throw the University open to Dissenters.'

On October 6 there is an interesting entry in Newman's diary, of a visit with Dr. Grant afterwards Bishop of Southwark and Bowles to Monte Porzio, and of the information given by the prelate that the new hierarchy for England was 'determined and known.' Thus this decision, which created such a stir when acted upon in 1850, was public property for two whole years without arousing any opposition whatever.

Those of the little group who were not yet priests were now preparing for ordination. On October 12 Penny and Coffin passed their examination for holy orders, and they received the diaconate on the 24th and the priesthood on the 31st. On the 28th Newman and St. John kept the anniversary of their arrival in Rome, walking to St. Peter's and saying Mass, one at St. Leo's altar, the other at St. Gregory's. It was at this time that Newman wrote his story illustrative of the Oxford of the later phase of the Movement, 'Loss and Gain.' The actors in the drama hailed the book as a perfect representation of the Oxford society of those days—but the great leader was absent from the picture. The author's enjoyment of this task is illustrated by an anecdote told by Mr. Kegan Paul in his 'Biographical Sketches': 'A friend, also a convert, related not long since how, in the winter of 1847, he was a very constant visitor to Dr. Newman and was puzzled at finding him so frequently laughing to himself over the manuscript on which he was then engaged, till he said: "You do not know what I have been doing. Poor Burns, the late High Church publisher, a convert like ourselves, has got into difficulties, owing to his change of faith and I am going to give him this manuscript to see if it may not help him a little out of them."'¹ Four months of noviciate were considered sufficient, and their visit to the Eternal City was now approaching its termination. Stanton and Dalgairns left on November 12, Coffin on the 27th, Penny and Bowles a few days later. The few days which elapsed before St. John and Newman followed them were spent in leave-taking and in the final arrangement of the Brief for the new Oratory. Manning and Sidney Herbert came to Rome just before Newman left the city, and meetings with both of them are recorded. On December 3 Newman

¹ C. K. Paul, *Biographical Sketches* (1883), pp. 201, 202.

went, in company with a new novice, Francis Knox, and St. John, to bid farewell to the Holy Father at the Quirinal and finally to present his Brief in its completed form. On the 6th he started homewards with St. John, travelling by Loretto.

Pius IX. was 'most paternal'—so Newman writes to Dalgairns—'and Knox was in raptures. The Pope called him Padre Francesco, and Knox declares he won't part with it.' The Pontiff on this occasion gave Newman an opportunity for describing their prospects in England, but Newman's very limited Italian made the conversation come to little.

They stopped at Civita Castellana and Foligno, reaching Loretto on the evening of the 9th. On the 10th both St. John and Newman said Mass at the Holy House, going on from thence to Ancona and Fano, where they called on Cardinal Wiseman's mother, who was staying on a visit to her daughter, Contessa Gabrielli.

Bologna and Verona were also halting-places, and after a night at Innsbrück they reached Munich on the 18th and took tea with Döllinger before proceeding to Würzburg and Frankfort.

From Frankfort they passed to Cologne and thence by rail to Ostend, where they slept, on the 23rd crossing to Dover, and going on to London on Christmas Eve. On New Year's day Newman said his first Mass at Maryvale.

A brief letter to Henry Wilberforce tells of the journey from Rome, of the visit to the Holy House of Loretto, and of his return to the new home, dedicated to Sancta Maria in Valle, before Christmas tide, with its sacred associations, was gone by:

'Mary Vale, Perry Bar: January 12, 48.

'My dearest Henry,—Thank you for your congratulations. St. John and I got back on Christmas Eve; so we began our English life with the Nativity, saying Mass first in England on that blessed day, as I had said it first of all at Rome on the F. of Corpus Christi. They are cognate feasts, and the first and the last in the ecclesiastical year. I stayed a week in London, and came down here Dec. 31, saying my first Mass here on New Year's Day.

'We *ran*, as I may say, all the way from Bologna, fearing

first lest the Alps should be closed—next anxious to get here by Christmas Day, and I took, as I had hoped, my dear godson Chas. Bowden to serve my first Mass.

‘What took us to Bologna was that we went round by Loretto. We went there to get the Blessed Virgin’s blessing on us. I have ever been under her shadow, if I may say it. My College was St. Mary’s and my Church; and when I went to Littlemore, there, by my own previous disposition, our Blessed Lady was waiting for me. Nor did she do nothing for me in that low habitation, of which I always think with pleasure.

‘I trust I shall be here in quiet for some time, but it is impossible to say.

‘As to dear Manning, I must tell you, I thought him looking very ill. He (at Rome) ran up to me as I was getting into a *carrozza*—and I must say fairly that for the first instant, I did not know him. And when I saw him again and again, his old face did not come out to me, nor did I get over, as one so often does, my first impression.

‘All blessing attend you and yours this festal time, although, dearest Henry, you prefer sitting in the Street to entering the bright Presence Chamber of the New-born Lord.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. NEWMAN.

‘P.S.—I am here by myself—St. John does not come till next week.’

I have found no mention in Newman’s letters from Rome of the important political events which took place during his visit there and immediately after its conclusion—except the brief reference, already quoted, to the fact that while the foreign papers were full of Roman politics he, living in Rome, heard nothing of them. But that he fully entered into all that was happening, and into the more stirring events which came after his departure, we know from his published writings. And he spoke in later years to Father Neville of his impressions at the time.

Pius IX. had broken with Austria, and the Liberals urged him to work for Italian unity. He was hailed by Mazzini as the great reforming Pope of the nineteenth century and the future saviour of Italy. ‘I am observing your steps with immense hope,’ Mazzini wrote to him.

‘Have confidence. Trust yourself to us, . . . we will found for you a government unique in Europe.’ The programme urged by his Liberal adherents was that sketched by Gioberti five years earlier—an Italian confederation under the presidency of the Pope. The popular enthusiasm was unbounded. Writing from Italy in 1847 Dean Church says: ‘Their enthusiasm for Pio Nono is quite mediaeval. They can talk of nothing else.’ The Pope was hailed as the champion of Italian independence against Austria. But he fell between two stools. Hated by the Conservatives and pro-Austrian followers of his predecessor, his trust in the Liberals was too simple. And Newman—so Father Neville has often told me—saw this from the first.

Pius IX. began his pontificate as a reformer. His first act was an *amnestie générale*. The prisons were opened and all the political prisoners were released. The ‘scum of the earth’ (this was Newman’s phrase) were let loose in the Papal States. The members of the secret societies, haters of the Church and of Christianity, soon gained the upper hand in Rome. Pius IX. aspired to and won, for a time, the title of the most liberal Pope of modern days. ‘The most enlightened of modern sovereigns,’ said our own *Morning Post*. The reaction of disillusion was correspondingly great, and he lives in history as the Pope of *intransigence*, whose response to all proposals of compromise with the later movement for Italian unity was ‘Non possumus.’ He angered the Conservative Cardinals by disbanding the old clerical ministry; and his lay prime minister, Count de Rossi, was assassinated by the Liberals in 1848. Monsignor Palma (Newman’s intimate friend) was shot dead at the windows of the Quirinal. The Pope fled to Gaeta. The tricolour was hoisted from the Quirinal and a republic proclaimed in Rome. When the Powers intervened in the following year and restored the papal sovereignty, the old clerical government was reinstated, and Pius was henceforth the unbending foe of ‘Liberalism’ in all the forms in which it manifested itself on the Continent.

We trace in Newman’s published writings the deep impression made on him by the crisis. A chapter of the ‘Historical Sketches’ is devoted to the action of Pius IX. at

this time. The Pontiff had consistently emphasised his dissent from the programme of the men who attempted to claim his approval. Although he had broken with Austria, he had refused to sanction the advance of the Papal army against the Austrian troops beyond their own frontier. He had refused to bless the tricolour flag brought him by the soldiers before their departure. In vain had the leader of the popular party pressed him to launch the censures of the Church against the Austrians. He had disowned the revolutionary measures promised in his name in 1848 by his minister, Mamiani. As he had declined at the outset to make any compromise for the sake of Austrian support, so now he dissociated himself from those bitter foes of the Austrians who claimed to be his allies. True to himself and his office, he set at naught the maxims of political prudence and retreated in apparent isolation. 'The Protestant public,' wrote Newman, 'jeered and mocked at him as one whose career was over; . . . yet he has supplied but a fresh instance of the heroic detachment of Popes and carried down the tradition of St. Peter into the age of railroads and newspapers.'¹

The Pontiff calmly proceeded with the duties of his office, the formation of Hierarchies in England and Holland, the impending definition of the Immaculate Conception. And, without effort on his own part, he soon found himself back again in Rome. In the very year of the Pope's return Newman described with dramatic force the nature of the struggle between the armed soldiers of Mazzini and the spiritual power represented by the Papacy—a power whose peculiar strength lay in the intangible weapons by which it is enforced and defended:

'Punctual in its movements, precise in its operations, imposing in its equipments, with its spirit high and its step firm, with its haughty clarion and its black artillery, behold the mighty world is gone forth to war—with what? With an unknown something, which it feels but cannot see; which flits around it, which flaps against its cheek, with the air, with the wind. It charges and it slashes, and it fires its volleys, and it bayonets, and it is mocked by a foe who

¹ See *Historical Sketches*, iii. pp. 142 sq.

dwells in another sphere, and is far beyond the force of its analysis, or the capacities of its calculus. The air gives way, and it returns again; it exerts a gentle but constant pressure on every side; moreover, it is of vital necessity to the very power which is attacking it. Whom have you gone out against? A few old men, with red hats and stockings, or a hundred pale students, with eyes on the ground, and beads in their girdle; they are as stubble: destroy them; then there will be other old men, and other pale students, instead of them. But we will direct our rage against one; he flees; what is to be done with him? Cast him out upon the wide world; but nothing can go on without him. Then bring him back! But he will give us no guarantee for the future. Then leave him alone: his power is gone, he is at an end, or he will take a new course of himself; he will take part with the state or the people. Meanwhile, the multitude of interests in active operation all over the great Catholic body rise up, as it were, all round, and encircle the combat, and hide the fortune of the day from the eyes of the world; and unreal judgments are hazarded, and rash predictions, till the mist clears away, and then the old man is found in his own place, as before, saying Mass over the tomb of the Apostles.’¹

¹ *Difficulties of Anglicans*, i. 156.

CHAPTER VII

THE ENGLISH ORATORY (1848-1850)

THE second week in January saw the gradual assembling of the new community. Dr. Wiseman had now been transferred to London as acting Vicar Apostolic of the district.¹ But the new Oratory was placed by Papal Brief at Birmingham, close to his former residence at Oscott, and there it consequently remained. A letter to Henry Wilberforce gives some particulars as to the Brief of foundation. It also shows Newman filled with that deep sense of the supernatural agencies at work in the history of the Church which he had brought with him from Rome and from the Holy House at Loretto:

‘Maryvale: January 19, 1848.

‘I suppose you think I might have told you more in my last letter by this your second. But I really have not much to tell. The Pope’s Brief, which I bring with me, *fixes* me at Maryvale and Birmingham—but, as my name alone is introduced into it, me only. I could not change without his interference. Dr. Wiseman’s going to London is *since* the Brief was drawn up. The late Bishop² (of London) between ourselves was the *only* Bishop who did not cordially welcome me. He was a good, upright, careful man, but timid—he was really kind to me personally, but he feared me. So I felt myself cut out of London. He died just after the Brief was finished. My being at Birmingham (which I like better *myself*) will not preclude my coming to London occasionally.

‘We were to have brought the Bulls (for establishing the Hierarchy), and waited for that purpose—but there were

¹ Dr. Walsh had succeeded Dr. Griffiths, but his delicate health led him to appoint Dr. Wiseman as his delegate.

² Dr. Griffiths, the Vicar Apostolic of the London district.

delays, and we saw that if we waited longer, we should miss either Loretto or a London Christmas. We arrived, as it was, only on Christmas Eve—and had travelled seven nights out of eight.

‘I went to Loretto with a simple faith, believing what I still more believed when I saw it. I have no doubt now. If you ask me why I believe, it is because *every one* believes it at Rome; cautious as they are and sceptical about some other things—I believe it then as I believe that there is a new planet called Neptune, or that chloroform destroys the sense of pain. *I have no antecedent difficulty in the matter.* He who floated the Ark on the surges of a world-wide sea, and inclosed in it all living things, who has hidden the terrestrial paradise, who said that faith might move mountains, who sustained thousands for forty years in a sterile wilderness, who transported Elias and keeps him hidden till the end, could do this wonder also. And in matter of fact we see all other records of our Lord and His Saints gathered up in the heart of Christendom from the ends of the earth as Paganism encroached on it (i.e. his relics). St. Augustine leaves Hippo, the prophet Samuel and St. Stephen Jerusalem, the crib in which our Lord lay leaves Bethlehem with St. Jerome, the Cross is dug up, St. Athanasius goes to Venice, there is a general *μεταβαίνωμεν ἐν τρεῖς*. In short I feel no *difficulty* in believing it, though it may be often difficult to *realize*¹ . . .

‘Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. NEWMAN.’

In January there were gathered together at Maryvale Fathers St. John, Dalgairns, Penny, Stanton, and Coffin. These, together with Father Knox (a novice) and three lay brothers, formed the original community of Oratorians. Philip and Joseph Gordon joined them as novices² in the following month.

Besides the actual novices, the Oratory proposed to take and educate a few boys with a view to their ultimately joining the community.

‘You should let me take Lisle,’ Newman wrote to George Ryder, ‘and make a little Oratorian of him, i.e. to wear the

¹ It must be remembered that in 1847 recent criticism as to the history of the Holy House was unknown, and the tradition was far more widely received among Catholics than it is at present.

² Afterwards Father Philip Gordon, Superior of the London Oratory, and Father Joseph Gordon of the Birmingham Oratory, who died in 1853.

dress and serve at functions, and be educated. Then when he grew up, he could exercise the dear right of Private Judgment, throw off the habit and set up for a flash character—for we have no vows.¹

The Oratory was formally inaugurated on February 2, the Feast of the Purification. Newman chose that day—which was also the foundation day at Oriel—in order that his new Oratory might be ‘under the shadow of Maria Purificans.’ Some of the Fathers took as their customary designation the name of some saint: thus Coffin became Father Robert, Dalgairns Father Bernard. Others, as St. John, Knox, and Newman himself, retained their own Christian names.

Thus ‘under the protection of Our Lady and St. Philip’ his first work as a Catholic was begun, in the double spirit of faith and absolute resignation which was so marked in him. He was ready for failure in the world’s eye, for possible failure also to accomplish much which he himself pictured as the aim to be striven for. God would bless as His own all work done for Him, and therefore real failure was impossible. But He would bless it in His own way and not necessarily in the way imagined by His instruments. Newman never forgot that the world’s neglect was the recompense for which St. Philip himself used to pray. ‘Neglect,’ he said in an early sermon, ‘was the badge which St. Philip desired for himself and for his own, “to despise the whole world, to despise no member of it, to despise oneself, to despise being despised.”’ His grateful acquiescence in Birmingham rather than London as the scene of their labours was conceived in this same spirit.

The story which has now to be told is, for years, that of strenuous labour, as Newman followed unswervingly the

¹ Lisle Ryder came in the summer, and Newman writes to his father a few days after his arrival:

‘Tell Mama that Lisle knows I am writing, but has nothing just now to say. Nor have I anything to tell about him, except that he had a dirty face the day before yesterday, and threw a handful of flour over Br. Aloysius’s black cassock this morning.’

Lisle’s brother Henry, afterwards an Oratorian, joined him a little later. But the plan of educating boys was soon abandoned, being, however, revived on far larger scale when the Oratory School was founded in 1859.

'kindly light,' still, and in some ways more than even in his earlier life, 'amid the encircling gloom.' The prayer for neglect seemed at moments to be very literally answered; and the answer was hard to bear. Many chapters in the story tell of misunderstanding on the part of those whom he strove to serve, of the temporary prevalence in England within the Church of tendencies which he deplored, of the troubles which inevitably attend on one with the poet's or literary artist's temperament who is called on to initiate a great practical work—and this late in life. Such trials at moments, to use his own words, 'tore off' his 'morbidly sensitive skin.' To one with his temperament mental trial and apparent incidental failure appeared to cause a kind of physical pain even amid the most patient endurance. And as we read in the following pages the record of what he suffered we may be tempted to think that such sufferings represented the whole of his life in these years. But those who knew him best all bear the same testimony as he himself bore when directly questioned on the subject—that his trials never even in the most joyless hours diminished the underlying peace and happiness, the rest of soul, which the Catholic Church had brought him, and which he had never known before. His life as a Catholic recalls the device inscribed at the beginning of a Benedictine prayer-book—the word 'Pax' encircled with a crown of thorns. So, too, for the souls in purgatory peace is held to remain amid the acutest sufferings, because they know that their union with God is at last secure and their very suffering unites them to Him. Precisely twenty years after the opening of the Oratory, when purifying trial had done its very worst or very best, he wrote some words which must never be forgotten while the following pages are read. One who was still an Anglican had in January 1868 expressed a doubt whether Newman did not regret having parted from his old friends in the Church of England, whether he had found in the Catholic Church after all what he looked for, or what compensated for all he had lost. To this question, conveyed to Newman through an intimate friend (the late Lord Blachford), he thus replied in a letter:

‘My own deep wound was before I left them, and in leaving them; and it was healed, when the deed was done, as far as it was personal, and not from the reflection of their sorrow. To-day is the 20th anniversary of my setting up the Oratory in England, and every year I have more to thank God for, and more cause to rejoice that He helped me over so great a crisis—Since A.B. obliges me to say it, this I cannot omit to say:—I have found in the Catholic Church abundance of courtesy, but very little sympathy, among persons in high place, except a few—but there is a depth and a power in the Catholic religion, a fulness of satisfaction in its creed, its theology, its rites, its sacraments, its discipline, a freedom yet a support also, before which the neglect or the misapprehension about oneself on the part of individual living persons, however exalted, is as so much dust, when weighed in the balance. This is the true secret of the Church’s strength, the principle of its indefectibility, and the bond of its indissoluble unity. It is the earnest and the beginning of the repose of heaven.’

The new congregation was in full working order before February was over.

‘We are very busy, as you may think,’ Newman writes on March 9—‘I as Superior, as Novice Master, as Lecturer in theology, have enough to do—besides chance matters and going to Birmingham. We have, I believe, 18 priests in fact or *potentialiter*.’

Indeed the number of coming recruits seemed to be very large, and the possibility was soon discussed of branch houses at Bayswater, in Reading, and elsewhere. From the very beginning of Newman’s labours for the Oratory on his return to England we observe a certain note of despondency amid untiring work. He complains in many letters of loss of vigour. He was forty-seven years old—a time of life when even very hard work in a groove already formed is easy, but the worry of initiation is irksome. ‘’Tis a strange time,’ he writes to one friend in March, ‘all things are being new cast.’ ‘It is an awful thing,’ he writes to another (Henry Wilberforce), ‘beginning so new a life in the end of my days. How I wish I had in me the energy which I had when I began the Tracts for the Times! Now I am scarce more, to my own feelings,

than an *inutile lignum*; so stiff, so wooden. May you never have, dear Henry, the bitter reflection that you have left yourself but the dregs of life for God's service!

Then, again, many of his new companions were less congenial than those of Oxford days. Frederick Faber had founded a community of enthusiastic converts, whom he named the Wilfridians, at St. Wilfrid's, Cotton Hall, Cheadle. They petitioned to be allowed to join the Oratory at Maryvale, and Newman consented. They were admitted in February. Devoted to Newman though these young men were, there was from the first a difference of temperament between him and the newcomers which only increased as time went on. Moreover, the constant pressure of the complicated and difficult work of practical organisation told upon Newman's spirits, and the rigorous fasting of many years upon his health and strength. He seems to have had at moments the feeling that his influence was gone and his power of doing good at an end.

One who knew him most intimately has said of him that he ever had an almost physical inability to open out spontaneously in conversation when there had been misunderstanding. If others took the first step he would often respond gratefully. But only a few knew him well enough to approach him with success. Thus a wholly mistaken impression might long prevail and colour his view of the relations between himself and others. Possibly enough, some such misconception entered into the feeling which he expressed that summer in writing to Ambrose St. John, who had left him for a few days on family business, that the young men from St. Wilfrid's (the *giovani* as he called them) were stiff and restrained in their intercourse with him. The letter is characteristic even in its minute and in themselves trivial details as to his health:

‘Maryvale: July 12, 1848.

‘Carissime,—Don't come back till Tuesday.

‘My head is so stupid to-day, that I take up my pen, as the only thing I can do, even if that. I have a little cold, but, independent of that, my head has been worse since you left. . . . It makes me languid and drowsy, and then I can't do my duties, and people think me reserved &c., when I don't mean to be.

'At times the sense of weight (of responsibility) and of desolateness has come on me so strongly, that I could fancy it might grow equal to any pain; and I thought what the Pope must suffer. It is useless to tell you on paper all the little trials which constitute all this and it is ungrateful in me not to be more cheered with the improvement of things in some quarters. My great trouble is some of the *giovani*—not that anything new has occurred, but they have so repelled anything between us but what is external, shown so little kindness when I have done things for them, treated me with so little confidence, as to throw me back upon myself—and now I quite dread the fortnightly chapter day, when I have to make them a little address, as being something so very external, when I have no means to know what is going on in their minds. In consequence I feel as if I was not doing my duty to them, yet without any fault. I don't know what influence I am exerting over them. It is as if my time of work were gone by. Except that one has been led step by step to where one is, beginning in 1841 with going to Littlemore, one is tempted to say: "How much happier for me to have no liabilities (so to speak) but to be a single unfettered convert";—but if this had been so, I should not have known you, *Carissime*—so good and evil go together.

'The above I wrote before dinner, and suddenly during dinner my deafness &c. went away completely on my taking some cayenne pepper, which I had speculated upon using for some hours before, and for the time I am better than I have been for a fortnight past—how odd it is—whether nervous, or what?

'I grieve for your troubles at home, though I have been talking only of my own. Don't take them to heart.

'Love from all.

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

A curious instance of Newman's difficulty in bridging the apparent separation between himself and younger members of the community, when there was in reality nothing but affectionate feeling on both sides, was related to me by Father Philip Gordon. He told me that after some weeks, during which he and Newman met daily without a word, when he was wondering as to the cause of what appeared to be a real breach between them, the Father Superior one morning put into his hands the following note:

'My dearest Brother,—It is strange to write to you and write about nothing; but such is my fate just now and for some time, that, since I have nothing to say to you, I must either be silent or unseasonable.

'Many is the time I have stood over the fire at breakfast and looked at you at Recreation, hunting for something to talk about. The song says that "love cannot live on flowers": not so, yet it requires material, if not for sustenance, at least for display—and I have fancied too that younger and lighter minds perhaps could not, if they would, care much for one who has had so much to wear him down.

'All blessings come on you my dear Brother—in proportion to my waning.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman at first made a great effort to throw himself completely into the ideas of his new followers from St. Wilfrid's who were disposed to adopt Continental forms of popular devotion almost indiscriminately. He also used in these early years the vehement language, common among the younger converts, in respect of the Anglican Church. He wrote of its services as 'a ritual dashed upon the ground, trodden on and broken piecemeal; prayers clipped, pieced, shuffled about at pleasure until the meaning of the composition perished . . . vestments chucked off, lights quenched, jewels stolen, the pomp and circumstance of worship annihilated; a dreariness which could be felt and which seemed the token of an uninspired Socinianism pouring itself upon the eye, the ear, the nostril of the worshipper.'¹ As years went on such language became less congenial to him. As to popular devotions he came definitely to hold the view which had all along commended itself to the solid commonsense of men like Dr. Newsham of Ushaw and Dr. Ullathorne, who advocated no wide departure from such forms of piety as had long been in use among English Catholics.² The earlier impulse came,

¹ *Historical and Critical Essays*, II. pp. 443-4.

² Cf. *Letter to Dr. Pusey*, pp. 21-22. At the same time there were Italian prayer-books like the *Raccolta*, to which he was always devoted. Indeed, his own personal taste in devotion was always far more in sympathy with the Continental forms than was that of the old Catholics. What he deprecated was untheological exaggerations. Concerning his love of the Roman architecture we have already spoken. And the Birmingham Oratory adopted the Roman vestments.

as he says in his letter to Dr. Pusey, from younger men whom he 'loved and trusted'; but he adds, 'my mind in no long time fell back to what seems to me a safer and more practical course.' The struggle in his mind, however, and the ultimate modification in his opinions added to his trial, and in the time of transition he failed wholly to please either party. The 'old Catholics' of England, along with certain deficiencies arising from their long exclusion from our great educational centres, had plenty of character, and together with it plenty of honest English prejudice. There were novelties in devotion introduced from Continental sources by the converts which were not to their taste. Faber and his friends, besides adopting the Roman vestments and classical architecture, which were not to the liking of the generation of English Catholics whose taste had been formed by Pugin, affected also the exuberant and sometimes untheological language to be found in some French and Italian books of devotion. These things were innovations. The 'old Catholics' (as they were called) were no doubt somewhat jealous of the influence of clever converts from Oxford who aspired apparently to teach the whole Catholic community in England. Newman's younger followers were far less disposed to be considerate towards the 'old Catholics' than was Newman himself. They went their own way. And the 'old Catholics' came to regard them as a party which held aloof from the general body. Newman, who felt that, even with all possible encouragement, his task in founding the Oratory was hard enough, was keenly sensitive to the smallest sign of such absence of sympathy. Dr. Wiseman now asked the Oratorians to preach Lenten sermons in the London churches. Newman expected crowded congregations. The enthusiasm with which he had been received everywhere in 1846 was still fresh in his mind. But a certain reaction seemed already to have set in, and the churches were nearly empty. Newman preached at St. George's on April 9, at Chelsea on the 10th, at Spanish Place on the 11th, and again at St. George's on the 12th. Other sermons followed. The congregations grew no larger. It was a fortnight of complete failure. To the younger fathers—Faber, Hutchison, Dalgairns, Coffin—who also preached, the failure was of

little account. Newman felt it deeply. 'To please Dr. Wiseman,' he writes in his Journal, looking back at the time fifteen years later, 'I made the wretched throw off in London, against my will, of the Oratorian Lent preaching at Passion-tide—a blunder and a failure which even now I cannot think of without a raw sensitiveness.'

Then Father Wilfrid Faber—as Frederick Faber was now called—full of vigour and initiative, acting on Newman's wish to make English Catholics familiar with the biographies of modern Saints, started some translations of Italian Saints' lives.

The following memorandum gives the views with which Newman sanctioned the inauguration of the series¹:

'The Saints are the glad and complete specimens of the new creation which our Lord brought into the moral world, and as "the heavens declare the glory of God" as Creator, so are the Saints proper and true evidence of the God of Christianity, and tell out into all lands the power and grace of Him who made them. What the existence of the Church itself is to the learned and philosophical, such are the Saints to the multitude. They are the popular evidence of Christianity, and the most complete and logical evidence while the most popular. It requires time, learning, the

¹ The following is another memorandum on the same subject:

'The objects I had in view in starting the Modern Saints, beyond gratitude to the Regina Sanctorum who used the Saints' Lives for my conversion, were these:

'1. That we were in evil plight in England for want of the supernatural—the *ethos* of Catholics seemed utterly protestant, and their religion different from what had converted us.

'2. That there was an unusual amount of vocation and call to perfection among Catholics, and that converts would seem almost so called by their conversion, and life out of the Church, and that the Lives would co-operate with God in this.

'3. That there were numbers outside the Church with whom controversy was passed and over, and who would be reached by this.

'4. That low views of grace among Catholics, and wrong views of it in others would be corrected thus.

'5. That it would help to destroy antiquarianism and introduce modernism and foreignism.

'6. That, as a matter of fact, colleges, schools, and religious houses were greatly in want of some such work.

'7. That it would promote devotion to the Madonna, images, relics, etc.

'8. That it would help to make confessors into directors.

'9. That it would destroy much narrowness arising from actual ignorance of Catholic matters—men seeing heresy etc. everywhere.'

powers of attention and logical consecutiveness and comprehensiveness, to survey the Church of all ages and places as one, and to recognise it, (as to the intellect, it is, and must be distinctly recognised,) as the work of God alone; to most of us it is the separate, and in one sense incomplete, portions of this great phenomenon which turn one's mind to Catholicism, or whole work of God,—a perfect work from beginning to end, yet one which may be bound between two boards, and mastered by the most unlearned. The exhibition of a person, his thoughts, his words, his acts, his trials, his features, his beginnings, his growth, his end, have a charm to every one; and where he is a Saint they have a divine influence and persuasion, a power of exercising and eliciting the latent elements of divine grace in individual readers, as no other reading can have. We consider that the Lives of the Saints are one of the main and special instruments, to which, under God, we may look for the conversion of our countrymen at this time.'

Some features in these 'Lives,' with which readers of Italian hagiography are familiar, scandalised many English readers. Mr. Price, a priest of the old school, published in *Dolman's Magazine* a strong attack on the life of St. Rose of Lima. The attack was violent and indefensible. Mr. Price accused the writer and translator of sanctioning idolatry, on the ground that St. Rose was represented as asking favours from the image of a saint. But while Mr. Price was generally admitted to have gone too far, few if any of the hereditary Catholics considered the series entirely satisfactory; and even Dr. Newsham of Ushaw, Newman's staunch friend, held that they needed modification to suit the taste of English readers. The abundance of imperfectly proved miracles was objected to, and some of the stories of scandals within the Church were considered unsuitable for Protestant England. Dr. Ullathorne, who on April 30 was installed as Vicar Apostolic of the Central district (and consequently Newman's Bishop), held the objection to them to be widespread. On learning that the 'Lives' chosen and edited by Father Faber were in some quarters disapproved, Newman wrote to Bishop Wiseman in October, proposing, if the Bishops thought well, to edit the series himself, in the name of the whole Congregation.

Newman had an interview with Dr. Ullathorne, and chronicled the result in a letter to one of his brother Oratorians. The letter shows a touch of combativeness and party spirit unlike Newman's earlier or later manner—a sign perhaps of the strain caused by his efforts to fall in with the tone of mind of some of the younger fathers:

‘Maryvale: Oct. 22/48.

‘Well then, the Bishop has stopped the Lives of the Saints. *Without my asking him*—for what I put before him was, that *we* could not go on, *without* the Bishop's support. He has not simply declined his support, but in every variety of form, categorically and circumstantially, advised their stopping.

‘I saw him yesterday. He was very kind and easy in his manner. He said he had asked a number of persons—first Dr. Browne of Wales, who was for stopping them. He had asked a number of priests—he had been to nunneries, and found them disliked. The first great fault was *dryness*. What he wanted *extremely* was original lives like that most beautiful of St. Stephen Harding, and others which we published at Oxford. Next, that the feeling of Catholics about them might be summed up in these two objections—first that the miracles *need* not be believed (and were difficult)—secondly that they would *prejudice protestants*—that the nuns of St. Benedict's Priory (I think), a very well regulated spiritual body, feared they would harm Protestants—that he had heard some Catholics or Protestants (I forget which) at Wolverhampton scrupled at receiving the account of St. Winifred carrying her head—that Bacci was dry—that he believed that Dr. Waring, from the “English” character of his mind, would be of the same view. I did not give any opinion of my own, because I was not asked;—he said he would write to one or two other Bishops, and then let me know. . . .

‘He went on to ask if F. Faber was not opposed to Gothic architecture, screens, etc. I said that we all disliked *exclusive-ness* but nothing more—that I thought Gothic was extremely superior to Grecian as a matter of art, but that we wished to keep the Rubrics. He said here or elsewhere, that we must do something to soothe the “jealousy” of the clergy. I did not reply—but this strikes me as impertinent—*why* are they jealous? *What* have we done? since the day we were Catholics they have been bursting with “jealousy”—and we are on every occasion to give way to this indefinite terror.

‘The only remark which I have to make is that it is *shameful* to recommend us to stop the Lives, *before* they have made Price eat his words publicly. But it is our destiny, and blessedness, thus to be treated ever. I thought of trying to set him against Price, but I somehow think that our Lady and St. Philip will take our part, if we do not take our own—and even humanly speaking we shall be sure to have defenders, if we do not defend ourselves.

‘But this is almost clear, that we must send some one to Rome—at least I don’t see how we can escape it. I know I have at present the Pope’s ear; and I think he might be made to see that a so-called Englishman may speciously conceal under screens and roods a great deal of doctrinal error. We ought to (and might) get full leave in our rescript to keep up the Italian traditions of the Oratory.’

That Dr. Ullathorne’s views were not quite what might be inferred from this account of Newman’s the following letter from the Bishop himself shows. His standpoint seems to differ but little from that of Dr. Newsham—that portions of the Lives were unsuitable to the general public.

‘We must guard,’ he writes to Newman on November 3, ‘against mistaking each other. We are each looking from a separate point of view, I suspect. My letter requires the limitations implied in my previous conversations; and what I have said from myself must be distinguished from what I have cited from others. The principal enjoyment of my own life has been the lives of the Saints and their mystic writings. Very rare, alas! now, are such enjoyments. I had even planned with a Dominican Father the publication of a series of such works, when the mitre placed against my own inclinations upon my head, extinguished the plan. Hard and toilsome and full of pains are the unseen labours of a Bishop in a country like this.

‘Heroic spirits are the small minority. Such spirits have been drawn towards you, and have gathered around you. Heroic grace is gained by the “small number.” Give strong meats with wisdom and soberness. It was what St. Paul did with the new Christians of his time. He knew them well and did not give the same food to all.

‘The late Fr. Gentili, a bosom friend of mine, and as you know a saintly man, began in England with a lofty ideal, which, happily, never diminished in his own ardent spirit; and for many years he concealed not his opinions on the English

clergy and their "*low*" views. He became intimately conversant with their missionary struggles and with the nature of the people; old Catholics, and converts, and catechumens, with whom they have to deal. A few months before his death I had, to my great happiness, many and long conversations with him, prolonged day by day for six weeks. His view of the facts of our position and of the nature of our contest had become wonderfully changed in the course of his missions. . . . It was his wide experimental knowledge of the whole body of society in England which is brought in contact with Catholic teaching which changed his views. He had become much more moderate in his mode of instruction, though he lamented its necessity. He saw that many things in the clergy which he had formerly attributed to sluggishness were to be ascribed to prudence. This fact must be taken with its right limitations. He lamented the hasty conclusions which new converts (this does not, believe me, include you or those who are with you,) and some indiscreet young Catholics of old stocks, had reported in Rome, and also the mischief which had been created from which we all had for a time to suffer. . . . He longed himself to go to Rome to give in person this corrected view of things, as his more intimate experience had found the case to be.

'What I say then, is:—

'1st. You are free in right to publish whatever is not against faith and morals.

'2nd. You are right in zeal and charity in publishing many lives of Saints and holy books.

'3rd. Prudence, without which, as the fathers of the desert say, no virtue is a virtue, she being the ruler of all virtues as a Queen, requires that what to you and me is full of edification and instruction should not be put forth in such a form that what to you and me is apprehended rightly may be changed into error in the ill-prepared minds of the multitude. The mass will generalize particular facts with regard to the clergy for example, where they know not by experience the general spirit of the clergy. . . . They only can safely for themselves know the weaknesses which Satan sows in the Church, who know the force of her graces. The feeble in faith and the faithless will fasten upon the first as a ground for withholding consent to the second. The bane and antidote are before them, but will they not in taking both make the bane destroy the antidote. An English Catholic does not refuse to own what is in his church, but belongs not to it; but he

declines coming forward to tell it, as he would decline to tell the vices of his next neighbour where he knows that it will scandalize.

‘But to return for a moment to the general subject. I would say let the majority of readers, the mass of the weak, the ignorant and the grossly prejudiced be kept in view. I would advise the lives to be re-written, and then we shall have a language always clear and unmistakeable as to the substance of doctrine implied in the narrative. So wrote the Fathers when they wrote in the midst of heresy. The less authenticated miracles, those which a writer introduces when he wishes to make a work as full as possible, should be pruned down. Not the most wondrous but the least authenticated. A writer writing for England would naturally throw in those reflections which would prepare the mind of the reader and put him in the proper point of view. How well this was done in the Oxford lives, and how popular they were for that reason, amongst others, even amongst Catholics.’

The Bishop did undertake to show publicly that he disapproved of Mr. Price’s strong language. He wrote a public rebuke of Mr. Price. But as some weeks passed before its appearance and the Oratorians (who had seen it) did not think its language sufficiently emphatic, a circular giving notice of the suspension of the publication of the series was forthwith issued by Fr. Faber, who printed as his warrant for so doing the following letter from Newman:

“Maryvale: Oct. 30th, 1848.

“My dear Father Wilfrid,—I have consulted the Fathers who are here on the subject of the Lives of the Saints, and we have come to the unanimous conclusion of advising you to suspend the series at present. It appears there is a strong feeling against it on the part of a portion of the Catholic Community in England, on the ground, as we are given to understand, that the lives of foreign saints, however edifying in their respective countries, are unsuited to England, and unacceptable to Protestants. To this feeling we consider it a duty, for the sake of peace, to defer. For myself, you know well, without my saying it, how absolutely I identify myself with you in this matter; but, as you may have to publish this letter, I make it an opportunity, which has not as yet been given me, of declaring that I have no sympathy at all with the feeling to which I have alluded, and, in

particular, that no one can assail your name without striking at mine.

“Ever your affectionate friend and brother,
in our Lady and St. Philip,
J. H. NEWMAN,
Congr. Orat. Presb.”

Newman's letter caused considerable offence among the hereditary Catholics, and gave pain to Dr. Ullathorne himself.

The Bishop had distinctly promised to express his disapproval of Mr. Price's article—though not so strongly as Newman had desired—and therefore seems to have felt that the Oratorians on their side ought to act towards him in a more friendly spirit. He thought them too sensitive—and plainly said so in the following letter:

‘I have often in my secret heart regretted that the course of events has tended to isolate the fathers of the Oratory from the body of old Catholics in this country. I am not solitary in that feeling, which is a most kind one. You know how difficult it is for those who are not intimately acquainted with each other in all the turns of their sentiments, not to mistake each other at times, when working together in one cause. How easily we misjudge each other and how soon we become critical. For instance, old Catholics, familiar with all our habits, will consider that I have strongly censured the article in Dolman's and marked the author for life. To have gone much further, would, in my position, have looked more like passion than judgment. The words added, “that I had not concealed my opinion whenever the subject was brought up before me,” show that my censure had been habitual until it came, when occasion offered, to a public expression.

‘Before my letter appeared in the *Tablet*, a painful feeling had arisen. For under the impression that the “Lives” had been stopped by authority, the circular was thought to betray sensitiveness and “pugnacity.” The former impression is now removed, but still the sensitiveness of the circular, regarding as it does the lives of the meek and humble servants of God, has widely left a painful impression. . . .

‘My dear Mr. Newman, I can with difficulty refrain from tears whilst I write. I love you so much, and yet I feel so anxious for the spirit recently, I think, indicated.

‘Believe me, that a little of human nature is to be found fermenting in this sensitiveness. I write with pain, for it is difficult for us to see . . . any of the more delicate shades

of pride, and more especially of intellectual pride, until it is beginning to move from us by the impulse of an act of humility. Forgive my freedom. Hitherto from delicacy and respect I have withheld from pointing out to your charity a source from which some part of this uneasiness has sprung, whatever external occasion may have given it opportunity. See what a faith I have in your humility. An invocation of the Holy Ghost, two or three chapters of the following of Christ, an examen, and a few acts in presence of Almighty God give peace to our disturbed hearts, and the humbleness of right judgment to our minds. Let us pray for one another that we may bear ourselves in all the meekness of Christ and of his saints.'

This letter Newman forwarded to Dr. Wiseman. It helped to an understanding. And Mr. Price, who was not at all the villain of the piece he had been considered, wrote a generous letter of apology in which he begged Father Faber to continue the series.

FATHER NEWMAN TO DR. WISEMAN.

'St. Wilfrid's, Cheadle: Dec. 3, 1848.

'I hope the late unpleasant business is now ended. We have received a most generous letter from Mr. Price, and I wrote to-day to ask him down here, if his duties will allow him time, and he will favour us by coming.

'Mr. Capes says that you thought that "Dr. Ullathorne had no call to lecture me," but My dear Lord, not only he, as a Bishop, but *any* one may lecture me, and I should be obliged for it. What I had to remark in Dr. Ullathorne was that he spoke about me *without knowing* me. It stands to reason that no one can know a person of my age in a moment—and the Bishop has had no experience whatever of persons in my circumstances—and he spoke of me on a *theory*. I sent you the letter to see, that you might know how we stood.

'I foresaw, before suspending the Series, that I should not succeed without bringing a corresponding quantity of criticism on myself. But I will willingly bear the imputation, if I have done a good work. If we started again, we should like very much the names of the Bishops *in general*. I do not like subjecting your Lordship to such attacks as have been made from those who place themselves under the countenance, as it were, of *other* Bishops. From Dr. Ullathorne's published letter, I trust he will now give his name.'

Early in the following year, however, the extreme reticence of the English Bishops whom he consulted on the subject led Newman to the conclusion that they considered the series likely still to proceed on lines which were unwise, even if not actually censurable; and it was discontinued. The whole episode tried him extremely—the more so probably because the opinion to which he was gradually coming coincided on the whole with that of the Bishops and Dr. Newsham. That opinion is expressed at length in a well-known passage, written in 1865, in his published letter to Dr. Pusey on occasion of the Eirenicon.¹

On October 31, 1848, Newman left Maryvale for good for St. Wilfrid's, Cheadle. Stanton came with him, and they were followed a few days later by St. John, Bowles, and Dalgairns. The six novices at this time were Joseph and Philip Gordon, Francis Knox (afterwards known as the learned editor of the Douai diaries), Stanislas Flanagan (in later years a famous character as Rector of Adare in County Limerick), Nicholas Darnell, and Alban Wells. Schemes for a branch Oratory had been discussed and dropped. While plans were changing and maturing, 'good-natured friends' told Newman of the criticisms passed on the Oratory by the old Catholics. Newman laughed at the intelligence, but he had not the ideal thickness of skin which would have made

¹ 'I prefer English habits of belief and devotion to foreign from the same causes, and by the same right, which justifies foreigners in preferring their own. In following those of my people, I show less singularity, and create less disturbance than if I made a flourish with what is novel and exotic. And in this line of conduct I am but availing myself of the teaching which I fell in with on becoming a Catholic; and it is a pleasure to me to think that what I hold now, and would transmit after me if I could, is only what I received then. The utmost delicacy was observed on all hands in giving me advice: only one warning remains on my mind, and it came from Dr. Griffiths, the late Vicar Apostolic of the London district. He warned me against books of devotion of the Italian school which were just at that time coming into England. . . .

'When I went to Rome, though it may seem strange to you to say it, even here I learned nothing inconsistent with this judgment. . . .

'When I returned to England the first expression of theological opinion which came in my way, was apropos of the series of translated Saints' lives which the late Dr. Faber originated. That expression proceeded from a wise prelate, who was properly anxious as to the line which might be taken by the Oxford converts then for the first time coming into work. According, as I recollect his opinion, he was apprehensive of the effect of Italian compositions, as unsuited to this country, and suggested that the Lives should be original works, drawn up by ourselves and our friends from Italian sources' (p. 20).

him indifferent to it. He refers to the various rumours in a letter of November 19 to Frederick Capes:

‘From your letter I am amused to see that it is the feeling of all Catholics old and new, that the Oratory is hitherto a failure. But, my good fellow, you do not know what it is to bring a religious body into form. If a body with vows is difficult to manage, what is one without vows? We have between 30 and 40 as good and dear companions as we could wish in imagination, but the higher, the more gifted, the more spiritual are minds, the more difficult to shape in one course. No two Saints take quite the same line—could a *body* of saints exist? each with his particular inspiration? and though we are not Saints, and have no particular inspirations, but the ordinary rule to *obey*, yet you may fancy that these aspirations, which would keep Saints from a humdrum way, are somewhat difficult to regulate. Then again, we have to learn each other. And we have to learn the genius of the congregation, and to make it work. When I came back to England, I said “Oh for a year of *quiet*”—I despaired of it—and hoping to throw out a tub to the whale, I proposed the Lent sermons in London, thinking that if we seemed to do something, we should be let alone. They did not answer their object—however, a year’s quiet we have had, and we *could not have done* without it. We could not have been a body without it. It is with difficulty we begin work even now—but we hope to manage it. Meanwhile it is amusing, while we have been hugging ourselves on the *real work* we have done, on the gigantic internal difficulties we have surmounted (I fear to boast, but certainly we have been much blessed) you and gentlemen at a distance looking on, and seeing we were not insane enough to waste our strength in flashes in the pan, have said, “It is a failure, the Father Superior is at his old game—sitting still—giving up things, cherishing ideals about Bishops, while souls lie by thousands, perishing in our great towns; nibbling at Bayswater and Reading, promising to go into the Adelphi shilly-shallying about Derretend (Deritend) in Birmingham, complaining of the want of funds, when he, like some others, should throw himself on a poor population for support, and fight (as you say) with brazen weapons.” Well, as to work, we have done something—I should not wonder if, in Birmingham, Maryvale, and here, we shall have received into the Church a hundred converts in the course of the year;—I suppose we

have preached 8 to 10 sermons every Sunday, and have had a fair number of penitents—nothing indeed to what an Oratory should do, but something when it was not our direct work. And as to our apparent shilly-shallyings, we have only, *during* one year of quiet, been beating about for the best field of labour, and actually have *settled* on one *before* the end of it.

‘But the truth is these old priests will be satisfied with nothing—they have pursued us with criticisms ever since we were Catholics. Why do you keep together? Why don’t you go to Rome? Why *do* you go to Rome? why do you rush into the Confessional before you are examined in all dogmatics and all morals? Why do you sit idle? What a short noviciate you have had! When did you read morals? None of these questions are fictitious, and they are but samples of a hundred. No, we must go our own way; we must look to the Fount of grace for blessing and for guidance—and we must care nothing (and we don’t certainly care over much) for the tongues about us.’

The sojourn at St. Wilfrid’s was temporary, pending the arrangement of the new Oratory in Alcester Street, Birmingham, of which some of the fathers took possession in January 1849. The Oratory Chapel was opened on February 2, Ambrose St. John saying the Mass and Newman preaching. Newman’s diary records a visit on the 5th from Dr. Moriarty, afterwards Bishop of Kerry and his intimate friend. In the same month special sermons for children were inaugurated, and Newman and Dalgairns began a course of lectures.

There is no doubt that Newman’s differences of view and temperament from the ‘young men from St. Wilfrid’s,’ which gradually became unmistakable, contributed to suggest the idea of a separate Oratorian house in London in which the energies of Father Faber especially should have their scope, and which should be recruited from those fathers and novices whom Newman felt not to be in full sympathy with himself. It was in January 1849 that the scheme of an affiliated Oratory in London was first considered. Dr. Wiseman had been transferred to the London district on the death of Bishop Griffiths, and urged Newman to change the *habitat* of the Oratory from Birmingham to London. Newman declined this proposal, but suggested the establishment of a branch

of the congregation in the metropolis. A building in King William Street was secured.¹ Father Wilfrid Faber (who had only come to Alcester Street from St. Wilfrid's on April 10) went there for good on April 16, and was joined there in the same month by his intimate friend Anthony Hutchison and by Father Dalgairns.

Thus the comradeship with Father Bernard Dalgairns—the most intimate of recent years except only the friendship with Ambrose St. John—came to an end. Newman writes thus to Faber on April 22:

‘Father Bernard is just gone. Curiously enough I have set down seven years, for a long while, as the term of *Contubernium* with my friends. Froude was with me from 1827 to 1834. Rogers from 1833 to 1840, and when at the end of that time I saw him get on the Oxford coach for the continent, I thought of the seven years and wondered whether I should ever be with him again. Now F. Bernard came up to Littlemore on the eve of St. George 1842 and he leaves the Oratory here on St. George 1849. Don't mention this, as I have *before now* been afraid of Fr. Ambrose getting hold of it—he is so fanciful.’

Newman clearly felt that he was giving to those whom he sent to London in many ways the ‘better part.’ He had no wish to go to London himself, but he considered that he had shown all consideration for those from whom he was separating, as we see from the following words in a letter to Faber:

‘I conceive the state of the case is as follows:

‘We determine to colonize from Birmingham to London:—Those who go, give up certain things:

‘They give up a formed house, the mother Oratory, possessed of vestments, churchplate, of the relics of St. Valentine, &c., of a library, &c., and as they go voluntarily, they gain certain things instead: they gain the *Metropolis*, the centre of political and ecclesiastical influence; wealthy friends, and those, *gentlemen*, instead of a population exclusively of poor Catholics, a *Bishop* especially devout to St. Philip, and attached to his congregation; a selection of those *members*

¹ This building was afterwards Toole's Theatre, and W. G. Ward remarked after going to a very good play there: ‘Yesterday I visited Toole's Theatre. Two thoughts came to my mind. The first was, “Last time I was here I heard Faber preach”; the second was, “How much more I am enjoying myself than I did when I was last here!”’

of the Congregation who are richest; it has struck me ever since the division was contemplated, as it now is, and I wrote it down to mention at the time of that division, and am sorry I did not, that the balance was more in favour of the London house than it ought to be.'

The formal opening of the London Oratory was fixed for May 31. The London group, both in their differences from Newman and in their loyalty to him, succeeded in some sort to the rôle played by W. G. Ward and his friends at Oxford. Devoted to Newman personally, they were, as he came gradually to think, somewhat rash and imprudent in their enthusiasm. It was a difference both of age and of temperament. Newman, anxious to avoid display and unnecessary innovation, was content to move slowly and cautiously. He desired to avoid giving offence whether to the old Catholics, to the ecclesiastical authorities, or to the British Lion. His younger and more impetuous followers were eager to be up and doing. In Newman's eyes they did not fully realise the effect of their actions or count the cost. They paced the London streets in the Oratorian habit in sight of the Commissioner of Woods and Forests.¹ They were caricatured in *Punch*, and rumours came from several quarters of the irritation which a spectacle so strange to the Londoners of 1849 caused. Again, they were reported to be hypercritical and to love strong expressions. Newman seems to have been in two minds when his friends were censured for indiscretion. Some of it was the outcome of a joy in their new faith which the world could not understand. He speaks of this in a striking passage in one of his sermons preached at this time:

'It sometimes happens that those who join the Catholic Church from some Protestant community, are seen to change the uncertainty and hesitation of mind which they showed before their conversion, into a clear and fearless confidence; they doubted about their old community, they have no doubt about their new. They have no fears, no anxieties, no difficulties, no scruples. They speak as they feel; and the world, not understanding that this is the effect of the grace which (as we may humbly trust) these happy souls have received, not understanding that, though it has full experi-

¹ Sir R. Inglis, the Commissioner of Woods and Forests, was a strong Evangelical.

ence of the region of the shadow of death in which it lies, it has none at all of that city whereof the Lord God and the Lamb is the light, measuring what Catholics have by what itself has not, cries out, "How forward, how unnatural, how excited, how extravagant!"—and it considers that such a change is a change for the worse, and a proof that the step was a mistake and a fault because it produces precisely that effect which it would produce, were it a change for the better.'

On the other hand, his letters to Faber himself show that Newman was not without some misgivings as to the prudence of his London brethren. He writes on May 12:

'Now I will tell you frankly, that I think you have been too go-a-head with the Bishop, and I say it the rather, because if you do not look sharp, you will be carried off your legs. I hear that dear Father Edward spreads out his cloak like a peacock's tail in the sight of Sir R. Inglis. While the *Tablet*, before you are well in your saddles in King William Street, advertises you to the universe as its destined saviour. All this will create fear, odium, jealousy—and you may have the newspapers or the Woods and Forests¹ step in and do you a mischief. The Woods and Forests might at least pull off your habits for you.

'I was not pleased at your talking of Dr. Ullathorne as a little man—it may be a fact, but it is not a dogmatic fact, which the Church may rule contrariwise. I suppose the Church may rule he is a tall man—in the eyes of the Church he is a tall man.'

Again on May 15:

'Take my word. Beware of being carried off your legs just now. I had written a joking note to you the other day on the subject, but was afraid to send it, when I saw the earnest tone your letters were taking.

'I have been rendered anxious by one or two things. I suppose none of you knew what was to be, but that article in the *Tablet* about us should not have appeared without my being consulted. And now again you take it for granted the opening is to be advertised, and perhaps my name is to appear, yet I have not been asked about the advertisement. In like manner I ought to have seen your letter to the Bishop. The word "Philippine" is an innovation of the same kind, though perhaps without your knowing about it.

'Depend on it, Carissime, you all need my control over

¹ The Commissioner of Woods and Forests.

you in little things at this minute, more than you have yet, or will again. You may damage everything just now. It is a very critical time.'

Faber promised to enter into Newman's views, but pleaded that he had no authority wherewith to enforce them. Before the formal opening, therefore, Newman appointed him Rector of the London Oratory. We see throughout his letters his desire to give the younger men free scope and yet his wish to retain a certain control in matters where his own maturer judgment was required.

'Advertise the day of opening,' he writes, 'by all means and in your own words. But what I mean, and the chief or only thing I wish to have a voice in, is external things, the modes of growing into notice. I am not quite satisfied, e.g. to hear that Sir R. Inglis stared at Father Edward. The Jesuits may have an excess of caution, but they are wiser in these matters. My very wish that you shall wear your habit in London makes me fear any wanton display which may look like a *bravado* and strip you of it. I feel what you say about want of control—be then at once and hereby Rector of the London Community—and I will write to Father Minister by this day's post and say what I have done, and that he is now naturally Father Minister and Missioner, as he has lost all his subjects. And be absolute in all internal matters. Only, as I have said, I should like to have an opinion on the services (*when they are out of the way*) and on public announcements.'

'As to *my* position at the opening,' Newman continues on May 20, 'do you know that it is the usage of the Chiesa Nuova on great functions, for the Father Superior to serve as acolyte? We saw Father Cesarini so serving, either on S. Philip's day or at St. Nereo. Therefore if you *will* put me into the function, I claim my place—there is no precedent for making me priest assistant, and I murdered it at Fulham.'

The opening ceremony was duly carried out on May 31, and Newman describes the event in a letter to Ambrose St. John:

'Oratory: London, May 31, 1849.

'The scaffolds were not out of the Church till last evening, nor the workmen till past eleven this morning. The Bishop (Dr. Wiseman) preached a most beautiful sermon—in composition and logic a perfect sermon, and with great feeling. He preached from the Altar. The music was com-

posed by Capes expressly for the occasion. The Collection (to our friends) very disappointing. I am no judge—£30. They expected £100 at each service.

‘It is now close on five—and the carriages are setting down their burdens. Birmingham is a place of peace. O that I had wings like a dove for I do dislike this preaching so much.’

The intense piety and zeal of Father Wilfrid and his friends soon had their effect, and Newman could but give thanks. ‘I rejoice to hear such good accounts,’ he writes on June 15; ‘some one writes to-day “God be praised for your success in London. I hear of nothing but the stir the Oratorians are producing. It makes many storm and rage.”’

Soon the question arose, what to do with St. Wilfrid’s?—the house of the Wilfridians who had joined the Oratory. For long this difficulty exercised them, and eventually Newman proposed to solve it by founding a school under the direction of the Oratorians—a scheme which came to naught at the time, but was realised ten years later, not at St. Wilfrid’s but at Edgbaston. The difficulties of the situation were summed up by Newman, after months of discussion, in the following characteristic *memorandum*:

‘There is the famous story of the man who bought an elephant, and was too poor to keep, and too merciful to kill it, and was unable to persuade any one to accept of it. We are in somewhat of the same case.

‘1. We cannot live at St. Wilfrid’s because it is against our Rule.

‘2. We cannot shut it up because we are bound to keep up the Mission.

‘3. We cannot return it to the Earl of Shrewsbury because it is ecclesiastical property.

‘4. We cannot give it away, for no one, neither District nor Religious Body, will accept so expensive a gift.

‘5. We cannot, much less, sell, for no one will buy.

‘6. We cannot let it to a family, for the Earl of Shrewsbury will not hear of it.

‘7. We cannot let it for a school, for the Bishop protests against it.

‘8. Yet we cannot keep it because of expense.

‘Problem, like the quadrature of the circle, what is to be

done with St. Wilfrid's? It is a gain to get any plan, and undesirable as the following may be, before we put it altogether aside we must look at all the difficulties in the face and propose another or a better.

'To take boys above fourteen or fifteen years of age, and at a pension not under (?) £150.

'To educate them under two Fathers, one from each house, as directors of the Institution, and by means of persons from the Universities not members of the Oratory, e.g. F. Minister, as Rector and spiritual adviser—F. N. as superintendent of studies. . . .

'1. The age and pension of the boys precludes all interference with Catholic Colleges.

'2. The consequent rank, &c., of the boys approximates it to an Oratorian undertaking, as near as can be—at Naples they have an Oratorio dei Nobili, as distinct from the Common Oratory.

'3. Some of the Professors might in progress of time, not to say the boys, be converted into Oratorian subjects.'

We see in another letter that he regards the proposed school primarily as a feeder for the Oratory, the place of early education for Oratorians of the future.

'I should like St. Wilfrid's to be the Eton of the Oratory—a place where Fathers would turn with warm associations of boyhood or at least youth—a place where they wish to be buried—(where their relics would be kept)—a gin bottle or cayenne phial of the Venerabile servo di Dio, il Padre Wilfrido Faber, an old red biretta of his Eminence C. Robert Coffin, and a double tooth and knuckle bone of St. Aloysius of Birmingham.'

Again he writes:

'I think you will find no order or congregation but finds a school necessary to *feed the* order. The Benedictines profess this to be the only reason of their school at Downside, *by which they do not gain*. Stonyhurst has fed the Society—the Rosminians have begun a school. The Passionists who have no school, have no novices. Looking to the future, it is a question whether we can keep up the Congregation without a school in some shape or other.'

Newman's original plan was to take part in the work of the London Oratory for three months in the year, spending the rest of his time amid his books at Birmingham. And the old

thought remained—the hope that he might, in connection with the necessary education of his novices, with a view to Holy Orders, do a work for Catholic Theology and polemics by driving home the lessons of history. Dalgairns, who had been two years earlier so warm a supporter of this plan, had now so completely fallen into the very different programme mapped out by Faber, that he failed to enter into Newman's wish to devote special attention to theologico-historical work, and spoke of it as contrary to the spirit of the Italian Oratorians.

Newman, in defining his view, explains:

'When I spoke of a school, I hardly meant of dogmatics—but much more of history, which is quite Oratorian—and particularly early history and the early Pagan history—and the management of controversy, i.e. polemics—all which our Rule contemplates in the alteration expressly made on the Chiesa Nuova Rule as to the matter of our sermons.'

Faber and Dalgairns argued that such an ideal was more in the line of Cardinal Berrulle and the French Oratorians than of the followers of St. Philip. With this view Newman did not agree. He writes on June 19, 1849:

'I don't see the appositeness of what you say about the French and Italian Oratory. I suppose Baronius, Bozius, and Gallonio (immediate disciples of St. Philip), Rainaldus, Severanus, Aringhi, Galland (1770), de Magistris (1790), and Theiner (1840) are as learned men as any in the French Oratory, e.g. Thomassinus, Cotelerius, Morinus, Lami, Massillon, Quesnel; these are all I recollect. And I suspect the Italians, as a whole, beat them—can boast more learned men than any Brummagems ever will be, and you will observe they stretch from St. Philip's time to this day. Let me hear what you have to say to this.'

The two houses did not agree on the question, and Newman did not press his view on the London house. Still he maintained that his proposal was in line with St. Philip's rule and with their own Brief.

A certain difference of tone and habit between the two houses was visible—the reflection of the strong personalities of Newman and Faber respectively. And as time went on and Catholics in England divided into the two schools

of thought, the London Oratory was identified in popular estimation with one, the Birmingham with the other. These schools of thought had their counterpart throughout the Catholic world—being represented in France (though with certain differences) by the two reviews, the *Univers* and the *Correspondant*.

The Oratory hymns, now so well known, were begun at this time. Faber's reputation as a poet, established by his 'Sir Launcelot' and sealed by Wordsworth's recognition, marked him out for work of this kind, and Newman encouraged it—though not without giving some of the novice master's criticism. Faber's first attempts were on subjects which Newman accounted too theological and too scholastic for church hymns. And his sense of humour stuck at the younger man's theology in rhyme, which recalled the effusions of Evangelical poets.

'I admire your poems,' Newman writes; 'I don't revolt at the "Predestination"—but I *stuck* at the scholasticism. Have not I heard similar dogmatic effusions, though of an opposite school? e.g.

'My righteousness is "filthy rags,"
No "merits" can I plead,
For man is but a "lump of sin,"
And sin his worthiest deed.

vel splendidum illud et trochaicum:

'Man is but "accounted righteous,"
And, tho' justified, must sin.
Grace does nought but wash the surface,
Leaving him all-foul within.'

Newman wished the Oratorian poetry to form a book, partly sacred and partly profane. Mr. Capes, then editor of the *Rambler*, proposed to publish two poems in each number, giving permission that they should in the end be republished in one volume, to be called 'Songs of the Oratory.'

'I smile, invulnerable and prepared,' Newman writes to Faber in January 1850, 'at your quiet hit at my having time to versify—I "make" them while shaving.

'I have an idea, which you may pluck—what say you to a series of poems in the *Rambler*, such as the *Lyra Apostolica* in the *British Magazine*. It would do good to the *Rambler*, without possibly incurring the jealousy of the *Dublin*. Entitle it "Songs of the Oratory." I would have them of

every sort, songs, hymns, ballads, epigrams, *latin* poetry. . . . There would be you, Caswall, I, Father Bernard (under obedience), Father Nicolas for Latin, and did St. Philip understand Greek, they might be from Mr. Simpson. *You* would be the staple—I should just do enough to connect my name with it, and should use my old signature—supposing only 2 were put into each number, it would literally take *no* time.’

‘Form and send me some idea,’ he writes in February, ‘of the object of the book. In the *Lyra*, my object was *not* poetry *but* to bring out *ideas*. Thus my harshness, as you justly call it, was part (if *nothing* else) of a theory. I felt it absurd to set up for a poet—so, I wrote from Rome (where I was) to Keble, to tell him, we (Froude and I) wished merely to inflict and fix sentiments into men’s minds. All mine are written with this view, and I think this only—and I affected a contempt of everything else.

‘Now, however, we are, I suppose, poets, with characters to lose, grounded on Lilies and Launcelots. Still you must have a *drift*—what is it? e.g. have you any old secular poems, such as it would be waste of time to write *now*? they would come in well, and salt over the St. Wilfrid’s portion of the scope. But how to combine this with any ecclesiastical purpose?—it seems to resolve the volume into a simple collection of *poems*—well *is this* or is this not enough?—I am inquiring. The difficulty would be the juxta-position of secular and ecclesiastical, like pictures in a gallery. Would it be possible, e.g. to have your death of St. Philip (which I have not seen) *vis à vis* or arm in arm with the sort of trash I send you a specimen of—though, for myself, I have hardly *any* thing to rummage out of past years.’

The ‘Songs of the Oratory’ never appeared, and the only result of this letter was the publication in the *Rambler* (March to August 1850) of eight pieces—four by Faber, three by Newman, and one by Caswall—bearing the title of ‘Poetry’ and ‘Oratorium Parvum.’ Each Oratory subsequently went its own way. From Birmingham we have had Newman’s own verses, including the ‘Dream of Gerontius’ and the charming poems and translations of Father Caswall and Father Ignatius Ryder, while the London Oratory hymns are sung in nearly every Catholic Church in England.

It would be tedious to follow the daily fortunes of the Oratories in further detail. Long and minute letters

passed between the two houses some three or four times a week. They are for the most part of no public interest. The characters of the different novices or fathers, the ritual ordinances, the practical work, the pecuniary arrangements all come under review. Newman continued to complain that he had no longer the energy of old days, and yet he could not but be conscious that the great powers which still remained to his deep and well-stored mind were being almost exhausted by attention to matters which an inferior man of strong practical sense, and less sensitive, would have done a good deal better.

When Mr. Capes had asked him in April 1849 to send a contribution to the *Rambler* he had had to decline simply for want of leisure:

'At present,' he writes, 'Dalgairns' going increases my work. It is an anxious time of the year—Lent past—summer coming, and Dalgairns gone, we are obliged to be very much on the alert. Then our members forming, some coming, some come, everyone taking his place, as one would in a stage coach, accommodating legs and stowing parcels. You know what a scare there is on deck when a vessel is just under weigh—packages, boxes, mackintoshes, live fowls, sheep and qualmish women strewn about in all directions. The school department, the instruction department, the mission department and the confession department, all have to be organised. Then the House is full of masons, carpenters and painters, not to say upholsterers—lath and plaster partitions, doors, windows, passages, bridges, skylights, and book-cases being all in course of formation. *Fervet opus*. Then, an eye must be kept upon the London House . . . and St. Wilfrid's must not be forgotten. You will understand then that visions of reading and writing, except sermons, do not appear even in the offing. If in any way I could associate my name with your undertaking I should be glad—but I can promise nothing *definite* at present.'

All this work came to him as the call of duty—'lead Thou me on'—and he seems to have thought of little else than this. One of the early trials of the Congregation consisted in the number of persons who, attracted by Newman's great name and character, presented themselves as applicants to join it. Many of these were excellent and able men, but unsuited to the Oratorian life. Some, however, were simply

eccentrics whom it took a little time to find out. The consequence was that some seven novices had to leave within a few months. This delayed getting things into such regular order as helped towards peace of mind or effective work. On July 19, with some weariness, but also with a saving sense of humour, Newman relates to Faber the last disappointment—the case of a real oddity who had abruptly to be dismissed:

‘I could laugh at our misfortunes were they not worries. Have you heard the “last”? E. is gone! He drank too much beer, laid himself out on the kitchen dresser, packed up and went! *Omnia tendunt visibiliter ad non esse*, as King Edward says in our Oriel statutes. Formby, Whitty, A., B., C., D., and now E. *et tu Brute*. Fr. Minister was so anxious for him. I think of Lycidas too and Eurydice, and the “*prensantem umbras*” and the “*Ter frustra*,” and have all sorts of confused indescribable images in my mind. For where *are* we? Every morning we rise, and there is a fresh announcement;—but lament is in vain, for we must now “trick our beams,” and “repair our drooping head,” so to business.’

We must not omit to chronicle an act of Newman’s which went far to making the hereditary Catholics realise the true character of one whom they did not all rightly understand at first. When the cholera broke out at Bilston in September 1849, Newman repaired thither in company with Father Ambrose St. John and Brother Aloysius, to help the resident priest, who was overcome with the work. The priest had shown great heroism, carrying on his back to the hospital those suddenly stricken down. The epidemic ceased almost immediately after the Oratorians arrived, but their prompt readiness to brave the pestilence and to help a priest who had no special claim on them was long remembered.

Newman was still a little anxious lest the London house should create irritation in the British public by a certain want of prudence in its zeal.

‘As to yourselves,’ he wrote to Faber, ‘if a squall comes you must make yourselves comfortable in the cabin—after taking in your sail. Be very much on your guard against

extravagances. They say you are going to *paint* the souls in Purgatory—but we settled together you were to have only an inscription—else, Mr. Binney will say that it represents Protestants at Smithfield.’

By the end of 1849, however, the note struck in the correspondence is hopeful and confident. The London Fathers had made many conversions among the poor—and some in the higher classes, including Lady Arundel and Surrey, the future Duchess of Norfolk. The services were well attended in both houses. Newman preached to crowded congregations in Birmingham, of Protestants as well as Catholics, the discourses afterwards published under the name of ‘Sermons for Mixed Congregations.’ Their effect in Birmingham itself was very marked at the time; and when they were published they came upon a large circle of readers as wonderful efforts in a species of oratory far more ornate, more akin to the great French preachers—Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon—than the chastened simplicity of the Oxford Parochial Sermons. Money was coming in abundance. In the *personnel* of the Oratories the tares had been sifted from the wheat, and those who remained were useful and zealous members. Some anxiety is still betrayed by Newman in his letters on the score of prudence—some fear of arousing jealousy through unguarded words or deeds—but his advice is given tenderly, and seems to amount to little more than that drag on the wheel which zealous and impetuous natures must ever require.

The following letters to Faber belong to February 1850:

‘Before reading your sermons (which I will do and remark on them presently) I will say a word about those in prospect. We are prospering so much I am anxious lest we should have too much sail out. . . .

‘Then there is an incipient jealousy in Dr. Wiseman (*of which you must not make too much in him*) which is an index of something in the air. Dr. Newsham writes to me about our great doings—things magnify at a distance. Then there is Lady Arundel, and I expect more converts here. In short, we are felt to be a *power*—exaggeratedly so—it is our *momentum* does it—for four years we have been quiescent—

the greatest of weights does nothing at rest—but let it move ever so little, it does a deal.

‘Now at Rome they are especially jealous of any great power unless they can be quite sure of it. If they had perfect faith in us, they would do anything for us—but we are converts, partially untried—and one least fault will tell against us the more, as heavy bodies have the more dangerous falls. And we have no friend at Rome. . . . Therefore I say, before looking at your notes, we must be careful what we are doing. Recollect this too, that you preach without book. Now what you said about Gothic architecture, or what you did not say, in a sermon some months ago, went about and was criticized far and wide. You ought to be able to know just what you have said, and say just what you mean. . . .’

On his birthday—February 21—he writes:

‘Thanks for your congratulations, masses, and *dolce*. . . . I congratulate you in turn on your Sermons being ready, and marvel how you do things. Every year I get more languid and cumbersome. To move my mind is like putting a machine in motion, not an act of volition; yet Aristotle puts down 49 as the *acmé* of mental vigour. But the body affects it. This time ten years was my severest fast—now the most trifling deprivation makes me unable to hold up my limbs. Grace only supplies the diminution of vital energy whether to body or mind. I wish every one who prays for me would ask for me *efficacia desideria*. The poor fellow whose criticism I enclose¹ talks of iron wills; I would I had some portion of such galvanic power in me.’

To another correspondent who reported the opinion of a friend that Newman was himself already one of the Saints of the Church he wrote in the same month:

‘You must undeceive Miss A. B. about me, though I suppose she uses words in a general sense. I have nothing of a saint about me as every one knows, and it is a severe (and salutary) mortification to be thought next door to one. I may have a high view of many things, but it is the consequence of education and a peculiar cast of intellect—but this is very different from *being* what I admire. I have no tendency to be a saint—it is a sad thing to say so. Saints are not literary men, they do not love the classics, they do

¹ A review in the *Inquirer* of the *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*.

not write Tales. I may be well enough in my way, but it is not the "high line." People ought to feel this, most people do. But those who are at a distance have exalted notions about one. It is enough for me to black the saints' shoes—if St. Philip uses blacking in heaven.'

On March 8, 1850, came the celebrated decision of the Privy Council in what was known as the 'Gorham case'—overruling the refusal of the Bishop of Exeter (confirmed by the Court of Arches) to institute Mr. G. C. Gorham to the vicarage of Brampford Speke on the ground that he denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. Here was a glaring case of the civil power asserting its supremacy over the spiritual as to what was the orthodox doctrine in an English clergyman, and making its decision on behalf of latitudinarian doctrine. Many Tractarians who had hitherto held back from Rome, including such influential men as Hope-Scott, Manning, and T. W. Allies, felt keenly this challenge to their position. Their following in Newman's footsteps appeared to be imminent. A strongly signed protest was at once drawn up at the house of Mr. Hope-Scott in Curzon Street against the action of the Privy Council. The matter caused great excitement in the press and among Anglicans generally, and seemed to call for some public comment from Newman.

Yet he shrank from interfering. It could not be 'a little war,' he told Faber, and might lead to exhausting controversy. For to touch it was to raise the whole Anglican question. Still he now had some leisure. The 'Sermons to Mixed Congregations' had been passed for press in October, and Father Faber and other friends had been urging him to lecture on the situation in the King William Street Oratory in London. In the end he complied with their request, and wrote the brilliantly witty lectures on Anglicanism of which some account must be given, and which now form the first volume of 'The Difficulties of Anglicans' in his published works.

CHAPTER VIII

THE KING WILLIAM STREET LECTURES (1850)

THE Anglican controversy, as such, was always somewhat distasteful to Newman. While preparing his Lectures of 1850 on 'The Difficulties of Anglicans' he remarked in a letter to Father Faber, 'I am writing them intellectually against the grain more than I ever recollect doing anything.' The controversy with the Church of England did not go to the root of the deepest difficulties of the day. 'He is quite annoyed,' writes Mr. de Vere in this very year, 'at having to spend any time on Anglicanism.'¹ He felt, too, that different minds needed different treatment. At the outset he had been inclined (as I have already said) to leave the matter alone and let the facts that were occurring in connection with the Gorham case speak for themselves—the anomalies in the Church of England being their own witness. 'As the English Church has brewed, so must it drink, the cup of indignation and wrath,' he wrote to Faber in March. 'And we have nothing to do with it.'

But by the end of April the lectures were decided on.

'Tell me what length my lectures should be?' he writes to Father Faber on April 28; 'if they last an hour, they must be as much as 30 pages octavo letter press, or something like 40 duodecimo, which seems enormous. Let me know; I will conform, whatever it is.'

'Also I am perplexed—either some of them will be most impressively dull—or they will be too much on the other tack; and I am frightened at the chance of being satirical, &c., before the Blessed Sacrament. Would a curtain be possible?'

The lectures were delivered once a week in the Oratory Church in King William Street, Strand, beginning on May 9.

¹ *Life of Aubrey de Vere*, p. 182.

It was Newman's first appearance as a lecturer since 1845, and many non-Catholics attended the lectures. They are landmarks in Newman's history for two reasons. Along with the 'Sermons to Mixed Congregations' they represent among his published works the 'honeymoon' period of Newman's Catholic life. They have a tone of exultant optimism which we find at no other moment of his life either as an Anglican or as a Catholic. Moreover, the first seven lectures are, I think, the only instances among his writings of what might be called aggressive controversy. Here perhaps we trace the influence of his younger disciples. All Newman's later controversial efforts were defensive. In the 'Present Position of Catholics' he is refuting the monstrous and absurd calumnies against Catholics which the Papal Aggression brought to the front. The Dublin lectures defended the time-honoured place of theology in education, which modern freethinkers were questioning. The 'Apologia' defended its writer and his Church from Kingsley's unmannerly charges. The 'Letter to Dr. Pusey' was an answer to the 'Eirenicon.' The 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' was an answer to Gladstone's attack on the Vatican decrees. The lectures on Anglican difficulties, on the contrary, are themselves an attack. Their practical object was to bring to the Catholic and Roman Church those who, after following him to the very brink, hesitated to take the final step. They were addressed to the Tractarians who remained in the Anglican Church—the friends he had left behind him.

The lectures are well known, for they were carefully revised and published as a volume. In point of mere literary power they rank high among his works. The first seven aim at showing that the true outcome of the movement of '33 is the Church of Rome—that the movement is essentially alien to the Anglican Church. The last five aim at removing objections to the Catholic and Roman Church. In the 'Apologia' he insists on the value of the Anglican Church as a breakwater against infidelity; in these lectures one of the most brilliant passages goes to show that what is really religious in the life of Anglicanism—and he recognises this to the full—is alien to the Church Established.

'Is the Establishment's life merely national life,' he asks, 'or

is it something more? Is it Catholic life as well? Is it a supernatural life? Is it congenial with, does it proceed from, does it belong to, the principles of Apostles, Martyrs, Evangelists, and Doctors, the principles which the movement of 1833 thought to impose or to graft upon it, or does it revolt from them?’

His wish, as he expressly said, was not to weaken the hold of the Anglican Church on the many, but only on those who he believed ought to join the Church of Rome. In addressing them he was, as in the letters to Henry Wilberforce, earnest, insistent, onesided.

The lectures made a great impression on their hearers. Their effect on one singularly competent critic who heard them and largely disagreed with their argument and conclusion has been left on record. The late Mr. R. H. Hutton in his study of Newman¹ writes of them as follows:

‘I think the “Lectures on Anglican Difficulties” was the first book of Newman’s generally read among Protestants, in which the measure of his literary power could be adequately taken. . . . It is a book, however, which adds but little to our insight into his mind, though it adds much to our estimate of his powers. I shall never forget the impression which his voice and manner, which opened upon me for the first time in these lectures, made on me. Never did a voice seem better adapted to persuade without irritating. Singularly sweet, perfectly free from any dictatorial note, and yet rich in all the cadences proper to the expression of pathos, of wonder, and of ridicule, there was still nothing in it that any one could properly describe as insinuating, for its simplicity, and frankness, and freedom from the half-smothered notes which express indirect purpose, was as remarkable as its sweetness, its freshness, and its gentle distinctness. As he described the growth of his disillusionment with the Church of England, and compared it to the transformation which takes place in fairy tales when the magic castle vanishes, the spell is broken, “and nothing is seen but the wild heath, the barren rock, and the forlorn sheep-walk,” no one could have doubted that he was describing with perfect truth the change that had taken place in his own mind. “So it is with us,” he said, “as regards the Church of England, when we look in amazement on that we thought so unearthly, and find so common-place or worthless. Then we perceive that aforetime we have not

¹ *Cardinal Newman*. By R. H. Hutton. Methuen: 1890.

been guided by reason, but biased by education, and swayed by affection. We see in the English Church, I will not merely say, no descent from the first ages, and no relationship to the Church in other lands, but we see no body politic of any kind; we see nothing more or less than an establishment, a department of government, or a function or operation of the State—without a substance,—a mere collection of officials, depending on and living on the supreme civil power. Its unity and personality are gone, and with them its power of exciting feelings of any kind. It is easier to love or hate an abstraction than so tangible a frame-work or machinery.”

‘This is of course an exaggerated view. It is not true that the State can do what it pleases with the English Church, can modify its theology or change its liturgy at will; but it is still less true that the Church can do as she will without the consent of the State. The English Church is an amalgam of two alien organizations, not the organized form of a religious society.

‘This whole lecture delivers one of the most powerful attacks ever opened on the Anglican theory of the Church as independent of the State. Not less powerful was Newman’s delineation, in the fifth lecture, of the collapse of the Anglican theory of the Church when applied to practice. The Anglicans, he said, “had reared a goodly house, but their foundations were falling in. The soil and masonry both were bad. The Fathers would protect ‘Romanists’ as well as extinguish Dissenters. The Anglican divines would misquote the Fathers and shrink from the very doctors to whom they appealed. The Bishops of the seventeenth century were shy of the Bishops of the fourth, and the Bishops of the nineteenth were shy of the Bishops of the seventeenth. The Ecclesiastical Courts upheld the sixteenth century against the seventeenth, and, unconscious of the flagrant irregularities of Protestant clergymen, chastised the mild misdemeanours of Anglo-Catholic. Soon the living rulers of the Establishment began to move. There are those who, reversing the Roman maxim, are wont to shrink from the contumacious, and to be valiant towards the submissive; and the authorities in question gladly availed themselves of the power conferred on them by the movement itself. They fearlessly hanselled their Apostolical weapons against the Apostolical party. One after another, in long succession, they took up their song and their parable against it.¹ It was a solemn war-dance which they executed round victims,

¹ This refers to the charges of the Bishops against Tract 90.

who, by their very principles, were bound hand and foot, and could only eye, with disgust and perplexity, this most unaccountable movement on the part of these 'holy Fathers, the representatives of the Apostles and the Angels of the Churches.' It was the beginning of the end."

One reason which made the composition of his lectures on the Anglican controversy, with all their brilliancy, distasteful to him, gave specially congenial interest to his private correspondence on the same subject in those years. He felt that words used publicly and afterwards printed would be read by persons representing the most various standpoints. What was most cogent to those who were already far advanced towards Rome would seem trivial and inconclusive to others. Even among those who had been influenced by the Oxford Movement, there were many shades of opinion. All this made the lectures unsatisfactory to him. In his correspondence, on the other hand, he could take account of such differences, and play on each mind as the special instrument demanded. Much of his time from 1848 to 1850 was devoted to writing to intimate friends who had stopped short of taking the final step. By far the largest number of letters of this nature were written to Henry Wilberforce and Mrs. William Froude. And in his letters to Mrs. Froude he has tender and anxious thoughts for her husband, who, like his brother, James Antony Froude, was drifting away from all definite religious belief. Henry Wilberforce he urged onwards incessantly. But with Mrs. Froude he was less pressing, and to her he spoke more of the difficulties she was likely to find in Roman Catholicism if she made the great change. Each group of letters has a unity of its own. I here select only a few typical specimens.

'St. Wilfrid's, Cheadle: December 9, 1848.

'My dear Henry,—I do not know what I have to say in answer to your letter except to assure you that I remember you.

'*Christmas Day.* I leave the above to show my good intentions. You are ever in my thoughts, and yours. This blessed day, my first Mass at twelve (midnight), I gave to the Pope—my second at half past two to our Congregation—my third at seven to all my friends and acquaintances, who

still are Protestants. You, dearest Henry, were not forgotten, but I will not believe, you shall not make me, that you are for ever so to be classed, so to be remembered. The midnight mass was a high one—and I communicated 120 persons at it. We have had masses going on literally *through* the night, 36 in all—as if in emulation of the angels who sang through the night 1800 years ago “Glory to God, peace on earth.” Some of us have not been to bed at all. Dear Father Ambrose especially, as Sacristan, has been hard worked. He got to bed between five and six, and we were amused to find on his door, “Please don’t call me, and don’t knock”—but he is up again now (10) and has just left me in order to sing his third Mass, which is also High Mass—but we don’t expect many people this morning. (P.S.—On the contrary, there is a very fairly full Church, and Benediction will be crowded.) The midnight Mass was not over till three. A large portion of the congregation live two miles away.

‘If this were in the centre of the town I declare I think it would convert a good half of it by its very look. We have had a number of most splendid functions—but we shall soon (many of us) leave it for Birmingham—for a gloomy gin distillery, of which we have taken a lease, fitting up a large room for a Chapel. When we shall get to London we don’t know—prospered as we have been, still we want hands for such an undertaking. Lately several of our Fathers held a mission in this neighbourhood. They heard between 700 and 800 confessions and received 22 persons into the Church. Never surely were the words more strikingly exemplified, “The Harvest is great, the labourers are few,” than in England. We could convert England, humanly speaking, at least the lower classes, had we priests enough.

‘With all best wishes of this happy season, my dear Henry,

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

In January he writes to the same correspondent:

‘I have heard something about you which makes me sad—that you countenanced on November 1st the changes in Margaret Street which (if what I hear they are) I will not designate. What have you to do with *Subdeacons* and the like? I should have thought you far too sensible a fellow to go into such ways. While you stick to the old Church of England ways you are respectable—it is going by a sort of tradition—when you profess to *return* to lost Church

of England ways, you are rational—but when you invent a *new* ceremonial, which never was, when you copy the Roman or other foreign rituals, you are neither respectable nor rational. It is sectarian. That is what I say of Pusey now—he does not *affect* to appeal to any authority but his own interpretation of the Fathers, and [to] the sanction of old Anglicans for *this* or *that*—but as a whole, he is not *reviving* anything that *ever* was anywhere for 1800 years. There is a tradition of High Church, and of Low Church—but none of what *now* is justly called *Puseyism*.

‘Thank you for dear Robert’s ¹ letter. I am glad he speaks better of me than he did two years since—when he dissuaded a man from following me on the ground of his *personal knowledge*, that 20 years since I was on the verge of madness. This was a rhetorical argument—when he came to Oxford, rhetoric went to flight and the heart spoke. Ought not conscience to be the child of such a pair as heart and rhetoric.

‘Now you are saying, Carissime, “What’s the matter with him? He is in a terribly bad humour, he does nothing but bite.” I wish I could bite you with my madness, though I know you dread large dogs and little.’

On March 7 Newman urges on his friend the central argument from the Essay on Development:

‘As to my Essay [on Development] you mistake in one minor matter,—it is not the argument from unity or Catholicity which immediately weighs with me, but from Apostolicity. In that book is asked why does its author join the Catholic Church? The answer is, because it is the Church of St. Athanasius and St. Ambrose. Vid. the passage about St. Athanasius and St. Ambrose coming from Treves to Oxford. And it is an argument *natural* to weigh with me who have so many years been engaged in the meditation of early Church History—and it is as natural that the difficulties I had felt, and the difficulties I there answer, should be difficulties of doctrine, since I have studied in Church History the history of doctrine more than anything else. You may recollect too that the one idea which for years was before me, was, “the Anglican Church corresponds to the Semi-arians, corresponds to the Monophysites”—It is contained in the letter I wrote to Robert in Autumn of 1841; it had been in my mind as early as summer 1839. I never shook it off—how could I? when

¹Robert Wilberforce.

to every reader of Church History it is so plain. Nothing is more day-clear than this, that unless there never was a Church and heretics round it, the Anglican Church is *a loco*, in the position of one of those early sects. This again I kept saying—I think I wrote to Keble, “I am far more certain that the Anglican Church is *in loco haereseos*, than that the Roman corruptions are not developments.” No one can maintain the Anglican Church from history, (whatever they may try to do on the ground of doctrine)—and those who speak against my Essay as inconclusive, most of them, do not see its drift.’

Rumour at this moment spoke of Henry Wilberforce as on the verge of taking the great step. Two letters of Newman’s—one a mere note—earnestly pressed him onwards:

‘St. Wilfrid’s: Sept. 19th, 1849.

‘My dearest Henry,—I heard of you this morning here,—where I had just come for a day or two, having been over-worked. I had gone to Bilston to attend the poor cholera patients, but found the scourge nearly over, and I was not wanted,—so I came here. Father Ambrose and Father Minister are there still. They say that two thirds of the population would become Catholics if they had priests to take care of them.

‘But now I write about you, Carissime—I have heard something about you this morning, which makes me say “Send for me, and I will come to you at once—by return of post.” Do not let anything stand between conviction and its legitimate consequence. Carissime, you must die some day or other. . . .

Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. NEWMAN.’

‘September 21, 1849.

‘Carissime,—This may cross one of yours, but I can’t help writing.

‘How can you delay? O my dearest H. W., may not this be a crisis in your eternal destiny?

‘Ever yours most affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

But the change did not come for some months. Newman’s letters continued to be insistent. “There is no alternative between Catholicism and Infidelity to the clear thinker—flee Babylon while you can,” he writes in one, with reference to William Froude’s movement towards religious negation.

And in another—when the change appears to be simply a matter of time—“O, the joy it will be to me to see you and embrace you as the Patriarch turned himself with yearning heart to his lost Son!”

Early in 1850 Henry Wilberforce and his wife were both received.

Henry Wilberforce had been so closely acquainted with Newman's own state of feeling throughout, that his hesitation had appeared to Newman to call for constant pressure to take the final step. With Mrs. Froude, on the contrary, he felt that if she did join the Catholic Church she would find trials and difficulties arising from the change. He therefore wished her first to count the cost. He does not in his letters seem eager to urge her onwards so long as she feels satisfied with her present position. Yet he evidently fears, on the other hand, lest his own great step in 1845 may have unsettled her, and she may find no peace until she realises that Catholicism is normally the only stable form of Christian faith. For an actual change of communion nevertheless he apparently did not feel sure that she was prepared. The wife of William Froude and the sister-in-law of J. A. Froude was naturally familiar with the idea of mental doubt, and Newman's letters to her touch this aspect of possible views on religion, which is quite absent from the letters to Henry Wilberforce.

The following letters must suffice to illustrate the difference of tone of which I speak and the careful touch with which Newman handled the minds of his friends:

‘Mary Vale, Perry Bar: June 16, 1848.

‘My dear Mrs. Froude,—I answer your kind and touching letter just received immediately. How could you suppose I do not feel the warmest attachment and the most affectionate thoughts towards you and yours?

‘And now first about myself, since you are kindly anxious about me. It is my handwriting that distresses you; but it has been so for years. I seem to have sprained some muscles. I can't put my finger on the place—but I never write without some pain. And it does not seem that there is any help.

‘As to health, I never was better or so well. The only indisposition is that I am always tired, but that I think is merely

owing to the growth of years. As time goes on too, one's features grow more heavy. At least I feel it an effort to brighten up. Or rather, I believe those long years of anxiety have stamped themselves on my face—and now that they are at an end, yet I cannot change what has become a physical effect.

‘And now you know all about me, as far as I am able, or can get myself, to talk of myself. I will but add that the Hand of God is most wonderfully on me, that I am full of blessing and privilege, that I never have had even the temptation for an instant to feel a misgiving about the great step I took in 1845, that the hollowness of High Churchism (or whatever it is called) is to me so very clear that it surprises me, (not that persons should not see it at once) but that any should not see it at last, and, also, I must add that I do not think it safe for any one who does see it, not to action his conviction of it *at once*.

‘Oh—that I were near you, and could have a talk with you—but then I should need great grace to know what to say to you. This is one thing that keeps me silent, it is, dear friend, because I don't know what to say to you. If I had more faith, I should doubtless know well enough; I should then say, “Come to the Church, and *you will find all you seek*.” I *have myself* found all I seek. “I have all and abound”—my every want has been supplied, and as it has in all persons, whom I know at all well, who have become Catholics,—but still the fidget comes on me, “What if they fail? What if they go back? What if they find their faith tried? What if they relax into a lukewarm state? What if they do not fall into prudent and good hands?” It is strange I should say so, when I have instances of the comfort and peace of those very persons for whom I feared on their conversions.

‘But I will tell you what I think on the whole, though you do not ask me, in two sentences; 1. that it is the duty of those who feel themselves called towards the Church to obey it; 2. that they must *expect* trial, when in it, and think it only so much gain when they have it not. This last indeed is nothing more than the spirit moving, “when thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation.”

‘I would not bring anyone into the Church on the ground which you put as against the Church of England, viz: that all hopes are failing. Not that I do not value, not that I do not now feel, the *stimulus* which comes from bright prospects. but that one ought not to come, if it can be helped, on such inferior grounds. Now this world is a world of trouble.

You must come to the Church, not to avoid it, but to save your soul. If this is the motive, all is right. You cannot be disappointed, but the other motive is dangerous.

‘I was thinking of you this morning, when I said Mass. Oh that you were safe in the True Fold. I think you will be one day. You will then have the blessedness of seeing God face to face. You will have the blessedness of finding, when you enter a Church, a Treasure Unutterable, the Presence of the Eternal Word Incarnate, the Wisdom of the Father who, even when He had done His work, would not leave us, but rejoices still to humble Himself by abiding in places on earth, for our sakes, while He reigns not the less on the right hand of God. To know too that you are in the Communion of Saints, to know that you have cast your lot among all those Blessed Servants of God who are the choice fruit of His Passion, that you have their intercessions on high, that you may address them, and above all the Glorious Mother of God, what thoughts can be greater than these? And to feel yourself surrounded by all holy arms and defences, with the Sacraments week by week, with the Priests’ Benedictions, with crucifixes and rosaries which have been blessed, with holy water, with places or with acts to which Indulgences have been attached, and the “whole Armour of God”—and to know that, when you die, you will not be forgotten, that you will be sent out of the world with the holy unctions upon you, and will be followed with masses and prayers; to know in short that the Atonement of Christ is not a thing at a distance, or like the sun standing ever against us and separated off from us, but that we are surrounded by an atmosphere and are in a medium, through which His warmth and light flow in upon us on every side, what can one ask, what can one desire, more than this?

‘Yet I do not disguise that Catholicism is a *different religion* from Anglicanism. You must come to learn that religion which the Apostles introduced and which was in the world long before the Reformation was dreamed of, but a religion not so easy and natural to you, or congenial, because you have been bred up in another from your youth.

‘Excuse all this, as you will, my dear Mrs. Froude, and excuse the rambling character of this whole letter, and believe me,

Ever yours most affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

‘P.S.—I should rejoice to see William at any time; but I am going to London soon.’

‘Mary Vale, Perry Bar: June 27, 1848.

‘My dear Mrs. Froude,—One of the thoughts which most painfully weighed on my mind, when I began to see that I must be a Catholic, if not the most painful of all, was that I was unsettling many, who, having been without definite faith till I and others made them what is called Anglo-Catholics, were likely, on my confessing that to be a delusion which I had taught them was a reality, instead of passing on with me to a second creed, to relapse into scepticism. . . .

‘But oh, my dear Mrs. Froude, what an awful state is that of doubt, if permitted, if acquiesced in, if habitual; considering that faith, implicit faith, is the fundamental grace of the Gospel, and condition of its benefits? The very notion of doubt is then only endurable, when a person is firmly resolved to embrace the Truth, whatever it be, at whatever cost, when once it is brought home to him, and immediately;—praying the while that he may, as soon as possible, be brought to the knowledge of it. If you, my most dear Sister or Daughter, as you chose to let me call you, really can say in your heart, that you will submit to the Truth, though you cannot prove it, directly your reason tells you where it lies, I am comforted about you; but do search your conscience on this point. Are you quite sure you respond, as you should, to God’s grace leading you on? Are you sure that you do not take “obedience,” (to allude to the Sermon you speak of) instead of faith, when you should only take it as the way to faith? resting in it, instead of using it. . . .

‘I wish you would consider whether you have a right notion how to gain faith. It is, we know, the Gift of God, but I am speaking of it as a human process and attained by human means. Faith then is not a conclusion from premisses, but the result of an act of the *will*, following upon a *conviction* that to believe is a *duty*. The simple question you have to ask yourself is, “Have I a *conviction* that I *ought* to accept the (Roman) Catholic Faith as God’s word?” if not, at least, “do I *tend* to such a conviction?” or “am I *near* upon it”? For directly you have a conviction that you ought to believe, reason has done its part, and what is wanted for faith¹ is, not proof, but *will*. . . . We are answerable for what we choose to believe; if we believe lightly, or if we are hard of belief, in either case we do wrong. With love to William,

‘Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. NEWMAN.’

Another group of letters belonging to this time has considerable importance—those to Newman's Oxford friend Mr. John Moore Capes. And these, too, I think represent a mental effort far more congenial than the King William Street lectures. Not long after he had joined the Catholic Church Mr. Capes had founded the Catholic Review called the *Rambler*, of which incidental mention has been already made. The letters were occasioned by subjects discussed in the Review, on which Mr. Capes constantly consulted Newman. They include Newman's first suggestions on the subject which he regarded as so important in his later life, the necessity of accurate thought and expression among Catholics themselves in dealing with the great religious questions of the day. Although his work for the Oratory led him, as we have seen, to decline writing for the *Rambler*, he took a lively interest in the work it carried on. The *Rambler* was started in January 1848. W. G. Ward, Oakeley, and Richard Simpson were among the earliest contributors to its pages, and from the first it set to work on that very task of the development of Catholic thought in which Newman had such special sympathy.

It likewise showed from the first a tendency towards inconsiderateness and even offensiveness in its criticisms which Newman deprecated as injurious to success in its object. The existing Catholic Colleges were strongly criticised. The *amour propre* of English Catholics educated under the existing system was offended by strictures which might have been accepted had they been accompanied by a due recognition of all that was best in that system; and there was, moreover, already an inclination in some of the *Rambler* writers to rash and startling speculation in matters in which scientific conjectures of the day touched the opinions of theologians. This again tended to prejudice the views they advocated rather than to recommend them. It confirmed the feeling of the old Catholics that the Oxford converts were a party and were indisposed to amalgamate in thought and feeling with themselves.

Newman's letters show at once his value for the activity of mind and reality of treatment evinced by the articles, some anxiety at their tone, and some suspiciousness of

Mr. Capes' speculations. Though declining Mr. Capes' request that he should be formal theological censor of the Review, he was informally consulted on much of its contents, and the correspondence drew from him some characteristic expressions of opinion. In one of the letters we find the first suggestion of what he afterwards carried out in 'Callista'—of a tale presenting an outline of history as to the action of Christianity on the educated world in the early centuries. The true nature of the evidence for Christianity—a subject which occupied his mind through life—is also touched in the correspondence. The feeling he had at Rome in 1846 reappears, that Italian theologians insufficiently appreciated the necessity for a searching inquiry into the adequacy of methodical proofs of religion natural and revealed, in the precise form found in the ordinary text-books. The equipment of an army may become very inadequate if it is not frequently subjected to the actual tests it will have to undergo in time of war; and theologians unfamiliar with the minds of unbelievers might be ineffective in polemic. While the ability of the theologians he had known in Rome was beyond doubt, and the general outlines of their treatment were inherited from deep thinkers, they did in his opinion set forth arguments as conclusive which in reality were not so. The typical Italian professor of theology often failed to realise the actual state of mind of the man who was to be convinced—the infidel in the case of the proofs of Christianity, the heretic in the case of distinctively Catholic polemic. These matters are referred to in the letters to Mr. Capes of 1847 and 1850, which show also the movement of his thought on other subjects. The following are some extracts:

'Your remarks on image-worship are very good and correct. The contrast of doctrine and practice there is but part of one great rule. The Church gives the rhythm and meaning to every feeling and thought of her children, though *they* do not recognise it *as their* own, e.g. the certainty of faith is indefinitely greater than mathematical—but who realises this in his experience?

'Your new number is a very good one, and the sale ought to increase, as it does. The defence of the scandalous paper on Catholic Education is very much to the purpose,

and I should trust would soothe people—but I don't think you can quite get over it. You will be sure to have done good by mooted the subject; and all Catholics ought, as many will, to be obliged to you—but still you cannot get over the whole difficulty, because your original article had the tone of a hostile attack, instead of having a double dose of butter to introduce an unpleasant subject. . . . However never mind all this; the *Rambler* is doing a great deal of good, and we cannot do good without giving offence and incurring criticism.'

'The Oratory, 40 Alcester St.: Feb. 14, 1849.

'As for putting anything about us into the *Rambler*, "story, heav'n bless you, I have none to tell, sir." In time we shall, please heaven, do something—but at present it is all leaves and flowers, not fruit. Last Sunday the Policeman said he thought there were between 600 and 700 people at the evening sermon—and boys and girls flow in for instructions as herrings in the season. But it is not enough to catch your fish; you must throw the bad away. I mean until we sift them, and get one set of people at confession, and another regular candidates for instruction and reception, we have done nothing. We have every promise of this, but even on *our* part nothing is in order. The Confessionals hardly in position, and our catechists not at their posts.'

'February 28th, 1849.

'I heartily wish I could promise you a series like the Church of the Fathers. But *when* is it to be? If you can use my name honestly and without pledging me, I should be glad. As to the middle ages, I could not go on to *them*—What I should like would be to bring out the *ἡθoς* of the Heathen from St. Paul's day down to St. Gregory, when under the process, or in sight of the phenomenon, of conversion; what conversion *was* in those times, and what the position of a Christian in that world of sin, what the sophistries of philosophy viewed as realities influencing men. But besides the great difficulty of finding time, I don't think I could do it from History. I despair of finding facts enough—as if an imaginary tale could alone embody the conclusions to which existing facts *lead*. If you can suggest anything, let me know. Dalgairns is so busy, he declares he will only write for *tin*. I have spoken to the other two men, and shall see Hutchison to-morrow, and will have a talk with him.'

'December 2nd, '49.

'As to what you say about eternal punishment, it is to me, as to most men, the great crux in the Christian system as contemplated by the human mind. It is to me what the doctrine of predestination is to Ward. But then *is there to be no trial of faith?* The doctrine of the Holy Trinity, transubstantiation, grace, nay the Incarnation (for it is against no attribute) are to me no trial. Am I to have none? Reason is able to approve of much—is it to approve of all? Another consideration is our utter ignorance of what is meant by eternity—it is not infinite time. Time implies a process—it involves the connection and action of one portion upon another—if eternity be an eternal *now*, eternal punishment is the fact that a person *is* in suffering; he suffers to-day and to-morrow and so on for ever—but not in a continuation—all is complete in every time—there is no memory, no anticipation, no growth of intensity from succession. I will not say I am right in so considering it, for I have not consulted divines (and certainly popular views, sermons, etc., are against me, for in them the growth of pain from succession is expressly insisted on), but if I *be* right, then the question is merely, should a soul suffer, should sin be punished, which few will deny.

'As to yourself, you are very painfully situated—you have to read a vast number of infidel books, and to throw yourself into the state of mind of infidels, and this necessarily exposes you to the temptation.

'I would add, it is the turning point between Christianity and pantheism, it is the critical doctrine—you can't get rid of it—it is the very characteristic of Christianity. We must therefore look matters in the face. Is it more improbable that eternal punishment should be true, or that there should be no God; *for if there be a God, there is eternal punishment*, (a posteriori).

'As to the subject on which you would have me write, it is a noble one—but one can no more *command* a set of lectures on it than raise spirits from the vasty deep. I feel more and more, and have for years, how little one's mind is in one's own power. Difficulties of years are sometimes overcome in a moment—yet one cannot foresee the time. It is very mysterious, and brings before one the great Christian truth that man *in puris naturalibus* is a most imperfect being, and depends on principles and powers external to him for the power of thinking and acting.

'What I *want* to do, and can't, and it falls into your subject, is to construct a *positive* argument for Catholicism.

The negative is the most powerful—"Since there must be one true religion, it can be *none other* than this"—but the fault of this is that it involves what many people call scepticism—a cutting away everything else but Catholicism—showing the difficulties of such portions of truth as Protestantism contains, etc. Hence what I have written (e.g. difficulties of the Canon) has been much objected to. Now as to *positive* proof, I can only rest the argument on antecedent probabilities or verisimilia—which are to my mind most powerful, (and practically sufficient, for they are in fact the Notes of the Church,) but they seem argumentatively imperfect; and I would give much to be able to strike out something—but I feel myself quite helpless.'

'December 2nd, '49.

'I have not quite got hold of your proposed subject. The great argument of the Atheist is this—"The Creator of the World is either wanting in love or power—therefore He is not God, or there is no God." Now Christianity does not touch this argument. It leaves it where it was, or adds weight to it. You do not mean me then to show how Christianity *explains* the riddle. The question simply is how it *meets* it. *But* when it is a question of *meeting*, it is a question of *degrees*. The point then is what *degree* of skilful meeting, in a religion, is sufficient to prove it divine.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Dec. 8th, 1849.

'Thank you for your valuable letter. The subject, which you have named, jumps with much I have been thinking of, especially the introductory lectures on the Nature of the Proof—but I fear these would swell into a whole (uninteresting) set. Again, such a subject requires very delicate treatment. Your Italian divines, whom I sincerely wish to follow in dogmatics, are not in my mind the best of polemics—now "The proof of Christianity" is just the point on which polemics and dogmatics meet as on common ground. It is in the province of both, and I cannot altogether stand the Italian treatment of it, unless I mistake their words and they mine. They know nothing at all of heretics as realities—they live, at least in Rome, in a place whose boast is that it has never given birth to heresy, and they think proofs ought to be convincing which in fact are not. Hence they are accustomed to speak of the argument for Catholicism as a demonstration, and to see no force in objections to it and to admit no perplexity of intellect which is not directly and immediately wilful. This at

least is their tendency in *fact*, even if I overstate their theory. They have not a dream what England is, and what is the power of fascination which the Anglican Church (e.g.) exerts in the case of many minds. F. Passaglia understood it a little better when he got to Westminster Abbey, and declared the chanting to be a great "scandalo"; and I suspect he was cowed by the vision of Oxford. At present they will not abide in Italy the use of terms which, if not the ideas also contained in them, are received with us. E.g. when you in your Papers on "Four Years' Experience" speak of the argument for Catholicism being "the greater probability," (do you not?) you say what would scandalise an Italian, and would be put down to my school. At least one Jesuit attacked me as a probabilist in doctrine, though I am not conscious of dreaming of being one; and certainly I should be afraid that I might say things which, though distinctly contained in de Lugo, are contrary to the tone of this day. I really do not think I differ in *idea*, and I have altered my *language* in consequence, but I don't feel clear that I should not offend those whom I wish to be on good terms with. As to you, I distinctly think you have expressed yourself incautiously, unless I have misunderstood you—but what *I* think of *you*, others may think of me. At all events, it would take time, and thought, to write carefully on such a subject, and I don't think I could do it by Lent.

'I should like to know some time *argumentatively* why my suggestion about eternity having no succession produces no alleviation of your difficulty—I wish to know it as a fact, to guide me in the use of it. It tends to destroy the difficulty in my own case.

'I could not make out whether you said my Sermons were "selling" or "telling"—I wish them to "tell," but I am very much more interested, I must own, in the sale.'

'Oratory, Birmingham: Jan. 27th, 1850.

'As to what you said some time back about eternal punishment I said nothing in answer, because I simply wished to hear *what* your view was of my argument. I did not agree with your answer (if you wish to know, as you seem to do). In denying that "eternity was without duration," you seem to me denying, not an assumption of mine, as you view it, but the common voice of all nations. Even the poet speaks of an "eternal now." And by saying that what *did* relieve you was the mystery of God's ante-eternity, you seem taking up yourself my very argument

—for the mysteriousness of it shows that we don't know *what* eternity *is*—and if our notion is so defective as to make us think the divine *a parte ante* beyond Divine Omnipotence, that same defect may be the cause of eternal pain seeming to contradict the Divine All-mercifulness. A common person's notion of flannel is that it is something that "keeps us warm." With this notion it is a sheer absurdity or mystery to suppose that it is wrapt round ice to keep it from melting. Again I could not convince my clerk at St. Mary's that the thick moisture on the pavement on a thaw was not a proof that the Church was really damp. We have far less correct ideas of eternity than of such material matters.

'The passage in "Four Years' Experience" is "To tell me I was enslaving my reason, etc., by embracing the more probable of two momentous alternatives," etc., p. 10. Now, since the proof on which we believe must be a *certain* proof, the above is sound to me only on the hypothesis that in the *case supposed* it be true that "It is *certain* that the *more probable* alternative is the *true* one"; which has to be proved, for it is not a *general* truth or an axiom. But the words on the surface mean no more than this, that "it is *not certain* that Catholicism is true, only *more probable* than that it is not"—and this I conceive is an unsound position.'

'St. Wilfrid's: September 16th, 1850.

'Thank you for F. Perrone, which I will return. It relieves me to find that to deny the universality of the deluge is not even temerarious. At the same time, the time is not come for confidence about any theory. The "Spiritus Dei" may mean electro-magnetism ten years hence, then the vital principle, and at the end of 50 years "The Spirit of God" as of old.'

'Oratory, Birmingham: November 14th, 1850.

'My criticism on these scientific articles was *not* on the allowableness of their statements, but the advisableness. We ought not to theorise the teaching of Moses till philosophers have demonstrated their theories of physics. If "the Spirit of God" is gas in 1850, it may be electro-magnetism in 1860.'

One other letter may be added belonging to the following year, although it somewhat forestalls the order of our narrative. It contains the first incidental reference to a matter on which Newman wrote much later on—namely, the importance of the schools of theological thought in the past, of their flourishing existence, of their freedom and variety, and

the correlative importance of the writings of the 'doctors of the Church,' for the intellectual health of the Christian community in the ages in which they lived and wrote. The doctors of the Church and not the Popes had in the past given the lead to the Catholic theological intellect in its inquiries. 'It is individuals and not the Holy See that have taken the initiative and given the lead to the Catholic mind in theological inquiry,' he wrote in a famous passage in the 'Apologia.' And it was the greatest of those individuals who were afterwards known as Doctors of the Church. The process of active discussion and thought in the Catholic schools reached its height in the middle ages—the days of the schoolmen of the thirteenth century. The events accompanying the Reformation somewhat diminished the freedom of scholastic debate, and concentrated attention on the polemic against Protestantism. Yet such names as Petavius, Suarez, and de Lugo remind us that theological schools still long remained a great power to reckon with. The French Revolution had inflicted a crushing blow on the theological schools. And with their comparative disappearance the rôle of 'Doctor of the Church' seemed almost to be in abeyance. 'Religion is never in greater danger,' Newman wrote, 'than when in consequence of national or international troubles the schools of theology have broken up or ceased to be.' The sense of the loss sustained by the Church in the destruction of the theological schools grew on Newman, as we shall see, in the course of time. It is first referred to, though only briefly, in the following letter written to Mr. Capes on the advantages and disadvantages for the Church of a state of persecution:

'April 20th, 1851.

'What does the Church gain by a state of persecution? an elevation in the tone of those who remain firm? I doubt it as a *whole*. Recollect the scandals among the Confessors in St. Cyprian's time and the low tone among us now. And great as the sanctity of the Martyrs is, I suppose the sanctity of St. Ignatius and St. Theresa, subjects of the most Catholic King of Spain, may be compared to it. Then again, in times when religion is established, you have schools of all sorts, of doctrine, of ritual, of antiquities, and histories—it is the age of *doctors*—who are formed by the very heresies which then germinate. Think on the contrary of

the miserable state of the Church 1780 to 1830, during the temporal misfortunes of the Holy See, through which we have not yet emerged at this moment. Where are our schools of theology? a scattered and persecuted Jesuit school—one at Louvain—some ghosts of a short-lived birth at Munich—hardly a theologian at Rome. And recollect independence and persecution go together—the State must either be our friend or our enemy. Now, consider the confusion everything is thrown into, by the Pope's absence from Rome—the destruction of records—the dispersion of libraries—the suspension of the Sacred Congregations—think of Pope Pius VII. shut up from the Church for five years. *What is to put against all this?* You cannot pick and choose—you cannot have all the advantages of freedom and none of the disadvantages of being outlawed. You may say that we are in the worst state possible now, being neither one thing nor the other—the Pope bound to the world without corresponding benefits—but I am not defending any *view*, I am only anxious that things should be calmly looked at.'

CHAPTER IX

THE PAPAL AGGRESSION: 1850-1851

THE brilliant irony of the King William Street lectures delighted such intellectual critics as Mr. Hutton. The lectures also attracted the Broad Church members of the Establishment, who attended in considerable numbers. They rejoiced the heart of that born controversialist, Dr. Wiseman, who sat listening to them, vested in a cope, swaying to and fro, his ruddy face beaming with delight as the war-dance of the Anglican episcopate was described by the lecturer. Conversions to the Church immediately followed—notable among them being those of Sir George Bowyer and Mr. T. W. Allies. Rome conferred on Father Newman an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The London Oratorians were rapidly becoming subjects of general remark, as they daily paced the streets in their habits.¹ The English 'Papists' seemed to their countrymen to be holding their heads high. Dr. Wiseman and the sanguine converts talked freely about the 'conversion of England.' *Punch* advertised their happy unclouded confidence to the public week after week, by caricatures of the 'Romanists' and burlesques of their real and imaginary doings. The Oratorians were depicted in the cartoons arrayed in cassocks and albs and chasubles and copes, and so were the 'Puseyites,' who were regarded as their secret friends and as recruits for the Roman army. The attitude of the Catholics was not pleasing to the Anglican hierarchy. And displeasure was gradually penetrating into the slow mind of John Bull himself, who had at first viewed

¹ In the first enthusiasm attending the foundation of the Oratory, all the fathers at Birmingham as well as in London walked abroad in their cassocks, and on one occasion a no-popery zealot upset a sack of flour on Newman himself.

the show from the stalls as a rather apathetic spectator, but who had, deep down in him, a hatred of Popery which was kept inactive mainly through its accompanying contempt. Those who could read the signs of the times began to grow conscious of a sullen anger rising and deepening among their countrymen—something akin to caste feeling or race feeling, which could be very dangerous and indiscriminate in its display if it were thoroughly awakened. Wiseman himself, full of schemes for the future, living now almost entirely among Catholics, and not, as of old, mixing much with general society, saw nothing of this. His Celtic imagination pictured the new Catholic hierarchy which was promised for this very year as adding immense *éclat* to the victories of Rome. The ancient Church was to assert triumphantly the now undeniable failure of the Established Church to represent the Catholic religion in England. The High Church movement was utterly defeated. The new hierarchy was to claim a Roman victory.

There was a momentary pause in his plans—a threat of bitter disappointment. For a moment the old priests—such men as Mr. Wilds and Dr. Maguire—succeeded in alarming Rome. They had the traditions of the days of persecution, and dreaded the consequences of Wiseman's 'go ahead' policy and of his public advertisement of Catholic claims. Wiseman was unpopular with them, and they asked for his removal from London, which must mean from England. He was actually summoned to Rome in July 1850, and informed that he was to remain there for good, with the Cardinal's hat as a reward for past services—'in golden fetters,' as he expressed it. Less enterprising and more prudent spirits were to take charge of the new hierarchy, men who remembered the proverb, *Chi va piano va sano*. But other influences prevailed in Rome at the very last moment after Wiseman had actually started on his journey. Those Englishmen who were sanguine that Rome was on the eve of great victories in their own country represented urgently to the Vatican that the withdrawal of Wiseman meant the complete arrest of the campaign—for there was no one else to take the lead.

The English public in general was not otherwise than

pleased at the elevation of Wiseman to the Cardinalate, news of which had been given out before he left England for Italy in August. They viewed it as a purely Roman honour, to be accompanied by residence in Rome. It was honour done to a distinguished English scholar by a foreign Court. The papers treated it sympathetically. Wiseman was all the more off his guard. His imagination was already fired by the events of 1845. The Oxford leaders had surrendered to him and had enlisted under his banner among the long-despised English 'Papists.' What victories might not this portend for the future? To his impressionable nature the position of Cardinal, coupled with the leadership at such a moment of the English Catholics, was almost a dizzy eminence. Perhaps with his training and his temperament and antecedents no greater position could be imagined. The tone of triumph was undisguised when he wrote the famous Pastoral letter, 'from out the Flaminian gate' of Rome, on October 7, announcing the new hierarchy and the details of its constitution. This was for the world at large the climax of the policy of constant boasting, constant assertion of victory actual and prospective for the Catholics of England. The language of the Pastoral letter appeared to be the exultant announcement of a Roman triumph—even a Roman conquest. A casual glance at the document brought before the British householder such passages as these: 'till such time as the Holy See shall think fit otherwise to provide, we govern and shall continue to govern the counties of Middlesex, Hertford and Essex as ordinary thereof, and those of Surrey, Sussex, Berkshire and Hampshire with the islands annexed as administrators with ordinary powers'; and again: 'The great work is complete. Catholic England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament . . . truly this is a day of joy and exultation of spirit.' Such a sentence as this was Cardinal Wiseman's expression of his own simple undisguised satisfaction. It was intended for the ears of the Catholic congregations to which it was to be read aloud in church. But the Press got hold of the Pastoral, and it was also read in the drawing-rooms and clubs, the vicarages and Bishops' palaces, which John Bull in his various capacities frequented. It employed, as I have said, language suggesting

a great triumph! 'And over whom?' men asked. Over the people of England. Over the Established Church. Over the whole Protestant land which Rome once more claimed to 'govern.' True these were but words, not deeds, but they seemed insulting words when read by Englishmen, already since 1845 on the verge of exasperation. A storm broke—of which the details have often been told. Lord John Russell's famous letter to the Bishop of Durham was written on November 4—the eve of Guy Fawkes. Indignation meetings followed all over the country. Cardinal Wiseman and the Pope were burned everywhere in effigy. 'Down with Popery,' 'Down with tyranny,' was placarded in the streets of the country towns.¹

Priests and their congregations were hooted. The Lord Chancellor, at the Mansion House dinner of November 9, quoted amid thunders of applause Shakespeare's lines:

'Under our feet we'll stamp thy Cardinal's hat
In spite of Pope or dignities of Church.'

If Wiseman had shown want of judgment in the Flaminian-gate letter, he made amends by a remarkable display of courage, tact, and energy on his return on November 11. He was incessant in representations to the Government and on the platform—all marked by firmness, moderation, and argumentative and rhetorical ability. He made the very most of a logical position which was quite unanswerable—for no act of aggression had been committed. The rights of

¹ The Press was full of pasquinades and indignant protests. The following expression of passionate Protestant zeal may be given as a type of many more:

'Harlot of Rome! and dost thou come
With bland demeanour now;
The bridal smile upon thy lips,
The flush upon thy brow?

'The cup of sorcery in thy hand,
Still in the same array
As when our fathers in their wrath,
Dashed it and thee away?

'No! by the memory of the saints,
Who died beneath thy hand,
Thou shalt not dare to claim as thine
One foot of English land.'

The author of these lines, published in the *Christian Times*, January 7, 1851, was Rev. Mr. Aytoun.

the Established Church and Crown had been carefully respected and the title of no Church of England See was claimed for the Catholics. The sole cause of offence was that language suitable to the feelings and views of Catholics used in a Pastoral letter—a document ordinarily read inside the churches to an audience exclusively Catholic—had been published in the papers and read as though it had been meant for the eyes and ears of the average Protestant Englishman. It was as though a man overheard words used of himself, absolutely legitimate in themselves, yet very offensive if uttered in his presence. Wiseman's 'Appeal to the English People' appeared *in extenso* in five daily papers on November 20. It occupied six and a half columns of the *Times* in small type—and the *Times* then sold 40,000 copies a day. No copy of any paper in which it appeared was to be bought by four o'clock in the afternoon. The 'appeal' had an immediate effect in staying the storm, and the Press in many instances changed its tone forthwith. Newman was enthusiastic in his appreciation of Wiseman's power and resource. 'He is made for the world,' Newman wrote to Sir George Bowyer in January 1851, 'and he rises with the occasion. Highly as I put his gifts, I was not prepared for such a display of vigour, power, judgment, sustained energy as the last two months have brought. I heard a dear friend of his say before he got to England that the news of the opposition would kill him. How he has been out. It is the event of the time. In my own remembrance there has been nothing like it.'

The bitter feelings aroused by the agitation proved trying for recent converts, at whom old friends looked askance. Newman's own feelings at the outset of the disturbance were shown in a letter of sympathy written in November to the late Lord Denbigh—then Lord Feilding—who had had his share of trial in his new Communion:

'Be of good cheer, my dear Lord; the first months of a convert's life, though filled with joy of their own, have a pain and dreariness of their own too. We feel the latter when nature overcomes grace—the former when grace triumphs over nature. But no one made a sacrifice without effect. God does not forget what we do for Him—and what-

ever trouble you may have now, it will be repaid to you a hundred fold. As to this hubbub, I was anxious just at first, when indeed you were here—but I do not see what can come of it, except indeed inconvenience to individuals, and black looks from friends and strangers. We must take it coolly, and leave the British Lion to find he cannot touch us. If he put some of us in prison, we should but gain by it, and I suspect his keepers are too sharp-sighted for that, whatever *he* is.'

In December he writes to another friend, Mrs. Wood:

'I don't agree with you at being troubled at the present row. It is always well to know things as they *are*. The row has not unsettled a single Catholic or Catholicizing Anglican—rather it has converted, and is converting, many. It has but brought out what all sober people knew,—though one is apt to forget it,—that the English people is not Catholicly-minded. Many foreigners, many old Catholics, have thought they were. I dislike our smoothing over the nation's aversion to our doctrines, just as I dislike smoothing over those doctrines themselves. The real misery is the trouble it has introduced into families, the private persecutions, the alienation of friends, and the bitterness of feeling which the commotion has caused, but all this will turn to good. In like manner, they may insult us in Parliament, but I don't see how any Act they pass can hurt us.'

Wiseman's immediate work in stemming the tide of aggressive bigotry was done in the first three months succeeding his return from Rome. It was then Newman's turn to begin. But while in denouncing the unfairness of the popular attack on his co-religionists, he was entirely with Wiseman, he had already seen enough of the Catholic organisation in England to form somewhat different opinions on other questions involved. And he was not in complete sympathy with the Cardinal's constructive programme. He had already deprecated in his letters to Faber the policy of unnecessary advertisement akin to boasting, and the proclaiming of supposed triumphs out of all proportion to facts and realities. This feeling henceforth steadily deepened in his mind. He seems from his letters to have regarded the institution of the new hierarchy as part of the movement associated with the name of Augustus Welby Pugin. He viewed it as a matter

rather of external dignity than of practical utility. He desired more work and less show. He had already, in deference to Wiseman's wishes, pointed out in his lectures at King William Street how vulnerable was the position of the Anglican Church regarded as the permanent home of those Tractarians who believed in her as part of the Church Catholic: and he did not think it wise to go further in criticising her. Indeed, it is possible that he had, in some of the King William Street lectures, under the influence of the younger Oratorians, adopted a somewhat more aggressive tone than his maturer judgment approved.

He did not wish to weaken the hold of the Church of England on the masses. The Established Church was in his eyes a great power in English society for good—for religion and against the growth of infidelity. The 'conversion of England' was, moreover, not a practical prospect. To weaken the Establishment was to damage a bulwark of religion, while Catholics had as yet no adequate force to supply in its place. It was true enough that the Bishops and clergymen up and down the country had used most violent and unjustifiable language against Catholicism. But Newman's more normal policy was to be above cheap retort, to consider solely the practical interests of religion. From his letters at this time we may gather that he would have been glad rather than sorry if the new hierarchy had been abandoned, and improved practical organisation among English Catholics had taken its place. He had some sympathy with the old priests—such men as his friend Mr. Wilds—who disliked the hierarchy and felt that it was being, as it were, run up hastily, without careful planning, cheaply, without adequate resources, and was likely to displace much that was well tried and successful in the existing organisation. It was too personal, Dr. Wiseman being the sole inspirer and executant of the scheme. The policy Newman favoured was, to let English Catholics grow stronger in reality—in organisation, education, and influence—lying low so far as public display was concerned. Let Catholics refrain from weakening the Church of England, he urged, while English society remained what it was at that time. He rather welcomed the possibility of active

persecution, which would bring the Catholics face to face with stern facts. 'The Bishop,' he wrote to Henry Wilberforce, 'seems desirous to be put in prison. I should not be sorry for it. It would be sure to do us good.'

This general view is outlined plainly in his correspondence with Mr. Capes, who consulted him at this time on some lectures he proposed to give in defence of Catholics against the onslaught of the 'aggression' agitation. Newman was the more interested in the lectures as he was anxious for laymen to come forward on such occasions. One prelate objected to Mr. Capes' scheme. 'He has a horror of laymen,' Newman wrote, 'and I am sure they may be made in this day the strength of the Church.' Cardinal Wiseman, however, took Mr. Capes' side, and the lectures were delivered. Mr. Capes spoke at first of attacking the Church of England, and Newman expressed his dissent from his programme:

'In Vigil N. Dom. 1850.

'My dear Capes,—I don't look on the Church of England as important in contrast to *Dissent*, but as a bulwark against infidelity, which Dissent cannot be. Were the Church of England to fall *Methodism might remain* awhile. I can't tell, for I don't know it—but surely, on the whole, the various denominations exist under the shadow of the Establishment, out of which they spring, and, did it go, would go too: i.e. they would lose their organisation, and whatever faint intellectual basis they have at present. Infidelity would take possession of the bulk of the men, and the women, so they had something to worship, would not care whether it was an unknown tongue, or a book of Mormon, or a pudding sleeve gown. Infidel literature would be the fashion, and there would be a sort of fanatical contempt and hatred of all profession of belief in a definite revelation.

'Perhaps it is absurd so talking, for the Established Church could not fall without a revolution—and, while it exists in any shape, it so far forth witnesses to a dogmatic and ritual religion, i.e. a revelation—but, in proportion as it is liberalized, it lets in infidelity upon the country, for there is nothing else to stand against infidelity. I can as little triumph then in the decline and fall of the Establishment as take part in the emancipation of the Jews—I cannot, *till* the Catholic Church is strong enough to take its place. I don't see that this is inconsistent with my laughing at it, as

in my Lectures or Loss and Gain, for such ridicule only disparages it in the eyes of Puseyites who *ought* to leave it, not in those of Erastians and Establishmentarians, who constitute its strength. Is this a refinement? I mean, I don't think anything I have written would tend even to make men such as Lord John or Sir R. Peel give up the Church of England. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. N.

'P.S.—Thanks for your news—Manning is with Hope at Abbotsford—What does this mean?'

On February 9 he again deprecates attacking the Establishment in any lectures on the subject of the hour:

'I still shrink from taking up your line of attacking the Church of England. I ask "could we supply the place of it and all sects?" See, we have not Priests enough for our own body—how much less for England! Besides, I think our game is *not* to return evil for evil, now that the parsons have attacked us so furiously.'

Mr. Capes gave full consideration to Newman's views. His lectures began and proved a success. They called forth another letter in which Newman developed his own appreciation of the situation:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Feb. 18, 1851.

'My dear Capes,—I am glad to hear so good a beginning of your lectures. Depend on it *you* are in the right train, though not a member of the Hierarchy. Preaching, confession, publishing, no bill can touch, and these are our proper weapons. The Bill only touches Puginism and its offshoots. We are not ripe ourselves for a Hierarchy. Now they have one they can't fill up the Sees, positively can't. Don't repeat all this—but it really is a question whether one should not look on it as a means of getting us out of a scrape that this Bill is passed. We want Seminaries far more than Sees. We want education, *view*, combination, organisation. I don't see the lie of things down here, but I am really inclined to think our game is to turn black, silent, and sulky; to suspend the use of those titles which the Bishops cannot really lose—to appoint Vicars General, locum-tenentes, to the sees not filled up—and to make the excuse of this persecution for getting up a great organization, going round to the towns giving lectures, or making speeches, none but Catholics being admitted to speak, starting a paper,

a review, &c. The great difficulty of this plan would be the Cardinal's *status*, would it not?

'The other plan would be the bold one of all the Bishops of the three kingdoms meeting, and publicly declaring they would not obey the Law. Then they must be prepared to carry this out by submitting to fine, imprisonment, or even transportation, and must have a prospect of carrying the public opinion of Catholics with them. . . .

'Moreover, I think certain acts of retaliation should be practised, unless they looked mean—I mean, if we may not call our Bishops by their titles, our only mode of signifying and intimating our *secret* profession, is to speak of Dr. Sumner, Dr. Blomfield, never calling them Bishops (at the utmost, Dr. Sumner of the House of Lords), &c., &c.

'As to the Establishment, what I have written in my Lectures is addressed to the educated men. The more we can weaken its hold upon them, the better. But this does not directly weaken its authority on the masses—nor does it involve any practical measure of *assault* upon it. I thought you were proposing a crusade against the Establishment—now, I think, you must not do so, till you have something to give instead. As far as the *people* are concerned, our line is not to attack the Church of England, which is low game, but to remove prejudices against ourselves, as you are doing at present in your Lectures. Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—Are you constituted as a Committee to *advise* the Bishops? I wish you were. Do they ever ask advice? How many country gentlemen, on whose munificence the Sees were founded, have a claim! Do you think they were consulted on the subject of the Hierarchy?' . . .

Mr. Capes' Lectures were suspended for the moment owing to the lecturer's indisposition. Newman's mind was hard at work on the whole subject and caught fire. What was the best plan of action for Catholics through the country? Already he felt how unsatisfactory it was to leave all initiation in the hands of the hierarchy. Episcopal sanction indeed was essential: more than this was a fetter, and might take the life out of the movement. His mind went back to the 'Tracts for the Times' and the great work done by a handful of men, all young and keen, none in official position. In a letter of February 21 we see his thought aglow on the whole prospect:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: Feby. 21, 1851.

‘My dear Capes,—I am very sorry to hear of your indisposition—you must get well for the good of the Church. Those who have a *view*, have indefinite power over those who have none. You say too there are good materials among the younger men of all classes. I dare say it may be in the event advisable for our Bishops to do nothing—but for that reason, if for no other, the laity should stir. I like the article on “How shall we meet &c.?” though when I like a thing I always fear it is imprudent and violent.

‘I do think you should get a set of fellows who will devote themselves to the cause of the Church. Let it be their recreation as geology or ecclesiology might be, while it is their *work*. Would the “committee for supplying members with information” furnish such? Men do with a special gusto what they do themselves—it is an outlet for private judgment. I do wish you could do it—it is a great object. Cannot you name some half dozen or more? It should be quite voluntary and informal at first—(only with the secret sanction of the Cardinal and Dr. Ullathorne). If I can do anything in getting them to approve of it command me.

‘Ward, I suppose, would not work with other men or lead them? Is there no old Catholic of sufficient calibre to begin? I would throw over all but energetic men. This you could not do, if the Bishops’ names were *openly* given to it, for they would offend respectable or noble nobodies if they did not include them, but if it was voluntary, the choice would be your own.

‘Why should not half a dozen meet and consecrate their purpose by a religious act?—their object being to stir up their brethren on the duty of maintaining and impressing on the people of England the spiritual independence of the Church, as a kingdom not of this world? or take a larger object, not to the exclusion of this, viz. of bringing before the laity the position of the Church in England and the method of defending it (which last clause brings in your Lectures and all controversial matter whatever).

‘If you could get two or three good speakers, you could have public meetings in the principal towns. I know this could not be done without a vast deal of spirit, but surely you might find some young men who would carry it out. We were about thirty in age, when we began the Tracts,—have you none of that age? only they must not speak treason. In particular localities, you might get great assistance for a

meeting—e.g. I suppose I could get H. Wilberforce to speak here, if there was a meeting. The Oratory ought to have nothing to do with politics—and I would not take any very ecclesiastical subject—but Father Gordon and I would, I dare say, do something, if a sort of Club were formed here—though we could not, with our engagements, dream of managing it. But indeed, I should like (as you say) the immediate object of resistance to the Bill to drop, but the *occasion* to be seized for instructing the young Catholic mind in all Catholic matters. Gradually it would form into shape—each club or association would take a Patron Saint.

‘I am throwing things out as they occur to me—so you must take them only as stimulants to your imagination and judgment to think of something more practical. I am utterly in the dark as to the materials in various localities, but am going on the supposition that they are to be found everywhere. . . .

‘Supposing meetings were once a month, consisting of a paper read, &c. The Lecturer might be supplied from London or elsewhere, if he could not be found on the spot. The public might be admitted (Catholics gratis—Protestants by tickets—or Catholics by tickets, Protestants on payment), and the meeting advertised. The Lecture would be preceded by a few prayers. *Boys* preach in the Oratorium Parvum at Rome; so it would be quite free for laymen to lecture.

‘How many good Lecturers and speakers could you collect up and down the country? Northcote, Thompson, yourself, Simpson, &c., &c. The thing would be to keep it from becoming ecclesiastical (in which case it would fall under the priests of the place, who, if dull, would ruin the whole), and yet under ecclesiastical authority. The Cardinal surely would take up the idea (if practical)—the first qualification for a member would be *energy*. If you got six men in London, six in Birmingham, six in Liverpool, &c., might you not do it? If you could not get six men of talent, they at least must be willing simply to put themselves under those who *had* talent, i.e. from London or elsewhere.’ . . .

‘If you want a thing done, you should do it yourself,’ says the proverb—and shortly after writing this letter Newman determined to make his own contribution to the enterprise he had suggested, though he was a priest, not a layman. He did so in a series of lectures entitled in his published works

'Lectures on Catholicism in England,' the best written, in his opinion, of all his works,¹ and of which the consequences were momentous.

The determination to lecture was not, however, taken at once. April and May were well occupied by the needs of the influx of converts which the singular unfairness of the agitation helped to bring. Newman went to Leeds on April 2 in company with Father Nicholas Darnell, and his diary records that on that evening he 'began receiving converts.' On the following day many were admitted publicly, including William Paine Neville, Newman's devoted friend and afterwards his literary executor, who followed him a few days later to the Oratory, to remain there for upwards of half a century until his death in 1905. The suspicions which Manning's presence at Abbotsford had aroused were verified. On April 6 both he and James Hope were 'received' in London. On April 23, in company with Henry Wilberforce, Manning came to the Oratory for a brief visit. The exciting events of the hour brought thither other visitors in the following month—Lord Dunraven, Sir John Acton, Döllinger—who was staying in England as Acton's friend and dined with Newman on May 26—and many more. The *Oratorium Parvum* was started in the same month, as an experiment in the organising of lay Catholics in the neighbourhood. It was ostensibly for its members that Newman's lectures were planned. They were delivered in the Corn Exchange at Birmingham once a week, the first being on Monday, June 30. Newman delivered the lectures sitting at a raised desk, and over his chair hung a picture of St. Philip Neri. It is interesting to record that Henry Edward Manning was present at the first of the series.

The peals of laughter audible from outside to which Miss Giberne refers in her diary, showed something in the lectures unlike Newman's ordinary manner. In truth, as those who have read them are aware, they abounded in pungent satire, the more effective because it came not from a controversialist who delighted in strong words and startling statements, but from one who was notoriously reserved

¹ So he says in a letter to Dean Church. These Lectures in the current edition of Newman's works are called *The Present Position of Catholics*.

in language and self-restrained. In constructive argument, more especially, Newman, alive as he was to all the anomalies and scandals visible in Church history, could very rarely bring himself to employ the positive and confident tone, the strong expressions, the one-sided statements, the would-be demonstrative proofs of many popular Catholic controversialists. His fastidiousness and his accurate sense of fact forbade it. The approach to a breach of this rule in the case of the King William Street lectures was probably one of the things which made their preparation distasteful to him. In the present case such objections to vehement language no longer held. He had satisfied himself that he was face to face not with serious convictions, but with a monstrous and preposterous phenomenon—the No-popery prejudice, which had for more than two centuries deformed and disgraced the national mind. He revelled in the strength of his case; and though never off his guard and never forgetting the reservations in his attack which truth required, he let himself go in occasional passages with complete unreserve and great effect.

The lectures are well known. But a few extracts must be given to remind the reader of their manner and their place in Newman's work. The less controversial part, but not the least able, is found in the earlier lectures which describe how the No-popery assumptions have come to be the very first principles in the mental equipment of the average Englishman.

The analysis is too long to be cited in these pages, but specimens of the resulting axioms which have become stamped ineffaceably on the popular mind are given in the following passage:

"Elizabeth's reign is "golden," Mary is "bloody," the Church of England is "pure and apostolical," the Reformers are "judicious," the Prayer Book is "incomparable," or "beautiful," the Thirty-nine Articles are "moderate," "Pope" and "pagan" go together, and "the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender." The anti-Catholic rancour is carried into your marts of commerce; London is burned down, and forthwith your greatest architect is instructed to set up a tall pillar to perpetuate the lie that the Papists were the incendiaries. Take your controversy with you when

you sit down to cards, and let the taunting name of Pope Joan be the title of your game. Run a horse the coming year, and among your Sorcerers, Lamplighters, Malibrans, and Priams, you will find Crucifix a striking, perhaps a lucky name for your beast; it is but the emblem of an extinct superstition. Dress up for some fancy ball, or morris-dance, and let the Grand Turk jump about on one side of you, and the Pope with cross, and beads, and triple crown, upon the other. Go to the stage of the Mountebank, and teach him, when he displays his sleight-of-hand, to give effect to his tricks by the most sacred words of the Catholic ritual. Into your very vocabulary let Protestantism enter; let priest, and mass, and mass-priest, and mass-house have an offensive savour on your palate; let monk be a word of reproach; let Jesuitism and Jesuitical, in their first intention, stand for what is dishonourable and vile. What chance has a Catholic against so multitudinous, so elementary a Tradition? Here is the Tradition of the Court, and of the Law, and of Society, and of Literature, strong in themselves, and acting on each other, and acting on a willing people, and the willing people acting on them, till the whole edifice stands self-supported, reminding one of some vast arch (as at times may be seen), from which the supports have crumbled away by age, but which endures still, and supports the huge mass of brickwork which lies above it, by the simple cohesion of parts which the same age has effected.'

True to the view he had expressed to Mr. Capes, Newman hardly ever in the whole course of the lectures attacked the Established Church. But the parsons had had so large a share in starting and fanning the agitation that he could not entirely let them off: and he did refer to the Church of England in one passage—among the most unrestrained and amusing pieces of burlesque in the series; but he rapidly passed again from the Establishment to the people. Here is the passage in question:

'The Anglican Church agrees to differ with its own children on a thousand points,' he writes; 'one is sacred—that her Majesty the Queen is "the Mother and Mistress of all Churches"; on one dogma it is infallible, on one it may securely insist without fear of being unseasonable or excessive—that "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm." Here is sunshine amid the darkness, sense amid confusion, an intelligible strain amid a Babel of sounds; whatever befalls, here is sure footing; it is, "No peace with

Rome," "Down with the Pope," and "The Church in danger." Never has the Establishment failed in the use of these important and effective watchwords; many are its shortcomings, but it is without reproach in the execution of this its special charge. Heresy, and scepticism, and infidelity, and fanaticism, may challenge it in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognises by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition, but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness, and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamouring and ringing the changes on their poor half-dozen notes, all about the "Popish aggression," "insolent and insidious," "insidious and insolent," "insolent and atrocious," "atrocious and insolent," "atrocious, insolent, and ungrateful," "ungrateful, insolent, and atrocious," "foul and offensive," "pestilent and horrid," "subtle and unholy," "audacious and revolting," "contemptible and shameless," "malignant," "frightful," "mad," "meretricious,"—bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs-royal, and triple-bob-majors, and grandsires,—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honour of Queen Bess, and to the confusion of the Holy Father and the Princes of the Church.

'So it is now; so it was twenty years ago; nay, so it has been in all years as they came, even the least controversial. If there was no call for a contest, at least there was the opportunity of a triumph. Who could want matter for a sermon, if ever his thoughts would not flow, whether for convenient digression, or effective peroration? Did a preacher wish for an illustration of heathen superstition or Jewish bigotry, or an instance of hypocrisy, ignorance, or spiritual pride? the Catholics were at hand. The deliverance from Egypt, the golden calf, the fall of Dagon, the sin of Solomon, the cruelties of Jezebel, the worship of Baal, the destruction of the brazen serpent, the finding of the law, the captivity in Babylon, Nebuchodonosor's image, Pharisees,

Sadducees, Herodians, and Zealots, mint, anise, and cummin, brazen pots and vessels, all in their respective places and ways, would give opportunity to a few grave words of allusion to the "monstrous errors" or the "childish absurdities" of the "Romish faith." Does any one wish an example of pride? there stands Wolsey; of barbarity? there is the Duke of Alva; of rebellion? there is Becket; of ambition? there is Hildebrand; of profligacy? there is Caesar Borgia; of superstition? there is Louis the Eleventh; of fanaticism? there are the Crusaders. Saints and sinners, monks and laymen, the devout and the worldly, provided they be but Catholics, are heaped together in one indiscriminate mass, to be drawn forth for inspection and exposure according to the need.

'The consequence is natural;—tell a person of ordinary intelligence, Churchman or Dissenter, that the vulgar allegations against us are but slanders,—simple lies, or exaggerations, or misrepresentations; or, as far as they are true, admitting of defence or justification, and not to the point; and he will laugh in your face at your simplicity, or lift up hands and eyes at your unparalleled effrontery. The utmost concession he will make is to allow the possibility of incidental and immaterial error in the accusations which are brought against us; but the substance of the traditional view he believes, as firmly as he does the Gospel, and if you reject it and protest against it, he will say it is just what is to be expected of a Catholic, to lie and to circumvent. To tell him, at his time of life, that Catholics do not rate sin at a fixed price, that they may not get absolution for a sin in prospect, that priests can live in purity, that nuns do not murder each other, that the laity do not make images their God, that Catholics would not burn Protestants if they could! Why, all this is as perfectly clear to him as the sun at noonday; he is ready to leave the matter to the first person he happens to meet; every one will tell us just the same; only let us try; he never knew there was any doubt at all about it; he *is* surprised, for he thought we granted it. When he was young, he has heard it said again and again; to his certain knowledge it had uniformly been said the last forty, fifty, sixty years, and no one ever denied it; it is so in all the books he ever looked into; what is the world coming to? What is true, if this is not? So, Catholics are to be whitewashed! What next?'

Faithful to his usual habit of refraining from all substantial exaggeration, the lecturer draws up after this sally. For there

is a weighty Protestantism—as he goes on to recognise—that of the minority, of the thinking minds, which attacks Catholics with serious and genuinely philosophical arguments. To these minds such extravagances as the above would be as absurd as to himself. He sees the objection in the eyes and minds of his abler listeners or readers, and at once takes from them this particular weapon of defence by admitting its justice, but denying its appositeness. He thus drives home his attack, the scope and object better defined, the escape cut off.

‘I allow all this,’ he continues: ‘but now I am considering, not the Protestantism of the few, but of the many: those great men, and those philosophical arguments, whatever be their weight, have no influence with the many. Crowds do not assemble in Exeter Hall, mobs do not burn the Pope, from reverence for Lord Bacon, Locke, or Butler, or for anything those gifted men have recorded. I am treating of the unpopularity of Catholicism now and here, as it exists in the year 1851, and in London, or in Edinburgh, or in Birmingham, or in Bristol, or in Manchester, or in Glasgow; among the gentlemen and yeomen of Yorkshire, Devonshire, and Kent; in the Inns of Court, and in the schools and colleges of the land; and I say this Tradition does not flow from the mouth of the half-dozen wise, or philosophic, or learned men who can be summoned to its support, but is a tradition of nursery stories, school stories, public-house stories, club-house stories, drawing-room stories, platform stories, pulpit stories;—a tradition of newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, romances, novels, poems, and light literature of all kind, literature of the day;—a tradition of selections from the English classics, bits of poetry, passages of history, sermons, chance essays, extracts from books of travel, anonymous anecdotes, lectures on prophecy, statements and arguments of polemical writers, made up into small octavos for class-books, and into pretty miniatures for presents;—a tradition floating in the air; which we found in being when we first came to years of reason; which has been borne in upon us by all we saw, heard, or read, in high life, in parliament, in law courts, in general society; which our fathers told us had ever been in their day; a tradition, therefore, truly universal and immemorial, and good as far as a tradition can be good, but, after all, not more than a tradition is worth: I mean, requiring some ultimate authority to make it trustworthy. Trace up, then, the tradition to its

first startings, its roots and its sources, if you are to form a judgment whether it is more than a tradition. It may be a good tradition, and yet after all good for nothing. What profit, though ninety-nine links of a chain be sound, if the topmost is broken? Now I do not hesitate to assert, that this Protestant Tradition, on which English faith hangs, is wanting just in the first link.'

This baseless tradition is the real root of the English prejudice. Charges are made with all pretence of circumstantial evidence, and yet with a degree of unfairness which brings out the fact that they are based in reality simply on invincible calumny. On this he insists, and traces with great psychological subtlety the process of baseless insinuation:

'No evidence against us is too little; no infliction too great. Statement without proof, though inadmissible in every other case, is all fair when we are concerned. A Protestant is at liberty to bring a charge against us, and challenge us to refute, not any proof he brings, for he brings none, but his simple assumption or assertion. And perhaps we accept his challenge, and then we find we have to deal with matters so vague or so minute, so general or so particular, that we are at our wit's end to know how to grapple with them. For instance, "Every twentieth man you meet is a Jesuit in disguise"; or, "Nunneries are, for the most part, prisons." How is it possible to meet such sweeping charges? The utmost we can do, in the nature of things, is to show that this particular man, or that, is not a Jesuit; or that this or that particular nunnery is not a prison; but who said he was?—who said it was? What our Protestant accuser asserted was, that every *twentieth* man was a Jesuit, and *most* nunneries were prisons. How is this refuted by clearing this or that person or nunnery of the charge? Thus, if the accuser is not to be called on to give proofs of what he says, we are simply helpless, and must sit down meekly under the imputation.

'At another time, however, a definite fact is stated, and we are referred to the authority on which it is put forward. What is the authority? Albertus Magnus, perhaps, or Gerson, or Baronius, with a silence about volume and page: their works consisting of five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty folios, printed in double columns. How are we possibly to find the needle in this stack of hay? Or by a refinement of unfairness, perhaps a wrong volume or page is carelessly given; and when we cannot find there the statement which our

opponent has made, we are left in an unpleasant doubt whether our ill success is to be ascribed to our eyes or to his pen.

‘Sometimes, again, the crime charged on us is brought out with such startling vividness and circumstantial finish as to seem to carry its own evidence with it, and to dispense, in the eyes of the public, with the reference which in fairness should attend it. The scene is laid in some fortress of the savage Apennine, or in secluded Languedoc, or in remote Poland, or the high table-land of Mexico; or it is a legend about some priest of a small village of Calabria, called Buonavalle, in the fourteenth century; or about a monk of the monastery of S. Spirito, in S. Filippo d’Argiro, in the time of Charlemagne. Or the story runs, that Don Felix Malatesta de Guadalupe, a Benedictine monk of Andalusia, and father confessor to the Prince of the Asturias, who died in 1821, left behind him his confessions in manuscript, which were carried off by the French, with other valuable documents, from his convent, which they pillaged in their retreat from the field of Salamanca; and that, in these confessions, he frankly avows that he had killed three of his monastic brothers of whom he was jealous, had poisoned half-a-dozen women, and sent off in boxes and hampers to Cadiz and Barcelona thirty-five infants; moreover, that he felt no misgivings about these abominable deeds, because, as he observes with great *naïveté*, he had every day, for many years, burnt a candle to the Blessed Virgin; had cursed periodically all heretics, especially the royal family of England; had burnt a student of Coimbra for asserting the earth went round the sun; had worn about him, day and night, a relic of St. Diego; and had provided that five hundred masses should be said for the repose of his soul within eight days after his decease.

‘Tales such as these, the like of which it is very easy to point out in print, are suitably contrived to answer the purpose which brings them into being. A Catholic who, in default of testimony offered in their behalf, volunteers to refute them on their internal evidence, and sets about (so to say) cross-examining them, finds himself at once in an untold labyrinth of embarrassments. First he inquires, *is* there a village in Calabria of the name of Buonavalle? *is* there a convent of S. Spirito in the Sicilian town specified? *did it exist* in the time of Charlemagne? who were the successive confessors of the Prince of the Asturias during the first twenty years of this century? what has Andalusia to do with Salamanca? when was the last *Auto da fe* in Spain? *did the*

French pillage any convent whatever in the neighbourhood of Salamanca about the year 1812?—questions sufficient for a school examination. He goes to his maps, gazetteers, guide-books, travels, histories;—soon a perplexity arises about the dates: are his editions *recent* enough for his purpose? do their historical notices go *far enough back*? Well, after a great deal of trouble, after writing about to friends, consulting libraries, and comparing statements, let us suppose him to prove most conclusively the utter absurdity of the slanderous story, and to bring out a lucid, powerful, and unanswerable reply; who cares for it by that time? who cares for the story itself? it has done its work; time stops for no man; it has created or deepened the impression in the minds of its hearers that a monk commits murder or adultery as readily as he eats his dinner. Men forget the process by which they received it, but there it is, clear and indelible. Or supposing they recollect the particular slander ever so well, still they have no taste or stomach for entering into a long controversy about it; their mind is already made up; they have formed their views; the author they have trusted may, indeed, have been inaccurate in some of his details; it can be nothing more. Who can fairly impose on them the perplexity and whirl of going through a bout of controversy, where “one says,” and “the other says,” and “*he* says that *he* says that *he* does not say or ought not to say what he does say or ought to say”? It demands an effort and strain of attention which they have no sort of purpose of bestowing. The Catholic cannot get a fair hearing; his book remains awhile in the shop windows, and then is taken down again.’

Enough has been cited to show the general manner of the indictment, which, however, is more minute than brief extracts can represent. He sums up the whole as follows:

‘Such, then, is Popular Protestantism, considered in its opposition to Catholics. Its truth is Establishment by law; its philosophy is Theory; its faith is Prejudice; its facts are Fictions; its reasonings Fallacies; and its security is Ignorance about those whom it is opposing. The Law says that white is black; Ignorance says, why not? Theory says it ought to be, Fallacy says it must be, Fiction says it is, and Prejudice says it shall be.’

What, then, can Catholics do in fighting with this Hydra of many-headed prejudice? The reply is that, as what is

preposterous in the current views of Catholicism is simply false, and kept alive by ignorance, English Catholics must force their countrymen to know them personally and thus to see its falsehood. This may not bring them nearer to the Church, but it will kill or wound mortally the preposterous monster with which the lectures are concerned.

‘Oblige men to know you; persuade them, importune them, shame them into knowing you. Make it so clear what you are, that they cannot affect not to see you, nor refuse to justify you. Do not even let them off with silence, but give them no escape from confessing that you are not what they thought you were. They will look down, they will look aside, they will look in the air, they will shut their eyes, they will keep them shut. They will do all in their power not to see you; the nearer you come, they will close their eyelids all the tighter; they will be very angry and frightened, and give the alarm as if you were going to murder them. They will do anything but look at you. . . .

‘Let each stand on his own ground; let each approve himself in his own neighbourhood; if each portion is defended, the whole is secured. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. Let the London press alone; do not appeal to it; do not expostulate with it, do not flatter it; care not for popular opinion, cultivate local. And then if troubled times come on, and the enemy rages, and his many voices go forth from one centre all through England, threatening and reviling us, and muttering, in his cowardly way, about brickbats, bludgeons, and lighted brands, why in that case the Birmingham people will say, “Catholics are, doubtless, an infamous set, and not to be trusted, for the *Times* says so, and Exeter Hall, and the Prime Minister, and the Bishops of the Establishment; and such good authorities cannot be wrong; but somehow an exception must certainly be made for the Catholics of Birmingham. They are not like the rest; they are indeed a shocking set at Manchester, Preston, Blackburn, and Liverpool; but, however you account for it, they are respectable men here. Priests in general are perfect monsters; but here they are certainly unblemished in their lives, and take great pains with their people. Bishops are tyrants, and, as Maria Monk says, cut-throats, always excepting the Bishop of Birmingham, who affects no state or pomp, is simple and unassuming, and always in his work.” And in like manner, the Manchester people will say, “Oh, certainly, Popery is horrible, and must be kept down. Still,

let us give the devil his due, they are a remarkably excellent body of men here, and we will take care no one does them any harm. It is very different at Birmingham; there they have a Bishop, and that makes all the difference; he is a Wolsey all over; and the priests, too, in Birmingham are at least one in twelve infidels. We do not recollect who ascertained this, but it was some most respectable man, who was far too conscientious and too charitable to slander any one." And thus, my Brothers, the charges against Catholics will become a sort of Hunt-the-slipper, everywhere and nowhere, and will end in "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Let it be again noted—as this work is largely a psychological study—that once again in this last lecture Newman declines to sustain a note which might savour of exaggeration if it were prolonged. He looks hopefully to the future, and refuses to believe that any lasting and serious persecution is impending, and with a genuine touch of human nature disclaims for himself the heroic mould out of which martyrs are fashioned. Speaking of the talk of a possible repetition of the treatment Catholics experienced under William of Orange, he writes:

'It will not be so: yet late events have shown, that though I never have underrated the intense prejudice which prevails against us, I did overrate that Anglo-Saxon love of justice and fair dealing which I thought would be its match. Alas! that I should have to say so, but it is no matter to the Catholic, though much matter to the Englishman. It is no matter to us, because, as I have said, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." I do not, cannot think a time of serious trial is at hand: I would not willingly use big words, or provoke what is so dreadful, or seem to accomplish it by suggesting it. And for myself, I confess I have no love of suffering at all; nor am I at a time of life when a man commonly loves to risk it. To be quiet and to be undisturbed, to be at peace with all, to live in the sight of my brethren, to meditate on the future, and to die—such is the prospect, which is rather suitable to such as me.'

CHAPTER X

THE ACHILLI TRIAL (1851-1853)

Two incidents during the course of the Corn Exchange lectures were fraught with momentous consequences. On July 8, Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, paid a visit to the Oratory, and asked Newman to undertake as Rector the foundation of a Catholic University in Ireland. Sir Robert Peel's Queen's Colleges of Galway and Cork had been banned by the Irish episcopate. They were founded by Peel in 1846 with a genuine desire of giving Irish Catholics facilities for University education on the same terms as their fellow-countrymen. Trinity College was still Protestant in its constitution; the new colleges were undenominational. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, had favoured their acceptance by Catholics, in the belief that just as the undenominational primary education had in Catholic districts fallen into Catholic hands and fulfilled all the practical purposes of Catholic schools, so the Queen's Colleges at Cork and Galway, from their situation amid an overwhelming majority of Catholics in the population, would become practically Catholic. It was a moment, however, when the opposition to 'mixed' education was very pronounced in Rome. In addition, Dr. Cullen objected to the colleges, and his influence in Rome was great. Gregory XVI. opposed the colleges, and when his successor Pius IX. returned to the Vatican after the troubles of 1848 and 1849, his policy was in this respect similar to that of his predecessor. Moreover, Peel went out of office in 1846, and the prospect of the Queen's Colleges really giving Catholics fair play became far less hopeful. The synod of Thurles in 1850, by the narrow majority of one, finally endorsed the policy of Dr. Cullen and decreed the foundation of a Catholic University

for Ireland. The great work done by the Catholic University of Louvain in Belgium—at the outset not a State foundation, but a private enterprise—was an encouraging precedent. And the distinguished name of Newman appeared to Dr. Cullen to promise great things for the success of the scheme if he could be persuaded to take part in it. Newman accepted the proposal in circumstances which shall be detailed in a future chapter.

The second event to which I refer was Newman's famous indictment of Dr. Achilli in the Corn Exchange lectures, and the resulting action for libel. It struck Newman most painfully that the great mass of his fellow-countrymen were not at all satisfied with the charges against Catholicism preferred by respectable enemies, but deliberately welcomed the lies of notorious blackguards. Newman's old Oxford friend, Blanco White, had brought a very severe indictment against the Catholic Church, of which he had been a member in his boyhood. To any fair-minded man his accusations bore at least the stamp of honesty. But they left Rome human and not monstrous. The English palate was accustomed to much stronger meat in the current No-popery literature. Blanco White's testimony was therefore ignored by the English public. And to whom did they listen? The very public which assumed the most elevated moral tone in its horror of papist corruption, which championed scrupulous veracity against papist equivocation, fair play and toleration against the ways of the Inquisition, flocked in crowds to learn the case against Rome from the lectures of an unfrocked priest, not only without a character of any kind, but one who might without exaggeration be described as a portent of immorality. This was Dr. Giacinto Achilli, formerly a Dominican friar, now a public lecturer in London, his subjects being the scandals of the Roman Inquisition.

Achilli had been arrested by the Cardinal Vicar of Rome under the Pontifical Government and imprisoned by the Inquisition for preaching against the Catholic religion and taking part in revolutionary agitation. He had gained his freedom through the influence of Englishmen; and he came to England in 1850, and thenceforth posed as a released prisoner of the Inquisition whose sole crime had been disbelief in the mummeries of Rome. The moment was an

opportune one. The No-popery fever created by the Papal Aggression clamoured for scandals in the Church of Rome to feed the public mind. And these Dr. Achilli liberally supplied. Hardly any manifestation of opinion in modern times illustrated the bigoted credulity of the No-popery party in England more forcibly than the acclaim accorded to Achilli. This disreputable priest (as he is now universally admitted to have been) wrote gravely to the *Christian Times* on February 22, 1851, advocating the establishment of a college in England for evangelising Italy, and the suggestion was hailed with applause by the British public. He had received special attentions on his first arrival from Lord Palmerston as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and a deputation from the Council of the Evangelical Alliance tendered to the Foreign Minister their formal thanks in an interminable sentence, 'for the important and valuable services which in the exercise of a generous philanthropy, and a sacred regard to the claims of truth and of conscience, combined with a discriminating wisdom, worthy of his exalted and responsible position, his lordship had been able to render,' &c. &c. 'Dr. Achilli accompanied the deputation,' so we read in the report, 'to express formally his obligations to Lord Palmerston, and was most kindly received, his lordship conversing with him at some length in Italian.'¹

¹ The following extracts from a hymn and chorus with which Achilli had been received on his appearance in Exeter Hall on March 7, 1850, written and composed by the Rev. J. R. Leichfield, give an idea of the acclaim accorded to Achilli by Protestant enthusiasts:

'Hail! Stranger—Friend from Rome!
 From the Roman dungeon, dark and deep;
 Hail! to the freeman's land and home,
 Where the free will thy freedom keep!
 Hail! Roman prisoner, hail!
 No more a prisoner now!
 Truth, Justice, Freedom, *shall* prevail,
 And priests before them bow!

'Englishmen boldly planted their feet
 On Error's chosen land:
 Where priests had rule, and the Pope his seat,
 They urged their just demand.
 Hail! Roman prisoner, hail! &c.

'He comes, he comes, escaped from his chains!
 He blesses the kind and brave;
 On English ground he stands, and disdains
 His foes across the wave!
 Hail! Roman prisoner, hail! &c.'

Cardinal Wiseman wrote an article in the *Dublin Review* of July 1850, giving a detailed account, with dates and places, of Dr. Achilli's offences against morality. The article, though republished as a pamphlet, was never either replied to or protested against by Achilli. It supplied very effective material for Newman's lecture; yet with his usual caution he inquired of James Hope-Scott, before making use of it, whether to repeat the charges in a lecture was to incur any risk of a libel action.

'Could you off hand answer me a question?' he writes on July 16; 'could I be had up for a libel, in criminal court or civil, for saying against Dr. Achilli the contents of the Article in the *Dublin*, since published as a pamphlet? I can't make out he has answered it. It contains the gravest charges, . . . with many of the legal documents proving them.'

Hope-Scott replied that a libel prosecution was possible, but not probable. He thought that the risk might be taken in the circumstances, and Newman delivered his lecture on July 28.

The fourth lecture had dealt with Blanco White, the respectable hater of Catholicism, whose testimony wholly failed to satisfy the British appetite for No-popery scandals. In this—the fifth lecture—he depicted the greed with which this same public, which would not listen to even the half-defence of Catholicism which the words of an honest man could not avoid supplying, sucked in the lying charges of a profligate ex-friar, the burden of whose accusation was the intolerance and persecuting injustice of the Inquisition. Newman accumulated instances of flagrant and violent exhibitions of bigotry against Catholics called forth by the so-called 'Papal aggression.' 'Such,' he continued, 'are some of the phenomena of a Religion which makes it its special boast to be the Prophet of Toleration. And in the midst of outrages such as these, my brothers of the Oratory, wiping its mouth, and clasping its hands, and turning up its eyes, it trudges to the Town Hall to hear Dr. Achilli expose the Inquisition.'

Then followed an account of the career of the man whose testimony Englishmen flocked to hear, and treated as gospel,

—an account reproduced precisely from Dr. Wiseman's article and giving instances of immorality astonishing in frequency and unblushing publicity.¹ If so public a treatment of the theme now startles us to read, it must be remembered that it was a moment of immense tension. Flagrant calumnies against Catholics were in daily circulation. Newman realised that his blow must be unflinching and must be struck with all his might.

Hope-Scott proved wrong in his confidence. Achilli took note of the exasperation of public feeling. The crowd was longing to hit back at the brilliant Oratorian. A jury of

¹ The following is the passage in which Achilli's offences were detailed:

'Ah! Dr. Achilli, I might have spoken of him last week, had time admitted of it. The Protestant world flocks to hear him, because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has something to tell, it is true; he *has* a scandal to reveal, he *has* an argument to exhibit. It is a simple one, and a powerful one, as far as it goes—and it is *one*. That one argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is a Catholic's confusion. It is indeed our great confusion, that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him. He feels the force of the argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing on him. "Mothers of families," he seems to say, "gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me, for I am worth looking at. You do not see such a sight every day. Can any church live over the imputation of such a production as I am? I have been a Catholic and an infidel; I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite; I have been a profligate under a cowl. I am that Father Achilli, who, as early as 1826, was deprived of my faculty to lecture, for an offence which my superiors did their best to conceal; and who in 1827 had already earned the reputation of a scandalous friar. I am that Achilli, who in the diocese of Viterbo in February, 1831, robbed of her honour a young woman of eighteen; who in September, 1833, was found guilty of a second such crime, in the case of a person of twenty-eight; and who perpetrated a third in July, 1834, in the case of another aged twenty-four. I am he, who afterwards was found guilty of sins, similar or worse, in other towns of the neighbourhood. I am that son of St. Dominic who is known to have repeated the offence at Capua, in 1834 and 1835; and at Naples again, in 1840, in the case of a child of fifteen. I am he who chose the sacristy of the church for one of these crimes and Good Friday for another. Look on me, ye mothers of England, a confessor against Popery, for ye 'ne'er may look upon my like again.' I am that veritable priest, who, after all this, began to speak against, not only the Catholic faith, but the moral law, and perverted others by my teaching. I am the Cavaliere Achilli, who then went to Corfu, made the wife of a tailor faithless to her husband, and lived publicly and travelled about with the wife of a chorus-singer. I am that Professor in the Protestant College at Malta, who with two others was dismissed from my post for offences which the authorities cannot get themselves to describe. And now attend to me, such as I am, and you shall see what you shall see about the barbarity and profligacy of the Inquisitors of Rome.'

twelve tradesmen was likely to be on Achilli's side. Newman was bigger game than Wiseman and the *Dublin Review*. Within a month of the lecture Achilli did bring an action for libel. Newman had relied entirely on the *Dublin* article, and had no evidence whatever to produce, apart from such papers as Dr. Wiseman could give him. He was a poor man, and though he did not anticipate what proved to be the actual amount of the expenses incurred, he knew that they must be heavy, and he had no means of defraying them. On the other hand, to withdraw the charges would be in effect to plead guilty at the least to rash defamation of character on the part of Dr. Wiseman as well as himself, and to admit little less of the bulk of Catholics who had applauded him. He had his hands already more than full, first with the remaining Corn Exchange lectures and then with the preparation of the inaugural discourses for his Irish Rectorship. Everything seemed to go against Newman from the first. A compromise was suggested; but the bigotry of the time proved too strong. A mere withdrawal of the charges so worded as not to imply a denial of their truth was declined by the prosecution. And to declare them false Newman would not consent.

Cardinal Wiseman was applied to, as the authority for the charges; but in the stress of that troublous time he seemed to Newman only to give half his mind to the affair. He could not at once find the documents on which he had relied in his article, and Newman believed that he had not even looked for them.¹ The Oratorian fathers went to Naples to collect evidence, but the Cardinal's introductions proved insufficient to gain them access to the police books. Then again the plea of 'Not guilty' put in in Newman's behalf in place of the sole plea of justification proved to be unfortunate. Mr. Henry Matthews (afterwards Lord Llandaff) urged the importance of confining the plea to that of 'justification' not only as the more dignified course, but also as securing the right of opening the case—no small matter when a prejudiced jury has to be influenced. Mr. Matthews' view was rejected as shutting the door to all possibility of escaping technically from responsibility for accusations for which Cardinal Wiseman in

¹ That he did look for them is certain. See *Life of Wiseman*, ii. p. 37.

the *Dublin Review* had been primarily responsible. This hope proved illusory, and an advantage was thus lost with no corresponding gain. Newman hoped for fair treatment at all events from his judge; but Lord Campbell, who was to try the case, was one of the prominent spokesmen of the anti-Catholic agitation, and showed marked hostility to the Oratorian from the beginning. Indeed, Newman learnt from his lawyer, Mr. Lewin, that there was a Protestant feeling among all the judges. He felt that he was in the hands of enemies. He had hoped in the case of so flagrant a wrongdoer to obtain written affidavits from Achilli's victims, which would save the expense of importing foreign witnesses; but the trial was fixed for an early date, and mere affidavits from witnesses abroad were (his counsel told him) legally insufficient after the date was determined. Witnesses had not only to be found, but to be brought to England, in order to give evidence personally. Then again, at one moment, there was every symptom that insufficient time would be given to procure the evidence at all. We see in his letters the intense strain of anxiety which this state of things caused. However, he had good friends, and by dint of great exertions enough witnesses to establish many of the charges were ready and at hand by the beginning of February 1852. It was at this time of hard work and anxiety that the Oratorians were preparing to enter their present home in Hagley Road, Edgbaston. The actual move was effected on April 15.

One of those who was most successful in finding witnesses and bringing them to England has left a record showing the difficulty of the task—Miss Maria Rosina Giberne, the old friend of Newman's family. We see in her account the absolute trust and loving promptness on which he could count from his loyal disciples. For this hard task was undertaken by Miss Giberne without a word—no questions asked, no difficulties raised. 'One evening,' writes Miss Giberne, 'after I had been to confession (the confessional was then in a guest-room) the Father leaning against a mantelpiece said to me "I think you can be very useful to us in this affair." Without thinking how or when, or in what capacity, I could be useful to him I arose and said, "I am ready at your service," and my heart beat with joy

at the thought of suffering with him to whom I was devoted. He continued, "We are obliged to get witnesses from Italy who are women. They are more likely to be willing to come with a lady than with one of us, so we think of sending you to find them." "And when, Father?" "At once, I think: but I will tell you to-morrow the decision of the Committee." . . . Next day it was decided that I should start on the following morning (December 6) at six. I asked him timidly how I was to set about the finding of the women. He took a weight off my mind by saying that Father Joseph [Gordon] was already in Rome with a lawyer looking for them, and that all I should have to do was to keep them and amuse them in England, until the trial.'

After many adventures, including a fire on board ship in which lives were lost, this devoted emissary reached Rome. The lawyer and Father Joseph Gordon had already found one of the victims of Achilli. She was confided to the care of Miss Giberne—whom she at first supposed to be another of those whom the apostate had injured. Eleanor Valenta, as this woman was named, consented to come with her husband Vincenzo and bear witness at the trial. At Paris other witnesses from Naples joined them. The task of keeping the Italians in good humour while the weary months dragged on, and the delays of English law, administered in this case with intention to throw difficulties in the way of justice, involved a strain on the nerves from which Newman's devoted disciple suffered long afterwards. The women quarrelled. The men who accompanied them drank too much. Four months were spent in Paris—the great help and consolation being the encouragement of the great Jesuit, Père de Ravignan, to whom Miss Giberne went to confession, and who made her rejoice in her suffering for the cause of God and the Church. Vincenzo towards the end was thoroughly bored by his surroundings, and said he should leave the rooms assigned to him by Miss Giberne and go to an hotel. His keeper was firm, and declared that if he did so she should not allow him a penny to pay his hotel bill. His wrath was gradually mollified and he consented to remain. Miss Giberne proposed to his wife as a peace-offering to increase Vincenzo's allowance of cigars from two to three

a day. 'Her reply,' she adds, 'was too characteristic of an Italian for me to omit—"Signora! there are three Persons in the Trinity, but two cigars are enough for Vincenzo."' After five months in Paris they crossed to Dover in April for the trial; but it was again put off. Miss Giberne's devotion was in the end rewarded, for these witnesses proved the best at the trial.

Newman's own letters illustrate vividly the sequence of events. He seems in them at times to be almost overwhelmed by anxiety and depression, and anticipates a premature old age to be brought on by worry. Yet the feeling that the Catholic, like the early Christian, must suffer for the truth, and should welcome suffering, appears again and again, in one whose fortitude could not substitute a thick skin for the abnormally thin one which nature had given him.

I select the following to Hope-Scott, to W. G. Ward, to Mr. Capes, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Froude. and to Sister Imelda Poole and Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, of the Dominican Community at Stone, whose sympathy and prayers were very much to him.

To W. G. Ward he writes in November of the general state of the case:

'Oratory, Birmingham.

'My dear Ward,—The marvellous mistakes which have been made show most strikingly that God's hand is in the whole matter. As to its hurting my influence, it is absurd, but it will be a most severe cross.

'I have anticipated it since August last. . . . Nothing has been wanting on my part in vigilance and promptitude. I will tell you *in confidence* the *origines mali*.

'1. The Cardinal, *who did not look* for his documents till the hour when the Rule was made absolute, and it was too late. In that hour he looked and found. Father Hutchison brought them to me. I took up my hat and went to Lewin. He had just returned from Westminster. It was all over.

'2. The Cardinal ditto, who sent our dear Fathers to Naples with introductions not *strong enough* to open the Police books. They were told there that everything could have been done had the Cardinal been more alive.

'3. The Attorney General, who said confidently that we should gain till Easter—who took it for granted, and threw

us off our guard completely. Consequently the affidavit was drawn up as a form, and the Attorney General had it with him several days before he brought it into Court. When it was unsuccessful, Badeley drew up other and stronger affidavits, but the Attorney General would have nothing to do with them.

‘4. Lord Campbell, who from the first has been against me. I brought the point of the *Dublin Review* before my lawyers, but they said it would only tell in mitigation of the punishment—as, indeed, Hope had told me before I published the passage.

‘I cannot help thinking matters will go on to conviction and imprisonment; but for three months I have been saying “Nothing but prayer will save me,” and I have been a Cassandra—my words have fallen idle, men have but laughed.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

J. H. N.’

The proposal of a compromise—which was favoured by the Bishops whom Newman consulted—is fully considered in the following memorandum, sent on November 25, to James Hope-Scott:

Reasons for a Compromise.

‘1. Since the charge if not true is a most scandalous libel, directly there is a verdict of guilty a most heavy punishment follows.

‘2. For instance, imprisonment for a year.

‘3. The charge cannot be proved, except by evidence as good as if I were actually prosecuting Achilli for seduction, adultery, &c.

‘4. Thus it is undertaking a series of separate indictments.

‘5. It will not be enough, *merely* to prove *every one*; some at least must be fully brought home to him.

‘6. They are of a nature proverbially difficult to prove.

‘7. They will require a number of witnesses, at a great expense.

‘8. The most trustworthy witnesses break down in the witness box.

‘9. We are in a state of extreme uncertainty what our evidence amounts to. We have at present no evidence at all, and do not know whether we shall get even what might be got.

‘10. The judge will certainly find me guilty if he can.

‘11. And the jury is certain of giving it against me.

'12. And my own lawyers, as being lawyers, are obliged to go by legal forms and traditions, not aiming at moral effect.

'13. The person put on his trial is one who has a great deal to lose.

'14. E.g. my Irish engagement would be completely disarranged by a year's imprisonment.

'15. We must then look *defeat* in the face.

'16. In cases like this, the Catholic Church has commonly given way, if she could not make a point. It is a question of expedience.

'17. Her Bishops flee in persecution.

'18. St. Ambrose would not have resisted Justina, unless he knew he should be backed up by the Catholic people.

'19. Mr. Weale was sent to prison, and excited no popular (Catholic) feeling.

'20. Dr. McNeil and Mr. Stowell said priests deserved death, and roused no popular (Catholic) feeling.

'21. The judges, to guard against the chance, might merely insult me with a lecture, and cripple me with a fine.

'22. It is not right to suffer for the mere sake of suffering, when Catholic interests are involved.

'23. Suffering only tells, when it is also a *fact*, as intimately influencing and shared by the whole Catholic body.

'24. I will gladly take the whole risk, if the Catholic body will make my cause theirs. Is this likely?

'25. If then it can be done honourably, a compromise is expedient.

'26. There is nothing dishonourable in yielding to necessity, e.g. running away from a wild beast.

'27. It is not fair to bring a great Catholic question before a Protestant judge and jury.

'28. To submit at this moment is explained to the world by the fact of the judges having refused me time.

'29. Achilli will be detected on the long run without our trouble.

'30. A withdrawal of the passage is not a recantation.

'31. It must anyhow be withdrawn shortly, for conviction involves it.

'32. It is withdrawn already, for the Lecture is put out of circulation.

'33. A compromise does but anticipate what will soon be done with worse concomitants.'

The Dominican sisters at Stone had proposed a 'triduo,' or three days' prayer, for Father Newman in his trouble and

anxiety. In reference to this suggestion he wrote to his friend Sister Imelda Poole: ‘Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 25, 1851.

‘*Just now* is a most critical time, since you ask, but for what I know the crisis was over yesterday, and before this letter goes we may know about it. We have an exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the matter this evening.

‘What is going on is an attempt at a Compromise. . . . Thus I have not known whether to write to you at once or wait. Perhaps it is refused, and then there is urgent need of a triduo. . . .

‘The need, if it is refused, for a triduo, is that we all may have strength to bear God’s blessed will. To-morrow we begin a Novena to the Holy Ghost for that object. Your good Mother may if she will, and I will thank her, *add* the intention of my deliverance from the snare of the hunter, but let the main intention be, that we—that I, may have fortitude, patience, peace, to bear His sweet will withal.

‘Since the middle of August I have been saying with St. Andrew, “*O bona crux, diu desiderata.*” I was going to bring mention of it into my concluding lecture, but found it would not be in keeping—and now it is coming as we approach St. Andrew’s Day.

‘You will see I expect the matter will go on. I hope, I pray it will *not*. I may be fanciful, but I cannot divest myself of the notion that it *will*. I have anticipated evil from the first:—i.e. if it can be called evil. Anyhow it is no harm to offer myself in expectation and in will, a sacrifice to Him who bore the judgment seat and the prison of the unbeliever. Lawyers tell me that the chance is, I shall have a year’s imprisonment.

‘Everything has gone so wonderfully hitherto—as if our dear Lord were taking the matter into His own hands, and utterly destroying all human means. He has let me be bound as in a net, and, as I said to Sister M. Agnes Philomena near three months ago, with intense conviction, nothing but prayer can break the bond. It will be prayer has unlocked the fetter if we can say “*Laqueus contritus est; et nos liberati sumus.*”

‘When it flashed on my mind at the beginning of September that I might go to prison, I said, “May I come out a Saint!” I don’t say that now when things are more real, but, “May it be accepted for my sins.” I have all my life been speaking about suffering for the Truth,—now it has come upon me.’

To Mr. Capes he wrote thus:

‘Nov. 27/51.

‘The series of strange occurrences connected with this matter it is impossible to convey to any one who is not with me. If the devil raised a physical whirlwind, rolled me up in sand, whirled me round, and then transported me some thousands of miles, it would not be more strange, though it would be more imposing a visitation. I have been kept in ignorance and suspense; incomprehensibly, every now and then a burst of malignant light showing some new and unexpected prospect.

‘This morning, when I thought a negotiation for a compromise coming on, suddenly I have a letter not even *alluding* to this, but saying the trial is to come on in February, and that Mr. Harting, the Cardinal’s Lawyer, is to go abroad in two days to get evidence.

‘Last week I was whirled up to Town by telegraphic despatch to be told that the Attorney General had quite taken us in, and that we were to have *no* time granted us, whereas he assured us of a period till Easter Term to answer Achilli’s affidavit.

‘For three months I have been soliciting information from abroad—but I can’t get people even to *write* to me. . . .

‘All this shows it is God’s hand—I have abundance of prayers—I shall have more. If people would but have believed me three months ago, it had been well—but they laughed at my fears—but all is well, victory or defeat. The Church is never more dangerous than when she seems helpless.’

The compromise was refused by the other side, and Newman announces the fact in a letter to Hope-Scott:

‘Nov. 30, 1851.

‘There is no settlement, but a fight, as Badeley and I, not to say you, expected. It is a great comfort to be out of suspense, and out of responsibility on the point. Another comfort in the last three days is, that money seems to be amply forthcoming. A number of persons have undertaken to guarantee the expenses and have opened an account. And a third cause of satisfaction and thankfulness is, that documents have come from Rome. They promise well, if they are *received in Court*. The lawyer employed, Mr. Harting, goes off to-morrow—there is abundance of evidence, but the difficulty is bringing it across the Continent.’

Further good news is told to Sister Imelda in January:

‘January 9, 1852.

‘Your prayers and those of other good friends are telling. It is but a beginning, still it gives hope. We have prevailed on one woman to come—*unless* she changes her mind. How necessary then is prayer! Prayer alone can do anything—it is like the uplifting of Moses’ hands in battle. I write this in gratitude to you—but withal, if I may say it, in encouragement.

‘The news came to us on the last day of a Novena which we were holding here to St. Anthony for the discovery of sufficient witnesses. I do trust he and other Saints will continue to hear us—else, we are done for. The more we advance, the more, by one false step or omission, we may lose. As I told Sister Mary Agnes months ago, that if I failed, I should say “It’s all those idle nuns,” so, if I succeed, through God’s mercy, I shall say, “It’s all those good, zealous, persevering nuns.”’

The suggestion of the Dominicans at Stone that they should pray before the Image of Our Lady for his success in the law Courts received a very characteristic reply—alike in its simple faith and in its caution against over-confident hope for a visible interposition of Providence. The nuns did not wholly appreciate the caution, and criticised the son of St. Philip Neri for his scepticism, to which Newman had to plead guilty. He urged however the plea of justification:

‘I smiled,’ he writes to Sister Imelda on January 12, ‘at the cleverness with which you are attempting to get up a miraculous Image in England. Now as to your proposal, I have this difficulty, that it is taxing our Blessed Lady unfairly—not her power, but her willingness. For observe, you are asking no *public* benefit of her. The *Church* will be quite enough vindicated if I gain a moral victory, not a legal—and this I have ever thought most probable. I have ever thought it probable that I should demolish the poor man, and yet be found “guilty” myself. I have thought so, first because it is fitting I should not demolish him without my own suffering; and moreover (remarkable it is and I could say more about it) just a year ago, in a sermon I preached at the Cathedral and afterwards published, I said by anticipation that I should be content with the bargain of getting off badly myself, if my cause prospered. Moreover, humanly speaking, this *must* be, for if I fail in proving against him *any one* of the

many things I have said, I am found guilty. On the other hand, since Achilli only did harm by *being believed*, if I succeed in showing his utter worthlessness, I have done what I aimed at—i.e. it is enough for all public objects, as distinct from my own, if I gain a moral victory by proving several things distinctly against him.

‘Now what right have I, for the sake of my private ends, to put your Image on trial? It has done everything for you,—because you have asked what you ought to ask. Now you wish me to ask a *very hard* thing, and that (in a way) *selfishly*, and you make me say to our Lady, “Do it, under pain of your Image losing its repute.”

‘Now I do want light thrown upon this. I assuredly have a simple faith in the omnipotence of her intercession—and I know well (not to say my Lord expressly tells me) that we can not ask too much, so that we are but importunate and unwearied in asking. Still it is just possible, and rather more than possible, that it is His blessed will that I should suffer—and though I don’t think so quite so much as I did, yet somehow at first sight I do not like to be *unkind*, if I may use such a word to your Image.

‘I wish Reverend Mother to think over this difficulty—and I shall expect her answer to be a serious and honest one without thought of me.’

To the same correspondent he writes two days later:

‘I will not get you into any more scrapes with Reverend Mother. I gladly avail myself of her offer,—and promise that if her Madonna gains my acquittal I will gladly come to Clifton, preach a sermon in her honour, and, if it is consistent with your rules, carry her in procession.’

To the Reverend Mother herself he writes:

‘Thank you with all my heart for what you are so kindly intending to gain for me.

‘Thank you also for the reproof you have administered to me. I know well I am an unbelieving old beast; and so perhaps in this instance. Recollect, however, dear Reverend Mother, that our House in Birmingham is erected under the Invocation of the Immaculate Mother of God, as be- seems an Oratory of St. Philip—and is dedicated to her for ever, and that you will not please *her* by abusing *him*.’

The success of Miss Giberne in bringing witnesses was an immense relief to Newman. But it was immediately followed

by fresh anxiety. The enemy got wind of the arrival of the witnesses, and postponed the trial. The witnesses had to be kept indefinitely at Newman's expense, and money was not abundant. He writes to Sister Imelda:

[March 7/52.]

'I wish I could give you good news. It is sad to think how many prayers, how much money, I am exacting—but the prayers do good in some way or other, while the money apparently makes to itself wings, and vanishes.

'When our opponents found that we had good witnesses, they, who had been in such breathless haste up to that moment, and had refused me a moment, so precious was Achilli's character, took just the opposite course. They put off the trial—we find they can do so for eight months—meanwhile our witnesses are costing 40*l.* a week and *wish to go*. . . . Hitherto my opponents have had the face to say that *I* am delaying it—with the fact of the expense of my witnesses before them. Yet Achilli's solicitors *who do all this* are highly respectable men. Is it not wonderful?'

Five weeks later he hoped that the delay was at an end, and wrote on April 16 to Sister Imelda:

'The trial will come on the beginning of May; that is one comfort—for which we should be thankful. Now your Madonna must do her part—for still I am haunted with the idea that the Church will gain and I suffer. Still I have prayed for absolute success and triumph.'

Yet another delay came, and the trial was not until June. Meanwhile the Irish campaign—to be described later—had begun. The lectures on the 'Scope and Nature of University Education' were written, and the first was delivered in the Rotunda at Dublin on May 10, the second following a week later. Hard work, many trials and anxieties, and considerable incidental success accompanied this enterprise, which will be more fully described later on. I only refer to it here in order to recall the strain on Newman's mind at a time when he most needed rest, and leisure to concentrate his attention on one subject.

The Dublin discourses were concluded on June 7.

On June 21 the trial began. The court was crowded, and the trial lasted five days, until June 25. Lord Campbell

was the judge; Sir Alexander Cockburn was Newman's principal counsel, assisted by Mr. Serjeant Wilkins and Mr. Badeley; while for the plaintiff appeared the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General.

Called into the box, Achilli denied all the charges against him. He adhered to his statement that he was condemned by the Inquisition on grounds of doctrine. The following account of the ex-friar as he appeared in the witness-box is taken from a contemporary writer:

'He is a plain-featured, middle-sized man, about fifty years of age, and his face is strongly Italian. His forehead is low and receding, his nose prominent, the mouth and the muscles around it full of resolution and courage. He wears a black wig, the hair of which is perfectly straight, and being close shaved, this wig gives to his appearance a certain air of the conventicle. Yet he retains many traces of the Roman Catholic priest, especially in his bearing, enunciation, and features, which have a sort of stealthy grace about them. His eyes are deep-set and lustrous, and with his black hair, dark complexion, and sombre, demure aspect, leaves an impression on the mind of the observer by no means agreeable, and not readily to be forgotten. The questions put to him by his own counsel he answered with great clearness, and in a calm, unwavering, quiet manner, without any trace of strong excitement, or feelings deeply roused. Sometimes a slight, contemptuous smile accompanied his denials of opposing evidence, and once or twice he even seemed to treat points merrily. Yet at certain portions of his examination, without losing his self-possession, he became more animated. His dark, sunken eyes flashed fire as he listened and replied to the questions put. This was particularly the case when he was cross-examined by Sir Alexander Cockburn on the more material points of the libel, and especially when he was confronted by the Italian women who had sworn that he had debauched them. The effect produced by the meetings was quite dramatic, the poor women eyeing their alleged seducer with half-timid, yet steady glances, while he, his face overcome for the moment with a slight pallor, turned upon them looks that seemed to pierce through them.'

The case as it proceeded was resolved into a question of perjury. On the one hand was Dr. Achilli, who said that

his record was a clean one; on the other was a crowd of people who testified to his acts of gross immorality. Achilli had all to gain; the opposing witnesses had all to lose. Many of them were now respectably married; it was only reasonable, as Sir Alexander Cockburn pointed out, to believe their evidence, because the fact of their being married was enough to have prevented their coming forward had not their stories been true. Again, they were many, and their evidence was not shaken. Against their mass of testimony, against facts admittedly proved which established the plea that Achilli was not worthy credence, there was nothing but his bare word. It speaks ill for the jury system of this country to say that the verdict—on June 25—was for the plaintiff. The judge summed up with an obvious and flagrant bias, and thanked God that there was no Inquisition in this country—his remark being received with roars of applause. The jury found that of the twenty-three justificatory charges put forward by the defence, only one had been proved—viz. that Achilli had been deprived of his professorship and forbidden to preach. The remaining twenty-two ‘were not proved to their satisfaction,’ and Dr. Newman was accordingly found guilty of libel.

In a leading article the *Times* spoke of the three days’ proceedings as ‘indecorous in their nature, unsatisfactory in their result, and little calculated to increase the respect of the people for the administration of justice or the estimation by foreign nations of the English name and character.’

‘We consider,’ the article added, ‘that a great blow has been given to the administration of justice in this country, and that Roman Catholics will henceforth have only too good reason for asserting that there is no justice for them in cases tending to arouse the Protestant feelings of judges and juries.’ These remarks represent the opinion of the educated public.

Dr. Achilli was no longer in the public eye an innocent martyr whose testimony against Romanism was unimpeachable. Evidence which could not in a moment prevail with the jury against the wonderful anti-Catholic bigotry of the time gradually sank into the public mind and had its effect. Even

apart from his past life in Italy, there were the strongest proofs that Achilli had continued since his arrival in England to disgrace himself. One after another the servant girls at the houses in which he had lodged quite recently, gave evidence against him.¹ The jury would not believe them. But the public did. Achilli's teeth were drawn; he ceased to be an effective champion of the Protestant religion; and he shortly disappeared from the public view.

Newman wrote to Sister Imelda on the day on which the verdict was given:

‘June 25, 1852.

‘You see how Almighty Wisdom has determined things. I trust however we have got a good deal by the trial, i.e. have proved our case to the satisfaction of the world—though I suppose when November comes and I am brought up for judgment I shall suffer, but this is in God's hands. Do not think I am cast down about it; your prayers and penances cannot be lost.’

To the Reverend Mother he wrote two days later:

‘In gaining so many prayers, I gain an inestimable benefit. Whoever loses, I gain. I went on saying to the last moment, “I will not believe, till I see it, that our Lady and St. Philip will suffer it”—and now I am quite sure it is only for some greater good. It is quite impossible it should be otherwise. Already there is but one opinion, that Catholics have been unfairly dealt with. When I came down here, I feared there might be a mob about the chapel. Nothing of the kind—the ultra Protestant publisher, Ragg, has not even put up in his windows any notice about Achilli and me.

‘Mary is taking the best way, depend upon it, for our victory. My only flaw is, lest desperation should carry on our enemies to still more flagrant acts. They talked of prosecuting our witnesses for perjury when I was in London! and I was advised to go off to France! I did send the poor Italians off to France directly. They can only account for my many witnesses, by calling it a conspiracy of priests, and that I have bribed them all; but every one sees through it.’

¹ The text of the evidence of these girls is given in Mr. Finlayson's volume, *The Achilli Trial*.

'My only pain,' he writes on the same day to Sister Mary Agnes Philip Moore, 'is that of reading the too kind letters of my friends—and that I assure you is real pain.'

'Last November when I had before me a boundless ocean of expense, responsibility, and trouble, and in February again, when the horizon was indefinitely removed from me, then I felt pain—but I have no pain at all now. When November comes, for what I know, I may have pain for a day or two, but I cannot tell. I am sure so many prayers ought to make me better, and I am sensible they do not—and this is pain—but it is not the trial and its consequences that pain me. For twenty years I have been writing in verse and prose about suffering for the Truth's sake, and I have no right to complain, if, after having almost courted the world's injustice, I suffer it.'

He keeps the kind sisters constantly in mind, and writes again giving reasons why they should not be disappointed at his conviction.

'July 4, 1852.

'My dear Sister Imelda,—I hope none of you are moping. Every day makes me more clear that the issue of my matter is what it should be. E.g. our great and awful difficulty is the expense, say 6,000*l.*? Sympathy is doing for me here, what success would not have done. Perhaps we shall have a penny subscription among Catholics on the Continent.

'I am not certain that I shall not be obliged even yet to confess that your Madonna has got me off. If I am not called up to judgment I shall consider that she has, and shall feel myself bound to present myself at Clifton.

'Ever yours,

J. H. NEWMAN.'

His letters to other friends show unmistakably that his feeling was one of relief and in some degree of a victory achieved.

'I was prospered,' he writes to Mr. W. Froude, '(1) in getting witnesses, (2) in keeping them, (3) in their lucid exposition of my case on the trial, which, as the lawyers said, was without a flaw, (4) in the consequent conviction of the public mind. What want I more but a grateful heart?'

Again to the same correspondent:

'I am inheriting the lot of Catholics—to suffer and to triumph. Did I not refer you to my words said fifteen years

ago, repeated a year (to the day) before the beginning of this affair, that I had parted with the world—that I was prepared for its worst and should triumph through it.’

And to W. G. Ward he writes:

‘Thank you for your kind letter. It confirmed what I hear from every quarter.

‘Suspense is painful—and for the two last days of the trial I was in suspense. Since then, I have not had a shadow of uneasiness, as every one who has seen me will tell you.

‘I doubt not we shall see that what has happened is under the circumstances the *completest triumph*.’

It was at this moment that the first Synod of Oscott was held, and Newman preached on July 13 his famous sermon, ‘The Second Spring,’ in which he celebrated the establishment of the new hierarchy. There can be little doubt that his own recent suffering gave edge to his words and feelings. A church newly organised amid trial and persecution had favourable omens. He may have doubted the worldly wisdom of making the hierarchy, but he saw in the troubles of the time the signs of God’s blessing for it. He writes to Henry Wilberforce on July 18: ‘We ended the Synod yesterday in great triumph, joy, and charity.’

The belief that he had triumphed did not prevent a great deal of anxiety as to meeting the enormous costs of his protracted litigation. ‘And the worst of all is,’ he adds in a letter on the subject to Mother Margaret Hallahan, ‘I am not a bit the better for all this trouble—and seem to have no strength given me to bear it. So you see I really do need your prayers very much—and thank you for them.’

To Sister Mary Imelda Poole he writes on October 3:

‘It is impossible to say how my matter will turn out. Every day brings a different view, and it is this suspense and change of prospect which is the trial. It is like having the pupil of the eye exposed to a shifting light, now strong, now dim, now darkness,—and then blaze again. So far however is clear that, *as far as the affair has gone*, we really have had

our prayers answered. I told you in March I was to borrow 3,000*l.*—and I recollect saying “Well, I trust by Christmas I shall raise it.” Well, I have raised *double* by Michaelmas—and there is a moral certainty that, *if* I am not called up to judgment I shall soon have raised the whole. *As far as things have gone* all the money is raised. What is *not* raised is the 200*l.* consequent upon being called up to judgment. But this is *future*, and not realised. *If* it be God’s will I should *not* be called up, I really have triumphed. I have no debt, no inconvenience, and as to the verdict, why, every one believes me right, and the judge and jury wrong—and we did not give Masses and prayers that judge and jury should not make fools of themselves. I say then, *as yet*, no harm has been realized—it is all in future. So your prayers have not failed *hitherto*. Continue them as you do.’

Again, to the same correspondent he writes on the 22nd:

‘Since I wrote, I have had occasion after a year’s interval to consult the medical adviser who for twenty five years has served me. He has often been a prophet, and has cured me in illnesses when others have quite failed.

‘He now tells me distinctly I shall have a premature old age, and an early death—because the only thing which can save me is a simple *lying by*. He says my brain and nerves cannot bear it. This makes me say that I can promise nothing—it is the preparation and expectation that tease me. He says I have nothing the matter with me at present, but that my vital powers are so low that mischief might take place at any time—and that nothing can keep me up but tonics. I feel the truth of what he says. The first book I wrote, my “Arians,” I was almost fainting daily, when I was finishing it—and (except my Parochial Sermons) every book I have written, before and since I was a Catholic, has been a sort of operation, the distress has been so great. The Irish Discourses, now (thank God) all but finished, have been the most painful of all.’

On November 18 he went up to London for judgment, which was to be on the 22nd. He writes to Mr. Ornsby on the day that he has medical affidavits that imprisonment has ‘a fair chance of killing’ him. ‘Perhaps,’ he adds, ‘Johnny Campbell may wish to be Jack the Giant-killer.’ He stayed

in London with Lord Arundel and Surrey—the future Duke of Norfolk—at Carlton House Terrace. Then Sir Alexander Cockburn unexpectedly suggested that he should apply for a new trial; and the proceedings in Court on the occasion are graphically narrated in a letter to Sister Imelda:

Edgbaston: November 28/52.

‘When I got up to London on Friday (the 19th) I found to my great disgust that the lawyers had had a consultation the evening before, and were for attempting a new trial; a second was to be held the next day (the 20th) at which I was to be present. They put the matter into my hands, and I suspect fancied I should be eager for it; but were thrown on their backs by finding I was simply against it. I did not observe this at the time, but, since they deferred to me, I thought I had it all my own way, and congratulated myself when the consultation was over, that the idea of a new trial was at an end. I got ready my speech, and packed up my portmanteau ready for prison, if so be—knowing I should be carried thither from court. Also my friends in King William Street packed up an altar and vestments and Father St. John, who was with me, got leave from the Cardinal for my saying Mass in prison.

‘All Sunday I had friends calling on me—everything was arranged. Meanwhile all Sunday Badeley was importuning me for a new trial; but I made no account of this, as I thought the matter simply in my hands, (as it was technically, but I mean, morally).

‘When we got into Court on Monday the 22nd, Sir A. Cockburn (my leading counsel) leant over the back of my bench, for I sat under him, and said, “Well, new trial or not?” I thought he asked for form’s sake, and that he knew quite well there was to be none; so I answered briefly “Not.” Then I heard him grumbling behind me, and began to suspect that he and the rest had *got up* their speeches and their tactics with a view to moving for a new trial. He then spoke to me a second time to the effect that he had looked at the evidence, and could make something of it. I repeated “No.” Then Serjeant Wilkins, another of my counsel, attacked me. Money was no object, he said, he would pledge himself to go about begging from Protestants—he would take no fees himself. I said, “No.” I found he had been up half the night getting up the evidence.

'Presently the judges came in, and Cockburn leant over again. "You have now," he said, "a last chance, Yes or No?" I answered "No," and he went out of Court. I had sitting near me Serjeant Bellasis, who was the only lawyer (he was not one of my counsel) who had agreed with me in opposing a new trial. I said to him, "Well, it's all over, is it not?" He said, "Yes."

'Cockburn when he went out of Court spoke to Mr. Badeley, who, as you know, has been my most zealous and active counsel from the first. "We can make nothing of Dr. Newman," he said, "you must persuade him." He came accordingly to Serjeant Bellasis. Now Serjeant Bellasis had all along said, "I agree with you quite, in opposing the idea of a new trial—but, when it comes to the point, if they persist, you must yield." The Cardinal too, who, with the Bishop of Southwark, had confirmed my own view of the matter, had ended by saying, "Well if your lawyers persist you must obey them as you would physicians." At this moment then, Badeley came to Serjeant Bellasis and said, "Dr. Newman must give way, all his five counsel are for a new trial." On this Serjeant Bellasis, who was sitting next me, turned round to me, and said, "You cannot resist longer—you must give in." I said, "Is there no one else to ask? What a terrible thing to decide upon by myself." We looked round—there was no one. "Well, but," I said, "'Tis too late. You told me so just now." He answered "It is not too late." Then I said "I give in—let them move for a new trial."

'Accordingly when the notes of the trial had all been read, a tiresome matter of three hours and a half, Cockburn got up. Lord Campbell thought he was going to speak, in *mitigation of damages*, and affecting (if I may use the word) consideration for me, he said, "Sir Alexander, Dr. Newman's affidavit—don't omit his affidavit." "My lord," he answered, "I am giving reasons for granting us a Rule for a new trial." I did not look at the poor old man, but had I any resentment against him, alas at that moment, and in the rest of the proceedings, it would have been gratified to the very full. He changed colour, shook, and his voice trembled. A military friend who was at my elbow said his head quivered as though he had been shot in the ear. Serjeant Bellasis said to me, "Do you see how Campbell is agitated?" And, I repeat, for the rest of the time (two or three hours) he had to endure a lengthened attack upon him face to face, from Sir

Alexander Cockburn, who thrust at his conduct in the most determined pitiless way in the survey of the whole trial. Nor is it the only attack he will have to stand. The opposite counsel reply in January, and then we rejoin—and my other lawyers have one after another to rise, and to inflict the same castigation upon him.

‘It is generally considered that the whole affair is at an end. I should say so, except from my knowledge of the special hatred my opponents bear me, which has been present to my mind from the first. Next the course of Providence all through has been so dark, that we never have been able to guess at what was coming. When I went up to town last week, no one even then could guess anything. The future was as dark up to the 22nd, as it had been throughout. No one could conjecture what the punishment would be. The lawyers all in the dark, asked Sir A. Cockburn at the consultation—he would not hazard any guess. I have affidavits from Sir B. Brodie, Mr. Babington, and Dr. Evans that a prison would have most serious effects upon my health. I swore in my own affidavit, that I believed from what I was told, that it would shorten my life—yet they could not bring themselves to say absolutely that I should *not* be sent to prison. This being the case, there may still be quite a new turn of things in January.

‘However, if the Rule for a new trial is granted me, the great probability is, that the whole matter will *end*. Because in that case the four judges will have decided that the verdict was *against the evidence*, in other words that I ought not to have been so condemned. People say that Achilli *cannot* recommence proceedings with such a recorded judgment against him.

‘Again, I believe he will be incidentally found guilty of perjury.

‘Again he owes his lawyers 1100*l.*, which he had meant *me* to pay, and they may be unwilling to go on without security for the money—and his friends may not like to recommence, when they shall have already committed themselves to so large a sum.

‘If I were simply to beat him, he would have all *my* expenses.

‘But, if he *does* begin a new trial, then I have two courses.

‘If I cannot get money, or cannot get the witnesses, I should make affidavit that this is the case—and submit—when lawyers say no *punishment* could ensue after such an exposure as will have taken place.

‘But if I *can* get the witnesses, the expense will be comparatively small. For I can bring them to a day, and I shall know just *whose* evidence is worth bringing.

‘If on the other hand the judges in January do *not* allow me a fresh trial (every one thinks they *will*) then I shall be brought up for judgment as I was last Monday—but with this advantage that we shall have done what we *could*, and that my counsel will have been able to attack Campbell and expose the verdict;—which they say, must lessen the sentence.

‘Pray for me and believe me,

‘Yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

On December 16 Newman consented, at James Hope-Scott’s invitation, to pass some weeks at Abbotsford while waiting for the final issue. He had a great feeling for Sir Walter Scott. ‘When he was dying,’ he writes to Hope-Scott, ‘I was saying prayers (whatever they were worth) for him continually, thinking of Keble’s words: “Think on the minstrel as ye kneel.”’

On January 22, 1853, the application for a new trial, which had been argued for a fortnight, was concluded, the decision being reserved. Newman was still at Abbotsford, and in his diary he chronicles a visit that day, in company with his host and Lord Arundel (afterwards Duke of Norfolk) to Melrose Abbey. He returned to the Oratory on the 25th, and on the 26th Lord Campbell announced the refusal of a new trial. On the 28th Newman went to town, to join Ambrose St. John, who had preceded him, for a final consultation with the Attorney-General, driving with Bellasis, to meet Monsell, Allies, and Badeley.

On January 31 came the closing scene. W. G. Ward, who was at this time still intimate with Newman, drove him down to the Court. With them came Serjeant Bellasis and William Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly. Sir George Bowyer, Mr. Browne (afterwards Earl of Kenmare), Mr. (afterwards Lord) Fitzgerald, and Mr. H. Bowden followed with Ambrose St. John. The result proved what had been expected. The complete humiliation of Lord Campbell by a new trial had it is true been refused on technical grounds. But the Court did

not venture on imprisonment. The most that was attempted was a lecture from Mr. Justice Coleridge—to which the etiquette of the Court did not allow Newman to reply—to the effect that he (Newman) was much changed for the worse since he had become a papist and that the charges against Achilli were very probably exaggerated. Newman wrote to Sister Imelda the same evening and chronicled the issue:

‘London: Jan. 31, 1853.

‘I have been fined 100*l.*, and imprisoned *till* the fine was paid—which of course meant no imprisonment at all. I have not heard opinions, but my friends present think it a triumph. I had a most horrible jobation from Coleridge, of which the theme was “deterioration of converts.” I had been everything good when I was a Protestant—but I had fallen since I was a Catholic. They would not let me speak.

‘Thank you for all I have gained by your prayers. Every kind thought of Reverend Mother and your whole community.’

‘As to the judgment,’ he writes to Mrs. Froude, ‘it is quite true that Coleridge said about me all that was reported. He spoke very low, really (I think) from agitation—but I must ever think that he committed a great mistake and impertinence in what he said. He made me subserve his Puseyite theory, and held me up as a “spectacle” how men deteriorate when they become Catholics. His speech was *full* of mistakes and inconsistencies, if I chose to expose it. He simply misstated facts, as everyone would grant, directly it was pointed out. But I really think he thought he was performing a duty; so, what can one say? I have reason to know that his brother judges were surprised, if not annoyed, by what he said. In one respect the *Times*’ Report was not correct. He *gave* up the Jury, and said the Judges would have granted a new trial, if by the Law they could have done so. *Every one* considers it a triumph.’¹

¹ To Mr. Capes he wrote on February 5:

‘I could not help being amused at poor Coleridge’s prose. I have no doubt it gave him pain, and I think he wished to impress me. I trust I behaved respectfully, but he must have seen that I was as perfectly unconcerned as if I had been in my own room. But so it was. Putting aside supernatural views and motives, (of which, alas! I have not overmuch), mere habit, as in the case of the skinned eels, would keep me from being annoyed. I have not been the butt of slander and scorn for 20 years for nothing.’

But a fresh heavy sorrow came to mar the relief he felt at the termination of his long drawn-out anxiety. Father Joseph Gordon, as we have seen, had been especially active in endeavouring to procure evidence on the trial, and had gone to Italy for this object. On the very day of the application for a new trial, he was taken ill, never to recover—the first death in the Oratorian community.

On February 6 Newman visited Father Joseph at Bath and took leave of him. There was no hope of recovery, and a fortnight later came the sad news that he had passed away. The blow was a heavy one, and Newman seems to have felt it as filling the cup of his trials and troubles. All that remained of the elasticity of youth seemed now to have left him.

‘I am just going to sing a solemn Mass for the soul of our dearest Father Joseph Gordon,’ he writes to Spencer Northcote on February 14, ‘the news of whose death came by telegraph at ten last night. You may think in what grief we all are. . . . God’s will be done. It is quite taking away the Spring of our year, but St. Philip knows what he is about. When I was engaged in building this house, I kept saying “Now mind me, we shall have crosses to take up for so fine a place”—and we have had a succession so great, that we alone can understand them. We talked of the chance of bereavement—I think with dear Father Joseph—little thinking it would be he.’

To Henry Wilberforce he writes a few days later:

‘Father Gordon’s death is the greatest blow that the Congregation has ever had—the greatest I have had a long time. It comes *in cumulum* upon so many other trials. What a year and a half I have had! When will the strokes end? I recollect in 1826 when I was serving Rickards’s Church at Ulcombe during the long vacation, after a most glorious Summer, there was a week of pouring rain, and then it was fine again and the sky as radiant for weeks as before. But the season was changed—the ground had been thoroughly chilled, and never recovered itself. Autumn had unequivocally set in, and the week of wet divided the two seasons as by a river. And so I think I have now passed into my autumn, though I trust Grace will more than make up for me what Nature takes away.’

And now there came from the whole Catholic world a wonderfully universal expression of sympathy for the champion who had suffered in the good cause. The general feeling was that the Achilli trial had completed what the Corn Exchange lectures began in shaking to its foundations the anti-Catholic bigotry of the time. Educated Englishmen were more and more ashamed of being identified with Lord Campbell and his jury. A Mass of thanksgiving for the issue of the trial was sung at the Oratory on February 21, at which Newman himself preached. On April 3 he stayed with W. G. Ward at Old Hall, to receive an address from St. Edmund's College—the first of many similar congratulations. The whole 12,000*l.*, the costs and expenses of the trial, which was a millstone round Newman's neck, was promptly paid by his co-religionists; and the letters which accompanied their gifts brought home to him how universal had been the support he had had throughout in the warm interest and constant prayers of thousands. That delicate nature which shrank under pain and was worn out with anxiety and suspense, opened out in affectionate response to a practical sympathy so far beyond his expectations.

The following letter to an American archbishop—Dr. Kenrick of Baltimore—is a type of many written in grateful acknowledgment:

‘December 3, 1852.

‘I think I recollect the saying of a heathen sage, to the effect that the most perfect polity was that in which an injury done to the humblest citizen, was felt as a blow dealt to the whole community; but how much nobler a conception do I see fulfilled to-day when an individual, whose claim on Catholics is not that of a citizen, but of a stranger, who has but come (as it were) to their hearth, and embraced their altars, and appealed to their hospitality, is raised by the hand, and lifted out of his distress, as if he had been all his life long of the number of the *cives sanctorum et domestici Dei*.

‘But I have touched upon a higher theme, *Hospes eram et collegistis me*. It is not I who am the real object of the bounty of Catholics; nor is gratitude, such as mine, its true reward. Let me venture to say it; they have been serving Him Who accepts as done to Himself mercies bestowed upon even the weakest of His disciples; and they have been

securing a recompense from the just Judge who never suffers Himself to be outdone in the interchange of offices of love.'

He was preparing for press the lectures which he had delivered in Dublin just before the trial, and now, as a memorial for all time of Catholic generosity, he wrote in the first page the following dedication:

Hospes eram et collegistis me.

*In grateful never-dying remembrance
Of his many friends and benefactors,
Living and dead,
At home and abroad,
In Great Britain, Ireland, France,
In Belgium, Germany, Poland, Italy, and Malta,
In North America, and other countries,
Who, by their resolute prayers and penances,
And by their generous stubborn efforts
And by their munificent alms,
Have broken for him the stress
Of a great anxiety,*

THESE DISCOURSES

*Offered to Our Lady and St. Philip on its rise,
Composed under its pressure,
Finished on the eve of its termination,
Are respectfully and affectionately inscribed*

BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XI

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND (1851-1854)

WE have now to narrate in detail the inauguration of the scheme for founding a Catholic University in Ireland, to which reference was made in the last chapter. For Irish Catholics, who had had hitherto no University education, to found an efficient University was on the face of it an unpromising task. And the ablest and most cultivated members of the Irish clergy, men like Dr. Murray and Dr. Russell, as I have already said, regarded some *modus vivendi* with the Queen's Colleges as the only practicable course. But the Episcopate had declared against mixed education. And the strongest advocate of an uncompromising policy was the Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Cullen, who was all-powerful in Rome. That policy had been formally adopted at the Synod of Thurles—though only by the narrow majority of one. It was approved by Rome, and must at all costs be carried out. James Robert Hope-Scott (the James Hope of Oxford days) had property in Ireland and was a friend of Dr. Cullen. He advised the Archbishop to take counsel with Newman.

What, we may ask, was the danger which so greatly alarmed the Irish Bishops and led the majority to adopt so uncompromising a policy? What was the meaning of their sudden and strenuous opposition to the 'mixed education' offered, largely from benevolence to Irish Catholics, by Peel in the Queen's Colleges? This question must be answered before we proceed with our narrative. I am not for the moment asking whether the Bishops were right or wrong in not accepting Peel's proposals; but what was the meaning of their acute alarm? There can be no doubt that it was something far deeper than the intrinsic nature of the

proposals. It was the extreme uneasiness which the signs of the times created as to the future prospects of the Christian Church. Secularist education was suspected as part of an anti-Christian campaign. The movement speciously called 'liberal' had been showing on the Continent ugly symptoms. Pius IX., as well as Lacordaire, had on some points tried to meet it half way and to give it an interpretation compatible with Christianity. They had been rudely awakened to its dangerous character.

Many Englishmen now think of the change from the old denominational education by the clergy to the new undenominational education by the specialists mainly as an advance in justice to all forms of religion and in the emancipation of educational methods from methods which were antiquated. They do not regard it as hostile to religion. But in point of fact (as we all know) the movement which effected this transformation was largely anti-theological, and even, in some of its manifestations, anti-religious. If it included a sense of the justice of equal treatment for all creeds, and a sense of the liberty necessary for science, it also included some of the anti-Christian spirit of Continental liberalism. The Churches then, in turn, had to be on the defensive. Two ideals of education were competing—the denominational or ecclesiastical, which threatened to be obscurantist; and the undenominational or scientific, which threatened to be irreligious. The proposed Queen's Colleges were inevitably associated in the minds of most persons with the latter.

And what was the concrete exhibition of the new movement which the Irish Bishops had before their eyes in the very years (1845–1850) during which the proposals as to the Queen's College were threshed out? They saw it in Oxford itself, as the rapid transition of its intellectual character from a religious and theological to a free-thinking tone. The Oxford of 1845 was conservative and ecclesiastical. The Heads of Houses were all clergymen. There were few laymen even among the Fellows. The tests were in force. The theological party which condemned the mild liberalism of Dr. Hampden was still in the ascendant. The Oxford of 1850, on the other hand, was liberal and secularist. In

1845, after Newman's secession, with dramatic suddenness theology went out and science came in as the ruling principle of the academic mind. 'We were startled,' says Mark Pattison, 'when we came to reflect that the vast domain of physical science had been hitherto wholly excluded from our programme. The great discoveries of the last half-century in chemistry, physiology, &c., were not even known by report to any of us. Science was placed under a ban by the theologians *who instinctively felt that it was fatal to their speculations.*' This conception of science as fatal to Christian theology was the keynote of the sudden transformation which ensued. 'Whereas other reactions accomplished themselves by imperceptible degrees, in 1845 the darkness was dissipated and the light was let in in an instant.' A 'flood of reform' followed, 'which did not spend itself until it had produced two Government commissions, until we had . . . remodelled all our institutions. In those years every Oxford man was a liberal.'¹

The suddenness and completeness of the triumph of the liberal movement in Oxford brought into relief the various elements of which it was composed. The secularising and anti-theological tendency, the agitation for the withdrawal of tests, the growth of specialism, were parts of a whole. The undenominational movement has been the *practical* expression of the liberal and scientific movement. And in the eyes of some leading men of science, and of many others, the transformation which has been effected in the nineteenth century from the old education by the parsons to the new education by the specialists has implied the recognition, to a greater or less extent, of the fact that the theological explanation of the world and of life has been defeated, and the scientific view has taken its place. 'I conceive,' wrote Huxley, 'that the leading characteristic of the nineteenth century has been the rapid growth of the scientific spirit, and consequent application of scientific methods of investigation to all problems with which the human mind is occupied, and the correlative rejection of traditional beliefs which have proved their incompetence to bear such investigation.' Denominationalism is, in this view, narrow and

¹ See Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*, p. 238.

retrograde, because it implies a check on the free development of the scientific method in the interests of traditions which are superstitions.

A part of the change in intellectual tone at Oxford, as elsewhere, was in that indefinable quantity, the 'atmosphere'—from the atmosphere of the Oxford of Newman to that of the Oxford of Jowett. But there were also some definite particulars in which the aggressions of science on the then existing theology affected the subjects with which professors and tutors had to deal in the educational programme. The following are a few well-known instances:

(1) Biologists and ethnologists, even before the early evolutionists attacked the dogma of creation, had assailed the Scriptural account in Genesis of the descent of all men from a common ancestor.

(2) So, too, geologists attacked what was generally received as the Bible's teaching concerning the antiquity of the world.

(3) The empirical philosophy in the hands of Mill and Bain was in tendency anti-theistic. It attacked, both in ethics and metaphysics, the intuitionist basis of a theistic philosophy. Dr. McIntosh of Queen's College, Belfast, one of J. S. Mill's chief opponents on this particular point, avowedly regarded his own lectures on philosophy as a religious work. This represented the opinion prevalent at all events up to 1870—that the 'experience' philosophy was in direct and necessary opposition to the philosophical basis of theism.

(4) The philosophy of history was, in those days, a prominent subject and offered an obvious opportunity for insinuating an agnostic or naturalistic view of the world. Mr. Wyse contemplated its being taught at the Queen's Colleges. Mr. T. W. Allies actually did (later on) lecture on it at the 'Catholic University of Ireland.' The events of the French Revolution and the dramatic career of Napoleon had given a great stimulus to this study. Frederick Schlegel and Hegel, De Tocqueville and Guizot, Chateaubriand and the German Romanticists, were all in different ways witnesses to this tendency. The subject was dealt with, too, in different forms and degrees from a Catholic point of view in the writings of Lamennais, Bonald, Möhler, and Newman

himself. It is clear that, while the critical study of history, in which the writer or professor is intent on the evidence for isolated facts, and is very sparing of generalisation, need not be contentious, the philosophy of history is almost inevitably so. One professor bases his whole account of the development of the Christian Church and of secular history on the naturalistic view which underlies the works of Gibbon and Hume; another treats the same subjects on such principles as those of Allie's Dublin lectures on the 'Formation of Christendom.' Either treatment is likely to have a deep effect on the religious faith of a thoughtful young man.

And so in fact it had. Such names as those of Matthew Arnold, Mark Pattison, Arthur Clough, and J. A. Froude remind us of a mental history which was typical of that of many others less known to fame. Aubrey de Vere writes to Sarah Coleridge in the forties that 'everyone is talking theology.' Everyone was defining his *Weltanschauung*. Such speculative conversations in the Oxford which was ruled by Newman's genius brought many to Tractarianism, many to Roman Catholicism, many to the views of Arnold and Whately. At a later time they landed very many in the various stages of freethought. The gradual spread of a secularist intellectual atmosphere did, as a matter of fact, help to destroy effectual belief in Christianity.

The new secularist education was then suspect in the eyes of the Irish Bishops by reason of its results in England, and their suspicions were increased by the fact that in such countries as France and Belgium the undenominational Universities were avowedly free-thinking. Their fears were shared by some of the ablest and most religious men in the Church of England, and long survived in such representatives of the old conservative Oxford as Dean Goulburn and Dean Burgon.

The outcry raised that the Queen's University was 'godless' was due to the fact that it was the first University established in the kingdom on a *de jure* non-religious basis. It was exaggerated, for, as Sir James Graham said, 'The Government contemplated the foundation of halls in which religious instruction would be imparted.' The Bishops, however, did not originate the cry. At first they

only sought to make the religious safeguards adequate. They suggested four amendments—the first demanding a fair proportion of Catholic professors, and guarantees of due influence for the Catholic Bishops in the appointment of professors; the second asking for dual chairs in history, logic, metaphysic, moral philosophy, geology, and anatomy; the third demanding the dismissal of any professor or office-bearer convicted of trying to undermine a student's faith; the fourth asking for a salaried dean or chaplain for each college.

These amendments were in line with Peel's original plan as understood by such authorities as Dr. Delany and Dr. O'Dwyer—so these two authorities testified before the Robertson Commission of 1901. But in the event Peel's scheme was not carried out. Neither the Bishops' nor Mr. Wyse's proposed amendments were accepted. And no other satisfactory means of ensuring due religious safeguards was devised. At the very least the promise of Lord Clarendon that 'the Catholic religion will be fully and appropriately represented' in the appointment of professors in the Colleges of Cork and Galway seemed indispensable to the *de facto* predominance of Catholic influences which local circumstances demanded. In the event these assurances were not carried out—partly owing to a change of Ministry. In Catholic Cork only three out of twenty professors belonged to the religion of the country.

In this condition it may fairly be urged that the Bishops had a very real grievance. Still, in view of the vital necessity of University education for Irish Catholics, it is not surprising that a strong minority wished, nevertheless, under every disadvantage to try and work the colleges. The extreme measure which killed the colleges—of visiting with canonical censures any priest who became officially connected with them—was passed at the Synod of Thurles by a majority of one only, and much of the best intelligence of the episcopal bench was opposed to carrying the opposition to the Queen's Colleges to a point which caused them to fail.

Dr. Newman has stated, however, that in 1853 he found the majority of Irish Bishops not at all alive to the importance of University education for Catholics. The policy which prevailed at the Synod of Thurles was that of what Newman

used to call 'the political and devotional party' as opposed to the champions of intellectual interests—the party of Dr. Cullen as opposed to that of Dr. Murray and Dr. Russell. Newman passed no judgment on their action; it was an accomplished fact. But unquestionably his general sympathies were from the first with Dr. Russell and Dr. Moriarty (who was the living representative of Dr. Murray's views among the Bishops) rather than with Dr. Cullen. He did not share Dr. Cullen's dread of the whole modern scientific and liberal movement. The purely scientific aspect of the 'liberal' movement had, in his opinion, to be respectfully considered and Christianised. Even the directly secularist anti-clerical and irreligious aspect of the movement, which really drew its inspiration from anti-religious assumptions, was best counteracted not by mere repression, but by University training, at once religious and scientific. The Queen's Colleges excluded theology. Dr. Cullen seemed to dread freedom for science. Newman planned a University in which theology and science alike should be free and flourishing.

Thus, while he accepted Dr. Cullen's invitation, it gradually became clear that Newman materially differed from the Archbishop as to the direction of the work before him. His views will be more precisely indicated when we come to summarise his lectures and writings as Rector. For the moment let the external events be narrated in order.

On April 15, 1851, Dr. Cullen wrote to request Dr. Newman to deliver some lectures in Dublin against mixed education. On July 8 he visited the Oratory and discussed the subject further—going also to London to confer with Mr. Monsell, Dr. Manning, and Mr. Hope-Scott. Dr. Cullen then asked Newman to be Rector of the proposed University. Newman hesitated and took counsel. He wished at first, as I have said, to limit himself to the office of Prefect of Studies. But in the end he accepted the office of Rector. And the Irish Bishops, who met on November 12, passed a formal resolution inviting Newman to be Rector. It was agreed, as Cullen informed Newman by letter, 'that the *summum imperium* should be in the Bishops, and that the [Rector] should have the entire acting discretion. . . .

No other appointment,' he adds, 'was made, as the selection of other persons is to be made with the concurrence, or on the recommendation, of the [Rector].'

Newman accepted the post. With a keen sense that what came to him was sent by God, he threw himself into the work at once with energy.' He consented to give a course of lectures in Dublin the following year, and at once set about securing an efficient staff for the new University.

His own feelings were evidently, even before the succession of discouragements which followed, somewhat mixed. He saw at once that a scheme which was strongly opposed by the ablest ecclesiastic in Ireland, Archbishop Murray, of Dublin, and which aimed nevertheless at founding a University in Dr. Murray's own diocese, was a bold one. He tried unsuccessfully to see Dr. Murray when he went to Ireland in September to visit Dr. Cullen. Still the work was entrusted to him by the hierarchy as a whole, and was undertaken in obedience to the Holy Father's wish. It came to him unsought. His antecedents fitted him for it. The thought could not but arise—was the hand of Providence leading him on to a repetition in new surroundings of the great battle of the Oxford Movement?

He writes as follows to Mrs. William Froude just a fortnight after his visit to Dr. Cullen:

'I suppose in a few days I shall know what is decided on in Ireland about the University. It is a most daring attempt, but first it is a religious one, next it has the Pope's blessing on it. Curious it will be if Oxford is imported into Ireland, not in its members only, but in its principles, methods, ways, and arguments. The battle there will be what it was in Oxford twenty years ago. Curious too that there I shall be opposed to the Whigs, having Lord Clarendon instead of Lord Melbourne,—that Whately¹ will be there *in propria persona*, and that while I found my tools breaking under me in Oxford, for Protestantism is not susceptible of so high a temper, I am renewing the struggle in Dublin with the Catholic Church to support me. It is very wonderful,—Keble, Pusey, Maurice, Sewell, &c., who have been able to do so little against Liberalism in Oxford will be renewing the fight, although not in their persons, in Ireland.'

¹ Whately was now Archbishop of Dublin.

Newman, however, could not but see from the first that humanly speaking there seemed great doubts as to the practicability of the scheme. But he appears to have undertaken it as a religious act in which he dreaded to be 'of little faith.' Mistrustful of his own judgment, he threw himself on the guidance of the Ruler of Christendom, the successor of Peter; and he afterwards expressed in a lecture full of pathos—the first of the discourses of 1852—this reliance in such a matter on the *Cathedra Sempiterna*.¹

¹ 'In the midst of our difficulties I have one ground of hope, just one stay, but, as I think, a sufficient one, which serves me in the stead of all other argument whatever, which hardens me against criticism, which supports me if I begin to despond, and to which I ever come round, when the question of the possible and the expedient is brought into discussion. It is the decision of the Holy See; St. Peter has spoken, it is he who has enjoined that which seems to us so unpromising. He has spoken and has a claim on us to trust him. He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If ever there was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts, and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ, and the Doctor of His Church.

'These are not words of rhetoric, gentlemen, but of history. All who take part with the Apostle are on the winning side. He has long since given warrant for the confidence which he claims. From the first he has looked through the wide world of which he has the burden; and, according to the need of the day and the inspirations of his Lord, he has set himself now to one thing, now to another; but to all in season, and to nothing in vain. He came first upon an age of refinement and luxury like our own, and, in spite of the persecutor, fertile in the resources of his cruelty, he soon gathered out of all classes of society the slave, the soldier, the high-born lady, and the sophist, materials enough to form a people to his Master's honour. The savage hordes came down in torrents from the north, and Peter went out to meet them, and by his very eye he sobered them, and backed them in their full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilised by him, and to be made ten times more his children even than the older populations which they had overwhelmed. Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match and were shattered, and he lived on. The gates of the earth were opened to the east and west, and men poured out to take possession; but he went with them by his missionaries, to China, to Mexico, carried along by zeal and charity, as far as these children of men were led by enterprise, covetousness, or ambition. Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he, in our fathers' day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates; with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependent kings, that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the Everlasting Arms?'

Let one further point be noted as to the prospect before Dr. Newman. At Rome in 1847, as we have seen, he had come to the conclusion that the time was not ripe for his urging those arguments which he felt to be so necessary in order to oppose effectively the rising tide of infidel thought. He had resigned himself to the thought that it was God's Will that certain special gifts of his should, therefore, remain unused. Now, however, the 'kindly light' pointed to a path in which they might be of great use. If the extremely delicate matter of touching technical theology was outside the sphere of the proposed University scheme, the great question how an educated Catholic should bear himself towards the advancing tide of scientific and critical research, which was raising questions both important and new, directly claimed his attention as Rector of a Catholic University. Here, then, did seem to be an unmistakable call of Providence to help in the work which for thirty years he had regarded as that to which he was especially called.

And in such a task he also had a recognised precedent in the work already done by Catholics on the Continent, including prominent laymen. If he succeeded in forming at the University a body of educated and thoughtful opinion among Catholic laity, some of them might take their share in this important movement.¹ What was called 'Ultramontane' thought on the Continent did not at that time incur the reproach urged later on against some of its phases, of being wanting in depth and breadth. Eminent and learned critics, representing such different standpoints as Lord Acton and Cardinal Wiseman, have testified, on the contrary, to the great influence on European speculation of the earlier Ultramontane writers of the century.² In France and Germany, notably, there had been for half a century a succession of great Catholic thinkers and scholars, many of them with a European reputation. The Romantic movement had great intellectual importance, and Catholics were among its ablest exponents. Newman himself had devoted his attention to the Church of France for quite fifteen years; he had been in close correspondence with a French Abbé,

¹ His own words on this subject are cited later on at p. 397.

² See *Home and Foreign Review*, i. 513.

M. Jager, over the lectures of 1837, and had written about the career of Lamennais, which he had followed closely. With Montalembert and Lacordaire he had enthusiastic sympathy. Moehler's 'Symbolik' was on lines in some respects similar to his own Essay on 'The Development of Christian Doctrine.' But to this movement of the Catholic intellect, in which the laity took so large a share (for it was led at first by de Maistre and Chateaubriand, and represented later by Montalembert and Ozanam), England and Ireland offered no parallel. He felt that the Irish laity were regarded by some Irish ecclesiastics 'as little boys'—to use his own expression. He desired to equip them for more responsible work—to form a cultivated Catholic laity, 'gravely and solidly educated in Catholic knowledge' (he said) 'and alive to the arguments in its behalf, and aware both of its difficulties and of the way of treating them,' and he included in his purview Catholic England as well as Catholic Ireland. Thus we read in the first formal Report of the University that he had at the outset stated as one of the 'objects' of the University that it should provide 'philosophical defences of Catholicity and Revelation, and create a Catholic literature.' His hope was that the Catholic University of Ireland would become the intellectual centre for all the Catholics of the kingdom.

In spite of the anxieties and work entailed by the Achilli trial, he found time after November 1851 to think out the extremely difficult problems involved in his lectures on the 'Scope and Nature of University Education' and to write them in time for delivery in Dublin in May. In these months came, 'as a cloud not bigger than a man's hand,' the first symptom of the neglect and indifference from which he was to suffer so much at the hands of the authorities with whom he was working. I relate the incident in the words of his faithful friend and constant companion, Father William Neville:

'After his acceptance of the Rectorship in 1851,' writes Father Neville, 'he had found himself so strangely left alone with regard to his going to Ireland that in the following spring he fixed a date to himself when he would resign unless, meanwhile, a letter of some sort (this is the way he

happened to put it to himself) came to him from Ireland. The day had come without his having received any such letter; his letter of resignation was written, but in the course of the day a letter *did* come from Dr. Cullen, which, though not *à propos* to anything calling him to Ireland, nevertheless broke the stipulation he had made with himself. He regarded this circumstance as an indication of the will of Providence that he should go on with the work, and thereon, with a most remarkable cheerfulness and contentment, though mixed with a no less striking sadness, he put aside thoughts for himself which, as things were, he could have wished to realise, to be harnessed to the work in Dublin, (these were his words) as a horse to a cart. This was at the close of April, or in the early days of May 1852.¹

Meanwhile he had not in the earlier months of the year relaxed his work at the lectures. They gave him the utmost difficulty in their composition. 'I have written almost reams of paper,' he writes to a friend on March 14, 'finished, set aside, then taken them up again and plucked them. In truth I have the utmost difficulty in writing for people I don't know, and I have commonly failed when I have addressed strangers.' He anticipates that the lectures may be 'from beginning to end a failure from my not knowing my audience.'¹ However, in the event all passed off well and even brilliantly. He went to Dublin early in May. An event favourable to the University had occurred since his last visit, for Dr. Cullen had been translated to the See of Dublin.² The lectures were given on five successive Mondays from

¹ 'As to my Lectures,' he writes from Rednal to Dr. Newsham, of Ushaw, 'they have cost me no one knows how much thought and anxiety—and again and again I stopped, utterly unable to get on with my subject, and nothing but the intercession of the Blessed Virgin kept me up to my work. At length I have intermitted the course, merely because I could not proceed to my satisfaction. For three days I sat at my desk nearly from morning to night, and put aside as worthless at night what I had been doing all day. Then I gave it up, and came here—hoping that I should be strengthened to begin again. I am ashamed so to speak, as if I were achieving any great thing, but at my age I do not work out things as easily as I once did. I say all this, however, for a sufficient reason. I am sure you will remember me in this as in other matters; and gain for me the light of Divine Grace, that I may say what is profitable and true, and nothing else.'

² Dr. Murray had died in the autumn of 1851.

May 10 to June 7 in a room in the Rotunda. They gave in outline the views of the work of a Catholic University of which I have already spoken. His own impression of the success of the first one is given in the following letter to Ambrose St. John:

‘Carissime,—You are all expecting news and I have to be my own trumpeter.

‘The Lecture, I suppose, has been a hit, and now I am beginning to be anxious lest the others should not follow up the blow. The word “hit” was Dr. Cooper’s word.

‘The room was very good for my purpose, being very small. It was just the room I like, barring want of light. I cannot make myself heard when I speak to many, nor do the many care to hear me, *paucorum hominum sum*. The room holds (say) 400, and was nearly full. Mr. Duffy, whom I met in the train to Kingstown after it, said he had never seen so literary an assemblage; all the intellect, almost, of Dublin was there. There were thirteen Trinity fellows, etc., eight Jesuits, a great many clergy, and most intense attention.

‘When I say that Dean Moylan was much pleased, I mean to express that I did not offend Dr. Murray’s friends. Surgeon O’Reilly, who is the representative perhaps of a class of laity, though too good a Catholic perhaps for my purpose, and who, on Saturday, had been half arguing with me against the University, said when the Lecture was ended that the days of Mixed Education were numbered.

‘Don’t suppose that I am fool enough to think I have done any great thing yet; it is only good as far as it goes. I trust it could not be better *so far as* it goes, but it goes a very little way. . . .

‘Dr. Moriarty, whom I made a censor of the Lecture before delivery, was the first who gave me encouragement, for he seemed much pleased with it, and spoke of its prudence, and said it went with the Queen’s College party just as far as was possible.

‘I was heard most distinctly, or rather my voice so filled the room, and I had so perfect confidence that it did, that people would not believe I could not be heard in a great church,—but I know myself better. It was just the room I have ever coveted and never have had.’

The sense of success was equally strong when the course was finished, as we see from the following words in a letter to Manning of June 8:

'I have been prospered here in my lectures beyond my most sanguine expectations, or rather, beyond my most anxious efforts and pains, for I have had anxiety and work beyond belief in writing them,—expectations none. At least, my good Lord has never left me, nor failed me in my whole life, nor has He now. So my imagination was free from hope or fear, about the event. But my mind has been on my *work*; no one can tell how it has worn me down but myself.'

The success of the lectures evidently quickened Newman's pulse, and made him wish to throw himself with keen zest into the task before him. Nothing could be done until after the Achilli trial, which was but a fortnight distant; but from that moment the University was to be *the* work of his life. 'My one object,' he wrote to a friend, 'is that of *hastening* on the University matters.'

Newman returned to England in the middle of June for the actual trial. On June 27 he crossed again to Ireland with Ambrose St. John, and assisted at Dr. Cullen's installation as Archbishop at Dublin on the 29th, and at the great dinner after it. English and Irish Catholics were at this moment united by a common persecution. Indeed, the Catholic University itself was incidentally the immediate outcome of the vehement No-popery movement against 'the Papal aggression.' The Roman authorities seem to have been so amazed at the degree of anti-Catholic feeling shown in the famous Durham letter of England's Prime Minister, that the last chance of a *modus vivendi* with the Queen's Colleges was, from that time, extinct. It was useless, they held, for Catholics to negotiate on such a subject with such a Government. They must do their best with their own educational forces, and forthwith found their own University. A rescript from Rome to the Bishops to this effect had been the signal for burning their ships. Thus a feeling of indignant protest against wrong was thrown into the University scheme, which stimulated its most active supporters.

And now, after the series of trials which were to the eyes of his faith in reality victories, in which he had represented the persecuted Church and championed it by word and by suffering in its struggle with its declared enemies,

Newman had to endure something new in kind. He found himself embarked in a work which made no progress and wasted his time; which involved him in differences with his own co-religionists whom he respected and desired to serve; which for a long time seemed to be nothing but a succession of failures to effect what he had at the outset believed to be the task assigned to him by Providence. The English co-operators whom he tried to secure one after another failed him. Conscious of the absence of a University tradition among Irish Catholics, he was anxious from the first to surround himself with old Oxford friends, and to gain the support of Cardinal Wiseman as Chancellor of the University. He had early in the day—in October 1851—attempted to obtain Manning as his Vice-Rector. These wishes were not realised. Wiseman's Chancellorship was objected to by the Irish Bishops. Manning had but recently joined the Church and was about to leave England for Rome. He wrote at once the following letter, which presaged the more definite refusal which he ultimately gave to Newman's proposal:

'My dear Newman,—Your note has set me wishing to do anything you bid me; but I do not know what to say. Many doubts about myself and such a work occur at once.

'Above all, the desire and I may say resolution I have had not to incline to any one work more than another till I have been to Rome. This has made me avoid even speaking of the future. But your words are too weighty with me to be passed by; and I will both think of them, and ask others who can guide me better than I can myself. I need not say that old affections and many debts draw me strongly towards you. On 3rd November I trust to start for Rome. Do not forget me. I shall not fail to go and look down from the Pincian and think of you.

'Ever yours affectionately,
H. E. MANNING.'

Newman invited W. G. Ward, Henry Wilberforce, Dr. Northcote, and Mr. Healy Thompson to take some share in his enterprise, but all of them were from one cause or another prevented from joining him.

But a difficulty yet more fundamental was found in Ireland itself. It lay in the hostility or indifference to the

scheme on the part of the bulk of Irishmen, including many members of the Episcopate. And the very man on whom he relied, and who had invoked his aid—Dr. Cullen—failed to give him the support he needed. The story of the next three or four years is a long drawn-out history of apparent failure. They were years in which Newman came to have a great interest in and appreciation of the gifts of many Irishmen. He formed intimate friendships with some—notably with Mr. Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere. He conceived a great admiration for Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry. He used to speak of Dr. O'Reilly as the best theologian he had ever known. His friendship with Dr. Russell of Maynooth was further cemented. Some of the laymen associated with the Young Ireland movement aroused in him great interest, and he esteemed their talents and energy very highly. Dr. Sullivan of Cork notably he regarded as a man of real genius. He ever spoke with gratitude of the kindness to him of the Irish, including the large majority of the Episcopal Bench. It is idle to speculate as to what use he might have made of such gifts and talents in his colleagues had the circumstances of the country been different, had public opinion been ripe for the great enterprise, and had Dr. Moriarty or Dr. Russell, instead of Dr. Cullen, been Archbishop of Dublin. As it was, the two facts above referred to—the indifference in the country of those who were not positively hostile to the scheme, and the incompatibility between the views of its chief supporter, Dr. Cullen, and himself—made the enterprise one long, exhausting, and fruitless effort. For Dr. Cullen's character Newman had a sincere respect, and even admiration; but their educational ideals, as we shall see in the sequel, were poles apart, and their effective co-operation proved impossible.

Let the events be narrated in order. In telling the story, and in chronicling Newman's own feelings, I shall make liberal use of his Retrospective Notes on his Irish Campaign, written in 1872. In reading them it must be remembered that they are written after the failure of the scheme had invested the story with painful associations. His contemporary letters have not the same tone of constant

discouragement. The Notes witness to the wearing effect of the whole Irish Campaign, but can hardly be considered a precise record of his feelings at the time, which, as his letters show, fluctuated considerably. They have great, though sad, psychological interest, and therefore I give them at some length. They tell of the trials of a sensitive temperament, habituated to speculative rather than to active work, but now engaged in a practical enterprise, from the first unpromising and gradually realised to be impossible. The sense of duty made him persevere, but the constant note of complaint in the retrospect tells of a spirit permanently bruised by failure. The contemporary *University Journal* to which Newman occasionally refers I have not found among his papers.

Newman went on a reconnoitring visit to Ireland in company with his friend and fellow-Oratorian, Father Henry Bittleston, on July 30, 1852, and remained there for about a fortnight. But the unwonted exertion following on the strain of the Achilli trial proved too much for his health. After a short time spent in preaching at Limerick and elsewhere, he felt 'quite exhausted and knocked up in mind and in body,' and retired for a week's rest to Tervoe, the house of Mr. Monsell, and when he was fit to travel returned to Birmingham.

Health and strength being restored, Newman was bent upon getting on with the University as quickly as possible. 'Feeling,' he writes in the Notes, 'how much there was to do and how little time to do it in (for I ever limited my Dublin career in my thoughts and in my conversation to seven years) I grudged every hour of delay after the Achilli matter had ceased to occupy me.' The rule for a new trial in the Achilli case was, as we have seen, dismissed in January 1853, and Newman was then free to throw himself into his work.

He had already been anxious to have at once the formal invitation of the Irish Bishops to Ireland. Moreover, he felt it all important that the really critical steps in the task he had undertaken, which was in any case so difficult, should be entirely within his own control. He had therefore written to Dr. Cullen in July 1852 on both these subjects. While he was quite ready to acquiesce in the appointment of any

Professors the Archbishop might name, 'so that they were good ones, and creditable to the University,' it was otherwise (he wrote) as to those persons who were immediately about him, 'who were to help him and share his responsibilities.' 'I must have perfect confidence in them and power over them,' he wrote. This exception referred to the Vice-Rector, Deans, and Tutors. In regard to their appointment, he desired that no final step should be taken without his own co-operation. And he added a very emphatic request in reference to the Vice-Rector: 'If there is one office of which I ought to have the absolute appointment, it is this.' But he considered that no appointment ought to be made as yet. 'When I knew those out of whom I had to choose better, then I would appoint.' He wanted especially 'a man who would pull well' with him. He ended by insisting on the 'inexpedience of appointing a Vice-Rector at once which might be ruining everything.'

The attitude of Dr. Cullen in view of this very reasonable request must be allowed to show itself in a somewhat minute narration of the sequel. The wearying effect of the course of events on Newman cannot otherwise be appreciated. Week followed week after the dispatch of his letter, and no answer came from Dr. Cullen. Six weeks had elapsed, and no response as to the summons to Ireland came. Newman supposed the Archbishop to be absorbed in some other matter, when he heard from a friend that Dr. Cullen was making inquiries as to the University buildings. Newman therefore wrote a second long letter to Dr. Cullen, giving his views as to the wisest way of starting the University. But he adds in the Notes which he has left on the subject, 'when I had written it I had not the courage to send it.' He sent instead a shorter letter begging that nothing might be done which should commit the University until a sub-committee was formed to work with the Rector.

In the event Dr. Taylor was made secretary to the University, the post becoming vacant at that moment, and Dr. Leahy, also a stranger to Newman, was named Vice-Rector. Personally Newman liked both these two men when he knew them. But their appointment by the Archbishop, with the concurrence of Dr. McHale and the other Arch-

bishops, was a direct refusal of his most urgent request. His unwelcome conclusion as to the object of their nomination is expressed by him thus in the Retrospective Notes: 'First Dr. Taylor, then Dr. Leahy were appointed, and both of them, in the intention of the appointment, rather as the four Archbishops' representative and their security and safeguard against me, than as my own helper and backer up.' Yet Newman saw that Dr. Cullen had no idea that he had done anything which ought to cause reasonable offence. 'The truth is,' he wrote, 'that these Bishops are so accustomed to be absolute that they usurp the rights of others and rough-ride over their wishes and their plans quite innocently without meaning it, and are astonished, not at finding out the fact, but at its being impossible to these others.'

The issue, then, of these months from July 1852 onwards was a great disappointment to Newman, and boded ill for the future. And the immediate sequel only verified his fears. The committee for which he specially asked in order to set the University on its feet was never appointed; and repeated demands for his own installation as Rector by the Bishops were simply ignored. It would be tedious to relate these further *contretemps* in detail. But they deepened Newman's profound disappointment. To do a great work as a Catholic, as a knight-errant for Holy Church or the See of Peter, was his highest aspiration. He never promised himself a long life. He used, in these years, to speak of the possibility that he might be suddenly taken. 'The night cometh in which no man can work.' And he longed now to be doing something. To be thwarted and treated unjustly by the world—as in 1850 and 1852—was so much gain, however much of suffering it cost him. It was part of the victory of the Cross. But this idleness, this sense of being at the mercy of those who appeared to him to set no value on his work, this force of *inertia* brought to bear on him by those whom he was striving to help within the Church itself, was another matter.¹

¹ 'I was idling my time,' he writes in the Notes, 'being unable to set myself to any other work from the expectation that I might be called off from it at any moment by an order sent to me to proceed at once to Dublin. Again, I intended to give no more than a limited term of years to the University, and, therefore, every year was precious. And again, I had a reason of a different kind. Unless

The causes of delay were never fully known to Newman. One of them undoubtedly was the opposition to the University on the part of Irishmen, including some of those who favoured the Queen's Colleges, and the wide-spread indifference to the scheme in almost all other quarters. Dr. Cullen had trusted to Newman's prestige as affording him great help in overcoming these difficulties. He had hoped (so a friend of his tells me) that before formal steps were taken by the hierarchy Newman would of his own accord 'stump the country,' and preach and lecture on the importance of the scheme. And now he found that Newman would only take action with the Archbishops' explicit sanction.

Newman's excessive sensitiveness and reserve here played into the hands of Dr. Cullen. A man of rougher fibre would probably have insisted on receiving his commission from the Bishops to begin work without further delay, or perhaps a policy of greater activity and initiative on his own part would have been a more successful course. 'Newman,' said the late Cardinal Maccabe, 'expected the mountain to go to Mahomet. Therefore he failed.' But he could not help being conscious that he had done a great favour to the Irish Bishops, and he could not bring himself to urge claims of his own which ought, he felt, to have been realised on all hands without any word from him.

'I doubt not the question recurred to me,' he writes in the Notes, "Are they doing me a favour in sending for me from

I was myself at work, others would do things instead of me. Thus Mr. Bianconi bought the University House without my knowing anything about it; and officials were appointed without my knowledge; not only Dr. Taylor, but Mr. Flannery, whom Dr. Cullen made "the Dean" of the University, an office which did not come into my list of places, and whom, when I found I could not dispense with him, I contrived to accommodate to my own plan of offices, by giving the word "Dean" a different meaning. Dr. Cullen meant these men to advise and to control me, and to be at once his own informants [about] what was doing, and his own secretaries to correspond with me. As Dr. Taylor was intended to give me counsel, so afterwards he was accustomed to say "Ask Mr. Flannery"; "Have a meeting with Mr. Flannery and Dr. Leahy two or three times a week," and I found Mr. Flannery and Dr. Ford knew of the appointments which were in contemplation by Dr. Cullen, such as the appointment of a new Vice-Rector, and were able to communicate the tidings to others, before I had had from the Archbishop or anyone else any hint or warning on the subject. It was plain then that the longer I was kept from Ireland, the more I should find my action anticipated, and my work obstructed by the proceedings of others.'

England, or am I doing them a favour by coming?" Certainly it was very hard that I should be bound, for no end of my own, to leave my own dear *nidulo* in the Oratory, and plunge into strange quarters in order to wait at Episcopal doors, and to overcome prejudices against myself and the scheme of a University, which were nothing to me, whether they grew in strength or were dissipated. If the Bishops did not want me, they might lump me.'

Early in January 1853, however, Newman did write urgently to Dr. Cullen that he must have his formal commission from the Bishops without further delay—the Bishops were, he knew, to meet in the course of the month. Newman's general feeling may be gathered from his own Retrospective Notes at this point.

'The time of the meeting came and went, and no answer from Dr. Cullen. So I wrote again on February 3rd,—that is, after an interval of nearly three weeks. I said that I must urge the Committee of the University to do *something* for me. Had they made a step at the last meeting? I must know *at once* what I had to do, in order to think over it between this and Easter? Again, "I must have full power; I could not act at all if I were crippled."

'I was now in the sixteenth month of my appointment, and nothing was told me when I was to begin or what I was to do. I had written two letters to Dr. Cullen six months before, and two letters now, and could not get, I will not say information, but, a reply from him. I can understand he had great difficulties in moving; but I cannot understand his not plainly telling me so. He might have written frankly to me; "You won't be wanted for a year to come at least, for we must have a synodal meeting of the Bishops; I really don't know when you will be wanted, and I cannot tell quite what your powers will be; I don't think you should have the appointment of Vice-Rector, &c., &c." But I suppose it is what he had learned at Rome,—to act, not to speak,—to be peremptory in act, but to keep his counsel, not to commit himself on paper; to treat me, not as an equal, but as one of his subjects.

'Certainly he had great difficulties; I should have sympathised with them if he had told me of them; but, even now, I can only conjecture them. As time went on he seemed hurt that I was not of his party against Dr. McHale. I wished to be of no party; but I should, with the utmost difficulty, have kept myself from throwing myself into his,

more than my sense of propriety and my judgment dictated, if he had opened himself to me. Dr. McHale was really a great trouble to him. He himself was a stranger to Ireland, and the Bishops looked at him on his coming from Rome with the same jealousy and apprehension as the English Bishops had looked on Dr. Wiseman. My personal friends wanted me, (because they thought I must sooner or later) to come into collision with "the great Archbishop of the West," as a necessary step to a certain success, and, had Dr. Cullen made himself kind and dear to me, I suppose I should have taken this task off his shoulders.'

In March Newman wrote again to Dr. Cullen: 'I am grateful for the rest you have given me, and now I shall be grateful if you put an end to it as soon as possible.' But he received no reply.

Newman's inactivity gave in some quarters the impression that the University scheme was abandoned, and it was proposed that he should be appointed to the English See of Liverpool or Nottingham. A letter written, but never sent, to Dr. Cullen on this subject throws yet further light on his feeling at the time:

'To place me in an English See is simply to take me from Ireland. . . . I feel most deeply and habitually that the office of a Bishop is not suited for me. Some things one is fit for, others one is not fit for. To say I am not a thorough theologian, and that I know nothing of Canon Law, is obvious; I do not urge what is plain to anyone. But more than this, I have not the talent, the energy, the resource, the spirit, the *power of ruling* necessary for the high office of a Bishop. This is neither humility nor modesty, but plain common sense. If I am taken from the University I am taken from a position where I can do something to an office where I can do little or nothing. I am in a new element. I have never been in power in my life. My mode of influence is quite in another line. And I am sure I should get so oppressed with a sense of my responsibilities and my shortcomings that I should have my spirit broken. Every instrument is fitted for its own work;—a spade, a trowel, a sword, a razor, each has its own use. I trust it will not please them at Rome to throw me away when they might turn me to account.'

Not until October 1853 did the meeting of the University

Committee take place. Newman at last received a summons to Ireland, and 2,000*l.* was placed in his hands.

But the action of the Committee, even when it did put an end to the delay, did not satisfy Newman.

'I was disappointed, desponding, and sore,' he writes. 'The Committee, *magno hiatus*, had done very little. They had called me over to Ireland, but they had done nothing to set me off. What would the public know about a Resolution passed in a private room in Ormond Quay?—a Resolution which was really the act of two men, Mr. O'Reilly and Dr. Taylor. It gave me an excuse for coming if I wished to come, but I did not wish to come if the direct act of coming was to proceed from me. I did not wish to obtrude myself on Dublin. I expected to do a favour to others by coming, not to benefit myself.

'My feeling was this,—I had now been appointed Rector for two years, and nothing had been done. If, for the first of the two, the Achilli trial kept me from Ireland, yet many things might have been done in Ireland to smooth such difficulties as were sure to beset me when I did come. For two years Dr. Cullen had met my earnest applications for information or a settlement of particular points, or the expression of my views and wishes, by silence or abrupt acts. He had written to me, I think, once. He did not even correspond with me through a secretary. He made a stranger to me my secretary, and obliged me to pick up the crumbs of his words or doings by means of him. The *éclat* of the (National) Synod of Thurles in 1850 and of the Pope's Brief had passed away. My Lectures in Dublin in May, 1852, which Dr. Cullen had sanctioned by his presence were a flash in the pan. His presence at them had been, I think, the only public recognition of me, since I had been appointed Rector.

'If in the coming January I went over to Ireland as I proposed, I should seem to be acting on my own hook. I should be an Englishman taking upon himself to teach the Paddies what education was, what a University, and how it was their duty to have one with me for a Rector; I should seem to be carrying out, not a great Council's resolve, but a hobby of my own,—to be a propagandist, not an authoritative superior, a convert, without means, looking out for a situation and finding and feathering a nest from the pockets of the Irish, with an outlay for me and my surroundings to the tune of 5,000*l.* per annum. That I intended to make

a good thing of it was actually said; and Dr. Cullen himself in the autumn of 1854, when so many of the Birmingham Fathers were at Dalkey, remarked to me that such a place was a more desirable home than a back street in Birmingham.

‘I felt then that I could not go over to Dublin at all, unless I was distinctly called there by the Irish Episcopate, or in some other formal and public way.

‘Fancy my skulking about Ireland and acting upon its classes in various districts, I being a foreigner, unrecognised by the Bishops, with nothing to say for myself. It would be like an Anglican parson of Oxford going about taking confessions in the dioceses of Canterbury or Worcester.’

It was not until January 4, 1854, that Dr. Cullen at last wrote undertaking to arrange for such a public summons of Newman to Ireland as he desired. The month of January 1854, indeed, held out fair promise of putting an end to Newman’s trying period of suspense. Newman had written to Cardinal Wiseman, who was in Rome, and told him of his difficulties. Wiseman had probably heard of them from other sources, and had already placed before Pius IX. the urgency of the Irish University question. The Holy Father took up the matter with vigour, and promised to strengthen the hands of the promoters of the University with a fresh Brief. Moreover, the difficulty which Newman had found in maintaining his independence had apparently brought home to Dr. Wiseman the necessity of giving the Rector ecclesiastical rank equal to that of the Irish Bishops, and at Wiseman’s suggestion the Pope decided that the Oratorian was himself to be raised to the Episcopate. The following letters and documents collected by Newman, and his own comments appended, mark the further course of events.

The Cardinal’s letter to Dr. Cullen, forwarded by him to Newman, was as follows:

‘Private & Confidential.’

‘Rome: 27th Dec. 1853.

‘My dear Lord,—His Holiness . . . has several times spoken to me with the greatest interest, and I may say anxiety, about the University. He desires much to see it commence, and is ready to come forward with the authority to overcome all obstacles. His Holiness thinks indeed that

Apostolical Letters should give its foundation, and has several times repeated that, if the materials for them were supplied, he will issue them.

'It appears to me that, if your Grace thinks well, . . . a preliminary Brief might be issued, approving in general terms the foundation of such an institution in Dublin, confirming Dr. Newman as Rector, giving to such persons as you may name the power to elect Professors, authorizing the beginning with so many Faculties or classes to be increased, giving the power of conferring degrees, as is done in such and such Colleges and Universities, by way of a temporary rule, and reserving to a future constitution the final approval of rules, regulations, &c. "Vedo," the Pope said to me a few days ago, "che bisogna che il primo colpo venga del Papa." If your Grace thinks so too, the thing is done.'

'I sent an answer at once,' Newman writes in the Notes, 'proposing to Dr. Cullen that I should go at once to Rome myself. My Memorandum in the Journal of University matters, which I had shortly before this time begun to keep, runs thus:

"*January 15 (1854) answered, proposing I should go at once to Rome. My reasons are, (1) I fear the Cardinal will do too much, and that we shall have a University set up, before we know where we are; at all events, that something would be done different from what is wanted. (2) I shall be able to leave the matter in Manning's hands then,*" (who at that time was in Rome), "*but I cannot put it into them without talks with him. (3) I cannot really do anything in Ireland till the Brief comes, and now Dr. Cullen presses me to go to Ireland at once, while it is coming.*" (which I did not relish). "*If I don't go to Rome, it won't be done so quickly; meanwhile, I shall have a long kicking my heels and time-wasting in Ireland, when I am so wanted here,*" (i.e. in Birmingham). "*(4) I shall come back from Rome with a prestige, as if I had a blunderbuss in my pocket.*"

'I continue:

"*January 19. Letter from Dr. Taylor saying that the Archbishop thought it better I should not go to Rome just now; that he expected a letter from Propaganda, and wished me to be with him when it came. He added: 'He thinks it most probable that the issuing of the Brief, whenever it do take place, will be accompanied by some mark of distinction to yourself as its Rector. To this you could not, for the sake of the University, offer any opposition. That being so,*

it would appear more appropriate that you should not be on the spot' (at Rome) 'at the time; but should defer your visit until after the first step is taken there, and then go to perfect whatever you might consider still calling for improvement.'

"Cardinal Wiseman writes from Rome on January 20th, 1854. 'From the first audience I had of the Holy Father, I did not hesitate to say that the University would never,—could never,—be started except by a Pontifical Brief, and that so great a work deserved and required this flowing from the Fountain of Jurisdiction. His Holiness said that, if materials were furnished him, he would gladly issue such a document. He spoke to me again and agreed in the same conclusion.

"At a third audience I begged to make a suggestion, long on my mind, and about which I consulted Archbishop Cullen at Amiens, and obtained his hearty concurrence. Indeed, I had mentioned it in England,—I think to H. Wilberforce. It was that His Holiness would graciously please to create you Bishop *in partibus*, which would at once give you a right to sit with the Bishops in all consultations, would raise you above all other officers, professors, &c., of the University, and would give dignity to this (the University) itself, and to its head. The Holy Father at once assented. I wrote to Dr. Cullen, and authorized his Grace to tell you as much as he thought proper. . . .

"This day I had another audience, in which His Holiness graciously told me that he has commissioned Mgr. Pacifici (who has been ill since October) yesterday to draw up a Brief, establishing the University, and naming Archbishop Cullen, Chancellor; and, smilingly drawing his hands down each side of his neck to his breast, he added: "e manderemo a Newman la crocetta, lo faremo vescovo di Porfirio, o qualche luogo." This was spoken in the kindest manner. Of course Porphyrium was only an *exempli gratia*, as it is filled up. But I thought it might be pleasing to you to have the Pope's own words. . . .

"Ever since the Achilli judgment I have felt that a mark of honour and favour, and an expression of sympathy from the Church was requisite, and this seemed to me the proper mode of bestowing it.

"I have only one thing to add,—that I request the consolation and honour of conferring on you the proposed dignity, when the proper time shall come. . . .

"I will offer no congratulations as yet. You will use quite your own discretion about this letter.

"Yours ever affectionately in Christ,

N. CARD. WISEMAN."

'This letter,' continues Newman in the Notes, 'was a great satisfaction to me. I really did think that the Cardinal had hit the right nail on the head, and had effected what would be a real remedy against the difficulties which lay in my way. I wrote to Dr. Grant of Southwark, (who congratulated me on the Pope's intention,) that I never could have fancied the circumstances would exist such as to lead me to be glad to be made a Bishop, but that so it was. I did feel glad, for I did not see, without some accession of weight to my official position, how I could overcome the *inertia* and opposition which existed in Ireland on the project of a University.'

Newman's reply to Cardinal Wiseman, dated February 1, ran as follows:

'Your Eminence's letter arrived yesterday evening, the very *anniversary* of the day of my having to appear in Court, and of the sentence from Coleridge. And to-morrow, the Purification, is the sixth Anniversary of the establishment of our Congregation, and completes the fifth year of our settlement in Birmingham. As to the Holy Father's most gracious and condescending purpose about me, I should say much of my sense of the extreme tenderness towards me shown in it, did not a higher thought occupy me, for it is the act of the Vicar of Christ, and I accept it most humbly as the will and determination of Him whose I am, and who may do with me what He will. Perhaps I ought to remind your Eminence that, to do it, the Holy Father must be pleased to supersede one of St. Philip's traditions in our Rule, which runs thus:—*"Dignitates ullas nemo possit accipere nisi Pontifex jubeat."*

'As to yourself, I hope, without my saying it, you will understand the deep sense I have of the considerate and attentive kindness you have now, as ever, shown me. I shall only be too highly honoured by receiving consecration from your Eminence.'

'The Bishop of Southwark,' Newman continues in the Retrospective Notes, 'was not the only Bishop who paid me compliments on this occasion. Dr. Ullathorne, too, as might be expected, after having made a too eulogistic speech about me on a public occasion at Birmingham (on which occasion, to the surprise of all present, he called me 'Right Reverend'), on my writing to thank him, replied to me in the following terms:

'*"February 8th, 1854. The announcement in your kind note does not take me by surprise. I had a hint of His*

Holiness's intention a fortnight since, and it appeared to me that the Episcopacy was the suitable mode of expressing the estimation which both His Holiness and the Catholic Episcopacy entertain of you. And, whilst the dignity so conferred as to make the distinction peculiar will be universally applauded, so it will be useful to the University, and to your own position in reference to that arduous but important undertaking. . . . The report of your elevation has been rumoured through England for some time. . . . I hope that, when you receive your Briefs, some of the brethren will tell me; and, as I suppose that it is the last time I shall ever give you my blessing, I do it very heartily.

“Your devoted brother in Christ, &c., &c.”

‘On February 12th, Father Stanton, of the London Oratory, wrote to me a letter beginning thus:

“My dearest Father,—We have just heard the certain information of the reports about the Bishopric. We feel the great propriety of the thing on a thousand grounds, and, therefore, rejoice heartily at it. I have no doubt it will be greatly for the good of the University. I suppose the consecration will not be at present, as I imagine you have to send your acceptance, and choice of See; and then the Bulls have to be issued. We are all for Ptolemais, &c., &c.”

‘Various friends made me costly presents in anticipation of the requirements of a Bishop. The Duke of Norfolk sent me a massive gold chain. Mrs. Bowden, a cross and chain of Maltese filagree work. Mr. Hope-Scott, a morse for a cope, ornamented with his wife's jewels, and Mr. Monsell, a cross.

‘So matters remained for some months. When I went to Ireland I made it known at Limerick and elsewhere that the Holy Father had designated me a Bishop.’¹

¹ Newman adds in the notes the following illustrations of the fact that his nomination to a Bishopric was public property:—

‘Under date of May 1st, 1854, Dr. Manning wrote to me from London:

“I got home last Thursday, and I cannot longer delay writing a few words to give you joy and to express my own, at the will of the Holy Father towards you. . . . It is the due and fitting end to your long life of work, and fulfils the words of the Chapter in the Office: “*Justum deduxit, et honestavit illum in laboribus et complevit labores illius.*”

‘On the 3rd of the same month I preached at the opening of the Church at Stone; and then Dr. Ullathorne treated me as a Bishop, refusing to give me the benediction before the sermon. Also, as late as June 8th, he addressed me a letter which runs as follows:

“My dear Lord,—I returned this day from the Continent, and found your

All seemed, for the moment, to promise well. Newman was designated Rector in a Papal Brief; his bishopric, which seemed assured, would give him the necessary ecclesiastical status; and all the powers he desired were promised. He reached Dublin on February 7, 1854. But his arrival was the occasion for the beginning of anxieties of a fresh kind. After two years spent in the endeavour to gain permission to begin his official investigations in Ireland itself with a view to setting the University in actual operation, the result of these investigations was anything but reassuring.¹ Mr. O'Hagan, afterwards Lord Chancellor, had already intimated that the educated laity were in favour of mixed education. And Newman knew that the laity had largely to be won over. But now he found that those of the clergy who were in his opinion best qualified to speak despaired of the success of a Catholic University.

'The day after my arrival,' he writes in the Notes, 'I called on Father Curtis, the Provincial (I think) of the Jesuits; or, at least, the Superior of the House in Gardiner Street. He was a man of great character and experience. I have the notice of my visit in my University Journal.'

"*February 8th.* Called on Father Curtis, who said, on the experience of thirty years, that (1) the class of youths *did not exist* in Ireland who would come to the University; that the middle class was too poor; that the gentleman class wished a degree for their sons, and sent them to Trinity College; and the upper class, who were few, sent their sons to English Universities, &c.; that many went abroad, i.e. to Belgium, until seventeen or eighteen. (2) That there were no youths to fill evening classes in Dublin, unless I looked to

kind note. I feel honoured by your proposal to inscribe my name on the books of the Irish University, and I, of course, accept the honour. One of the first questions I asked on reaching England was about your consecration; but I have not yet heard of the where and the when. . . ."

'And later still, on June 18th, Lord Shrewsbury wrote to me as follows about the University:

"My dear Lord Bishop elect,—May I request your Lordship to be so good as to allow my name to be put down as one of its members. . . . I suppose your Lordship intends getting a charter to confer degrees; and if any influence I possess with government might be of use, I put myself entirely at your disposition. . . . &c., &c. To the Right Reverend Dr. Newman."

¹ Doubtless it was largely this state of opinion in Ireland which had affected Dr. Cullen and made him slow to summon Newman.

the persons who frequented concerts, &c., &c.,—men, women and children. Part of this was said in answer to my own anticipation, that there would be a class of students answering to the day pupils of King's College, London. Also there would be the class who frequent the Mechanics' Institute, and who, being Catholics, would require some guidance in the midst of a Protestant population. Father Curtis ended by saying:

“My advice to you is this: to go to the Archbishop and say: Don't attempt the University—give up the idea.”

‘This was the greeting from the first ecclesiastic I called upon when, in consequence of the summons of the Committee in October, 1853, I found I was able to go over to Dublin.

‘Then as to Maynooth, the President, Dr. Keneham, was distinctly cold towards the project of a University; while Dr. Russell, under date of July 2nd, wrote to me:

“I explained to you when we last met how I myself have felt on the subject of the University, and how despondently I have looked on the prospects.”

‘What Dr. Ryan said, a few days after Father Curtis, the following extract from my journal will show:

“*February 24th-27th.* The Bishop of Limerick very strong against the possibility of the University answering. However, he has consented to have his name put down on the Book, on condition . . . that he should not be supposed to prophesy anything but failure.”

‘And two years and a half afterwards he sent me a message by Father Flanagan.

“You will never do any good with the University till you put yourself in connection with the Head of the Empire.”

‘Dr. Murray I never saw, and he was now gone; but he still spoke in such men as these. We must take things as they are. When a certain country is to be operated on, the opinions and judgments which are then expressed may be true or false, but they are facts and must be treated as facts—for they are materials which have to be used as instruments or as subjects. Men like Dr. Murray and Dr. Russell were of the most cultivated class in Ireland, as Father Curtis was among the most experienced. Of course, as good Catholics such men would not be slow to do all that they could do for any object on which the Holy Father had set his heart; but they had an omen of failure, damping all their endeavours if any of them were called to take part in the University.

'The same must be said as regards the lawyers who were the natural and actual allies of the class of ecclesiastics which I have been speaking of. Lucas had written me word in October, 1851, of the objection which Mr. Thomas O'Hagan (afterwards Lord Chancellor) made to the scheme of a University; and among them the opinions of the leading bishops who had acted with the lawyers in the days of O'Connell are prominent. "A feeling," he says, "on the side of Trinity College against a Catholic University is the historical feeling. For years under Dr. Doyle, mixed schools, that is, equal rights in education, were the cry. A bishop said the other day: 'Where is the line of demarcation to be drawn? How can separate education be carried on completely? When people are mixed and society is mixed, education must be mixed.'" These feelings I found to be in full possession of educated minds in 1854. At that time I had a conversation with Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, and on June 27th he wrote to me in answer. He says:

"On Saturday and Sunday I spoke to several of our leading men," (on the circuit? he writes from Longford) "and I think I may say that the suggestions which I ventured to make in our hurried conversation did not unfairly represent the condition of feeling and opinion which is, to some extent, to be encountered in its regard. Many Irish Catholics apprehend that the simple inscription of their names on its books might be taken to imply the abandonment of their opinions, and a compromise of their consistency."

'In like manner Mr. Monsell writes me word, September 5th, that he sends me "a disheartening letter from Mr. Fitzgerald, (now Judge.) Mr. Butler of Limerick, October 14th, says that Serjeant, now Judge, O'Brien has been endeavouring to induce some members of the Bar, who have scruples on the matter, to go together in a body and give their adhesion."

'The feelings of the lawyers were shared by the country-gentlemen, and that on various grounds, some of which I give instance of.

"I applied to Lords Kenmare, Castlerosse, and Fingall," writes Monsell on July 13th, "to give their names to the University, and was surprised to find that they objected to do so. I think their names of great importance."

'And I have a memorandum on March 1st, thus:

"Mr. Errington called. He said that Mr. James O'Ferrall had a more desponding view than ever of the University, from things which came out in the Maynooth

commission." I suppose, clerical jobs. "He thought there was simply no demand for it. He told me last November," I continue, "that the Catholic party had been obliged to move, in order to oppose the Queen's Colleges. Perhaps many will content themselves with their failures, looking on the project of a University merely as something negative." If this use of me was what called me to Ireland, viz. to be flung at the heads of the advocates of the Queen's Colleges, and not to introduce a positive policy, this might be a great object, but a very different one from that which filled my own mind.'

Here then was the position gradually brought home to him. A Catholic University was wanted as a political and ecclesiastical weapon against mixed education. For this purpose his name was a valuable asset. In this sense all the Bishops favoured the University. But as a practical project, in the interests of education, hardly any one took it seriously.

And, on the other hand, Cullen's ecclesiastical ideals had helped to estrange the laity from the University. Newman in his Notes quotes one influential lay correspondent as forecasting its probable character as that of 'a close borough of clergymen and a clerical village.' Another held its *object* to be that of 'placing Catholic education entirely in the hands of the clergy, and the exclusion of the laity from all interference.' Moreover, it was speedily perceived by Newman that the masses of the people, whose contributions were the pecuniary support of the venture, 'took no interest in any of the proceedings, and made their offerings when and would make them while they were told to do so by their Bishops, but no longer.' Such views, and absence of views, were indeed paralysing.

'For twenty years,' he wrote to St. John from Dublin at this time, 'I have said my work was that of raising the dead! I have said so in my fourth (now fifth) University Sermon, quoting Aeschylus before the movement of 1833 began. Well, if that was a raising of the dead, is not this Irish University emphatically more so? for all men almost tell me with one voice that nowhere in all Ireland are the youths to be found who are to fill it.'

To Mrs. W. Froude he writes: 'I have nothing to tell you about Ireland. The Pope is taking my part,—i.e., he is

making me a Bishop, but the great difficulty *between ourselves* is that, what with emigration, campaigning, ruin of families, and the *μικροψυχία* (pusillanimity) induced by centuries of oppression, there seems *no class* to afford members for a University—and next, there is a deep *general impression* that this is the case, which is nearly as hopeless a circumstance as the case itself, supposing that case to be a fact.’

Newman did not pause in his efforts for the new institution; but what could the opinions he gathered leave him of buoyant hopefulness? They seemed, he calmly writes, ‘to show that to plan its establishment was to attempt an impossibility.’

Nevertheless he set to work as best he could. He writes to St. John on February 17, 1854:

‘The first week I was here was simply lost, the Archbishop being away. Since then I have engaged one Lecturer, and almost another; both distinguished persons here. I have laid the foundations of a quasi Oratory with priests to confess the youths, and set up a debating society, etc. and have thrown lawyers, architects, painters, paperers, and upholsterers into the University house, with a view of preparing for our autumn opening.’

The next step was to see the Bishops personally—as his friend Mr. Lucas¹ had advised him. But bad weather and bad health made this enterprise but partially successful. Here is his note on the attempt.

‘With the assistance of Bradshaw I drew out the scheme of a tour which would comprehend them all, though I did not communicate my intention further than to be a little in advance of my natural progress in the announcements I sent to them. I wished, besides making their acquaintance, to learn something of the state of the Colleges and Schools, and to beat up for Professors and Scholars. I have still a portion of my projected itinerary. I was to start on Friday, the 17th, from Dublin for Thurles, thence to Kilkenny, Carlow, Waterford, Cork, and Killarney. This was to take a week. From Killarney I was to start on Friday the 24th for Limerick, thence to Galway by coach, thence to Athenry, Tuam, and Loughrea. From Galway in succession to Athlone, Mullingar, Navan, Drogheda, which

¹ The Editor of the *Tablet*.

I was to reach by the next Friday, March 3rd. Thence I was to proceed to Newry, Belfast, Balmena, Coleraine, and Londonderry.

‘It was the worst winter that the country had had since 1814; and I had been laid up, as early as the foregoing November, with one of those bad colds which began with me at Littlemore, and did not lose hold of me till about the year 1864. A second winter came on in February, and a second severe cold; and when I started from Dublin it was raining hard. I directed my course to Kilkenny in consequence. It was on Saturday the 18th.

‘It was extravagant to think of such a round of visits at that season, however seasonable the weather, but the weather was extraordinary. I was soon stopped short in my course. I got to Kilkenny in time for dinner at the Bishop’s,—Dr. Walshe,—and went on at night to the College at Carlow. There I remained over Sunday, calling on the Bishop,—Dr. Hely. On Monday morning the 20th I left for Dr. Foran’s at Waterford, the Bishop of the place. I remained there Monday and Tuesday, and in the evening of the 21st went off to Cork, to the Vincentians. On the 22nd I was called on by the Bishop, Dr. Delany, who lived, I think, in the neighbourhood. Thence I went to Thurles, and was the guest of the Archbishop,—Dr. Slattery—dining with Dr. Leahy at the College to meet a large party of priests. On the 24th I went to Limerick, to the Bishop’s,—Dr. Ryan,—with whom I remained till Monday, the 27th.

‘I had now seen six Bishops, and my progress was stopped. My cold had got worse and worse. I got very weak, and from Limerick my next step was a long coach journey to Galway. Nor was this all; I had neither food nor sleep; I could not sleep upon the feather-bedded curtained four-posters, and I could not eat the coarse and bleeding mutton which was the ordinary dinner, and I created remark, of course, do what I would, by going without it. With the prospect of a long coach journey and Dr. MacHale at the end of it, and the certainty of the same entertainment, coming all upon my indisposition, I felt it would be imprudent and useless to attempt more than I had done, and on the 27th I returned to Dublin.’

The sadness apparent in this retrospect was not incompatible with the very real appreciation at the time of the kindness of the Bishops and clergy, who received him (so he writes at the time to Hope-Scott) ‘with open arms.’ He also

appreciated the more humorous side of his Irish adventures. He used to describe with much appreciation his reception by Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick. The Bishop, to begin with, made it clear that he thought the success of a Catholic University independent of the State out of the question. But he proceeded to do honour to his distinguished English guest. In company with his clergy, he entertained Newman at a large banquet, and amid the convivial scenes of the evening rose and announced to the assembled company that he appointed Dr. Newman Vicar-General of the diocese. The announcement was received with thunders of applause, and the assembly broke out in songs of '98.

Other adventures are related by him in the following letter to Father Austin Mills:

'Cork: February 22nd, 1854.

'My dear Austin,—Though you are not Secretary, yet as Fr. Edward is a new hand, perhaps you will inform him how best to bring the following before the *Congregatio Deputata*. I submit part of a sketch of a new work, which must be submitted to *two Fathers*; I propose to call it "The doleful disasters and curious catastrophes of a traveller in the wilds of the West." I have sketched five chapters as below:

'1. The first will contain a series of varied and brilliant illustrations of the old proverb "more know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows."

'2. The second will relate how at Carlow a large party of priests was asked to meet the author at dinner, after which the said author, being fatigued with the day, went to sleep—and was awakened from a refreshing repose, by his next neighbour on the right shouting in his ear: "Gentlemen,—Dr. N. is about to explain to you the plan he proposes for establishing the new University,"—an announcement which the said Dr. N. does aver most solemnly took him utterly by surprise, and he can not think what he could have said in his sleep which could have been understood to mean something so altogether foreign to his intentions and habits. However, upon this announcement, the author was obliged to speak and answer questions, in which process he made mistakes and contradicted himself, to the clear consciousness and extreme disgust of the said author.

'3. Chapter third will detail the merry conceit of the Paddy who drove him from the Kilkenny Station, and who, instead of taking him to the Catholic Bishop's, took him to the Protestant Superintendent's palace, a certain O'Brien,

who now for 15 years past has been writing against him, the author, and calling him bad names,—and how the said carman deposited him at the door of the Protestant Palace, and drove away; and how he kept ringing and no one came; and how at last he ventured to attempt and open the hall door without leave, and found himself inside the house, and made a noise in vain—and how, when his patience was exhausted, he advanced further in and went up some steps and looked about him, and still found no one at all—all along thinking it the house of the true Bishop, and a very fine one too. And how at last he ventured to knock at a room door, and how at length out came a scullery-maid and assured him that the master was in London; whereupon, gradually, the true state of the case unfolded itself to his mind, and he began to think that had that Superintendent been at home, a servant would have answered the bell and he should 'have sent in his card or cartel with his own name upon it for the inspection of the said Superintendent.

'4. And the fourth chapter of the work will go on to relate how the Bishop of Ossory pleasantly suggested, when he heard of the above, that the carman's mistake was caused by a certain shepherd's plaid which the author had upon his shoulders, by reason of which he (the author) might be mistaken for a Protestant parson. And this remark will introduce the history of the said plaid, and how the author went to Father Stanislas Flanagan's friend, Mr. Geoghegan in Sackville Street, and asked for a clerical wrapper, on which the said plaid was shown him, and he objecting to it as not clerical, the shopman on the contrary assured him it was. Whereupon in his simplicity he bought the said plaid and took it with him on his travels and left behind him his good Propaganda cloak; and how now he does not know what to do, for he is wandering over the wide world in a fantastic dress like a Merry Andrew, yet with a Roman collar on.

'5. And the fifth chapter will narrate his misadventure at Waterford—how he went to the Ursuline convent there and the Acting Superior determined he should see all the young ladies of the school, to the number of seventy, all dressed in blue, with medals on,—some blue, some green, some red—and how he found he had to make them a speech and how he puzzled and fussed himself what on earth he should say impromptu to a parcel of school-girls; and how, in his distress, he *did* make what he considered his best speech; and how, when it was ended, the Mother school-mistress did

not know he had made it, or even begun it, and still asked for his speech. And how he would not, because he could not, make a second speech; and how, to make it up, he asked for a holiday for the girls; and how the Mother school-mistress flatly refused him, by reason (as he verily believes) because she would not recognise and accept his speech, and wanted another, and thought she had dressed up her girls for nothing; and how he nevertheless drank her raspberry vinegar, which much resembles a nun's anger, being a sweet acid, and how he thought to himself, it being his birthday, that he was full old to be forgiven if he could not at a moment act the spiritual jack pudding to a girls' school.

'This is as much as I have to send you. Would you kindly add your own criticisms and those of the two Fathers?

'Love to all.

Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.'

Newman returned to England on March 20, and opened the Brompton Oratory on the 22nd. Two brief visits to Ireland were made in April and May—the earlier being on the occasion of the consecration of Dr. Moriarty, afterwards his fast friend, as Bishop of Kerry. On June 3 he crossed the Channel again for his formal installation as Rector, which took place on the following day—Whitsunday.

'I have just got home after the ceremony,' he writes to St. John. 'Henry Wilberforce is sitting by me. . . . The Church was more crowded than ever known. The Archbishop ended with a very touching address to me. How I am to continue in Birmingham (*entre nous*) turns my head.'

The opening of the School of Philosophy and Letters was fixed for November 3 following.

After a holiday spent in England, Newman returned to Ireland on September 5. His English friends long remembered his sadness and his resignation. When he had previously thought of resigning if Dr. Cullen refused to grant certain concessions, he had written to Mr. Hope-Scott: 'I believe it will not come to this. I believe I shall get my way and plunge myself *apertis* if not *siccis oculis* into the deep, with its *monstra natantia*.' And now the plunge was taken, and the eyes were tear-stained. He was for years to come

'harnessed as a horse to a cart'—he often returned to this metaphor—to a scheme in the possibility of which he had already come to have little or no belief. The School of Philosophy and Letters was duly opened in November. Newman chose as the subject for his inaugural address 'Christianity and Letters.' The address is well known. It was a forcible plea for the study of the classics as an instrument of mental cultivation. And he urged that the liberal arts, as being part of the Roman civilisation out of which Christianity grew, were the normal and proper means of cultivating the Christian intellect.

How many of his auditors, it may be wondered, observed the note of pathos and despondency which almost unintentionally introduced itself into his peroration? The lecture was written, as the occasion demanded, to celebrate 'the great undertaking which we have so auspiciously commenced'; he did his very best to assume the attitude of hopefulness which the inauguration of a great enterprise imperatively demanded; but his tone could not in the event sustain the note of confident anticipation. Neither could he bring himself to adopt the position of active antagonism to the Queen's Colleges which Dr. Cullen desired. Moreover, the temporary character of his own connection with the new University was emphasised in this his first public address to its members.

'For myself,' he said, 'I have never had any misgiving about [the scheme], because I had never known anything of it before the time when the Holy See had definitely decided upon its prosecution. It is my happiness to have no cognizance of the anxieties and perplexities of venerable and holy prelates, or the discussions of experienced and prudent men, which preceded its definitive recognition on the part of the highest ecclesiastical authority. It is my happiness to have no experience of the time when good Catholics despaired of its success, distrusted its expediency, or even felt an obligation to oppose it. It has been my happiness that I have never been in controversy with persons in this country external to the Catholic Church, nor have been forced into any direct collision with institutions or measures which rest on a foundation hostile to Catholicism. No one can accuse me of any disrespect towards those whose principles or whose policy I

disapprove; nor am I conscious of any other aim than that of working in my own place, without going out of my way to offend others. If I have taken part in the undertaking which has now brought us together, it has been because I believed it was a great work, great in its conception, great in its promise, and great in the authority from which it proceeds. I felt it to be so great that I did not dare to incur the responsibility of refusing to take part in it.

‘How far, indeed, and how long, I am to be connected with it, is another matter altogether. It is enough for one man to lay only one stone of so noble and grand an edifice; it is enough—more than enough—for me if I do so much as merely begin what others may more hopefully continue. One only among the sons of men has carried out a perfect work, and satisfied and exhausted the mission on which He came. One alone has with His last breath said “Consummation est.” But all who set about their duties in faith and hope and love, with a resolute heart and a devoted will, are able, weak though they be, to do what, though incomplete, is imperishable. Even their failures become successes, as being necessary steps in a course, and as terms (so to say) in a long series which will at length fulfil the object which they propose. And they will unite themselves in spirit, in their humble degree, with those real heroes of Holy Writ and ecclesiastical history, Moses, Elias, and David; Basil, Athanasius, and Chrysostom; Gregory the Seventh, St. Thomas of Canterbury, and many others, who did most when they fancied themselves least prosperous, and died without being permitted to see the fruit of their labours.’

CHAPTER XII

PROGRESS OF THE UNIVERSITY (1855-1857)

NEWMAN settled down to the routine work of the University. He had lodged at first in Rutland Square, when he gave the lectures of 1852, but soon moved—so he tells us in his Notes—and lived ‘as a boarder in Dr. Quinn’s school in Harcourt Street.’ He kept his rooms from that date until he removed in the same year into Mrs. Segrave’s house in the same street, which he rented. This was his house when he came to reside in Dublin, and here he often invited his friends to breakfast or dine with him.

Keeping house was a new experience to him, and not entirely congenial. ‘I have no plate here,’ he writes to Henry Wilberforce in November 1854, ‘but a few electro plated spoons and forks—and feel the full value of “*Cantabit vacuus &c.*” It is odd, I should begin to keep house at 53. For the first time I heard the cook (Martin Jones) call me “master.” It shocked me so much that I forbade the word and am to be called “the Rector,” “the Father,” anything or all things but it.’

A month later, after term had begun, we find him again writing to Henry Wilberforce, whose eldest son Arthur (afterwards Father Bertrand Wilberforce) wished to reside in Newman’s house in Dublin and attend the University lectures. The letter is hopeful in tone, but the figures it gives do not speak of any great success in obtaining undergraduates.

‘We are doing well here,’ he writes. ‘Our Inaugural Lectures are telling. We began with 17 youths in lecture—we have risen in the course of the term to 27. We commence next term with 33 certain. I have 8 in my house. It is impossible for me now to take Arthur for some time, and that is why I wrote to you about him before I was so full.

He may well wait at Ushaw. I am to have in my house 2 English, 2 Irish, and 2 French & 2 Scotch.'

Newman threw himself with keen interest into his work. It is clear that the idea of the University as an intellectual and spiritual centre was prominent in his mind, and that he thought of its influence on society at large as well as on its *alumni*. He has left an interesting memorandum enumerating the principal objects which he endeavoured to accomplish during the term of his office. These were:

(1) The foundation of a University Church as a centre of influence on the cultivated classes in Dublin, as well as on the actual students of the University; and the foundation of an Oratory as its complement.

(2) A scheme for setting up a periodical organ of the University in the *Catholic University Gazette*.

(3) The establishment of medical schools, to which he hoped to add a school of science on a larger scale, an astronomical observatory and chemical laboratory.

(4) The special encouragement of Celtic literature.

Furthermore, he hoped to obtain a charter from the State which should make the University a corporation, and enable it to hold property; while the students could obtain their theological degrees from Rome, and degrees in science and arts from the Queen's University.

In some of these objects he succeeded, though not in all.

(1) The University Church was the development of a less ambitious project. He at first contemplated only a small chapel attached to his house in Harcourt Street as a suitable *locale* for University sermons. He felt that the pulpit afforded him a very special opportunity for influence, both moral and intellectual, on the educated classes. He coveted for this reason a position analogous to the Mastership of the Temple Church in London. On this subject Father Neville has left the following note:

'The Mastership of the Temple Church in London had always been regarded by Dr. Newman as his beau ideal of a position for religious influence. Oxford, he said, with all its advantages, had the drawback of being a place of but temporary residence, its members coming and going within a very limited time. Upon those who remained there long,

this gradual flowing away of those who had surrounded them, could not but have a most isolating effect, making them, as it were, more and more out of place; a disadvantage which, he said, must soon have applied to himself, had he remained there. At the Temple, however, was to be found an audience which for trained powers of mind was, perhaps, unique; an audience, moreover, that was unshifting, and thus able to follow the "Master's" current of thought year after year. Now Dublin also was famous for the number and the standing of its Lawyers; the Medical Faculty, too, was in high repute; he felt that he could do a work among these that he had not had the opportunity of attempting elsewhere; and he had the hope that his intended little Chapel, with the Rectorship of the University, would afford him a sphere of influence, the best that in his circumstances he could have. On one occasion reminding those who stood by him discussing this plan, how much he had done at Oxford with the aid of a few others, he said: "Was it not a good work I began in Adam de Brome's Chapel at Oxford? Why then should not just such another serve me here in Dublin, and I not do better work with the grace of being a Catholic?"

When he found himself unable to secure the premises he had wanted for his chapel, his thoughts passed to the more ambitious plan of a University Church and Oratory. He thought of these as a centre of influence for other preachers as well as himself. He had in mind as a precedent the University Sermons preached by select preachers at Oxford. He writes of this plan as follows:

'I thought—(1) Nothing was a more simple and complete advertisement of the University than a large Church open for worship; the cheapest advertisement, since, if self-supporting, it cost the University nothing, yet was perpetual and in the face of day. (2) It symbolized the great principle of the University, the indissoluble union of philosophy with religion. (3) It provided for University formal acts, for Degree-giving, for solemn lectures and addresses, such as those usual at the opening and closing of the Academical year, for the weekly display of the University authorities, &c., a large hall at once, and one which was ennobled by the religious symbols which were its furniture. (4) It interested the clergy in the University, the preachers being taken from all parts of the country.

'Further than this, I connected it in my anticipations with the idea I had, and which Hope-Scott suggested in his letter at the end of December, 1853, of founding an Oratory at Dublin. My notion was that an Oratory would be the religious complement of an Intellectual School; that it would not take part in the work proper to a University, but that it would furnish preachers and confessors for the University body, establish confraternities, and in all the many ways which the Church employs, counteract the dangers incident to a high school of learning and science, and a large collection of young men entering into life. When I went to Rome on Oratory business at Christmas, 1855-56, I brought the matter before Cardinal Barnabo, with the sanction and promise of aid of Dr. Cullen. He was to obtain for me a Brief. Whether he gave me a letter or promised to write to Rome about it, I do not know. Nothing came of my application.

'As early as 10th February, 1854, I find I got Dr. Moriarty to give me a list of preachers. In the second number of the *University Gazette*, 8th June, I say: "It is also proposed to open a University Church, for the solemn exercises of the Academical body, as time goes on, and for sermons on Sundays and other great Festivals at once. A list of University preachers is in preparation, and will appear with as little delay as possible."

It was some time before he was enabled to build the University Church. Dr. Cullen did not take up the idea warmly, and did not see his way to helping the scheme financially. At first it was thought that some existing church would serve the purpose, and St. Audeon's in the High Street was proposed as a suitable building. But this plan broke down, and in the end the present beautiful church at Stephen's Green was built by Newman himself, who utilised for the purpose a portion of the excess of the money subscribed for the expenses of the Achilli trial over what was actually required to meet them.

'In November, 1854,' he writes, 'I got acquainted with Mr. Pollen, Professor (honorary) of the Fine Arts, and I employed him as my architect, or rather decorator, for my idea was to build a large barn, and decorate it in the style of a Basilica, with Irish marbles and copies of standard pictures. I set about the building at once, and it was solemnly opened on May 1st, 1856.'

This church was a source of great satisfaction to Newman. His critical interest in it, as well as his appreciation of its beauty, are visible in a letter to Mr. Pollen dated November 9, 1856:

'The apse is magnificent,' he writes, 'that is the word—it is not yet quite splendid. The green marble behind the candles is faulty in two ways. (1) It is too dark, and, if expensive, is thrown away—and (2) the line of its finish, too abrupt. The pattern of my glass is very good, but it wants (what the ground will have) colour, to connect and harmonize the testudo with the alabaster. The Cartoons, to my eye, require a ground above them, perhaps round them; but I expect you will differ. The chandeliers promise very well. Altogether it is most imposing—I should like to hear what others say. . . .

'P.S. I have come from High Mass. The more I looked at the apse, the more beautiful it seemed to me—and, to my taste, the church is the most beautiful one in the three Kingdoms. The day is a dark one, and I wanted it light.'

Newman devoted the greatest care to the services, the music, the ceremonies, the vestments; and he looked forward, as Father Neville testifies, to his church being perfect in these respects. The church itself, in its style and decorations, was the outcome of his own suggestions, the ancient churches of Rome serving him largely as a model. It was in this church that he preached a considerable number of the discourses published afterwards under the title of 'Occasional Sermons.'

(2) As to the *University Gazette*, Newman hoped that it 'would contain a record of the University proceedings, would be a medium of intelligence between its governing body and members, would give a phantasia of life to it in the eyes of strangers, and would indoctrinate the Irish public in the idea of a University.' 'I commenced it,' he writes, 'contemporaneously with my own installation in June, 1854, and inserted in it the papers on Universities which I had written with a view to it in the Spring of the year.' Newman edited the *Gazette* himself for a year, and printed in its pages the very important Essays and Historical Studies afterwards republished under the title of the 'Idea of a University,'¹ and now

¹ This title was afterwards transferred to a volume containing the Lectures on the *Scope and Nature of University Education*, and other Dublin lectures of a later date.

contained in the third volume of his 'Historical Sketches.' It was afterwards edited by Mr. Ornsby.

'It fully answered my expectations,' writes Newman of the *Gazette*, 'while it was in my hands; afterwards it fell off and came to an end.'

(3) The Medical School House in Cecilia Street was a complete success, and survives to this day. It was purchased by Newman in the summer of 1856, at the instance of Dr. Ellis, and it proved an immense boon in training Catholic practitioners, and securing work for them.

'This House served another purpose besides that which was its direct service to us,' Newman writes. 'It put our Medical Faculty in a bodily, visible shape before the Dublin public, and thus did for the University in regard to that important department what the Church was to do as regards theological and religious teaching. And it came into operation at once, for the Theatre, Dissecting Rooms, etc., etc., were all in order and recent use, whereas the Church was not built and opened till the Spring of 1856.'

Mr. W. K. Sullivan made the additional suggestion of a Medical Lodging House for the protection of the young medical students from the moral dangers of a large city.

The Medical Schools from the first promised success, and Newman very soon conceived the idea of developing them, so as to form a complete school of science. In this bold idea he had the concurrence of Mr. Sullivan. He writes as follows on the subject:

'Mr. Sullivan, whose advice I acted under, was all through my time of great assistance to me. His views were large and bold, and I cordially embraced them. The old routine was to depend on external support, prestige, authority, etc., and of course such helps are not to be despised; but they are not all in all, nor are they imperative. It was a great point to gain the Medical House, but it was not everything. Dr. Ellis did well in getting it for us, but he had little idea of making ventures. I have the following note in my Journal, under the date of 25th January, 1855: "I have had a talk with Mr. Sullivan about the Medical Professorships. He took quite a different line from Mr. O'Reilly (Surgeon), and Mr. Ellis, etc., who had said, 'Who will you get to come until you get a whole *school*?' for your certificate

will not be taken.' But he took the line, 'Raise up something good, and people will come; the supply will create the demand.' And he said that there were three provinces unknown in the United Kingdom, except that something has been lately doing in Edinburgh, viz., Physiology, Pathology, Pharmacy. He was for employing German Professors (Catholics); he said they were good Catholics." He and Dr. Lyons were the movement party among the Medical Professors afterwards, and Drs. Ellis, Haydn, and Swiny the conservative.

'The establishment of a good School of Science was one of the foremost objects which I kept in view. I consulted the Observer (Manuel Johnson) at Oxford about an Astronomical Observatory; and he wished me rather to establish a Meteorological (*vide Journal*, p. 41). This I tried to do, with Mr. Hennessy for Professor; but I never was able even to begin it.

'A Chemical Laboratory I fitted up in the Medical House at a considerable expense in 1856.'

The *Atlantis* magazine—of which more shall be said later on—was designed as an aid to the scientific department of the University. 'It was started,' Newman writes, 'with the object of encouraging our scientific labours, and forming the faculty, and making its members work together, and advertising the University. The literary portion of it was necessary as padding, because science does not deal in words, and the results of a year's experiments may be contained in one or two pages.'

(4) The subject of Celtic literature was suggested by Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, as one specially suitable to a University in Dublin, and Mr. Eugene O'Curry (a man of whom Newman speaks as possessing a unique knowledge of Celtic MSS.) was at hand to help the scheme forward.

Newman regarded the work done in the event by Mr. O'Curry as one of the real achievements of the University.

'Mr. O'Curry,' he writes, 'lectured for us and published one thick volume on the sources of Irish history; I think at the University's expense. I believe Mr. Sullivan, since his lamentable and unexpected death, is engaged in publishing a second. These are real works, and acquisitions which

would, to all appearance, have been lost to the world but for the University. Also, in the course of a year or two, I went to the expense of having a font of Irish type cast for the use of the University; there being up to that time only the Trinity College type, and I think one other.'

The question of State recognition for the University was of course a very grave one.

'The go-ahead Irish party,' writes Newman, 'were for giving Degrees at all risks, and in spite of consequences. I liked the idea of the latter course myself, but did not think we were up to it. If Bishops and University authorities as one man, adopted this policy without wavering, and with a stern determination to carry it out, I should have been for it, but this not only was not likely, but I knew they would not; the feeling of our English friends was so strong against it. And, moreover, I have no clear view what was the good of conferring Degrees till we have a name, though of course the two years which would be gained in preparation time for being called to the bar was no slight advantage. But on the whole Irish schools, etc., would take out testamurs and honours, whether they had legal value or not. What I most inclined to was the Louvain plan, which was the more to the purpose because our University was set up in our Brief after the pattern of Louvain. There Theological Degrees are given by power from Rome; and Degrees in other Faculties by passing examination before the State Board of Examiners. . . . Accordingly I wished the State to charter us so far as to make us a corporation and to enable us to hold property; and then we should have power from Rome for Theology and for Arts for Church purposes, and then our youths might go to the Queen's University for their Degrees in Arts, Medicine, and Law. As early as March, 1854, this idea was suggested to me. In my Journal, under date of the 16th, I note down: "Yesterday at All-hallows. It was suggested, as it had struck me already, that the Belgian way was a precedent for our getting Degrees by passing examinations before the Queen's University. Only, since in Belgium there is a Concordat, or the like, things must be very different from here, where Catholicism is ignored. Would the judges be fair to Catholics?" . . . I think it was in 1856 that I wrote a long letter to Monsell advocating the plan, and I spoke of it to many others, but it met with acceptance in no quarter.'

Newman always spoke of the absence of a charter and of State recognition as one among the causes of the failure of the University.¹

The Rector's work for the University did not prevent him from writing even on subjects unconnected with its conduct. Two characteristic literary efforts belong to the period of his connection with the University. 'Callista,' begun in 1849, and laid aside, was finished in 1856. His letters tell us no more than the bare fact; and the book is so well known that I shall say no more of it here. Less well known are the letters of 1854 on the Crimean War written to the *Catholic Standard* and signed 'Catholicus.' 'Who's to blame' for the disasters which marked the first months of the war?—this is the question he discusses.²

The most memorable passages from these letters are those in which Newman analyses the genius of the English Constitution and the characteristic temper of John Bull. The average Britisher was at the moment abusing soldiers, sailors, statesmen—everyone but himself—as responsible for the disasters. Yet Newman held that the British public was really more to blame than anyone else. John Bull, the free English citizen whose house was his castle, had decreed the war. That very British Constitution which was the offspring of the temper of John Bull and the protector of his liberties, hampered at every turn the executive, which had to wage the war for which John Bull himself had clamoured.

'England, surely,' he writes, 'is the paradise of little men, and the purgatory of great ones. May I never be a Minister of State or Field-Marshal! I'd be an individual, self-respecting Briton, in my own private castle, with the *Times* to see the world by, and pen and paper to scribble off withal to some public print, and set the world right. Public men

¹ After Newman's retirement in 1859 a deputation of Members of Parliament—Protestant as well as Catholic—among whom were Mr. Maguire, Mr. Deasy, and Mr. Bowyer (afterwards Sir George Bowyer), waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer (at that time Mr. Disraeli) with the request that the University should be given legal power to grant degrees. Nothing came at the time of the request; but it may be remembered that it was Mr. Disraeli himself who in 1879 gave Irish Catholics their first University endowment in connection with the Royal University.

² The letters were headed 'Who's to Blame?'

are only my *employés*; I use them as I think fit, and turn them off without warning. Aberdeen, Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Newcastle, what are they muttering about services and ingratitude? were they not paid? hadn't they their regular quarter-day? Raglan, Burgoyne, Dundas,—I can't recollect all the fellows' names,—can they merit aught? can they be profitable to me their lord and master? And so, having no tenderness or respect for their persons, their antecedents or their age,—not caring that in fact they are serving me with all their strength, not asking whether, if they manage ill, it be not, perchance, because they are in the fetters of Constitutional red tape, which have weighed on their hearts and deadened their energies, till the hazard of failure and the fear of censure have quenched the spirit of daring, I think it becoming and generous,—during, not after, their work, not when it is ended, but in the very agony of conflict,—to institute a formal process of inquiry into their demerits, not secret, not indulgent to their sense of honour, but in the hearing of all Europe and amid the scorn of the world,—hitting down, knocking over, my workhouse apprentices, in order that they may get up again, and do my matters for me better.'

In point of fact, the very idea of the British Constitution is that everything is to be done by the nation. Every class is to have a share in determining what is done. This secures liberty, but it is fatal to first-rate efficiency. And while in time of peace it prevents tyranny on the part of the executive, it hampers it hopelessly in time of war.

'Put a sword into the Ruler's hands, it is at his option to use or not use it against you; reclaim it, and who is to use it for you? Thus, if States are free, they are feeble; if they are vigorous, they are high-handed. I am not speaking of a nation or a people, but of a State as such; and I say, the more a State secures to itself of rule and centralization, the more it can do for its subjects externally; and the more it grants to them of liberty and self-government, the less it can do against them internally: and thus a despotic government is the best for war, and a popular government the best for peace.'

The main thesis he maintains is that a constitutional government cannot efficiently control a war, and should therefore be very slow to enter into one.

‘John Bull, like other free, self-governing nations, would undertake a little war just now, as if it were his *forte*,—as great lawyers have cared for nothing but a reputation for dancing gracefully, and literary men have bought a complex coat-of-arms at the Heralds’ College. Why will we not be content to be human? why not content with the well-grounded consciousness that no polity in the world is so wonderful, so good to its subjects, so favourable to individual energy, so pleasant to live under, as our own? I do not say, why will we go to war? but why will we not think *twice* first? why do we not ascertain our actual position, our strength, our weakness, before we do so?’

‘And now however circuitously I have answered my question, “Who’s to blame for the untoward events in the Crimea?” They are to blame, the ignorant, intemperate public, who clamour for an unwise war, and then, when it turns out otherwise than they expected, instead of acknowledging their fault, proceed to beat their zealous servants in the midst of the fight for not doing impossibilities.’

I could wish that materials were available for an adequate account of Newman’s personal influence during these years in Dublin. He held evening receptions for the young men of the town, at which he gave conferences. And he found opportunity for social intercourse with others. The influence he thus exercised was, so Father Neville used to say, memorable; though it was confined to a comparatively small group. Something of the old fascination—social, spiritual, and intellectual combined—which had enthralled the *élite* of Oxford in the later thirties seems to have made itself felt once again in Dublin, among members of a race especially appreciative of intellectual distinction and charm.

‘Newman often entertained members of the Irish clergy and laity to dinner at Harcourt Street,’ wrote the late Mr. John Pollen in a letter to myself. ‘Bishop Moriarty was, however, the only Bishop who came. The Rector talked especially freely and brilliantly with all these Irish friends, and keenly appreciated the wit and genius of some of them. He considered the Irish clergy (with whom he was very popular) on the whole to be large-minded, although there were some who shared Dr. Cullen’s less liberal attitude of mind. With myself and other Oxford friends he was fond of returning to Oxford memories and the halo of Oxford came

back to him very strongly at this time. He received from time to time distinguished visitors. Acton and Döllinger were greatly interested in Newman's work in Ireland, and I entertained both of them at my rooms.'

But there ever seems to have hung over the Rector the shadow of actual and prospective misunderstanding with the leaders of the Episcopate.

'Newman had a constant sense,' continues Mr. Pollen, 'that he was in a hornets' nest. Some of the Bishops did not give him his proper place—having a conception of their position which was incompatible with treating him as an equal. Newman on his side preserved towards them an attitude of painstaking politeness. He was also tried by the line taken by these prelates in respect of intellectual problems. "They regard any intellectual man as being on the road to perdition," he said.'

In point of fact, for various reasons, there was a cloud over his work from first to last.

No work can be carried on at all without some hope; and we find letters from Newman in the course of the three years of his effective Rectorship—for he ceased to reside at the end of 1857—in which he makes the best of things. But on the whole it is clear that he never seriously changed the view which he formed in February 1854, that, as a practical work, the University was doomed to failure. He hoped indeed against hope. He was slow to abandon without a fair trial the idea that Ireland with its great Catholic population might supply a University which should be to the Catholics of the Kingdom what Louvain was to the Belgian Catholics—the home of a liberal education enabling them to be a real power in the country in proportion to their numerical strength. But towards the realisation of this hope no event seemed to point. What good purpose then could be served by his continued service in a hopeless enterprise? But, moreover, incompatibility between the views of Dr. Cullen and of Newman made the prolongation of the experiment impossible. The year 1855 was nearly reached when the University was started; and in 1856 Newman definitely announced to Dr. Cullen that his resignation was to take place in the following year.

Nevertheless it may fairly be said that the reference in Newman's inaugural address to those saints 'who did most when they fancied themselves least prosperous and died without being permitted to see the fruit of their labours' was, in some respects, singularly apposite. The painful experiment afforded Newman an incentive to write at the call of duty on the most vital question of the hour for the interests of the Church—namely, how a thoroughly liberal education could be possible for Catholics, with their tenacity to tradition and strict views as to the rights of ecclesiastical authority, in face of the fresh vista of discoveries and the new view of the world which scientific history and physical science were opening up. Without such a call, as he often said, he could not bring himself to write at all. And without experience of the actual conditions of a Catholic University he could hardly have dealt with it practically and successfully.

I shall first set forth briefly the events which contributed to the failure of the experiment of Newman's Rectorship, and I will then give some analysis of his principal contributions to the science of Catholic education.

Although Newman believed that the success of the University was, according to all human calculations, almost impossible, still he meant to do his very best to falsify his own prediction. He bargained at the outset for a free hand as the only chance of carrying through what appeared so unpromising, and he regarded his position as a Bishop (as we have seen) to be quite essential. It would give him just that status which he required for dealing with a hierarchy whose habits of absolute rule might otherwise have denied him the required independence.

But one thing he had not counted on. It was Cardinal Wiseman and not the Irish Bishops who had induced the Holy Father to promise him a Bishopric. It was Cardinal Wiseman who had asked to be allowed to consecrate him. Those very traditions among the Irish Bishops which made the position of Bishop so necessary to him made it also, it would seem, unwelcome to some of them. And they stayed further proceedings in the matter by their representations in Rome. Let us read the story as told in Newman's own Notes:

‘When I saw Dr. Ullathorne first on his return from Rome, between June 8th and 12th (1854) he had said: “Why are you not consecrated? it depends on you. You have to name the time, &c., &c.” I perplexed him by my answer that I had not received the Briefs or any official intelligence of the Pope’s intention.

‘But long before this Dr. Cullen knew that I was not to receive the honour proposed. I judge so from the way in which he commented on the University Brief of March 20th. He had sent me word January 19th that the Pope most probably would *accompany* the issuing of the Brief by some “mark of distinction” in my favour, and Cardinal Wiseman told him distinctly that that distinction was elevation to the Episcopal dignity. To this I was to offer *no opposition*. But now, showing me the University Brief, he pointed out to me the words: “Newman, egregiis animi dotibus ornatus” &c., and said in an awkward and hurried manner: “You see how the Pope speaks of you—*here* is the “distinction.”

‘It was on the 12th of June that Dr. Manning wrote to me apropos of my formal installation as Rector on June 3rd, in these words:

“‘I give you joy on the beginning of your great work. On the point affecting yourself, I gathered (!) from the Cardinal (Wiseman) that it was thought right to wait till the University had a formal existence. This I suppose will be accomplished already by this inauguration.” I wonder what would have happened if I had refused, as another man might have done, to be installed until I was consecrated.

‘The Cardinal never wrote to me a single word, or sent any sort of message to me, in explanation of the change of intention about me, till the day of his death. His letter above transcribed¹ is the beginning and the end of his appearance in this transaction. His concluding words were that he hoped to have the consolation of consecrating me. Nor did Dr. Cullen, nor Dr. Grant, nor Dr. Ullathorne, nor any-one else ever again say one single word on the subject; nor did they make any chance remark by which I have been able to form any idea why that elevation which was thought by Pope, Cardinal, and Archbishop, so expedient for the University, or at least so settled a point, and which was so publicly announced, was suddenly and silently reversed.

‘My friends for a long time did not realize the fact [that the scheme was finally abandoned]. In February 1855 Dr. Ullathorne wrote to me:

¹ See p. 330.

“I cannot make out why certain Prelates should have opposed the Pope’s intentions already conveyed to yourself—how it can help the University or how it accords with so many precedents practised at Rome especially. I, of course, subscribe to the Pope’s judgment, though I do not see through it. I suppose it is but a present delay.”

‘On my return from Rome in February 1856, Badeley wrote to me under date of March 25th:

“I was in some hope that, when the Pope got you at the Vatican, he would take the opportunity to make you a Bishop, before he sent you home. When is this to be?”

‘Miss Giberne, to my great vexation, one day when she had an audience of the Pope, said without circumlocution what she had also said to Cardinal Antonelli: “Holy Father, why don’t you make Father Newman a Bishop?” She reported that he looked much confused and took a great deal of snuff.

‘Dr. Ullathorne referred to the catastrophe once in January 1860. He had just returned from Rome, and reported to Father Ambrose St. John the dissatisfaction of some Roman authorities with an article which I had written in the *Rambler* of July 1859. He said that he had excused me to Cardinal Barnabo on the ground that I had had a great deal to bear in various ways, and that I had been disappointed in a Bishopric. This seemed to make an impression on Cardinal Barnabo, for Dr. Ullathorne’s report was that, if I went to Rome and explained matters to the satisfaction of the Authorities, there was the prospect of my returning to England a Bishop.

‘For myself, I never asked anyone a single question from first to last on the subject, first of the delay and then of the abandonment of the intention. It never occupied my thoughts. The prospect of it faded out of my mind, as the delay was more and more prolonged. I felt that to be a Bishop then (in Ireland) would have singularly helped me in my work, but I should never have been able to resign if I had taken such wages; I might have been in Ireland till now. I am ever thankful to St. Philip for having saved me from this. “Sic me servavit Apollo.”’

The extraordinary apparent discourtesy of the proceedings just narrated undoubtedly cast a shadow on Newman’s work from the beginning. Moreover, while he disdained to move a finger in the matter, his anticipations were verified, and

the practical independence which he demanded as the condition of any chance of success for the University was not accorded to him. He found, on the contrary, that he was expected at every turn to get leave from the Bishops before acting in his official capacity. And if he omitted to do so he did not obtain from them the support on which he had counted.

At the very outset, when the University Professors were being engaged, Newman had found that the Archbishop was jealous of his English appointments, although Irishmen were in a large majority on his staff.¹ Dr. Cullen wrote a letter on September 30, 1854, with respect to Mr. Ornsby and Mr. Stewart, the Professors of Classics and Ancient History, urging that their positions should be temporary. In his *University Journal*, Newman notes this communication as 'having for its object apparently to get rid of Ornsby and Stewart.' He replied on October 1. He urged that men of talent were not likely to accept temporary appointments.

Again, when a few days later he notified to the Archbishops his purchase of the Medical School, Dr.

¹ The following is the first published list of Professors:

1. Dogmatic Theology, the Rev. Father Edmund O'Reilly, D.D., S.J.
2. Holy Scripture, the Very Rev. Patrick Leahy, D.D.
3. Archæology and Irish History, Eugene O'Curry, Esq., M.R.I.A. &c. &c.
4. Political Economy, John O'Hagan, Esq., M.A.
5. Geography, J. B. Robertson, Esq.
6. Classical Literature, Robert Ornsby, Esq., M.A.
7. Ancient History, James Stewart, Esq., M.A.
8. Philosophy of History, Thomas W. Allies, Esq., M.A.
9. Political and Social Science, Aubrey de Vere, Esq.
10. Poetry, D. Florence Macarthy, Esq.
11. The Fine Arts, J. H. Pollen, Esq., M.A.
12. Logic, David Dunne, Esq., D.D.
13. Mathematics, Edward Butler, Esq., M.A.
14. Natural Philosophy, Henry Hennessy, Esq., M.A.
15. Civil Engineering, Terence Flanagan, Esq., M.I.C.E.
16. French Literature, M. Pierre le Page Renouf.
17. Italian Literature, Signor Marani.
18. Practice of Surgery, Andrew Ellis, Esq., F.R.C.S.
19. Anatomy (i.) Thos. Hayden, Esq., F.R.C.S.I.
20. Anatomy (ii.) Robert Cryan, Esq., L.R.C.S.I. and K. and Q.C.P.I.
21. Physiology and Pathology, Robert D. Lyons, Esq., M.B.T.C.D. and L.R.C.S.
22. Demonstrator in Anatomy, Henry Tyrrell, Esq., L.R.C.S.I.
23. Demonstrator in Anatomy, John O'Reilly, Esq., L.R.C.S.I.

McHale complained that the Rector had exceeded his powers.¹

In spite of these initial difficulties the Medical School was opened, and the University was manned with a capable staff, before the formal inauguration of the School of Arts in November 1854, of which I have spoken in the last chapter. The inaugural lecture was a success; and for the moment Newman writes more hopefully to St. John—a brief letter in which his habitual recollection of anniversaries is apparent:

‘6, Harcourt St.: Nov. 22nd, 1854.

‘I was in bed this day year, and just getting up to preach. Every year brings its changes and mercies. (This day two years I was up on the Achilli matter, and Fr. Joseph took to his bed.) . . . Help us with a few Masses.

‘I am succeeding here better than I could have expected. Dr. Leahy’s inaugural lecture, as mine before it, has done us great good with Queen’s College Catholics and Protestants.

¹ Newman wrote thus to Dr. McHale in reply:

‘It would be a serious trouble to me to have it brought home to me that I had misconceived the powers which your Grace and the other Irish Prelates have in so flattering a way bestowed on me as Rector of the new University; and, if I have overstepped them in consequence, I beg to offer you my sincere and humble apology. . . .

‘The purchase of the Medical School was one of those measures which I certainly did think came upon me by virtue of my position. I never should have ventured to trouble the Bishops with a matter of business which was nothing else but a part of the work which they have imposed upon me; nor should I have been able to form any clear idea of my duties if I had been told that this was not included in them. Accordingly, I acted on my own responsibility. When, however, the negotiation was brought to a satisfactory issue, the feeling, never absent from me, that I am acting for the Bishops, prompted me on the other hand at once to acquaint you with my success, by way of offering to you an evidence that I was not idling at my post. Writing under these circumstances I wrote without form, and I did not keep a copy of my letter; I cannot, however, but be surprised and deeply pained to find that I have so expressed myself as to admit of the interpretation, foreign to my real meaning, which you have been led to give to my words.

‘As to the *ad interim* appointment of Professors and Lecturers, still more distinctly do I bear in mind that they rest with a power more authoritative than my own. . . . From the Bishops then I hold whatever powers I possess in the University. They have the appointment of Professors, and they can exercise their veto at their pleasure upon the names I present to them. But I am deliberately of opinion that, if they exercise it in any instance except on definite grounds, sufficient in the judgment of each other, they will be making the commencement of the University an impossible problem to anyone who is not far better fitted for the work than I am. Having many instances of their consideration, I do not fear any such misfortune.’

Ornsby follows to-morrow. Then again, the University Hall is getting on well.'

This hopeful tone was not sustained, although his letters to less intimate friends and his printed utterances in the *University Gazette* continued, until his actual relinquishment of office, to express what may be termed 'official' hopefulness. This was absolutely necessary, for its absence would have been quite fatal to the realisation of any faint possibility of useful work that existed.

The main causes which his correspondence brings before us of this deepened discouragement after the scheme had had a few months' trial were as follows.

Newman at the outset, as I have said, determined to gain for the laity a substantial position in the management of the University. Mr. More O'Ferrall in October 1854 wrote strongly on this subject to a friend, and Newman, to whom his letter was shown, replied with fullest concurrence, but pleaded that the appointment of lay professors was for the present the utmost step possible in the desired direction.

'If the laity determine to have any *immediate* recognition of their right in the administration,' he wrote, 'will it be possible to separate this abstract right contended for from a *de facto* interference with me on the other hand on the part of the *hierarchy*? One claim will provoke another. As soon as the question of Academical constitution is mooted, I am put under restraint; whereas, if the laity are but forbearing now, is it not certain that, when the provisional state ends, say in three or seven years, the laity, holding a good number of professorships, and being members of the University, must necessarily secure their due weight in the ordinary government? If they join the University now, they secure their due weight in it when it really deserves the name.'

Facts, however, did not point to the realisation of the hopes held out in this letter.

The ablest lay professors were, as I have already intimated, Englishmen or Young Irishmen; and of the influence of both these classes Dr. Cullen was jealous.¹

¹ Dr. Moriarty, it may be mentioned, wrote to Newman on May 1, 1855, strongly dissenting from Dr. Cullen's estimate of the Young Ireland party. 'I do not at all share,' he wrote, 'in Dr. Cullen's distrust of those he calls Young Irishmen. I hope his Grace will live to know them better.'

Early in the day Dr. Cullen urged Newman to keep the University free from the taint of Fenian tenets. 'I trust,' he wrote on January 12, 1855, 'you will make every exertion to keep the University free from all Young Irelandism of which the spirit is so evident in the *Nation*.'

To neither Englishman nor Young Irelander would Dr. Cullen give any power he could help. This soon became perfectly clear, and it meant the absence of lay influence. The consequences of this were soon felt. 'You do not see much of the laity,—I do,' Mr. Scrutton wrote to Newman in March 1855. 'I may tell you we are losing their support; and if the University is to be worth anything, we cannot do without them. Already James O'Ferrall declares he will subscribe no longer; and he will not ever contribute to the support of the University again unless he sees "things" as he calls it, "put into proper order." This means, unless he sees that the laity have a fair share of the government of the University, and unless he sees that the business part of the University is, to a great extent, in the hands of laymen. More O'Ferrall, O'Reilly, Barrington, and others sympathise strongly in the same view, especially the first.'

Next among the reasons for discouragement was the confirmation of Newman's fear that Dr. Cullen would not accord him the freedom for which he had stipulated in the appointment of Professors. The appointments of Ornsby and Stewart had been reluctantly assented to by Dr. Cullen, and now he declined to sanction the appointment of Mr. Thomas Arnold¹ as Professor of Literature. Newman wrote for advice to Manning on this point, speaking thus early in the day of resigning the appointment, which he had only actively held for a few months. Manning's reply shows that he considered that Newman's fears as to the significance of the objection to Mr. Arnold's appointment were somewhat exaggerated. But it also brings before us how distinctly the University was at that time contemplated as in intention the educational centre for English Catholics as well as Irish; and he suggested the transference of its site to England itself.

¹ The brother of Matthew Arnold and father of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

'I showed your letter to Hope¹ and Bellasis'—so Manning wrote in reply on April 12, 1855—'and I think their mind was as follows:

'1. That, if the present arrangement by which you have real power in the selection of men be destroyed by the influence of the opposite section, it would place you in a position in which you could not continue,—but,

'2. That this is not the state of the facts; nor, as we thought from all we hear of Rome, likely to be so; and that, as yet, there seems no danger of such an alternative: again,

'3. That if such a state of facts should arise, it would be advisable, before you give the slightest expression to your thought as to the future, to go in person to Rome, and to lay before the Holy Father the whole case from your point of view; with its consequent bearing on yourself.

'4. Lastly I add what has been always in my mind:

'If you should find the national element in Ireland insuperable, would it not be well to reconsider the site of the University? All your arguments of centrality would apply to the west coast of England as much as to the east of Ireland. From the first I have rather acquiesced than assented to the present site, except as a balance to the Queen's Colleges. In the sense of your paper on Attica in the 2nd and 3rd *University Gazette*, England is even more central to the Anglo-Saxon than Ireland.

'The difficulties of contributors would be overcome by the motives which would satisfy the Holy See.

'This alternative would, I hope, be considered before that of your resignation.'

A third source of constant difficulty which Newman notes was that, even apart from refusals to endorse his Professorial appointments, the Rector could get no answer at all from Dr. Cullen as to the arrangements which the starting of a new institution constantly called for.²

¹ James Robert Hope, afterwards Hope-Scott.

² On this point he consulted William Monsell; and to him too he spoke thus early of resignation as inevitable. Monsell, in his answer to Newman, treated Cullen's dilatoriness as simply a deficiency in knowledge of the laws of good manners. But Newman endorses his reply with a note expressing complete dissent.

'I account,' he writes, 'for Dr. Cullen's silence in another way. He had lived too long at Rome not to have known the received rules of courtesy as well as Monsell; but he had begun to treat me as one of his subjects, to whom no such observance of rules was due. I can't help thinking he learnt another rule from

The above difficulties belong to the first few months of the existence of the University. The sense of a great lack of public interest in the scheme (the chief cause of its failure) deepened in the second year—1856. Hardly any members of the best Irish families came. 'We never have had Irish youths,' Newman writes to Mr. Pollen in 1857, 'except one or two. Barnewall, Errington, White, I suspect are all. The rest are burses, English, Scotch, foreigners.' And the representative English Catholics as a body would not take up the new University at all. Such English students as came were chiefly the children of converts, who had personal reasons for supporting Newman. This was discouraging, and promised little for the future.

'I suppose one initial mistake,' Newman wrote to a friend, 'was the not associating the English Bishops in the work—for they in consequence have shown us no interest at all. Another and greater has been not courting the laity. You recollect that, when I wanted to form a *merely honorary* list of lay members, Propaganda (I suppose at Dr. Cullen's suggestion) stopped it. The Irish Bishops can command the poorer portion of the community, and through it the *funds* necessary; but they have little or no influence with the classes which furnish the *students*. And there has been the hitch. And they don't seem to have felt this.'

Further, Newman found among English Catholics hankerings after Oxford in view of the recent relaxation of University rules in their favour. And he felt that if English Catholics as a body went to Oxford all hope of a new Louvain at Dublin was at an end. For Louvain existed and flourished in virtue of the universal refusal of Belgian Catholics to frequent the State Universities.

Whether or no the above-mentioned difficulties would have diminished in time, Newman's resignation was hastened on by another cause—namely, the difference between himself

Rome,—viz., not to commit himself in writing. Thus one would think that at least the Archbishops could have *corresponded with each other* on certain questions which I wanted answered, but no, he must always wait "till the Archbishops met." Even then he would not have them answer my questions, but simply passed them over in silence. I was *not* to act, and for this purpose it was enough for them to be *silent*. Another thing he had learnt from Rome, was the wisdom of delay; he simply left questions to settle themselves. J. H. N.'

and Dr. Cullen in their conception of what the University should be.

One who knew Dr. Cullen intimately has supplied some particulars of his career which help us to understand this side of the situation.

Dr. Cullen received his early theological training in the Rome of Leo XII.—a Pope of liberal mind, a patron of letters, the friend and admirer of the bold innovator, Lamennais, in the days of the fame of the *Essai sur l'indifférence*. Cullen's *actus publicus*—his public disputation for the Doctor's degree—was undertaken during Leo's pontificate. But all Cullen's enthusiasm was reserved for the Pope who, after the brief Pontificate of Pius VIII., succeeded—namely, Gregory XVI. The Pontiff, a Benedictine, educated in all the discipline of monastic training, came to the Papal Throne in 1830—the year of the revolution, and at a time when the Carbonari and other secret societies menaced Italy. He was the friend of Metternich and the Austrian domination. Nationalism in Italy meant for him revolution. To invoke 'liberty' was to play with edged tools. It was he who condemned Lamennais and the *Avenir* in the celebrated Encyclical *Mirari vos*. A policy of repression was adopted by him in the political and intellectual order alike. His attitude embodied that ideal of the Church as being in a state of siege which has so largely prevailed since the Reformation. Liberties must be curtailed, and a dictatorship established, to save the republic from its foes. Measures of reform were abhorrent to him as opening the door to a freedom which might issue in he knew not what. To vindicate the rights of the Church and the supremacy of the Curia in Rome, and of the clergy elsewhere, was congenial to him. The Holy See was strong enough still to be on occasion very peremptory in its dealings with the Powers of the world, and Cullen never wearied of describing the look of surprised abashment on the face of the Czar of Russia as he passed through an ante-camera in the Vatican after an audience of three-quarters of an hour, in which Pope Gregory took him to task for the ill-treatment of the Catholics Poles in his dominions.

Cullen entered into the battle against 'mixed education' *con amore*. But with him this meant a policy of ultra-

conservatism, and of ecclesiastical predominance in the new University. Let it be said at the outset that, apart from this University question, Cullen had a very considerable success in a work which had the sympathy of Newman himself. He largely destroyed the Gallican spirit in Ireland, and introduced among the clergy a new loyalty to the Holy See. His efforts at raising the disciplinary tone of the priesthood were signal and successful. His influence at Rome was so great that he practically nominated Bishop after Bishop—the only exceptions ultimately to those who were his approved candidates being Dr. McHale, Dr. Delany of Cork, and Dr. Moriarty of Kerry. If his fixed ideals did not correspond entirely to the world of fact, they expressed important principles which he urged with sometimes wearisome iteration. His pastorals harped again and again on the same notes—the secret societies (Fenians, Freemasons, Carbonari, and Ribbonmen being all bracketed together), the lectures of Dr. Barlow of Trinity College in which eternal punishment was denied, and mixed education—which if it sent Catholics to be taught by Dr. Barlow must be indeed dangerous to their faith. He infused, it may perhaps be said, a new zeal, and at the same time a measure of new intolerance and narrowness, into the Irish clergy. He refused to sit on the National School Board as Dr. Murray had done. He lost 500*l.* rather than nominate fresh teachers to the National Schools. Again, he associated far less with non-Catholics than his predecessors had done, and, except on a few State occasions, was not to be seen at dinner at Dublin Castle. He was a man of decided ability, strong purpose, and great piety. Few will deny that he was narrow. But he was kind to his clergy and was known as a true and apostolic priest. His appearance may be well pictured by those who have seen his statue at Marlborough Street Church. Though tall, the effect of his height was somewhat diminished by a slight stoop.

Such was the man who had invoked Newman's aid in the struggle against 'mixed education.' But it became more and more plain that the two men thus united had different objects at heart. In Cullen's eyes the scheme was predominantly ecclesiastical. And he desired the new institution to be entirely under his own control. The Professors, in his view,

should be priests, owing him strict obedience. He wished to have zealous and pious priests; their intellectual equipment was a matter of secondary importance. The undergraduates were to be amenable to a quasi-seminarist discipline, and were thus to be preserved unspotted from modern thought—theological, literary, and political. Theology was to have the control of the sciences, as in days of old. In the Brief in which the Pope finally defined the main lines of the institution (a Brief which Newman supposed to be practically drawn up by Dr. Cullen) the new institution was called Lyceum and Gymnasium—phrases pointing to a college or lay seminary rather than a University.

Newman's conception materially differed from Dr. Cullen's, and on some points was directly opposed to it. He desired that the laity should have their full influence in the institution. He desired a University of the Louvain type, as he expressed it, in which scientific experts were chosen for the staff and given the freedom requisite for thorough efficiency. And he dreaded lest Dr. Cullen's type might prevail. 'In that case,' he writes to Mr. Ornsby, 'it will simply be priest-ridden. I mean men who do not know literature and science will have the direction of the teaching. . . . I cannot conceive the Professors taking part in this. They will be simply scrubs.' Again his idea was essentially that of a University with freedom and capacity of development, and not a mere college. The influence he desired for the laity was really part of this conception, as we see from a letter to Mr. Ornsby.

'On both sides the Channel,' Newman wrote to Mr. Ornsby, 'the deep difficulty is the jealousy and fear which is entertained in high quarters of the laity. Dr. Cullen seems to think that "Young Irelandism" is the natural product of the lay mind everywhere, if let to grow freely; and I wish I could believe that he is singular in his view. Nothing great or living can be done except when men are self-governed and independent; this is quite consistent with a full maintenance of ecclesiastical supremacy. St. Francis Xavier wrote to Father Ignatius on his knees; but who will say that St. Francis was not a real centre of action?'

Religious influences, again, were essential; the presence

of theology was essential; but Newman deprecated—we shall in a subsequent chapter cite his own words—any jealous ecclesiastical supervision of scientific investigations, or any narrowing of the conception of literature. Science and literature each had its own natural and independent sphere. Scientific investigation must be, he held, free from external interference. So, too, literature was to be the literature of the nations—of the Greeks, the Romans, the English—not of one religion. The institution was, moreover, to aim primarily not at religious training, but at imparting knowledge for its own sake. It must be essentially a University and not a seminary. The University Brief—believed to have been drawn up by Dr. Cullen—held different language. Newman quotes its words in his Notes. The founders of the University are exhorted in it ‘to make “divina nostra religio *tanquam anima* totius litterariae institutionis” in the University; that is,’ Newman adds, ‘*the form*. “*Omnes disciplinae*,”’ Newman continues, ‘are to go forward “in the most *strict league* with religion”; that is, with the assumption of Catholic doctrine in their intrinsic treatment; and the Professors are directly “to mould *totis viribus* the youth to piety and virtue, and to guard them in literature and science in conformity with the Church’s teaching.” I wrote on a different idea’ (he adds), ‘my “Discourses on University Education” in 1852.’

In opposing ‘mixed education,’ then, the two men had very different conceptions. Speaking broadly, Dr. Cullen seems to have aimed at the exclusion of all that was dangerous in modern thought; Newman rather at such mental and moral training as would enable Catholics to face dangers which were, in the long run, inevitable.

‘If then a University is a direct preparation for this world’ (Newman had written in his lectures on the Scope and Nature of University Education), ‘let it be what it professes. It is not a convent; it is not a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters never to have gone into them. Proscribe, I do not merely say particular authors, particular passages, but Secular Literature as

such; cut out from your class books all broad manifestations of the natural man; and these manifestations are waiting for your pupil's benefit at the very doors of your lecture-room in living and breathing substance. . . . You have refused him the masters of human thought, who would in some sense have educated him, because of their incidental corruption; you have shut up from him those whose thoughts strike home to our hearts; whose words are proverbs, whose names are indigenous to all the world, who are the standards of the mother tongue, and the pride and boast of their countrymen, Homer, Ariosto, Cervantes, Shakespeare, because the old Adam smelt rank in them; and for what have you reserved him? You have given him a liberty unto the multitudinous blasphemy of the day; you have made him free of its newspapers, its reviews, its magazines, its novels, its controversial pamphlets, of its Parliamentary debates, its law proceedings, its platform speeches, its songs, its drama, its theatre, of its enveloping, stifling atmosphere of death. You have succeeded but in this—in making the world his University.'¹

The Archbishop then gradually realised a very unwelcome prospect. In place of a new centre for enforcing ecclesiastical rule in Ireland, he saw the possibility of something like a Catholic intellectual republic. His ideal of a staff of Irish priest-professors was opposed by Newman's desire that a large proportion of the professors should be Englishmen and not in Orders. And as to those Irishmen who were to be chosen, he found that laymen were preferred to priests, and, worse than all, that the Nationalists, as including the most able men, were regarded with special favour. The quasi-seminary life he had planned for the students in his 'gymnasium' was to be set aside for the free habits of Oxford undergraduates. It was proposed to license a theatre especially for their recreation. Instead of finding his own supreme authority an acknowledged fact, he learnt early in the day that Newman desired to have for Chancellor an English prelate—Cardinal Wiseman.

Probably from the time of the lectures of 1852, which were well received by the Queen's College party, Dr. Cullen to some extent dreaded his rashly invoked ally. 'He had hoped,' writes the late Bishop Patterson in a letter to myself,

¹ *Idea of a University*, p. 233.

'that he had found a splendid horse to do his work against the Queen's Colleges, but now he began to regard it as a Pegasus with wings and beyond his control. He saw fire coming from its nostrils, and while its feet nervously pawed the ground, Cullen stood by in dread of some new and unexpected flight into a medium beyond his reach or understanding.' Newman on his side felt that he was not trusted, and was irritated.

'Dr. Cullen wishes well to the University,' Newman wrote to Mr. Ornsby, 'but while he is as ignorant as anybody *how* to do good he has not the heart to have perfect confidence in anyone; as if I should determine to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, but be quite unwilling to take hints from Gladstone or Disraeli as to my measures. Dr. Leahy will trust a man; Dr. Cullen will not. Here is the *origo mali*; an Archbishop without trust in anyone. I wonder he does not cook his own dinners.'

Newman in April 1856 definitely announced to the Archbishop that he meant to resign in the following July year. 'Though at first he was startled or rather surprised,' Newman writes to St. John, 'he quite acquiesced—and I consider I have gained a great step.' Newman was indeed at this moment harassed by fears which proved unfounded. In addition to his difficulties with Dr. Cullen, there was the fact that the ratification of the Rector's proceedings by the other Bishops was necessary. This could not take place until they met. And Dr. Cullen had kept delaying the meeting. Newman ascribed this delay to a fear of Dr. McHale, who was known to be no friend to the University. He wrote as follows to St. John:

'6, Harcourt Street, April 18th, 1856.

'I suppose the division here in the Episcopate and in the clergy is greater than ever it was; and I think Archbishop Cullen does not call the Bishops together as anticipating that they would confirm nothing that I have done. Dr. McHale has made a *point*, whenever he has had an opportunity, of protesting against every one of my acts, and I *know* that Dr. Cullen has said to a man who was going to accept an appointment from me: "How do you know it will be confirmed?"

'Poor Dr. Cullen! I should not wonder if (he) is quite mastered by anxiety. The great fault I find with him is that he makes no one his friend, because he will confide in nobody,

and will be considerate to nobody. Everyone feels that he is emphatically *close*, and while this conduct repels would-be friends, it fills enemies with vague suspicions of horrible conspiracies on his part against Bishops, Priests, and the rights of St. Patrick. And he is as vehement against the young Irishmen, as against the McHalites, and against the McHalites as against the English.'

And at last the Bishops did meet, and Newman's fears of fresh difficulties from Dr. McHale—the Lion of the West as he was called—were not realised. Newman attended the meeting armed for the fray, and prepared to hold his own against the redoubtable John of Tuam. But he received nothing but courtesy and kindness.

DR. NEWMAN TO FATHER ST. JOHN.

'Harcourt Street: June 26th, 1856. half past four.

'I have just come from the Synodal Meeting. I was up before the Bishops over an hour. I was perfectly cool; so much so that I longed to be attacked. Others too said definitely of the Archbishop of Tuam what Dr. Cullen, in the letter I sent you this morning, said vaguely of "some Bishops." However, he kept a dead silence. Dr. Derry, his friend, asked some questions, but in the most courteous, pleasantest manner. I wished the Lion to attack me, but you see I am not destined to be a Gérard.'

'I am told,' he adds in his next letter, 'that the lion generally turns tail when met and looked in the face.'

But indeed Dr. McHale evidently had no idea of being otherwise than personally courteous. He met Newman accidentally at Maynooth. 'When I kissed his ring,' writes Newman, 'he shook hands with such vehement cordiality as to punish my nose.'

The third year of Newman's residence began in November 1856, and two letters to Henry Wilberforce (who was now editor of the *Weekly Register*) give his feelings at that time and an incidental picture of his busy life in Dublin:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: October 21/56.

'Thank you for your affectionate notice of me in your last *Register*. . . .

'Well, my work I trust is getting to an end . . . for my third and last year of residence is beginning, which will make

my sixth of active exertion. Six years is a long time in any man's life and a serious portion of a man's who is between 50 and 60. I cannot conceive that I shall be formally told to go on—and to anything but a formal order I shall be insensible. . . .

'If I am driven into a corner, from the urgency of those who wish me to stay, I shall insist on quasi non-residence—but, to tell the truth, I am far from certain there are not a good many persons who wish me gone. Indeed who would feel any great concern at my going, among persons in authority, except the good Primate, Dr. Dixon, and Dr. Moriarty? Dr. Leahy, the Bishop, would be sorry too—but who else? . . . I am speaking of Superiors, not of those under me, or the Professors.

'How long is it since I saw you? You are now one of my very oldest friends, for those who were before you have for the most part disappeared. I have two or three, or fewer, school friends. One of them, Westmacott, lost his father lately, and I wrote to him, and had back a very affectionate answer, poor fellow. Then there is old Ogle at Oxford, who declined to see me, not so long ago—and old Tom Short and Wilson of Trinity. Hawkins too and Whately and the rest, who don't seem very cordial—do they? So I am obliged to put up with such as you.'

'6, Harcourt Street, Dublin: Nov. 11th, 1856.

'Carissime,—Gladly would I assist you in the way you speak of, were it not all one with careering to the moon. Alas! You do not realize my work. My chattels stand about my room—the same confusion as on the night I came, near three weeks ago, from my inability to find leisure for removing them to their places. My letters are a daily burden, and did I not answer them by return of post, they would soon get my head under water and drown me. Every hour or half-hour of the day I have people calling on me. I have to entertain strangers at dinner, I have to attend inaugural Lectures—four last week. I have to stop Professors resigning, and Houses revolting. I have to keep accounts and find money, when I have none. Besides the book I have just published at Longman's, I have three reprinting which I am reading thro' and correcting, and I have to provide four Sermons in print by St. Paul's day, that for Sunday week not having the first word written yet. I have to lecture on Latin Composition, and examine for Exhibitions. In 10 days I rush to Birmingham for their sheer want of me. I then have to throw myself into quite a fresh world. And I have the continual pain of our Fathers sighing if I am

not there, and priests and Professors looking black if I am not here. I grieve to say, I am not up to doing anything for you now, tho' I should wish it.

J. H. N.

Newman's old Oxford friends, as Mr. Capes and Henry Wilberforce, still cherished the idea of a Louvain University for England under Newman's direction, and trusted that, even if he resigned, his mantle would fall on another Englishman, and their hopes would yet be realised. Newman wrote to Mr. Capes on February 1, 1857, pointing out the apathy of the English and suggesting ways in which, even short of at once frequenting the University, they could help it. The letter ends with expressions of hopefulness as to the future of the University which he used to all except his most intimate friends. They have a vehemence which contrasts most curiously with the hopelessness of the situation as he viewed it looking back later on. But indeed the letter expresses a detachment and indifference which point to his not owing to himself at the time the disappointment of which he afterwards wrote so bitterly.

'I know myself,' he wrote, 'if no one else knows, what little interest I take in the success or failure of schemes in which I am engaged. If I needed it, the failure of Puseyism and the advance of years have been sufficient to secure me against over-earnestness in working, and the zest of business. I am working very hard, but I take as little (natural or human) interest in it as I do in the Cotton plantations of India. I have never doubted a moment of our success. I am *quite satisfied* with our progress. To look back 2 years and see the substantial improvement of things is wonderful, and should make us very thankful. My own house has been blessed from the first in a most stupendous way, and never had I a greater proof of God's mercy. Everything I have done has succeeded—the notion of disappointment, the very shade of despondency does not come on me. My strength and my congregation will not let me go on. I am getting old, but I have had no troubles—so that, in complaining of the country gentlemen both of England and of Ireland, I do it, as I might criticise a piece of Latin composition. Still, I do complain, and I say that *you cannot have a University till the gentlemen take it up.*'

To Manning he had written two weeks earlier, speaking of his resignation as imminent and inevitable:

'Ben Harrison years ago rightly applied to me my own line about St. Gregory Nazianzen, "Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule." I have done my work here. I have got together a number of very clever men; and *they pull well together*—but *of course* they want a strong hand over them; they want an Irishman too; and to deal with the hierarchy a Bishop is wanted. Dr. Moriarty is the man—he is a calm, prudent, firm man—has had much to do with governing—and is a friend of all parties. . . . Were Dr. Moriarty Rector, of course I would aid him, if he wished it, as much as ever I could.

'Another plan I have heard, was, for me to be non-resident like an Oxford Chancellor, and the Vice-Rector to be the acting man. I don't think the Irish would bear this.'

Newman definitely resigned in March 1857, naming November 14 as the date on which his resignation was to take effect. In the event he continued for another year as non-resident Rector, on conditions to be shortly stated. Difficulties had arisen in the Edgbaston Oratory owing to the continued absence of the Father Superior, and his resignation was made quite final by a letter of recall from the community, in the sending of which Newman in the circumstances acquiesced.¹ His letters of resignation to the

¹ The following is the text of the letter and of Newman's reply:

'May 5th, 1857.

'My dear Father Superior,—Our Fathers have requested me to forward to you a Decree passed by them in General Congregation. It is as follows:

"C. G. May 5, 1857. Whereas by Decree of May 6th, 1852, we gave permission to our Father Superior to accept the office of President of the Catholic University, and whereas the time has long since expired which we contemplated for his absence when we gave him that permission, and whereas we find we cannot continue longer the great inconvenience arising from his protracted separation from us. We hereby unanimously determine, in General Congregation assembled, that his leave of absence shall end, and that, in virtue of obedience to St. Philip, he must return to us."

'Ever, dear Father Superior, &c., &c.,

AMBROSE ST. JOHN,

Dean of the Oratory.'

DR. NEWMAN TO FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN.

'May 6th, 1857.

'My dear Father Dean,—I have just received your letter, containing the Decree of General Congregation withdrawing my leave of absence from Birmingham.

'I need hardly say I feel bound to obey it. However, I do not interpret it to mean that I must return at this very moment without delay. I assure you I

Bishops have a curious interest from the careful graduation of their expression. The Bishops are addressed in a descending scale of cordiality according to their past conduct towards himself, beginning with Dr. Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh, with whom his relations had been most friendly and to whom his expressions of gratitude are emphatic, and ending with Archbishop McHale, his avowed enemy, to whom he makes a brief and bare announcement of the fact.

The letters to the Bishops were private, but the secret leaked out. Dr. Taylor, Newman's first University Secretary and warm friend, wrote expressing his anxiety at the rumour which had reached him that the termination of his Rectorship was at hand, and asked for its confirmation or denial. Newman's reply was as follows:

'April 1857.

'Thank you for your very kind letter. It is quite true, in answer to your question, that I cannot long remain here, but it is from no "disgust" on my part, as you suppose, but from the prospect of old age and the many claims which are made at present on my time and strength. I came here only for a season. My Congregation at Birmingham only spared me for a season. You recollect how eager I was to get to work. This was because I saw precious time going which was irrevocable. When this Session ends I shall have given six years to the University. At my time of life six years is as long as twelve years of a younger man. For six years shall I have given up my confessional and the other duties of an Oratorian. For six years all my other work, all my reading, has been suspended. The first three years were wasted, indeed, as far as active proceedings here went, but they were not, therefore, the less lost to my Congregation.

'I have ever said that I could be here but for a time. In 1852, in my University Discourses, I said: "Neither you nor I must ever be surprised if the Hand of Him with Whom are the springs of life and death, weighs heavy on me."

will do so at once, if such is the wish of the Congregation; but it may only mean to fix a limit to my absence.

'It runs thus: "We hereby unanimously determine, &c." I wish to ask of you, as interpreting the intentions of the Congregation, whether I am to return at once; or, if not, within what time.

'J. H. N.'

'In the *Catholic Gazette* in 1854 I said I only "aspired to the preliminary task of breaking the ground and clearing the foundations of the future."

'In my report to the Bishops in 1855 I spoke of "the time being so limited, which at my age, and with my engagements elsewhere, I can hope to be allowed to employ" in their Lordships' service.

'It is near a year since I mentioned the term of my stay distinctly to Dr. Cullen.

'I could not do more than all this; to have stated publicly my intentions of going would have tended to defeat the good of my being here at all. . . .

'I have set it off. This is all I propose to do. I cannot longer carry on both my Dublin work, and my Birmingham work. I cannot bear the fatigue of going to and fro between England and Ireland, and the University has had out of me pretty nearly all it can squeeze.'

Many of the Bishops expressed to Newman the deepest regret at his impending resignation. Newman himself was still attached to the scheme and had made valued friends among his colleagues. In the course of the correspondence and interviews which ensued, he came to the conclusion that if the Archbishops would dispense with his residence in Dublin, and would let him appoint a Vice-Rector whom he could trust as his delegate, and be content with his visiting Dublin only occasionally, he might, for a time, prolong his tenure of the Rectorship. The date of his recall by the Birmingham Oratory was May 5. On the 12th he had interviews with both Dr. Cullen and Dr. Leahy, and made it clear on the latter occasion that a compromise was possible. His chief insistence was on freedom to appoint a delegate Rector—layman or priest as he should prefer. Both interviews are described in letters to Ambrose St. John:

'May 12th, 1857: half past 2 p.m.

'The poor Archbishop (Cullen) is just gone. I say "poor" because he was evidently so nervous and distressed as to melt me internally, though I was very stiff or very much moved, both at once perhaps, during the short interview.

'First he begged me to stop,—for everyone said I must—for three years more so as to make six from the opening of the University.

'I reminded him how I had urged him to start sooner, for I had lost my first years in waiting. Also, that I had told him a year ago what was to be.

'Next he said Propaganda would give me a dispensation, he was sure, of non-residence (at Birmingham).

'I said I was sure that the whole Oratory would go off to Rome to present in person an expostulation rather than let such dispensation pass *sub silentio*.

'Then he said some arrangement perhaps might be made, by which I should be for a longer time at Birmingham, and a Vice-Rector might reside continuously in Dublin.

'I said I was sure the Fathers, as I myself, would do everything possible to serve an undertaking which they expected so much from.

'Lastly, he said that perhaps some of the Bishops, perhaps an Archbishop, might write to the Birmingham Congregation. I said that I knew well how grateful the Birmingham Fathers would be for such condescension; for myself I felt extreme gratitude to the Bishops, some of whom had sent me most touching letters in answer to my announcement of resigning.

'All this took place with pauses of silence on his part and mine;—and, when I spoke, I spoke with great *momentum*. I say all this to bring the scene before you.

'Then he rose, and I rang the bell; and there must have been something unusual in our faces, for, when Frederic answered it, he (F.) looked frightened.

'He then said that he had spoken to some Bishops about my Church—delay had been unavoidable—but he thought they would buy it for the University and they would settle it when they met a few weeks later.

'I think your answer should be most courteous, warm and grateful. Apologetic on the ground of the *real* need of a Superior at Birmingham, expressive of your desire to do all you could do, saying that you answered without delay out of respect to them, and that you wished to be allowed maturely to consider this proposition.'

'Dr. Leahy has just called,' Newman writes to St. John on the same day as above. 'He began on the Rectorship at once. He was kind and appreciative and earnest, as much as my warmest friends could desire; said that I could not understand the full confidence the Bishops had in me; that I was the man, he verily believed, intended by Providence, before I was a Catholic, for the work—that I should destroy

it if I went,—that he would not—could not—believe I was to go, &c. &c.

‘I showed him the Congregation’s Decree of May 5th, which was a simple *quietus* to him, as it has been to everyone to whom I have shown it.

‘He said that he hoped I would persuade the Congregation to spare me, at least a year or two longer.

‘I said I could not in conscience; that no words could do justice to the intensity with which I felt the evil of my absence; that we had all borne it very long; that no one could tell how long my life was to be; that I could not leave the world with a good conscience if I had not given my last years to St. Philip. On the other hand, that the setting up of a University was the work of years, the work of a life; that I could only be here at most a year or two more or less; that the bishops should get a man twenty years younger, &c. &c.’

Newman made it clear to Dr. Leahy that the only hope of his continuance in office was that the Archbishops should consent to his residence being only occasional. But meanwhile he urged strongly what had been in his mind for a year past, that Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, was the man above all others suited to the post of Rector.

‘That collisions are ahead, perhaps between Clergy and Laity, I do not deny,’ he wrote to a friend. ‘The breach between them in Ireland is fearful—the University may bring it out.’ In such collisions he, an Englishman, felt that he should be powerless from want of knowledge. Dr. Moriarty, on the other hand, had both the knowledge and the tact required. He had in the previous November written strongly to Dr. Moriarty himself.

‘You alone,’ he wrote, ‘can amalgamate the various elements of the University; you alone can effect the due subordination of those elements to the Bishops. For myself, even were I Bishop and Irishman, I have not the talent of ruling; I never had; I never have ruled; and never have been in a position of authority before. I can begin things, and I never aspired to do more.’

However, the question of a successor to Newman was, in the event, postponed.

Dr. Leahy was about this time appointed to the Archbishopric of Cashel; and his intimacy with Newman helped

to a better understanding between the representatives of the hierarchy and the Rector. Ultimately, on August 25, the Archbishops wrote to the Oratory consenting at all events as an experiment for the ensuing year to the compromise which Newman had suggested. Newman's residence at Dublin was to be only intermittent.¹

Yet the plan of a Rector who should live at a distance proved unmanageable, and he soon regretted the compromise.

'I am in a sad state of despondency,' he writes to Mr. Ornsby on December 21. 'On the *spot* I know what you all think, and can form my judgment and act by the popular feeling, which is indispensable in the case of a person in my place. But here at a distance I am walking in the dark, and may any moment be doing a dis-service or committing an offence when I mean just the reverse.

'I assure you I dread *most extremely* misunderstandings arising between the Professors, &c., and me, from *no one's*

¹Newman, in accepting the Bishops' proposal, adds his own definite conditions, which include the following: that he may appoint his own Vice-Rector to represent him in his absence; that there shall be henceforth a yearly finance audit and a meeting of the Bishops at Dublin each term. These conditions being accepted, he consents to reside nine weeks in the year.

Dr. Leahy replied, conveying the assent of the Archbishops to various arguments submitted by the Rector, but Newman thus endorses his letter:

'It will be observed that a dead silence is kept about my cardinal demands, as stated in my letter to Dr. Leahy—Oct. 16th 1857—of a Vice-Rector who would really represent me, and especially of a finance audit yearly and a terminal Episcopal Dublin Meeting. J. H. N.'

However, in spite of this provoking absence of explicit assurances Newman continued for another year to be Rector in name (though without a salary), while he resided at the Oratory, and he was allowed to appoint, for the time, a Pro-Vice-Rector.

The text of Dr. Leahy's letter runs as follows:

'October 24th, 1857.

'The Archbishops met in Dublin. Dr. McHale was not present.

'1. The Lodging House for Medical Students, with Dr. Tyrrell for the Head, was approved of. . . .

'2. The Archbishops also approved of setting up the School of Theology.

'3. The Archbishops also approved of Mr. Arnold and Mr. McCarthy as Professors respectively of English Literature and Architecture.

'4. The appointment of a Vice-Rector is, under present circumstances, of so much importance that they have thought it better to take time in considering it, and have deferred it till after Christmas, leaving it to you meanwhile to name a Pro-Vice-Rector.

'They desired me to request you will name none but a priest.

'5. Your proposed expenditure of 6,000*l.* per annum . . . they wish to defer.'

fault, but merely from the necessary collisions which take place when men are acting on each other three hundred miles off. I say to myself: "How much better to resign now while people like me, than to outlive my popularity and leave unpleasant associations behind me!"

In point of fact, the scheme of a non-resident Rector did not really satisfy Dr. Cullen, and Newman's tenure of office was practically at an end at the time we have reached. The occasion of his final resignation eleven months later will be duly chronicled later on. But he ceased to rule the University actively after he left Ireland in the autumn of 1857.¹ And this is, therefore, the suitable place for inserting the interesting account he has left in the Retrospective Notes of his differences with Dr. Cullen and the real causes of his ultimate retirement, as distinct from the events which immediately led to it:

'I will briefly state what were the main points on which Dr. Cullen complains of me, and I of Dr. Cullen:

'First, from the first he quarrelled with my partial residence at Dublin. He thought that, with the exception of a fair annual holiday, I ought to be at my post all through the year. He did not recognize I had duties elsewhere. He thought I ought to give them up. So ingrained was this idea in his mind that, when our Congregation, in refusing to continue my leave of absence, pointedly limited their refusal to an absence such as had been "for the last three years," opening the door to negotiation for a residence not so strict as mine had been, he did not avail himself of it; and when I directly called, through Dr. Leahy, his attention to this middle way, proposing a residence for some weeks during each term, he said it might be tried as an experiment for one year. And, when nothing in consequence came of this proposal and I remained on without taking any salary till a successor was appointed, suddenly he, and Dr. Leahy with him, abruptly called me into residence, which was the immediate cause of my resignation. I do not say he was not right in wishing for a Rector who had no duties elsewhere; but, if that was his judgment, he ought not to have asked me to be Rector. But I think he fancied that the superior attractions of the Rectorship would lead to my separating

¹ In the Appendix (p. 628) will be found further correspondence connected with his Rectorship of the University.

from the Oratory, and, if not, to my bringing over the whole Oratory to Dublin. I think this difficulty was a continual fret to him, and accounted, to his judgment, for whatever went amiss in the University. But what I think was the real serious cause of distance, jealousy, distrust, and disapproval, as regards me and my doings, was the desire I had to make the laity a substantive power in the University. Here I was reprehensible in two respects.

‘First, I wished the gentry whose sons were to be taught by us to have the financial matters of the institution in their hands. The trustees of the property must, I know, be ecclesiastics; but what I felt about was the expenditure. And in two ways: (1) I thought that they had a right to the management of the current accounts, because else those accounts would not be kept in order at all; (2) there would be no auditing and no knowledge of what was spent; it would be, as I supposed it in my first report, like putting one’s hands into a bag. All the time I was there I in vain repeatedly assailed Dr. Cullen on the necessity of a Finance Committee, and this was a great source of suspicion, of irritation to him. It made me indignant to find how little there seemed to be of responsibility in the expenditure. I did not choose to act in this way. It was laying me, a foreigner, open to imputations. Years afterwards the question might arise, how had I spent the money. . . .

‘I believed laymen would put an end to this, and, therefore, I wished the account to be in lay hands. Moreover, I thought that such an arrangement would conciliate the laity and would interest them in the University more than anything else. They were treated like good little boys; were told to shut their eyes and open their mouths and take what we gave them—and this they did not relish.

‘But a cause of offence to Dr. Cullen, far greater than my desire of a lay Finance Committee, was my countenance of those whom he considered Young Irelanders, and generally of nationalists; and to these he added a very different party,—the friends of Lucas,¹—up to the Archbishop of Tuam. I never, of course, would give up Lucas as a friend. I differed from him, but I thought him an honest good man. Dr. Cullen’s treatment of him at Rome is too painful for me to talk of. As soon as the Archbishop thought I was on what may be called “speaking terms” with him, he grew cold towards me. He warned me against him, and I, of course, would not be warned.

¹ Frederick Lucas, the well-known editor of the *Tablet*.

‘But again, there was a knot of men who in 1848 had been quasi rebels; they were clever men and had cooled down, most of them. I did not care much for their political opinions. Dr. Moriarty introduced them to me, and I made them Professors. They are the ablest men who have belonged to the University; such are Professor O’Curry and Professor Sullivan. I can never be sorry for asking their assistance; not to take them would have been preposterous. There you had good men,—Irishmen; did not Dr. Cullen wish Irish? Had he not warned me against English and Scotch? If I did not take men made ready to my hand, desirable on their own account, desirable because their fellows were not to be found, I must put up, if not with English and Scotch, with incapable priests; is this what Dr. Cullen wanted?

‘He, however, seems to have been in a great alarm what was coming next. I saw a great deal of Mr. Pigot,—now dead—the Chief Baron’s son; he talked like a republican, but he was full of views and a clever man. I had a thought of giving him a law Professorship, or I did. Dr. Cullen brought down with him to me an excellent man, the Archbishop of Halifax, Dr. Walsh, to dissuade me by telling me things against Mr. Pigot. I have forgotten every word he said. It made no impression on me. I daresay he had said and done a number of wild things; he was a fanatic even then; but I did not see that, therefore, I should separate myself from him. But Dr. Cullen always compared Young Ireland to Young Italy, and with the most intense expression of words and countenance assured me they never came right—*never*—he knew them from his experience of Rome.

‘I cannot pursue these things at this distance of time; but the consequence was that Dr. Cullen became alienated from me, and from an early date either did not write to me, or, if ever he did, wrote by a secretary.

‘So much on his side of the question. Now as to what I would say in objection to him.

‘In truth I have already suggested what I have to say; but I must say for myself that my reasons for separating myself from the University were far broader than any of a personal nature.

‘Of course I was very much offended with Dr. Cullen. I could not act because I could not get him to say “yes” or “no” to questions which I asked him; and if I acted without asking, then I displeased him.

‘I begged him to substitute persons for himself to whom I might go if it was inconvenient to him to converse or to correspond with me. It was one of those conditions I made as preliminary to my continuing in the Rectorship—but I got no answer beyond that of an incomprehensible silence. I could not go on in such a state of things, and, therefore, I confess that my relations towards Dr. Cullen had much to do with my leaving.

‘But there were those more direct and serious difficulties in my remaining which our Fathers put forth in their letter in answer to the three Archbishops. . . . It was an unfortunate coincidence of untoward events, but so it was, that my residence *here* (at Birmingham) was absolutely necessary to the welfare of this Oratory, and this is the very thing, as I have said, which Dr. Cullen would not grant.

‘This then was the main cause of my leaving, that I could not give to the University that continuous presence which Dr. Cullen wished. His own conduct was a subordinate reason. There was a third still, though it was not of primary influence; still it had a force in reconciling me to my step. It was the fact, which had by this time become so plain, viz., that English Catholics felt no interest at all in the University scheme, and had no intention to make use of it, should it get into shape. I had gone to Ireland on the express understanding that it was an English as well as an Irish University, and the Irish had done all in their power to make it an Irish University, and nothing else. And further, I say, the English Catholics had given it up. It had begun a very little time when Dr. Ullathorne told me, as if a matter in which he acquiesced, that “the English gentlemen would never send their sons to it.”

‘Now it happened at the end of the year 1857, that Dr. Cullen expressed regret that the Professors did not make greater use of the newspaper press in bringing the University before the public, and urged Mr. Ornsby and others to turn their thoughts to the subject. They were willing, and the only question was how to do it. It occurred to me that it would be well to begin some controversy about the University, so, telling no one but Mr. H. Wilberforce, the editor, I inserted in the *Weekly Register* a very bitter letter signed “Q in the corner.” Ornsby replied, and I wrote as many as four short letters; but to my disgust I found I was beating him. But what it brought out clearly was the English sentiment. Not a word came in advocacy of the

University from any English College or centre, and "Q's" letters were, without disavowal of the sentiments which they contained, attributed generally to this or that English priest. I tried to make it up to the University by writing leading articles for four weeks in its defence; but what came home to me clearly was that I was spending my life in the service of those who had not the claim upon me which my own countrymen had; that, in the decline of life, I was throwing myself out of that sphere of action and those connections which I had been forming for myself so many years. All work is good, but what special claim had a University, exclusively Irish, upon my time?

It has been necessary to give minutely Newman's own account of the incompatibility of his views with those of Dr. Cullen, as very inaccurate accounts have become current. Let it, then, not be forgotten that, apart from the soreness which was quite inevitable when Newman felt that by his action and his inaction Dr. Cullen made the success of the University impossible, a real regard existed between the two men, and a mutual appreciation of the high qualities of each. 'I ever had the greatest, the truest reverence for the good Cardinal Cullen,' Newman wrote in 1879. 'I used to say that his countenance had a light upon it which made me feel as if, during his many years at Rome, all the saints of the Holy City had been looking into it and he into theirs.'

In the foregoing narrative I have given Newman's own account of his 'Irish Campaign,' as he called it, placing the facts in the light in which he saw them. Thus only can their effect on his own mind and history be appreciated. But enough is apparent, even in the record he has himself left, to show that there was another side to much that happened besides that to which he was himself alive. It is clear that while Dr. Cullen, eager to secure his services, had agreed in general terms that the University should be for all English-speaking Catholics, and not merely an Irish institution, this undertaking was not, even by Cullen himself, taken to mean all that Newman supposed. Dr. Cullen's jealousy at the outset of English appointments to professorships makes this clear. And it may be doubted whether the Irish Episcopate in general had any knowledge that such an

undertaking had been given. If they had not, a good many events bear a different colour from what they took in Newman's own eyes. Father Neville records as one of Newman's grievances that he wanted Cardinal Wiseman to be Chancellor, and failed to obtain his appointment. Newman himself states in a letter to Ambrose St. John, that he asked Cardinal Wiseman to preach at the opening of the University Church in 1856, and that Wiseman doubted whether the Irish Archbishops would desire it. In the end, Dr. Cullen objected to the proposal. Obviously Cardinal Wiseman's natural position in the Catholic University of the British Isles was one thing—in the Catholic University of Ireland quite another.

We may well hazard the conjecture, that the episode of the proposed bishopric for the new Rector was due to the same difference as to the relations of the University to Ireland. The appointment was obtained from the Pope by the English Primate, Cardinal Wiseman, although it is true that he asked Dr. Cullen's acquiescence on the occasion of a brief meeting at Amiens. It is probable enough that while Cullen did not like to say No there and then, he found on subsequently consulting his colleagues that they considered that such a request should have been made to the Holy Father by none but themselves, and that this view was at once intimated to Rome. Cardinal Wiseman's somewhat impulsive energy had probably gained his point at Rome before these representations came from Ireland, and the Cardinal had at once written to Newman the news of his success. Representations from the Irish Episcopate that the request had been made without their acquiescence, and that the appointment was not judged by them to be expedient, would have great force at Rome. In their light Wiseman's previous action would appear to have been irregular—almost unconstitutional. Wiseman's announcement to Newman that the dignity was obtained had been unofficial, and, accordingly, the matter was allowed by Rome to drop. Rome was not (at all events officially) cognisant of the communication of Wiseman to Newman on the subject, nor of the earlier words of Dr. Cullen to Newman which obviously referred to the bishopric as a settled thing.

Both these communications were, of course, vividly present to Newman's own mind, and made him feel his treatment to have been in the highest degree discourteous. Had his friends reported the facts fully in Rome, it is very improbable that the proposed honour would have been any longer withheld—indeed, when Manning spoke of the subject to the Roman authorities in 1860, it was made clear to him that Newman could have the bishopric if he wished for it. But Newman's temperament made it impossible for him to move a finger in the matter, and in a busy world no urgent action was taken by others when the person most closely concerned made no sign.

However, while in this and in other matters much may be said to explain the incidents which tried Newman so acutely, the outstanding fact, so far as his own history is concerned, is that these years—from 1853 to 1858—did much to break his spirit. His temperament was not at any time one that could 'rough it' easily. And he had reached an age when most men of great powers are not struggling against odds and amid rebuffs to construct new social mechanism, but rather have won an assured position in some already constituted institution or career. The hardest struggles are over for most men at fifty. A groove of some kind is attained to. The ordinary course was reversed for Newman. He had not had to rough it in boyhood. He had never had the discipline of a public school. Brilliant success, and a leadership in its kind unparalleled, had come for him at Oxford when he was only thirty-seven years old. He had to begin a new life among strangers at forty-five, as no longer a young man. The 'blessed vision of peace' had given a glow to the first years of his Catholic career, in spite of its trials. His deep sense that he was an instrument in the hands of Providence—that if he were patient the 'kindly light' would show the path which God marked out for him; his expectation that, in spite of obvious difficulties, in God's own way, something equivalent to his great work at Oxford was destined to be revived with all the force of the Catholic Church behind him, long kept him in some measure hopeful. That anticipation had been renewed by his very appointment to the University, as we can see in the letter to Mrs. Froude

already cited. It is apparent, too, in the eloquent passage in the first of his preliminary discourses, in which he claims to follow the guidance of the Holy See, in spite of all worldly discouragement, confident that Peter would prove to be on the winning side. True, he was in the decline of life, but a great work might yet be done for God. He might make the Catholic capital city of the Kingdom, as he had made Oxford, a centre of religion as well as of learning. This hope he was slow to abandon—for at his age it might well be the last chance of considerable achievement. He kept using words of hopefulness at a time when trial succeeding trial was accumulating for him the feeling of crushing disappointment which is so patent in his 'Retrospect.' The glow of the 'honeymoon period' passed away in these years. Sadness—at moments something like sourness—came upon him. The University scheme broke down; and though he had appreciative friends in Dublin he failed to influence the life of the town. A population of busy citizens of mature life afforded no real parallel to Oxford. By the town at large he was known as little else than the bearer of a distinguished name. The young men in Ireland, and in England too, apart from the handful of boys at Stephen's Green, knew nothing of him. 'To the rising generation,' he wrote in 1857 to Ambrose St. John, 'to the sons of those who knew me, or read what I wrote 15 or 20 years ago, I am a mere page of history. I do not live to them; they know nothing of me; they have heard my name but they have no associations with it. . . . It was at Oxford, and by my Parochial Sermons, that I had influence,—all that is past.' As to the University itself, he wrote to Mr. Pollen after his resignation that some of its founders were, 'like Frankenstein, scared at their own monster.'

When he republished his lectures on the 'Scope and Nature of University Education,' he omitted the passage in which he had prophesied the success of the University on the strength of the Pope's command that it should be undertaken. He was too honest not to face facts, and he left among the Retrospective Notes a memorandum in which he stated that the feeling therein expressed had been weakened by the result of the University experiment.

'I had been accustomed,' he wrote, 'to believe that, over and above that attribute of infallibility which attached to the doctrinal decisions of the Holy See, a gift of sagacity had in every age characterised its occupants; so that we might be sure, as experience taught us, without its being a dogma of faith, that what the Pope determined was the very measure, or the very policy, expedient for the Church at the time when he determined. This view I have brought out at some length in my "Rise of Universities," first published in the *University Gazette*, and in the very first Lecture, as delivered, on "the Nature and Scope of Universities." I am obliged to say that a sentiment which history has impressed upon me, and impresses still, has been very considerably weakened as far as the present Pope, Pius IX., is concerned, by the experience of the result of the policy which his chosen councillors had led him to pursue. I cannot help thinking in particular that, if he had known more of the state of things in Ireland, he would not have taken up the quarrel about the higher education which his predecessor left him, and, if he could not religiously recognise the Queen's Colleges, at least would have abstained from decreeing a Catholic University. I was a poor innocent as regards the actual state of things in Ireland when I went there, and did not care to think about it, for I relied on the word of the Pope, but from the event I am led to think it not rash to say that I knew as much about Ireland as he did.'

All this meant for Newman the deepest pain and disappointment; and at the same time came troubles with the Oratorian Fathers, of which a word shall be said in a subsequent chapter, which made him feel as though, even with some of his immediate followers, his influence was waning. There is a change of tone in his letters henceforth on certain subjects. They are sadder, more critical, less sanguine. And there is a suspicion of 'extreme' views. The failure of a scheme in which rigid principles had been enforced and acted upon, in defiance of what common sense and experience warranted as practicable, seems to have sunk deep into his mind. He manifested a growing inclination to make common cause with such advocates among Catholics of a cautious and moderate policy as Dupanloup, Montalembert, and Lacordaire. And his trial was increased by the fact that in England the older generation of English Catholics, which,

when he had visited St. Edmund's, Prior Park, and Ushaw, had so attracted him by its piety and common sense combined, was dying out, and already being superseded in influence by men whose temper was marked by the less prudent and less English tone which some of his own followers had done much to promote. At St. Edmund's W. G. Ward and Herbert Vaughan were vehemently displacing old traditions, and the same process was at work elsewhere under the influence of Father Faber. The years from 1853 to 1858 are indeed a landmark in Newman's history.

CHAPTER XIII

UNIVERSITY LECTURES (1854-1858)

WE pass now from the record of the sufferings of a singularly sensitive spirit in an impossible endeavour, amid surroundings largely uncongenial, in a position involving tasks for which neither his antecedents nor his gifts fitted him, to the consideration of the great and permanent work which these years of apparent failure brought forth. If the Rector failed, the Christian thinker succeeded. And it was the opportunity of failure—namely, his appointment as Rector—that was the means, painful yet indispensable, of success in dealing with the great educational problem of the hour—how Christians were to uphold the traditionary theology and yet be fully alive to the changed outlook wrought by science in a new age; how Faith was to be definite, yet compatible with breadth of view. The Queen's Colleges were banned as opening the door to 'liberalism'; it was all-important not to commit Catholics to an opposite extreme. His lectures had to be intelligible and persuasive to hearers educated in the traditionary groove, but as they proceeded they approached ever nearer to tracing the desired *Via Media*.

His preliminary lectures on the Scope and Nature of University Education were directed to emphasising the fatal defect underlying the constitution of the Queen's Colleges in so far as they banished theology from the educational programme. Yet their scope was not at all unacceptable to those able Irish Catholics who had wished to work the Queen's Colleges—for they had never regarded those Colleges as fulfilling the ideal of a Catholic education. The lectures purported to point out that theology is indispensable in any scheme of general knowledge such as a University professes to establish. By theology he means,

as he explains in the lectures, the science of the one God; 'one idea unfolded in its just proportions, carried out upon an intelligible method, and issuing in necessary and immutable results; understood, indeed, at one time and place better than at another; held here and there with more or less of inconsistency, but still, after all, in all times and places where it is found, the evolution, not of half a dozen ideas, but of one.' Of theology in this sense he adds: 'Can we drop it out of the circle of knowledge without allowing either that that circle is thereby mutilated, or, on the other hand, that theology is no science?'

'Theology, as I have described it,' he writes, 'is no accident of particular minds as are certain systems, for instance, of prophetic interpretation. It is not the sudden birth of a crisis as the Lutheran or Wesleyan doctrine. It is not the splendid development of some uprising philosophy as the Cartesian or Platonic. It is not the fashion of a season, as certain medical treatments may be considered. It has had a place, if not possession, in the intellectual world from time immemorial; it has been received by minds the most various, and in systems of religion the most hostile to each other. It has *primâ facie* claims upon us, so imposing that it can only be rejected on the ground of those claims being nothing more than imposing,—that is, being false. . . . When was the world without it? Have the systems of Atheism or Pantheism, as sciences, prevailed in the literature of nations, or received a formation or attained a completeness such as Monotheism? . . . If ever there was a subject of thought which had earned by prescription the right to be received among the studies of a University, and which could not be rejected except on the score of convicted imposture, as astrology or alchemy; if there be a science anywhere which at least could claim not to be ignored but to be entertained, and either distinctly accepted or distinctly reprobated, or rather, which cannot be passed over in a scheme of universal instruction without involving a positive denial of its truth, it is this ancient, this far-spreading philosophy.'¹

These lectures are too well known for it to be necessary here to give any full analysis of them. If one may venture to speak of a leading idea in them, it is that in a University knowledge and enlargement of the mind are contemplated

¹ *Idea of a University*, p. 67.

as an ultimate object. For this object (he argues) the science of God is indispensable. Neither professional skill nor controversy on behalf of religious conclusions, is the primary object of a University, but the formation of educated minds and cultivated intelligences. And Newman concluded the series with a plea for general cultivation among Catholics, and for the presence of the Church as a safeguard and a purifying influence in the schools of learning, as preferable to the exclusion of general literature from the education of a Catholic.

The note struck in the last of his preliminary discourses, that educated Catholics in a University must face and even welcome truth of whatever kind, formed the direct subject of the later lectures given after his installation—lectures which are especially valuable as containing suggestions made under the stress of actual experience. He undertook in these lectures the delicate task of pointing out the concessions to the scientific spirit which were absolutely necessary on the part of Catholics as well as of others. This task was indispensable if the University was to hold its own in the scientific world, and its abler *alumni* were to be enabled to look at modern research with a frank and unflinching eye as something quite compatible with Christian faith. The University was in this sense indirectly to be an instrument, and a potent instrument, of apologetic. 'The reason which led me to take part in the establishment of the University' was, he said in an unpublished address of 1858, 'the wish . . . to strengthen the defences, in a day of great danger, of the Christian religion.'

But in order to win sympathy in this part of his task he had first to bring home to his colleagues and pupils the full grounds there were for anticipating an age of unbelief, and to impress on them the urgent necessity, in consequence, of such a philosophy of religion as would satisfy earnest and inquiring minds alive to the existing outlook. The word 'agnostic' was not then known. Yet the tendency it expresses had long been noted by Newman. He foresaw its rapid spread. 'I write for the future,' he often said. We are in our own day familiar with Professor Huxley's comparison of theological speculation to conjectures as to the politics of the inhabitants of the moon. It is almost start-

ling to see how closely this gibe of Huxley's in the eighties was anticipated by Newman in the fifties. It is set forth by him in an address entitled 'A Form of Infidelity of the Day.'¹

'I may be describing a school of thought in its fully developed proportions,' he writes, 'which at present everyone to whom membership with it is imputed will at once begin to disown, and I may be pointing to teachers whom no one will be able to descry. Still, it is not less true that I may be speaking of tendencies and elements which exist, and he may come in person at last who comes at first to us merely in his spirit and in his power.'

'The teacher, then, whom I speak of, will discourse thus in his secret heart:—he will begin, as many so far have done before him, by laying it down as if a position which approves itself to the reason, immediately that it is fairly examined,—which is of so axiomatic a character as to have a claim to be treated as a first principle, and is firm and steady enough to bear a large superstructure upon it,—that religion is not the subject matter of a science. "You may have opinions in religion; you may have theories; you may have arguments; you may have probabilities; you may have anything but demonstration, and, therefore, you cannot have science. In mechanics you advance from sure premisses to sure conclusions; in optics you form your undeniable facts into system, arrive at general principles, and then again infallibly apply them; here you have science. On the other hand, there is at present no real science of the weather because you cannot get hold of facts and truths on which it depends; there is no science of the coming and going of epidemics; no science of the breaking out and cessation of wars; no science of popular likings and dislikings, or of the fashions. It is not that these subject matters are themselves incapable of science, but that, under existing circumstances, we are incapable of subjecting them to it. And so, in like manner," says the philosopher in question, "without denying that in the matter of religion some things are true and some things

¹ *Idea of a University*, p. 381. If the state of mind he describes was not then familiar to the world at large, to the ecclesiastical authorities—so Father Neville has testified—it was practically unknown. 'Any allusion,' writes Father William Neville, who was his close companion at that time, 'to the possibility of such a danger as trials to faith was thought strange—nay more. Even in conversation such an allusion was too unwelcome to be repeated. Sympathy of thought on the subject whether in England or in Ireland, he found little or none.'

false, still we certainly are not in a position to determine the one or the other. And, as it would be absurd to dogmatise about the weather and say that 1860 will be a wet season or a dry season, a time of peace or war, so it is absurd for men in our present state to teach anything positively about the next world, that there is a heaven, or a hell, or a last judgment, or that the soul is immortal, or that there is a God. It is not that you have not a right to your own opinion, as you have a right to place implicit trust in your own banker or in your own physician, but undeniably such persuasions are not knowledge, they are not scientific, they cannot become public property, they are consistent with your allowing your friend to entertain the opposite opinion; and if you are tempted to be violent in your own view of the case in this matter of religion, then it is well to lay seriously to heart whether sensitiveness on the subject of your banker or your doctor, when he is handled sceptically by another, would not be taken to argue a secret misgiving in your mind about him, in spite of your confident profession, an absence of clear, unruffled certainty in his honesty or in his skill."

"Such is our philosopher's primary position. He does not prove it; he does but distinctly state it; but he thinks it self-evident when it is distinctly stated. And there he leaves it.

"Christianity has been (according to him) the bane of true knowledge, for it has turned the intellect away from what it can know, and occupied it in what it cannot. Differences of opinion crop up and multiply themselves in proportion to the difficulty of deciding them; and the unfruitfulness of Theology has been, in matter of fact, the very reason, not for seeking better food, but for feeding on nothing else. Truth has been sought in the wrong direction, and the attainable has been put aside for the visionary."

Such an attitude of mind as this was, in Newman's view, best counteracted not by a formal reply, but by the concrete exhibition of a counter-ideal of the true philosophy of life and knowledge.

That counter-ideal was embodied in the very institution which he was endeavouring to set on foot. As the agnostic ideal was fostered by the system followed in the Queen's Colleges informed by the spirit of the modern intellectual world, so must its opposite be fostered by a really efficient

Catholic University animated by the spirit of Catholicism. The former excludes religion from the Lecture Room as being concerned with the unknowable, and banishes definite theology as tending to obscurantism. It concentrates the imagination on the advance of the positive sciences as the one inspiring goal in the search for knowledge. The ideal Catholic University on the other hand upholds and recognises the Catholic Church—‘the concrete representative of things invisible,’—and treats as unquestionable the relation of theological science to reality, while, at the same time, its devotion to the secular sciences and recognition of their independence in their own sphere should be equally thorough and ungrudging. The alleged obscurantism of theology is thus disproved by visible facts. *Solvitur ambulando*.

‘Some persons will say,’ he writes in his first University Sermon at Dublin, ‘that I am thinking of confining, distorting, and stunting the growth of the intellect by ecclesiastical supervision. I have no such thought. Nor have I any thought of a compromise, as if religion must give up something, and science something. I wish the intellect to range with the utmost freedom, and religion to enjoy an equal freedom; but what I am stipulating for is, that they should be found in one and the same place, and exemplified in the same persons. I want to destroy that diversity of centres which puts everything into confusion by creating a contrariety of influences. I wish the same spots and the same individuals to be at once oracles of philosophy and shrines of devotion. . . .

‘I want the intellectual layman to be religious, and the devout ecclesiastic to be intellectual.’

It was to depicting a Catholic University as the representative of scientific truth as well as religious that he devoted himself in the lectures on science and literature which succeeded his installation as Rector. But we must at starting bear in mind that their prospect of success was dependent on their very limitations. Had he treated in detail the new hypotheses which were most inconsistent with some traditionary views, he would have had many religious men who were not as far-sighted as himself actively attacking him if he conceded more than they would yet admit to be necessary. His object was to forestall this difficulty. He had to establish far-reaching principles by illustrations which could

raise no controversy. He could thus indicate without offence that educated way of looking at theological science in its relation to the secular sciences which, when once put in action, when it had become a temper of mind, would make the work of assimilation take place naturally and almost automatically.

This is the character of the work he attempted in some of his articles in the *University Gazette*,¹ to which he was a constant contributor, as well as in some highly valuable and significant lectures to the Schools of Letters and of Science.

In order to bring himself to undertake so delicate a task Newman needed two things—the sense that duty called him to the work, and a position in which he had a precedent for it. The former existed in his appointment as Rector under the special sanction of the Holy See. The latter he had in the writings and status of such University Professors as Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Alexander of Hales, in the very parallel circumstances of the thirteenth century to which he so often referred. These Catholic thinkers, with a courage which startled and dismayed the more conservative theologians, in place of continuing to oppose philosophical systems and weapons which had long proved such redoubtable foes to Christian thought—notably the philosophy of Aristotle,—by a bold change of policy adopted and used them in the service of Christianity. On a similar principle Newman urged on Christians of his own day the candid recognition of modern scientific hypotheses in all their degrees of probability—the fearless use of the inductive method in physical science and history alike.

The department of the philosophy of religion, which so urgently needed cultivation to meet new difficulties, was one which he regarded as specially suitable to cultivated lay writers, and thus within the province of those whom he was directly training. Here then, again, he had precedent on his side.

‘Theologians inculcate the matter and determine the details of revelation,’ he wrote in one of his lectures; ‘they

¹ Republished in *Historical Sketches*, vol. iii.

view it from within; philosophers view it from without, and this external view may be called the Philosophy of Religion, and the office of delineating it externally is most gracefully performed by laymen. In the first age laymen were most commonly the Apologists. Such were Justin, Tatian, Athenagoras, Aristides, Hermias, Minucius Felix, Arnobius, and Lactantius. In like manner in this age some of the most valuable defences of the Church are from laymen, as De Maistre, Chateaubriand, Nicholas, Montalembert, and others.'

Newman, then, set himself in lecture after lecture, when his work as Rector had fairly begun, to delineate the ideal which should form the *genius loci* in a Catholic University—an ideal which each of its *alumni* should reflect according to his capacity. How could a University be really the defender of a particular faith, yet the home of impartial research? How could Catholics be genuine men of science, following the scientific reason whithersoever it led them, yet uphold a theology which some of the ablest contemporary writers assailed in the name of science itself. How could it be Catholic yet not sectarian; committed to definite views yet sympathetic, as real cultivation makes men, with all genuine thought? Here were obvious problems at the outset which he set himself to consider.

And as a man will, in the heat of conversation, take any objects which may be ready to hand to illustrate his argument in the concrete, and will avail himself—if he needs a diagram—of such chalk, pen, or pencil as he may find, so Newman illustrated his great and far-reaching ideal by the half-formed institution at Stephen's Green, Dublin. Some professors indeed he had of calibre fully adequate to the realisation of his ideal; but his Chancellor was opposed to it, and his undergraduates were but a handful, barely half of them even British subjects.

A real and accurate apprehension of the bearings of new speculation on revealed truth could—so he urged in his writings of this time—be gained only by full and free discussion. Among the unlearned such discussion might be excessively startling and dangerous. This prospect was in modern times immensely increased by the growth of the

periodical Press and of general reading among the uneducated. Hence the special value of a University—the residence exclusively of those devoted to learning. In the Middle Ages the Universities had been the homes of those active minds whose business it was to meet contemporary speculation and scientific criticism, not by repressing it, but by the energetic sifting process which ultimately resulted in the assimilation of what was valuable and true in it. The gradual diminution almost to vanishing-point of this important function in the economy of the Church, the decay of Catholic Universities, and of the theological schools, a reminiscence of which long lingered in the old Sorbonne, appeared to him a most serious fact. It destroyed the normal opportunity for the safe exercise, among Catholic scholars, of that freedom of thought which he maintained to be in its proper sphere as essential to the development of a satisfying theology as was the principle of authority—a freedom which had been so conspicuous in the formation within the Church of the great scholastic synthesis of knowledge. It was an inspiring ideal to do something towards restoring an arena for such free discussion which had now quite a new urgency for thinking minds.

‘A University,’ he wrote in the *University Gazette*, ‘is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions, in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries perfected and verified, and rashnesses rendered innocuous and error exposed by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. . . . Such is a University in its idea and in its purpose; such in good measure has it before now been in fact. Shall it ever be again? We are going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, in the name of St. Patrick, to attempt it.’¹

In two lectures belonging to the year 1855 Newman indicated his views on the nature of the freedom which must be accorded in any University worthy of the name to the men of science in their own sphere. One is entitled ‘Chris-

¹ Republished in *Historical Sketches*, iii. vide p. 16.

tianity and Physical Science,' the other 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation.'

In the lecture on 'Christianity and Physical Science' Newman deals ostensibly with the suspicion, so widely prevalent in the fifties, that there 'really is at bottom a certain contrariety between the declarations of religion and the results of physical enquiry.' Hence irreligious minds were prophesying the disproof of Revelation, and religious minds were 'jealous of the researches and prejudiced against the discoveries of science.' 'The consequence is,' he adds, 'on the one side a certain contempt of theology, on the other a disposition to undervalue, to deny, to ridicule, to discourage, almost to denounce the labours of the physiological, astronomical, or geological investigator.'¹

While such a contrariety may (he admits) exist between the views of certain representatives of theology and of science, he earnestly maintains that the true theologian who realises the limits of his science, and the man of science who does not confound speculation with genuine scientific investigation and proof, are in no danger of collision. Science proper might safely in a Catholic University claim all the freedom it needs without fear of opposing true theology.

He disarmed theological opposition by an eloquent passage in which he denounced the application of the empirical and inductive method to theology as barren and unsuccessful. Yet even here he was careful to avoid the exaggerations so common among loose thinkers. What he maintains on this subject is only that thorough-going empiricism is equivalent to naturalism, and tells us nothing of God. Empirical science cannot therefore make a theology at all. Nor can it interfere with a faultless theological deduction. But that it can in certain cases correct long-standing beliefs which have been held by Christian theologians as well as by the less learned, or the inaccurate deductions made by individual divines from revealed truth he indicates by instances from history. While eloquently defending the deductive theology, he is careful to note that its territory is as a rule quite separate from that of physical science, and consequently does not interfere with its freedom.

¹ *Idea of a University*, p. 429.

The chosen territory of theology, he explains, is the invisible world, not the visible. Theology 'contemplates the world not of matter but of mind; the supreme intelligence; souls and their destiny; conscience and duty; the past, present, and future dealings of the Creator and the creature.'¹ If then 'Theology be the philosophy of the supernatural world and Science the philosophy of the natural, Theology and Science, whether in their respective ideas, or again in their own actual fields, are incommensurable, incapable of collision, and needing at most to be connected, never to be reconciled.'²

Here is the first ground on which the provisional freedom from theological interference which is necessary to modern science is justified—that the provinces of the two sciences are for the most part separate. The second he indicates quite plainly, though he does not state it so fully. When the visible world is, in exceptional cases, touched by the statements of sacred writers, these statements, if at first sight they seem to be opposed to facts ascertained by science, are eventually interpreted by theologians so as to accord with those facts. He gives as instances the opposition of certain divines on Scriptural grounds to belief in the antipodes when it was first broached, and again to the Copernican system. In both cases the theological opposition was eventually withdrawn. 'Experience may variously guide and modify the deductions of Theology,' he writes. Again he indicates the same conclusion when he speaks of the few cases where Holy Scripture *does* declare facts concerning the visible world, the territory belonging to science. For he singles out instances in which it was already in 1855 evident that the more literal interpretation of the sacred documents in which Revelation was contained was contrary to the conclusions of the scientific world or to the facts of history, and yet that the theologians had already seen clearly that they must accept those conclusions. He adds other instances in which the interpretation of early theologians has been since disproved. 'It is true,' he writes, 'that Revelation has in one or two instances advanced beyond its chosen territory, which is the invisible world, in order to throw light on the history

¹ *Idea of a University*, p. 434.

² *Ibid.* p. 431.

of the material universe. Holy Scripture does, it is perfectly true, declare a few momentous facts,—so few that they may be counted,—of a physical character. It speaks of a process of formation out of chaos which occupied six days; it speaks of the firmament; of the sun and moon being created for the sake of the earth; of the earth being immovable.¹ Again he points out that ‘there have been comments on Scripture prophecy’ long relied on, and touching the world of fact, which science or experience could ultimately verify or disprove, of each of which we may now at least say that it is ‘not true in that broad, plain sense in which it was once received.’²

This lecture, with its measured and carefully guarded plea for liberty in the pursuit of physical science, was delivered in November 1855, in the School of Medicine. Encouraged by its success, he attempted a somewhat fuller one on the same lines, still more plainly advocating freedom of investigation and freedom of discussion for all the positive sciences and for theology itself.

This lecture on ‘Christianity and Scientific Investigation’ takes a wider sweep, and it is necessary to recall one or two particulars as to the state of thought at the time.

Biblical criticism was not yet to the front. But the strictures on long received views of theologians from the point of view of the ethnologist, the historian, the representative of physical science, were in full course. The chronology of the Old Testament, the derivation of the human race from one stock, the universality of the Deluge, and other such subjects were being fully discussed among the thinkers. The most conservative theologians, among Protestants as well as Catholics, were inclined to regard the new theories of the time as aggressions on theology, to be repelled. Newman, on the contrary, saw very early that, with whatever incidental extravagances, they represented a fruitful activity, a real advance in the positive sciences, although they were doubtless used by the type of scientist represented a few years later by Huxley and Tyndall, as weapons of attack on current orthodoxy.

¹ *Idea of a University*, p. 439.

² *Ibid.* p. 443.

In vindicating the rights of science the Rector had, of course, at heart the reputation of the University, knowing well that undue ecclesiastical interference with science would at once brand the institution in the eyes of the whole scientific world as hopelessly inefficient.

If we bear in mind the date at which his lecture on the subject of 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation' was written—1855—it will, I think, be generally admitted to be a remarkable instance of wise foresight. Doubtless as we read it after the lapse of half a century, in which, more than ever before, these problems have been under active discussion, and the historical and critical sciences have made such considerable advance, we feel that certain points might have been emphasised more clearly. But its essential value is now what it was, as almost a Magna Charta of the freedom demanded by secular science in a Catholic University.

Its main argument is as follows. First, on the lines of the previous lecture, but with more distinctness, Newman points out that there may be opinions prevalent among Catholics which at a given time are regarded by the multitude, and even by theologians, as certain. They may be drawn by deductive argument from revealed truth, or they may be even confused with revealed truth. This has been so in the past beyond question. The belief that the last day was at hand after Our Lord's death, he points out, was universal among Christians, and it was a deduction (which proved mistaken) from His own words. The belief that the earth was stationary was, in Newman's words, 'generally received as if the Apostles had expressly delivered it both orally and in writing.' The event disproved the one, the advance of science disproved the other opinion. But the lesson afforded by this disproof of what had long been so confidently held to be sacred and undeniable remained to be learnt and to be applied to the present. Opinions maintained in our own day by divines, or by the multitude of Catholics with equal confidence, as certain consequences of revealed truth, might, he intimates, prove to be equally mistaken. Therefore the path of scientific conjecture cannot fairly be blocked by such opinions. Nothing is harder for the uneducated mind than to apply the lessons of the past to the present. A

Catholic University was to develop in its *alumni* that candour and refinement which should enable them to do so.

If such long-standing opinions might ultimately prove to have been unfounded, theologians had no right to interfere with scientific investigation on the ground that its trend ran for the time counter to opinions even universally received within the Church. 'I am not,' Newman is careful to repeat, 'supposing any collision with dogma; I am speaking of opinions of divines or of the multitude parallel to those in former times of the sun going round the earth, or of the last day being at hand.'

On the other hand, the men of science also may prove to have been wrong in what they advance; but the plea for freedom stands equally on that hypothesis. The very freedom which science demands issues in a great deal of speculation, therefore in many false hypotheses—*ballons d'essai*—in a good deal of rash theorising. All this is the normal road to truth—a circuitous road, often through stages of error. You may have to try many keys in a lock in order to find the one which fits it. For this reason the man of science, who is often far too sanguine as to the truth of the newest hypothesis, must not interfere with the theologian or challenge him to amend his conclusions or his interpretations of Scripture in deference to scientific speculations, any more than he can himself be called upon to submit to theological interference. It must be left to theologians themselves to recognise at what point the evidence adduced by the secular sciences should affect their own conclusions.

The general outcome of Newman's remarks is that all sciences, secular and religious, should be allowed by a Catholic University to develop provisionally without interference from without; and that temporary antagonisms in their conclusions should be patiently tolerated; that such contradictions are to be expected in the natural course of things, because of the imperfections of human knowledge. A premature synthesis is deprecated as really in spirit unscientific; although it is what so many men of science imperiously demand. It is unscientific, for it leaves out of account the essentially progressive nature of the positive sciences, the temporary reign of unproved hypotheses which are on their trial. The theologian rightly upholds

the traditionary conclusions until the road to their correction is unmistakably found. For those conclusions are in possession and have (it may be) become bound up with the religious life of the many. On the other hand, the time will come when the trend of science is too clear on specific points to allow him to maintain positions tenable in pre-scientific days, but contradicting hypotheses which have come to be universally admitted and taught in the scientific schools. Thus the intelligent theologian of the seventeenth century could with Bacon and Tycho Brahé deny Copernicanism. To deny it a hundred years later would have meant obscurantism.

The whole tendency of the lecture we are considering is against this danger. It was obvious that if religious thinkers ceased to be on the alert, or to acquaint themselves with the general drift of contemporary science and thought, many absolutely antiquated opinions on the borderland between theology and the positive sciences would remain in the text-books. The result would gradually become most serious, and bring with it the danger of something like a revolution in theology; for if obvious corrections were long neglected or opposed by authority, the point would eventually come at which the normal powers of gradual development in theology would not be equal to the situation; just as neglect of obvious remedies for a physical disorder may make a dangerous operation necessary which could otherwise have been avoided.

In this connection Newman urged two points:

- (1) It was the conservative opinions of zealous theologians, or of theological tribunals, and not any infallible utterances of the Holy See, which were in the past invoked as decisive against new speculations which ultimately proved true.
- (2) In the palmary instance in which theologians had successfully emerged from the struggle with bewildering and aggressive speculation, representing the 'science' of the day (in the thirteenth century), the victory had been won by Catholic theologians not through repression or intolerance, but by the most strenuous intellectual labour, in which the methods of theology had been transformed and largely adjusted to those of the intellectual movement whose excesses were anti-Christian.

In illustration of the first point Newman reminds us that St. Boniface, 'great in sanctity though not in secular knowledge,' complained to the Holy See of a writer who taught the existence of the antipodes, and the Holy See declined to condemn the opinion.

As to the second point, he observed that even when the Church was at the height of her temporal power—in the thirteenth century—it was not by intolerant opposition but by freedom of discussion, among her theologians, of the new theories of the time, by their adopting what was good even in the hitherto detested philosophy of Aristotle, that the pantheistic and rationalistic movement of the neo-Aristotelians was effectually checked. He could urge the example of the 'Angelic Doctor' even on the most conservative Irish divines with effect. The moral has often been pointed in recent years. Then it was practically new. It is still effective. At that time it must have been far more so from its comparative novelty.¹

The conclusion pointed to is that a body of thought, candid and thorough, among Catholics which includes and locates the scientific theories of the time, reverses Lord Morley's boast, 'We will not attack Christianity, we will explain it.' A Catholic University representing such a body of thought would be a source of far greater strength to Christianity than experiments in polemic which might be misdirected for want of adequate knowledge of the situation. On some of these points Newman's own words must be recalled.

The fundamental ideal of a University as the impartial representative of the sciences, including, but not dominated by, theology, is given in the following passage:

'We count it a great thing, and justly so, to plan and carry out a wide political organization. To bring under one yoke, after the manner of old Rome, a hundred discordant peoples; to maintain each of them in its own privileges within its legitimate range of action; to allow them severally the indulgence of national feelings, and the stimulus of rival interests; and yet withal to blend them into one great social establishment, and to pledge them to the perpetuity of the one imperial power;—this is an achievement which carries with it the unequivocal token of genius in the race which effects it. . . .

¹ *Idea of a University*, p. 489.

'What an empire is in political history, such is a University in the sphere of philosophy and research. It is, as I have said, the high protecting power of all knowledge and science, of fact and principle, of inquiry and discovery, of experiment and speculation; it maps out the territory of the intellect, and sees that the boundaries of each province are religiously respected, and that there is neither encroachment nor surrender on any side. It acts as umpire between truth and truth, and, taking into account the nature and importance of each, assigns to all their due order of precedence. It maintains no one department of thought exclusively, however ample and noble; and it sacrifices none. It is deferential and loyal, according to their respective weight, to the claims of literature, of physical research, of history, of metaphysics, of theological science. It is impartial towards them all, and promotes each in its own place and for its own object. It is ancillary certainly, and of necessity, to the Catholic Church; but in the same way that one of the Queen's judges is an officer of the Queen's, and nevertheless determines certain legal proceedings between the Queen and her subjects. . . .

'Its several professors are like the ministers of various political powers at one court or conference. They represent their respective sciences, and attend to the private interests of those sciences respectively; and, should dispute arise between those sciences, they are the persons to talk over and arrange it without risk of extravagant pretensions on any side, of angry collision, or of popular commotion. A liberal philosophy becomes the habit of minds thus exercised; a breadth and spaciousness of thought, in which lines, seemingly parallel, may converge at leisure, and principles, recognised as incommensurable, may be safely antagonistic.'¹

But while a University thus prepared the way for a synthesis of all knowledge by defining and classifying the existing sciences and their outcome, an actual synthesis is in our present state impossible. 'The great Universe,' he writes, 'moral and material, sensible and supernatural, cannot be gauged and meted by even the greatest of human intellects, and its constituent parts admit indeed of comparison and adjustment but not of fusion.' Moreover, the sciences are progressive, and their present conclusions are in many cases irreconcilable.

¹ 'Lecture on Christianity and Scientific Investigation.' See *Idea of a University*, pp. 458-60.

'I am making no outrageous request,' he adds, 'when, in the name of a University, I ask religious writers, jurists, economists, physiologists, chemists, geologists, and historians, to go on quietly and in a neighbourly way in their own respective lines of speculation, research, and experiment, with full faith in the consistency of that multiform truth which they share between them, in a generous confidence that they will be ultimately consistent, one and all, in their combined results, though there may be momentary collisions, awkward appearances, and many forebodings and prophecies of contrariety, and at all times things hard to the imagination, though not, I repeat, to the reason. . . .

'He who believes Revelation with the absolute faith which is the prerogative of a Catholic is not the nervous creature who starts at every sound and is fluttered by every strange and novel appearance which meets his eye. . . . He knows full well there is no science whatever but in the course of its extension runs the risk of infringing without any meaning of offence on its part the path of other sciences: and he knows also that if there be any one science which, from its sovereign and unassailable position, can calmly bear such unintentional collisions on the part of the children of earth, it is Theology. He is sure,—and nothing shall make him doubt,—that, if anything seems to be proved by astronomer, or geologist, or chronologist, or antiquarian, or ethnologist, in contradiction to the dogmas of faith, that point will eventually turn out, first, *not* to be proved, or secondly, not *contradictory*, or thirdly, not contradictory to anything *really revealed*, but to something which has been confused with revelation.'¹

On the absolute necessity of free discussion he writes as follows:

'Now, while this free discussion is, to say the least, so safe for religion, or rather so expedient, it is on the other hand simply necessary for progress in Science; and I shall now go on to insist on this side of the subject. I say, then, that it is a matter of primary importance in the cultivation of those sciences, in which truth is discoverable by the human intellect, that the investigator should be free, independent, unshackled in his movements; that he should be allowed and enabled, without impediment, to fix his mind intently, nay, exclusively, on his special object, without the risk of being distracted every other minute in the process and

¹ *Idea of a University*, pp. 465-66.

progress of his inquiry, by charges of temerariousness, or by warnings against extravagance or scandal.'¹

No doubt this freedom has its dangers, especially in relation to religious faith as it exists in weaker and less intellectual minds. 'There must be great care taken to avoid scandal,' he writes, 'or shocking the popular mind, or unsettling the weak.'

Such care, however, being supposed, the scientific inquirer may, and must, claim provisional independence from the encroachments of the representatives of the current theological opinions.

'A scientific speculator or inquirer is not bound, in conducting his researches, to be every moment adjusting his course by the maxims of the schools or by popular traditions, or by those of any other science distinct from his own. . . . Great minds need elbow-room, not indeed in the domain of faith, but of thought. And so indeed do lesser minds, and all minds. There are many persons in the world who are called, and with a great deal of truth, geniuses. They had been gifted by nature with some particular faculty or capacity; and, while vehemently excited and imperiously ruled by it, they are blind to everything else. They are enthusiasts in their own line and are simply dead to the beauty of any line *except* their own. Accordingly they think their own line the only line in the whole world worth pursuing, and they feel a sort of contempt for such studies as move upon any other line. Now, these men may be, and often are, very good Catholics, and have not a dream of anything but affection and deference towards Catholicity; nay, perhaps are zealous in its interests. Yet if you insist that in their speculations, researches, or conclusions in their particular science, it is not enough that they should submit to the Church generally, and acknowledge its dogmas, but that they must get up all that divines have said or the multitude believed upon religious matters, you simply crush and stamp out the flame within them and they can do nothing at all.'²

The late Mr. Pollen told the present writer that the lecture on 'Christianity and Scientific Investigation,' though approved by such excellent theologians as Dr. O'Reilly and Dr. Russell

¹ 'Lecture on Christianity and Scientific Investigation.' See *Idea of a University*, p. 471.

² *Ibid.* p. 476.

as entirely orthodox, was judged by them inexpedient in view of the prevailing temper on matters theological, and the views of Dr. Cullen: and the lecture, though subsequently published, was not delivered. Lacordaire once compared modern theology to a Swiss tour in which everyone follows a guide who follows the beaten track.¹ Originality of treatment had (he said) come to be out of fashion. Newman had, as we shall see later on, a feeling somewhat akin to Lacordaire's.

It was the lectures on Literature rather than those on Science which marked a distinct phase in Newman's own style. As the restraint which characterised the Oxford Sermons had given place to the far more ornate and rhetorical manner of the Sermons to Mixed Congregations, so now a somewhat similar change showed itself in the prose essays which he delivered as lectures. The presence of an Irish audience probably contributed to the change. There is in the lectures a suspicion of the copiousness of language which marks the Celt. There is far more of self-expression in them than in his earlier writings. The following passage from one of them represents, I think, the quality that characterises the whole:

'Since the thoughts and reasonings of an author have, as I have said, a personal character, no wonder that his style is not only the image of his subject, but of his mind. That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seems artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect. Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature commanding. In like manner, the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses, not only his great thoughts, but his real self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilizes his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony, as if *κ'ὐδέϊ γάλῳ*, rejoicing in his own vigour and richness of resource. I say, a narrow critic will call it verbiage, when really it is a sort of fulness of heart, parallel to that which makes the merry boy whistle as he walks, or the strong man, like the smith in the novel, flourish his club when there is no one to fight with.'

¹ *Inner Life of Lacordaire*, by Chocarne (English translation), p. 72.

Into the department of literature the question of theological censorship entered less than into that of science. But the main lessons Newman urged in its regard were similar. He was equally emphatic in both departments as to the necessity of breadth of outlook for a truly liberal education. To identify Catholic education with the 'hothouse' attitude would be to exclude the intellectual classes from the Church—those very classes for which, in Newman's view, Catholicism, adequately interpreted, was the one sufficient antidote to agnosticism. Moreover, such a course prevented the growth of strong men who would be strong apologists. It closed the mind instead of opening it. It realised his celebrated description of 'bigotry,' not that of faith. The plan, then, of forming an English Catholic literature as the exclusive intellectual food of Catholic minds was in Newman's eyes quite unsuitable for a University, and he disclaimed it in a series of lectures to the School of Arts from which I proceed to make some extracts. To begin with, he rebuts the supposition that a University has any special concern with distinctively religious literature at all:

'If by a Catholic literature were meant nothing more or less than a religious literature,' he said, 'its writers would be mainly ecclesiastics; just as writers on law are mainly lawyers, and writers on medicine are mainly physicians or surgeons. And if this be so, a Catholic Literature is no object special to a University, unless a University is to be considered identical with a Seminary or a Theological School. . . .

'And if, moreover, the religious literature becomes controversial or polemical, it ceases to have the character which will enlist the sympathy of a cultivated layman.'¹

Against this false view of Catholic literature as special pleading on behalf of religion Newman enters his earnest protest. But in point of fact true literary culture is not (he holds) attainable for an Englishman by the study of any group of works belonging to one society—even though that society is the Catholic Church. Catholics cannot form an English literature, though they may contribute to it. English literature has been the issue of the national life as a whole.

¹ *Idea of a University*, p. 296.

‘If a literature be, as I have said, the voice of a particular nation, it requires a territory and a period as large as that nation’s extent and history to mature in. It is broader and deeper than the capacity of any body of men, however gifted, or any system of teaching, however true. It is the exponent, not of truth, but of nature, which is true only in its elements. It is the result of the mutual action of a hundred simultaneous influences and operations, and the issue of a hundred strange accidents in independent places and times; it is the scanty compensating produce of the wild discipline of the world and of life, so fruitful in failures, and it is the concentration of those rare manifestations of intellectual power which no one can account for. It is made up, in the particular language here under consideration, of human beings as heterogeneous as Burns and Bunyan, De Foe and Johnson, Goldsmith and Cowper, Law and Fielding, Scott and Byron. The remark has been made that the history of an author is the history of his works; it is far more exact to say that, at least in the case of great writers, the history of their works is the history of their fortunes or their times. Each is, in his turn, the man of his age, the type of a generation, or the interpreter of a crisis. He is made for his day, and his day for him. Hooker would not have been but for the existence of Catholics and Puritans—the defeat of the former and the rise of the latter; Clarendon would not have been without the Great Rebellion; Hobbes is the prophet of the reaction to scoffing infidelity; and Addison is the child of the Revolution and its attendant changes. If there be any of our classical authors who might at first sight have been pronounced a University man, with the exception of Johnson, Addison is he; yet even Addison, the son and brother of clergymen, the fellow of an Oxford Society, the resident of a College which still points to the walk which he planted, must be something more in order to take his place among the Classics of the language, and owed the variety of matter to his experience of life, and to the call made on his resources by the exigencies of his day. The world he lived in made him and used him. While his writings educated his own generation, they have delineated it for all posterity after him.’¹

In one of those characteristic passages which live in the memory, Newman points out that a thoroughly ‘bowdlerised’ literature, still more a literature with a religious purpose,

¹*Idea of a University*, p. 311.

cannot be a national literature which should represent the nation as it is—the human nature in it with its excesses as well as its virtues.

‘Man’s work will savour of man; in his elements and powers excellent and admirable, but prone to disorder and excess, to error and to sin. Such too will be his literature; it will have the beauty and the fierceness, the sweetness and the rankness, of the natural man, and, with all its richness and greatness, will necessarily offend the senses of those who, in the Apostle’s words, are really “exercised to discern between good and evil.” “It is said of the holy Sturme,” says an Oxford writer, “that, in passing a horde of unconverted Germans as they were bathing and gambolling in the stream, he was so overpowered by the intolerable scent which arose from them that he nearly fainted away.” National literature is, in a parallel way, the untutored movements of the reason, imagination, passions, and affections of the natural man, the leaping and the friskings, the plungings and the snortings, the sportings and the buffoonings, the clumsy play and the aimless toil, of the noble, lawless savage of God’s intellectual creation’ (p. 316).

The conclusion of his remarks is most characteristic, and reminds one of his object—of protesting against a wrong direction which he saw in the programme of the narrower school, which he desired to arrest, whether he could succeed or not in substituting something wholly satisfactory.

‘And now having shown what it is that a Catholic University does not think of doing, what it need not do, and what it cannot do, I might go on to trace out in detail what it is that it really might and will encourage and create. But, as such an investigation would neither be difficult to pursue nor easy to terminate, I prefer to leave the subject at the preliminary point to which I have brought it.’

Yet, together with his protests against intellectual narrowness, whether in dealing with science or with literature,—against fear of the human reason or exclusion of the great classics,—we have indications of two lines of thought tending in the opposite direction, which he maintained with equal insistence. One was that, although reason rightly exercised would in the long run justify belief in Theism and Catholic Christianity in the face of all difficulties, still in man as he

exists, with his passions and with the constant presence of the visible world to bring forgetfulness of the invisible, a force stronger than his unaided intellect is needed to keep alive and vivid those first principles on which religious belief depends. And that force is supplied by the living Catholic Church. Secondly, while free discussion is essential in order to clear the issues, in the complicated structure of human knowledge, the intellect of man has actually and historically a constant tendency to exceed its lawful limits and arrive at unbelief, by reason of its failure in an impossible attempt. This tendency was his old enemy, religious liberalism, which he defined as 'the exercise of thought on subjects on which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to a successful issue.' Here again the antidote was the controlling action of the Catholic Church in arresting speculation when it ran to excesses beyond the power of man's mental digestion. He recognised a value in her repressive action, as he also recognised the necessity *in its place* of free discussion. Each principle needed assertion; neither could be allowed to be supreme.

With this side of the question he dealt in part in his farewell lecture given in 1858—the last words he spoke to the University as its Rector. And we have in this lecture the general lines of his reply to the earlier one quoted in this chapter, on 'a form of infidelity of the day.'

The lecture was delivered in the School of Medicine after his final resignation, and he introduced the subject by referring to the science to which his auditors were devoted.

'You will observe,' he said, 'that those higher sciences of which I have spoken,—Morals and Religion,—are not represented to the intelligence of the world by intimations and notices strong and obvious, such as those which are the foundation of Physical Science. The physical nature lies before us, patent to the sight, ready to the touch, appealing to the senses in so unequivocal a way that the science which is founded upon it is as real to us as the fact of our personal existence. But the phenomena, which are the basis of morals and religion, have nothing of this luminous evidence. Instead of being obtruded upon our notice so that we cannot possibly overlook them, they are the dictates either of Conscience or of Faith. They

are faint shadows and tracings, certain indeed, but delicate, fragile, and almost evanescent, which the mind recognizes at one time, not at another,—discerns when it is calm, loses when it is in agitation. The reflection of sky and mountains in the lake is a proof that sky and mountains are around it, but the twilight, or the mist, or the sudden storm hurries away the beautiful image, which leaves behind it no memorial of what it was. Something like this are the Moral Law and the informations of Faith, as they present themselves to individual minds. Who can deny the existence of Conscience? who does not feel the force of its injunctions? but how dim is the illumination in which it is invested, and how feeble its influence, compared with that evidence of sight and touch which is the foundation of Physical Science! How easily can we be talked out of our clearest views of duty! how does this or that moral precept crumble into nothing when we rudely handle it! how does the fear of sin pass off from us as quickly as the glow of modesty dies away from the countenance! and then we say: "It is all superstition!" However, after a time we look round, and then to our surprise we see, as before, the same law of duty, the same moral precepts, the same protests against sin, appearing over against us in their old places as if they never had been brushed away, like the Divine handwriting upon the wall at the banquet. Then perhaps we approach them rudely and inspect them irreverently, and accost them sceptically, and away they go again, like so many spectres, shining in their cold beauty but not presenting themselves bodily to us for our inspection, so to say, of their hands and their feet. And thus these awful, supernatural, bright, majestic, delicate apparitions, much as we may in our hearts acknowledge their sovereignty, are no match as a foundation of Science for the hard, palpable, material facts which make up the province of Physics.'

What, then, is the force which will give to these 'apparitions' the permanence and stability they need if they are to be our stay in life, if we are to feel their reality as we feel the world of sense to be real; if we are to rest on them as the foundation of our hopes for the future? The Church which, by her liturgy and theology and by the constant preaching of her ministers, keeps those truths energetically before us and represents them as ever-living principles of action, is here our great support.

'That great institution, then,—the Catholic Church,' he continues—'has been set up by Divine Mercy as a present, visible antagonist, and the only possible antagonist, to sight and sense. Conscience, reason, good feeling, the instincts of our moral nature, the traditions of Faith, the conclusions and deductions of philosophical Religion, are no match at all for the stubborn facts (for they *are* facts though there are other facts besides them), for the facts which are the foundation of physical science. Gentlemen, if you feel—as you must feel—the whisper of the law of moral truth within you, and the impulse to believe, be sure there is nothing whatever on earth which can be the sufficient champion of these sovereign authorities of your soul, which can vindicate and preserve them to you and make you loyal to them, but the Catholic Church. You fear they will go, you see with dismay that they are going, under the continual impression created on your mind by the details of the material science to which you have devoted your lives. It is so,—I do not deny it; except under rare and happy circumstances, go they will unless you have Catholicism to back you up in keeping faithful to them. The world is a rough antagonist of spiritual truth; sometimes with mailed hand, sometimes with pertinacious logic, sometimes with a storm of irresistible facts, it presses on against you. What it says is true perhaps as far as it goes, but it is not the whole truth or the most important truth. These more important truths which the natural heart admits in their substance, though it cannot maintain,—the being of a God, the certainty of future retribution, the claims of the moral law, the reality of sin, the hope of supernatural help,—of these the Church is in matter of fact the undaunted and the only defender. . . . She is ever the same,—ever young and vigorous, and ever overcoming new errors with the old weapons. . . . Catholicism is the strength of Religion, as Science and System are the strength of Knowledge.'

This was, as I have said, his last lecture in Dublin. And he parted from his hearers with a note of great simplicity and great humility. He could not but feel that his strenuous effort at intellectual enlargement was not in harmony with the views of those on whom the University most closely depended. He did not change his own opinion as to its necessity. He believed that, for thorough health and efficiency in the Catholic body, it was essential. He

believed that the time had come when it was desirable to act on his view of the case. Yet as ever he 'spoke under correction.' It might be that at present speculation would get so far out of hand, if let loose, that the faith would be widely lost. It might be that greater caution than he himself saw to be desirable was really necessary. A great intellectual sacrifice might still be demanded of Catholics as the price of what was far higher—namely, their Faith. He did not think so; but he would now as ever bow to the Church and obey her if such was the opinion and decision of her rulers.

'Trust the Church of God implicitly,' he said, 'even when your natural judgment would take a different course from hers, and would induce you to question her prudence or her correctness. Recollect what a hard task she has; how she is sure to be criticized and spoken against whatever she does; recollect how much she needs your loyal and tender devotion. Recollect, too, how long is the experience gained in eighteen hundred years, and what a right she has to claim your assent to principles which have had so extended and so triumphant a trial. Thank her that she has kept the Faith safe for so many generations, and do your part in helping her to transmit it to generations after you.'

CHAPTER XIV

NEW UNDERTAKINGS (1857-1859)

I HAVE already said that the renewal of Newman's term of office as Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland at the end of 1857 proved little more than nominal. Fresh engagements soon absorbed his time and his thoughts during this period—the proposed new translation of Scripture, the conduct of the *Rambler* magazine, the foundation of the Oratory School. He did not set foot in Ireland until near the end of 1858, and then it was only to wind up his affairs as Rector preliminary to final resignation. Of the circumstances which ultimately led him to insist on resigning in place of still giving his name as Rector, a full account shall be given later on. For the moment we must speak of the special works which occupied him in 1858.

Newman was in constant correspondence with Mr. John Moore Capes, the Editor of the *Rambler*, to whom reference has already been made, and it was becoming evident to him that the keener and more active thinkers among English Catholics needed a guiding hand. They were reacting fiercely against the exuberant, and at times extravagant, statements on matters of doctrine or devotion which the writings of Louis Veuillot and Abbé Gaume presented in France, and those of Father Faber (to some extent) in England. There was a real danger lest they should abandon the Christian faith. In England they were greatly influenced by the writings of J. S. Mill and other upholders of the negative attitude on religion; and they pointed out that the current scholastic textbooks were insufficient to provide any effective antidote to the new theories of life set forth by these pioneers of modern agnosticism. Such subjects were dealt with by Mr. Capes and others in the *Rambler*, and there was a good deal of reckless writing

in the articles. Difficulties against Catholic belief were very frankly recognised in them; so was the inadequacy of this or that professed reply to them. But the learning, patience, and philosophy wanted for a satisfying treatment of such questions were not found in these brilliant sallies. The Bishops were busy men, and they were in most instances little qualified to deal with difficult intellectual problems except by way of censure of palpable excesses. Newman saw here a necessary task which called for his own special knowledge, gifts, and influence. W. G. Ward had long urged him to complete his notes on the subject dealt with in the Oxford University Sermons—the relations between Faith and Reason—and Mr. Capes' articles brought before him anew the importance of this enterprise. For some such work was urgently required to counteract the unsettling effect of such free speculative treatment as characterised the articles in question.

Newman contemplated, then, as his special contribution to the needs of the hour some analysis of the relations between Faith and Reason. He had something to say also on Biblical inspiration and other burning questions raised by historical research, in their relation to new points of view. This was the generation which saw Strauss' destructive criticism on the New Testament, Colenso's work on the Pentateuch, and 'Essays and Reviews.' To other able minds in the Catholic University the same problems were naturally present as to himself; and Newman planned some methodical work on lines which would help—though indirectly—towards their solution, in a Scientific Review which he proposed to establish in conjunction with Professor W. K. Sullivan of Cork. This review—of which I have spoken in an earlier chapter—was to keep its readers *au courant* of the trend and results of modern research and science, and obtain full consideration for them. It was at first to be called the *University Register*, but was finally designated the *Atlantis*.

While the *Atlantis* was actually in preparation—in August 1857—there came a letter from Cardinal Wiseman making definite a proposal of which Newman had heard a rumour two years earlier from Bishop Ullathorne—that he should undertake to edit the new English version of the Scriptures which the second Synod of Oscott in 1855

had recommended. Newman now, as on so many former occasions, saw in the invitation a sign of God's Will. He reluctantly abandoned for the moment the projected work on 'Faith and Reason,' and accepted the invitation. The *Atlantis* was, however, persevered in.

The Cardinal's invitation first came on August 26, and was finally accepted on September 14.

'A greater honour, I feel,' Newman wrote, 'could not possibly have been done me than that which Your Eminence in that communication has conferred in selecting me for preparing an annotated English version of the Bible, and I beg Your Eminence, and, through you, the Episcopal body, to receive the heartfelt and most humble acknowledgement which so high and singular a mark of approbation and confidence demands at my hands.

'If I accept the work put upon me without hesitation or reluctance, it is not as if I did not feel its arduousness to be as great as its honour, but because nothing seems left to me but to obey the expression of a wish which comes to me from Your Eminence with the concurrence of a Provincial Council.'

Newman at once embarked on a large correspondence with a view to finding the most competent translators. It is interesting to note that almost without exception those scholars to whom he wrote for advice were the typical hereditary Catholics whom he had come more and more to respect and trust; Manning and Ward, indeed, are the only names of converts in his list. Mr. Tierney, Dr. Newsham, Dr. Husenbeth, Canon Waterworth, Dr. Maguire, Dr. Rock, Dr. Tate, Dr. Weathers, Canon Walker, Mr. Platt, and Dr. Williams were asked to suggest names and to help in revision of the work when it was done; Dr. Oliver, Canon Flanagan, and two others were asked to suggest names, though not to revise.

To W. G. Ward he at once entrusted the translation of the Psalms, at the same time telling him of the work he had projected on the intellectual basis of religious belief, and of his regret at having to set it aside. Ward, at that time in close contact with the difficulties of young and keen minds as Professor of Dogmatics at St. Edmund's College, replied in a letter of considerable interest, showing his own great

dissatisfaction at the somewhat perfunctory treatment in the Ecclesiastical Seminaries of the proofs of religion, and especially noting the dangerous effect of enforcing on young man as convincing—on the ground that they were approved as orthodox—arguments which, with the best intentions, they could not feel really to be convincing. He felt deeply the need for such a Philosophy of Faith as Newman alone could, in his opinion, give to the world.

W. G. WARD TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Old Hall, Ware: Michaelmas Day, 1857.

'My dear Father Newman,—Oddly enough I was projecting a letter to you when yours arrived, to congratulate you most warmly on this new work assigned to you. I had fancied there were many things which would make it greatly to your taste; as e.g. the quasi-literary character of the occupation, united to the fact that knowledge of theology is so important for it. And again, it seemed to give you a most important thing to do while not in any way plunging you into controversy. Certainly it will be most pleasing to your friends in making your *name* immortal; for every Catholic reading his vernacular Bible will have your name on his lips. Your memory will be *embedded* as it were in the English Bible. I am extremely sorry, therefore, to find from you it is so little to your taste; and certainly now I know what we should have got from you I do feel the thing extremely vexatious. For who is to do the important work you name [on Faith and Reason] except yourself, I can't imagine.

'I don't know whether it is any comfort to you to reflect that, as things are, you will give your name an enormous lift in Catholic Europe; whereas you would have been lucky (I incline to think) if your other work had not brought you into the Index. I don't at the moment see how you could have written it without expressing the dissatisfaction you feel with the arguments commonly brought; and they seem very touchy about that matter in Rome. Perrone speaks of someone "*qui male audit inter theologos*" because he doubts the cogency of the ordinary arguments; and there is mentioned in Hermes's condemnation his mode of speaking "*circa argumenta quibus existentia Dei adstrui consuevit*." And I suppose a line of philosophical thought which is substantially true and most important may find its way into the Index for a time. The Cardinal says that the being put on the Index is not a fact

which in any way calls for interior assent as to the falsehood of what is condemned, but only external submission and silence.

'I most fully feel with you that nothing is more clamorously required than an argument for Theism. You would be really surprised how much harm, even among ecclesiastical students, is done by the existing books. They grow up, half unconsciously, with the conviction that there is something argumentatively rotten at the foundation; and that the only safe way of keeping the faith is the resolute blinding of the reason. Dr. Errington amused me very much two years ago. For first he said it was shocking to say that every detail of Theism was not adequately proved by the existing arguments; and then when I raised particular difficulties, he replied at once: "Do you venture not to see force in an argument which satisfied the great mind of St. Thomas, &c. &c.," thus shifting in fact the whole thing *from* reason to grounds of faith. As if I *could* believe, even on the authority of the Church, that such or such an argument convinces *me*. Certainly a greater calamity could not befall one sceptically tempted than to come across the Catholic treatises "*in quibus invictissime probatur*" everything held by Catholics: and all others are held up to hatred and derision as an incredible compound of knavery and folly. There is no one speculative opinion which for years I have had more constantly in my mind than this, viz. that Theism is the one difficulty. Once get over this and the mere additional difficulties presented by Catholicism are mere child's play. And on the other hand it seems to me that Catholicism indefinitely facilitates the argument for Theism in various ways: e.g. in exhibiting persons (the Saints) who really *act* as a reasonable Theist would: and in taking away the tremendous impression on the imagination not (I really think) reason, caused by the world's *practical* atheism. And again the power and goodness of God as shown in the strength which He supplies for sanctity, &c. &c.

'You know immensely more than I do as to what passes in the world: but I am not in the least surprised at what you say (though I was not aware of it) as to the spread of Pantheism. Universalism is getting very common indeed they say, thanks I suppose to Maurice; and I suppose that will soon lead thinking minds into disbelief of Christianity; and then Theism would have a very poor chance.

'As to your question, I never attempted anything more dignified than endeavouring to earn a penny from Burns in the days of my poverty by translating the Vesper and Com-

pline Psalms (perhaps there were some others) into English somewhat resembling in character our old prayer-book version. . . . How unpretentious was the effort is plain from the fact that I have not the very slightest knowledge of Hebrew. I did not find it very difficult to preserve complete identity of sense with the Vulgate and yet giving it a *run* of the kind I mention. But the whole thing was very reasonably objected to, and Burns gave it up.

‘I suppose you will have to employ a number of people. You know what my powers are,—considerable perhaps in one direction, *extremely small* in all others; and those others far the more requisite in your undertaking. But when I leave this (i.e. next July) if you think I can be of any possible service in any way, I shall be very glad indeed. About half of my time will be occupied in putting together my lectures and preparing them for press—but I should *require* a different sort of occupation to alternate. . . .

‘I suppose it is difficult to exaggerate the intrinsic importance of the work if it is wished that Catholicism shall take a literary place in England. . . .

‘I was *delighted* to hear from Manning that you have a new volume of sermons nearly out. Putting aside all public grounds, on private it has been a great privation to me the conversion of your energies into a secular channel. I find myself unable to knock up any interest in the “office and work of Universities” and long to hear from you some more things which will help me to save my soul after your old fashion.

. . . I am, of course, most differently circumstanced, both as a correspondent and a student, now work has begun here again, and I have to work constantly, as if on a treadmill, to keep duly ahead. You would be extremely amused, considering my Oxford reputation, if you saw my studious habits. But I am thankful to say that my riding has made so completely a different man of me bodily, that I can hardly even imagine my former self.

‘And this reminds me,—I wish you would turn over in your mind whether you could pay us a visit in the Isle of Wight in due time. I could arrange just as you pleased about *no one else* being there at the same time, &c. There are so many things I should like to ask which letters won’t do, and my absurd riding, with the much more absurd necessity of a riding-school, makes it impossible for me to be away except when I happen to be *ill* and don’t need riding. I could not go to the Isle of Wight in the summer till I had

erected my edifice,—then my horses crossed the water, and I was my own man. . . .

‘The letter on Fr. Faber I have been told is by Fr. Pagani. It is certainly able; but I cannot think it gives at all a fair representation. Take one particular case. He says those who are under Fr. Faber get dissatisfied with ordinary books and wish to be always in ecstasies. Now I never knew one of his people of whom that seemed true. Look at the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. I should say that if one thing more than another is remarkable in them, it is the way they bring religion to bear on the dullest and driest details of life. I quite admit great want of the philosophic spirit in his books—his tone *here* is not consistent with his tone *there*. So, in the very point in which I am at issue with him, I don’t think his statements even in the same book are at all harmonious. But Father Pagani’s line is totally different. *Sed de his satis*. Mrs. Ward sends her affectionate respects. I am ever,

Yours affectionately,

W. G. WARD.’

Newman soon hit on a plan for combining the contribution to philosophy and apologetic which Ward so greatly desired and his new version of the Bible. He designed the bold scheme of himself writing an elaborate introduction—*Prolegomena* was to be its title—to be prefixed to his translation of the Scriptures. This introduction was to be a work of apologetic especially designed to counteract the influence of the agnostic propaganda which was being carried on in the name of modern science. It is believed that he destroyed the unfinished MS. in 1877. The following was left among his papers, and appears to be the first rough note for it:

‘In festo S. Gregorii

1857

Opus magnum.

‘In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.

‘In all defences of the Catholic Church, we must remember the history of Oza. 2 Reg. VI. and beware of irreverence, presumption, impatience.

‘Even true things may be untruly said.

‘Or they may be unseasonably said. There is a time for all things.

'1. Consider first, for it comes first, that all our considerations are commenced in a state of profound and dense ignorance poured all around us.

'2. There are three worlds—that of the firmament, of the inferior animals, and of human society. Physical cause or Final cause unknown. Draw out in detail and by reference to the works of those who have treated of the heavens—of the plurality of worlds, of the instincts of animals &c.,—how utterly ignorant we are of more than certain phenomena of two of these worlds. *Why created if created? If not created, how they came to be?* And of the third practically also, if the great variety of opinions is any proof.

'There is then an infinity of things unknown and to be revealed to us.

'3. And unknown classes of things as well as things—unknown laws &c. On the narrowness of saying that all things must be on the analogy of things seen.

'Thus there are an infinite number of *strange* things, and everything unknown must be strange: "*omne ignotum*" &c. *And when revealed, they would all of them necessarily startle us.*

'4. In what sense things unknown are improbable—on antecedent improbability. Butler on chances of things being as they are. On the differences between imagination and reason.

'So far then we have got to this:—that strangeness is the characteristic of revelation if made.

'Next on the great strait we are in, from the improbability of there being nothing more to be known—or of our state [on earth] being one of scepticism. It is as difficult to acquiesce in that we are made for nothing, or that there is no end of our being, as to believe the dogmas of a revelation.

'This again is a reason for not being put out at difficulties in revelation when it is made—for while (as I have shown) revelation must be strange, scepticism is as strange or stranger.

'Then there is a God: i.e. utter scepticism is false.

'Next, if there be a God, the state of ignorance we are in implies that we are disinherited. *Bring this out in detail.* A son who does not know his father, is disowned by his father—there is a mystery.

'On final causes &c. &c. whether sound.

'1. One positive argument for the being of a God from conscience drawn out at length—the imperious voice.

'Deductions. The proof and knowledge is personal—and though we may understand he is *our* Guide and Judge, we cannot so well, or except indirectly, tell His dealings towards others. This answers many difficulties about moral evil—because, while we *know* He is good to us, we cannot in the case of others know how they feel.

'2. We were so disinherited—for'

Here the notes break off and the author adds:

'(This is but the beginning of a large work which is to go on to defend the Church and its position in the world in the 19th century as confronted with, and as against the penetrating knowledge, learning and ability of the scientific men and philosophers of the day.)'

Father Neville told the present writer that Newman spoke to him of combining in these *Prolegomena* the argument for religion derivable from its history in the Chosen People with the argument urged from the point of view of the individual in the 'Grammar of Assent.' He had already in a famous work traced the argument from history in Christian times. Now he was to trace it in the story of Israel. And just as the 'Essay on Development' and the 'University Sermons' were, in his opinion, mutually complementary, so this work—the sequel and amplification of both—was to fuse in one the two arguments; to express, what he had always maintained in opposition to disbelievers in revelation and even in natural religion, that the correspondence of religious belief to reality was evidenced in its life and growth in the race as well as in the individual. Physiologists tell us that the development in history of the species is epitomised in the growth of the human foetus: a view which presents a certain analogy to Newman's treatment, from the point of view of life and development, of religious belief in the race and in the individual alike. The first rough sketch of this work was written with great labour and involved much reading.

It was more than a year after he had accepted the task of translating the Scriptures before he heard further from the Bishops on the subject. During this time progress had been made and a sum of money spent, of which Newman speaks as 'considerable to me though not great in itself.' He then

received two communications. Cardinal Wiseman forwarded to him without comment, through Dr. Ullathorne, a letter from the American Bishops deprecating Newman's work on the ground that Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore was also engaged on a new English version of the Scriptures, and had already published part of it. He enclosed too the resolutions of a recent Synod of Baltimore in which it was decided that the English Bishops should be approached by the American with a view to securing one English version under the combined superintendence of Dr. Newman and Archbishop Kenrick, in place of two independent ones. Almost at the same time came a letter from the English Bishops informing Newman that expenses incurred in the work of translation might be met by the copyright being his own property—which, of course, meant that in the event of his translation not appearing they would not be met at all. Newman had himself proposed this plan when the scheme appeared hopeful, but Cardinal Wiseman had declined it. Now, after money was actually spent and when the appearance of the translation seemed doubtful, it was granted. Newman was indignant. He felt that it was for Cardinal Wiseman, at whose request he had undertaken the work, both to reply to the Americans and to meet necessary expenses. Naturally enough, with his fastidious taste in English style, co-operation with American writers, however able, would be difficult. Moreover, he had submitted his final list of translators to Cardinal Wiseman, and they were actually at work. He had not as yet been formally addressed on the new crisis, and therefore he made no formal reply. A month later, however, a letter containing similar information and proposals was addressed to himself by the Bishop of Charlestown. Newman in replying simply stated the history of his own appointment as official reviser, and said that he would abide by the decision of the English Bishops. One of the Irish Bishops—the Bishop of Dromore—wrote to Cardinal Wiseman urging that Newman should proceed with his task independently. But this prelate apparently received no reply. Once again the silence, the apparent apathy, and neglect of those at whose behest he was working, chilled Newman most pain-

fully. He heard no more—no word of explanation. He bade the translators pause in their work awaiting further instructions. He desisted from revising the *Prolegomena*. Two years later he heard from Archbishop Kenrick that, obtaining no response whatever from the English Bishops after a long delay, he was going on with his work with no further thought of combination between the American and the English versions. Newman replied in the following letter:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: July 8th, 1860.

‘My dear Archbishop,—I have received from Mr. Shea a copy of the letter which your Grace was so good as to address to me through him on the subject of your translation of Scripture.

‘I beg to congratulate you on the progress you are making towards the completion of your work, which will be not one of the least of the benefits which the good Providence of God will have given Catholics through your Grace. I earnestly trust and pray you may have health and opportunity to bring it to a termination.

‘I did not know, what I find from your letter, that your Grace has been in some suspense as to the intention of the English Prelates with respect to it; for myself, as you seem to wish me to speak on the subject, I can only say that I have been in the same suspense myself and know nothing beyond the facts of the Bishop of Charlestown’s letter. The Cardinal’s many anxieties and engagements, and his late and present illness, doubtless are the cause of a silence which I am sorry you should have felt to be an inconvenience.

‘Begging your blessing, I am, my dear Lord Archbishop,

With great respect,

Your faithful servant in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Of the Oratory.’

But Newman proceeded no further with his work, and the Bishops never urged him to proceed. He supposed they had forgotten all about it. Another great plan had been projected, and great hopes raised. Another year had been wasted. And yet another time the ecclesiastical rulers, after words of most flattering recognition, had seemed absolutely indifferent to the reality of his work.¹ Newman never resumed the task.

¹ It was said that the booksellers interested in the sale of the old Douai version had a share in making Wiseman lukewarm in the new scheme, but of this I have found no documentary evidence.

Of the final suspension of his work he wrote thus to Miss Holmes four years later:

‘I found the Cardinal was washing his hands of the whole affair and throwing the responsibility upon me. First he threw all the money transactions on me—I was to make all engagements with the publishers, and the Bishops were to have nothing to do with it. To this I had assented, but next he gave me to manage the American difficulty—not that he said so—but he sent me the American Bishops’ letters, wished me to answer them, and did not answer them himself. If I am right, he did not send me a single line with the American letters, but simply the letters. I foresaw clearly that I should have endless trouble with publishers, American hierarchy, Propaganda, &c. &c. if I took this upon me. So I waited till I heard something more about it, but I have never heard till this day anything.

‘That there is some mystery about it, I know, though what it is I have not a dream. Fr. Faber, on his deathbed, told me that he knew how badly I had been treated in the matter—I did not ask him his meaning. A writer in the *Union Review* says that the project was “defeated by the remonstrances of a single bookseller, whose stock in trade proved to be a more valuable consideration than our intelligence.” I never heard this before.

‘This alone I felt—that the course of things if I went on would be this. (1) a literary trouble and anxiety which would last my life; (2) a vast deal of harassing correspondence on money matters, and pecuniary responsibility; (3) after all my translation to be so frittered away by Propaganda, Committee of Revision, ordinary revision, &c., that it would be made as great a hash of, as the Irish University has been hashed.

‘So, though I lost good part of £100, I thought it well not to throw good money after bad.’

In point of fact Cardinal Wiseman had been both ill and preoccupied with an exceptional crisis in his administration. As Newman had not written to him, he probably supposed that the work of translation was still going on. However, the general lack of interest in the matter on the part of the Episcopate seemed to Newman unmistakable, and its effect on him was extremely painful. He had not the independent position of Archbishop Kenrick, and was naturally indisposed, in the face of the American protest and without

encouragement from the Episcopate, to push forward as his own a project which in the first instance he had been so urgently requested to undertake as a boon to Catholics and their rulers.

During the months in which Newman was engaged in his *Prolegomena* to the Scripture translation he had also superintended the launching of the *Atlantis*. The *Atlantis* was planned—as I have already intimated—as a solid uncontroversial periodical dealing with science and literature. Its existence was to be an advertisement of the University, and its object was to keep its readers abreast of the general trend of science and research, and thus help in forming that educated habit of mind on which Newman had throughout insisted as desirable and possible for a Catholic. Solid learning was to diminish the prevalence of views on subjects of the day really inconsistent with the scientific habit of mind. And the state of opinion in the learned world was to be made current coin.

At the same time, research rather than speculation was to mark its pages, and it was never to be aggressive in its attitude towards any theological writers. Facts were to speak for themselves. Theology itself, indeed, was not to be treated in its pages, but the history of theology was admitted, and Newman projected a paper on the origin of Eutychianism. The Review was to give literary and scientific education to those who read it—including the theologians. Such were (Newman held) the conditions of solid progress. Their absence meant extremes on one side or the other—either a rashness in speculation which was destructive of safe theology, or a blind conservatism inconsistent with that candour of intellect which the new sciences needed for their appreciation, and for their assimilation to the scheme of knowledge as a whole.

An article written for the *Atlantis* by Mr. Scott, challenging the received view as to Our Lord's age, brought forward afresh the old difficulty of theological objections being raised against the hypotheses of Biblical critics. Even so able and broad-minded a theologian as Father O'Reilly objected to the article, but Newman was extremely anxious not to abandon its publication. Yet he was anxious, too, as to his own reputation in Rome, which mischief-makers might

damage by misrepresentation. He knew well that novelty of treatment is easily misrepresented as heterodoxy. Innovation appears wanton to those to whom the causes which make it necessary are not brought home.

The presence of Monsignor Talbot and Cardinal Wiseman in Ireland in the summer of 1858 reminded Newman that it was important that persons of influence in Rome should carry away a favourable impression of the University. The Cardinal was paying a visit to the country, which Irish enthusiasm made a triumphal tour. In the course of it he was fêted in every district which he visited. Newman refers to the subject in his correspondence with Professor Sullivan, the editor of the *Atlantis*, who was taking part in the celebration in honour of the Cardinal:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: Aug. 23rd, 1858.

‘I wish I had thought of sending to some one a hint about Mgr. Talbot—the Pope’s Cameriere—who was in Dublin yesterday. It would be very important that he should take back good impressions of the University. He used to be a friend of mine though never very near me, but he has lately taken a somewhat strange position, so I do not think I could personally do much good with him. If anyone courted him and the Cardinal on their return to Dublin, and shewed them deference and attention, it would be a good thing for us. Else, we might suffer somewhat. Who is the best man to do this? They should be taken to the Medical School, Church, &c., &c. The Secretary is officially the proper person, but I fear he is away.’

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: Aug. 31st, 1858.

‘Do you in Ireland know more than I know here of the meaning of the great demonstration at Ballinasloe? The Cardinal used to be a great friend of the University—I can’t tell if he is now; but if the Professors have an opportunity a very little will kindle the latent fire, and he might be got to conciliate the Archbishop of Tuam. I am glad to hear that the Secretary is back, and that the Professors mean to do what they can.’

In the event, Newman did not leave the task of pleasing Cardinal Wiseman to others, but wrote down the expression of his own hearty admiration of the energy, tact, and versatility

shown by the Cardinal during his tour in Ireland, in an article which appeared in the *Rambler*, entitled 'Northmen and Normans in England and Ireland.' His appreciation ran as follows:

'The facts of the case were these: the Cardinal, complying with the invitation of an Irish Prelate who requested his presence at the opening of a new Church, went at the appointed time without expectation of any call upon him for more than such ordinary exertion of mind and body as the ostensible purpose involved; but to his great astonishment he found that his coming had struck a chord in the heart of a Catholic people, whose feelings are the more keen and delicate because they are seldom brought into play. A Cardinal of Holy Church was to them the representative of the Vicar of Christ, and nothing else; his coming was all but the advent of the Holy Father, and he suddenly found that he must meet, out of the resources of his individual mind, the enthusiastic feelings and the acts of homage of the millions who were welcoming him. It was an expression of trust and loyalty manifested towards him, similar in its critical character, though most dissimilar in its origin, to the panic fear which, from time to time spreading through the multitude, causes them to make a sudden run on some great banking establishment which is reported to be in difficulties; and, however gratifying, both officially and personally to the high dignitary who called it forth, it would have been to most men the occasion of no ordinary embarrassment.

'We venture to affirm that there is no other public man in England who could have answered to the demand thus made upon his stores of mind with the spirit and the intellectual power which the Cardinal displayed on the occasion. He was carried about, at the will of others, from one part of the island to another; he found himself surrounded in turn by high and low, educated and illiterate; by boys at school; or by the youth of towns; by religious communities; or by official and dignified persons. He was called to address each class or description of men in matter and manner suitable to its own standard of taste and thought; he had to appear in pulpits, in lecture-rooms, at dinner tables, on railroad stations, and always to say something new, apposite, and effective. How he met these unexpected and multifarious calls on him, this volume, we repeat, is the record; and though nothing remained of Card. Wiseman for the admiration of posterity of all that he has

spoken and written but what is therein contained, there is enough to justify the estimation in which his contemporaries have held the talents and the attainments of the first Archbishop of Westminster.'

In November we find Newman hard at work at his own article for the *Atlantis* on 'The Benedictine Centuries,' and endeavouring to safeguard Mr. Scott's article by a note of his own. This latter attempt, however, was unsuccessful, as Father O'Reilly, whom Newman consulted as theological censor, did not favour the publication of the article even with the appended note. Newman writes as follows to Mr. Sullivan:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 30/58.

'It is quite clear we must not have Mr. Scott's Article or my Note in the forthcoming No.

'If Fr. O'Reilly scruples, who will not? He considers the publication of it will hurt the University.

'Also—for myself—I have found lately that some good friends of mine are taking great liberties (at least in their thoughts) with me, and are looking at everything I do in the way of theology, and I feel certain I shall be whispered about at Rome if it appears. At my time of life, with so many things to do and so many interests to protect, I have no wish for a new controversy and quarrel in addition to the many in which I am engaged.

'It is most provoking, after all the time which has been spent upon it,—but at least it cannot appear, as I think you will agree with me, in the forthcoming number.

'P.S. Since writing the above I think you must give me twenty-four hours to see if I cannot devise some expedient for bringing in Mr. Scott's article after all.'

I have referred to Mr. Scott's article only because the incident brought afresh before Newman's mind the difficulties raised by theological conservatism, with which he dealt at this time in an important Essay. On the advantages of the conservative habit in theology, in moderation, and on the deep philosophy which conservatism represented, he had for thirty years insisted. Now he was face to face with its difficulties in view of new problems. And he was greatly tried by the want of elasticity of mind in certain influential quarters. But, as ever, he found in history his warrant for patience and his hope for a more satisfactory state of things. In the centuries

which are popularly known as the 'Dark Ages'—the epoch between the patristic and the scholastic—a similar jealous conservatism had prevailed. Active theological thought was in abeyance. The tendency in many quarters to deprecate free discussion and to identify extreme conservatism with orthodoxy, caused a vigorous resistance to the novel intellectual movement known as 'Scholasticism,' which, however, was so necessary for the times and ultimately prevailed. With this theme—already touched on in his lectures—he now dealt in his most important contribution to the *Atlantis*, the article entitled 'The Benedictine Centuries,' which appeared in January 1859.¹ He contrasts in it the conservative habit of the Benedictine Schools of the eighth and ninth centuries with the 'creative' thought of the thirteenth—an age of intellectual activity. The conservative spirit was, of course, in due measure absolutely essential to Catholicism. Tenacity of tradition was the primary instrument of the preservation of revealed dogma. But, moreover, even when extended beyond this sphere in which it was essential, Newman had ever revered and sympathised with it, and his sympathy is shown in this article. The beauty of the conservative spirit at its best, its connection with loving reverence for the Divine Word, and for the teachings of the Fathers—with the fear to deviate, even by a phrase, from the sacred words received from those who had gone before, he depicts with fullest sympathy. If men could live in a world of peace and prayer he desired nothing more. But the moral which he pointed unmistakably for the age in which he was living was that such a habit is not, by itself, sufficient for preserving the Faith in the nineteenth century. Even though it may suffice at a time at which the intellect is comparatively at rest—or at any time for individuals or groups of men—it cannot suffice for Catholics at large under the pressure of the novel aspects of controversy and of the dangerous attacks incident to a great intellectual movement. Conservatism in essentials must at such a time be supplemented by new replies to problems and difficulties which are themselves new. Creative thought,

¹This essay was republished in *Historical Sketches*, vol. ii., with a changed title, 'The Benedictine Schools.'

the very best which the Catholic community can produce, is needed to meet the active speculations of the foes of Christianity or of the heretics who pervert it. Of such a kind was the thought of the great apologists and Fathers from the very first centuries of our era. Their conservatism was supplemented by the intellectual originality employed in its justification. He notes this fact in both the two classical periods of theological activity in the past. He leaves his readers to draw the moral for those present circumstances of which he had so often spoken as presenting a more difficult crisis for Christian thought than any of its predecessors. The two great periods of creative thought in theology—above alluded to—were the patristic and the scholastic. Philosophers and men of learning had perforce to place Christianity in its relation to the thought of the day. To the endeavour to do so was due at once the rise of heresy and the growth of patristic theology. Perhaps Newman recalled the words of Origen. 'When,' says that great writer, 'men, not slaves and mechanics only, but men of the educated classes in Greece, saw something venerable in Christianity, sects necessarily arose not simply from love of strife and contradiction, but because many learned men strove to penetrate more deeply into the truths of Christianity.' A false analysis could only be corrected by a true one. Hence the need for new work to be done by the modern theologians.

The patristic era, he points out, was succeeded by a period of theological conservatism. The Benedictine Schools from the eighth century onwards preserved the theological treasures of antiquity, and made no creative addition. In a beautiful passage he analyses the genius of the Benedictine monk, which was that of peace and prayer and seclusion from an evil world—adapted to faithful conservatism, not to bold speculation.

'The monk proposed to himself no great or systematic work, beyond that of saving his soul. What he did more than this was the accident of the hour, spontaneous acts of piety, the sparks of mercy or beneficence, struck off in the heat, as it were, of his solemn religious toil, and done and over almost as soon as they began to be. If to-day he cut down a tree, or relieved the famishing, or visited the sick, or

taught the ignorant, or transcribed a page of Scripture, this was a good in itself, though nothing was added to it to-morrow. He cared little for knowledge, even theological, or for success, even though it was religious. It is the character of such a man to be contented, resigned, patient, and incurious; to create or originate nothing; to live by tradition. He does not analyze, he marvels; his intellect attempts no comprehension of this multiform world, but on the contrary, it is hemmed in, and shut up within it. It recognizes but one cause in nature and in human affairs, and that is the First and Supreme; and why things happen day by day in this way, and not in that, it refers immediately to His will. It loves the country, because it is His work; but "man made the town," and he and his works are evil.' 'Historical Sketches,' ii. 452-3.

The monk was in his theological studies 'faithful, conscientious, affectionate, obedient, like the good steward who keeps an eye on all his master's goods and preserves them from waste and decay.' But when the speculative intellect was again aroused, when the days of Abelard had come, 'theology required to be something more than the rehearsal of what her champions had achieved and her sages had established in ages passed away. . . . Hard-headed objectors were not to be subdued by the reverence for antiquity.' The time had passed for the work of those whose vocation was found 'not in confronting doubts but in suppressing them.' And a century later, when Arabian pantheism, Aristotelianism accurate and perverted, and Jewish speculation had invaded the Christian Schools, the title of 'Summa contra Gentiles' was only a reminder of the forces which made it imperative for St. Thomas Aquinas to formulate his new system of synthetic philosophy and theology. To his contemporaries the novelty of his work was its characteristic. His first early biographer—William de Tocco—speaks of his 'new and clear method of deciding questions'; of his 'new opinions,' 'new projects,' 'new ideas.' So, too, the age of modern science needed its own creative minds in theology—perhaps even more than the patristic or the scholastic. It was an age when Bacon's ideal of enlarging the knowledge of physical facts by careful induction had added greatly to the general knowledge of facts in

the domain of history also. And such facts had their bearing on the *à priori* deductions of theologians. In one of his letters he says 'we need a "Novum Organum" in theology.' The living Church alone could inspire such a theology, and secure—as in those earlier instances—its continuity and essential identity with earlier Christian thought. In preparing the ground for such a work the ideal Catholic University had a great, a wonderful, work to do.

'Patristic and scholastic theology,' he wrote, 'each involved a creative act of the intellect. . . . There is no greater mistake surely than to suppose that revealed truth precludes originality in the treatment of it.' This originality often consists, as in the case of secular science, not in new discovery, but in recognising 'novelty of aspect' in what is already known, in thus appreciating time-honoured statements as representing real aspects of truth, and yet seeing that they cannot represent the whole truth. Such originality consists also in 'applying theology to particular purposes' or 'deducing consequences.' Its office in the case of Scripture is 'to enter into the mind of the sacred Author, to follow his train of thought, to bring together to one focus the lights which various parts of Scripture throw on his text.'

But greatest of all is the creative gift which enables the theologian to see adequately the bearing of old theological principles and preserve the continuity of his science, when a flood of new ideas and discoveries has thrown many of its existing expressions into confusion.

How deeply he felt that the nineteenth century was such a period we know from a famous passage in the 'Apologia.' Deep doubts of the reality of all belief in the supernatural had come hand in hand with the new and unexpected conclusions of the sciences. Such a crisis called for theological thought which should be no longer, as in the days immediately succeeding the Reformation, the mere orderly and logical re-statement of the conclusions of the scholastic theologians of the past, to be placed over against Protestant innovation, no longer what Lacordaire complained of, the pursuing of an old and well-beaten track, but creative and alive to its new environment. The reader can hardly doubt that this was the urgent existing need he had in mind when he

proceeded in his essay to depict as his ideal a theology which should 'discriminate, rescue, and adjust the truth which a fierce controversy threatens to tear in pieces, at a time when the ecclesiastical atmosphere is thick with the dust of the conflict, when all parties are more or less in the wrong, and the public mind has become so bewildered as not to be able to say what it does and what it does not hold, or even what it held before the strife of ideas began.' 'In such circumstances,' he adds, 'to speak the word evolving order and peace, and to restore the multitude of men to themselves and to each other by a reassertion of what is old with a luminousness of explanation which is new, is a gift inferior only to that of revelation itself.'¹

During the same months in which the *Atlantis* was being launched (the early part of 1858) the *Rambler* was continuing to give cause for anxiety. Newman had felt this anxiety strongly when reading some articles in the *Rambler* in May 1857, and this feeling weighed with him even at that time in favour of leaving Ireland for England, and thus gaining leisure for a work that was urgently needed, as well as opportunities for personal intercourse with those who most required his help. That his view of the seriousness of the situation was not wrong the event showed. Capes himself after some years of uncertainty left the Catholic Church.² Others, after a period of unsettlement, found a *modus vivendi* with the difficulties which had tried them, and this they owed largely to Newman. At the time of which we are now writing the unsettlement was obvious; the issue uncertain. Newman referred to the subject in a letter to Father Ambrose St. John:

'6, Harcourt Street, Dublin: May 7th, 1857.

'My dear Ambrose,—I read the *Rambler* for May last night, and am pained, and almost frightened at the first article. It is the second or third successive stroke,—each louder than the one before. Capes is too good a fellow for one to have any fears of *him*, but his articles both register, and will blow up and spread, bad feeling,—very bad feeling. I look at them in connection with a letter I sent you a few days ago, and the more anxiously because the two complaints are so entirely independent of each other.

¹ See *Historical Sketches*, ii. pp. 475-6.

² He returned to Catholicism, however, later on, and died a Catholic.

‘It seems to me that a time of great reaction and of great trial is before us. I earnestly trust I may be wrong. I will do my best to prove myself wrong. But it seems to me that really I may be wanted in England, and that there may be a providential reason, over and above the compulsion of the Fathers at Birmingham, for me to return. I have too little perhaps made myself felt,—and, while some like Father Faber are going ahead without fear, others are, in consequence, even if not inclined of themselves already [to do so], backing and making confusion.

‘The Bishops are necessarily engaged in the great and momentous ecclesiastical routine. They are approving themselves good stewards in the sense in which St. Carlo or St. Francis were such—meanwhile the party of the aristocracy and the party of talent are left to themselves without leaders and without guides.

‘It makes me wish I were to live twenty years in full possession of my mind, for breakers are ahead. Yet the battle is not given to the strong, and Divine purposes are wrought out by the weak and unarmed, so that I am making myself of more importance than past history justifies. Still, here I am, as yet alive and well, and I assure you my thoughts have turned among other things to the subject which Ward wishes me to pursue more than they did. Do pray for me that I may find out what use God wishes to put me to, and may pursue it with great obedience.

‘Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.’

The impression indicated in this letter was confirmed by his acquaintance at this time with young Sir John Acton. Acton was a young man of singular brilliancy and promise who had lately come from Munich, where Döllinger and his brother *savants* were doing their best to meet in Germany intellectual needs somewhat similar to those which Newman was contemplating in England. At this time the crisis which led to Döllinger’s rupture with Rome was not even thought of, and the good name among Catholics of himself and his young disciple was untarnished. They were endeavouring to bring thought among educated and leading Catholics abreast of the intellectual methods and the research of the day. In this attempt, as well as in treating of the most fundamental question—the relations between Faith and Reason—New-

man felt that he might well bear a part in England. His sympathy with the aims of Acton and Döllinger at this time, and his distaste for the narrowness which shrank from facing the facts of modern civilisation and regarded the Church's course as incapable of changing in view of new conditions, is witnessed in the following words from a letter written a little later to Sir Frederick Rogers:

'We are in a strange time. I have not a shadow of a misgiving that the Catholic Church and its doctrine are directly from God—but then I know well that there is in particular quarters a narrowness which is not of God. And I believe great changes before now have taken place in the direction of the Church's course, and that new aspects of her aboriginal doctrines have suddenly come forth, and all this co-incidentally with changes in the world's history, such as are now in progress; so that I never should shut up, when new views are set before me, though I might not take them as a whole.'

Now, in 1858, complaints were made by many Catholic readers at the tone of the *Rambler*. Newman, ever remembering St. Augustine's 'illi in vos saeviant,' was slow to abet carping criticism of incidental blemishes in good work, on the part of critics who appreciated neither the difficulties of the day nor the qualities of such men as Mr. Capes. To such blemishes all writing is liable if it is difficult and partly new in kind.

'I think,' he wrote to Capes on May 17, 1858, 'that the Catholic body in this country owes you much gratitude for the *animus* and object of your undertaking, the devotion you have shown to it for so long a time and the various important benefits it has done us. But it is well for us, my dear Capes, that we do not look out for any reward for what we do in this world, for, whether we do or not, we are sure not to get it here,—for what we do imperfectly or wrongly affects the public ten times more than what we do well, even though the good may be ten times as much as the amiss. But this is God's merciful dispensation to oblige us to look up to Him and lay up treasures above, whether we will or no.'

Nevertheless, in spite of his general sympathy with Capes and his sense of the want of appreciation among Catholics of the valuable work he had done, Newman did think, as we

have seen, that there was something defiant and ill-considered and unsettling in some of the *Rambler* articles. And he took occasion to write strongly on one which was submitted to him in proof in August 1858.

The following letters show clearly Newman's general feeling; although as to the points actually controverted the information they give is imperfect:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham (Rednall): Aug. 18th, 1858.

‘My dear Capes,—It is little to the purpose to say how exceedingly your paper shocked me, and how difficult it is to me to conceive that any such objections as it contains should not have struck you, been mastered by you, and disposed of by you, thirteen years ago, considering that they are some of the most obvious in controversy; or what possible new light can have been shed upon them by any experimental acquaintance you have had since you became a Catholic, with the mode in which Catholics hold them.

‘In my own case the three mysteries which you have noted under your 2, 3, and 4 heads, were not even difficulties to be overcome before I entered the Church; for two of them—the Holy Trinity and Eternal Punishment—I have held, I believe, with a divine faith ever since I was a boy, and the remaining one—the Real Presence—I have believed these twenty-five years.

‘As to the objections to these three, definitely made in your paper, all I need say is that you assume various propositions as undeniable which seem to me simply untrue, and which certainly ought to be proved before they are to be admitted. For instance:

“‘The presence of wholeness in one place implies its absence from all other places.”

“‘Every phrase and word employed in the communication of a doctrine must have a meaning of some kind or other, comprehensible (in all respects) by the mind.”

“‘How can a person merit an eternal hell who cannot merit an eternal heaven?”

‘I do not mean to say that you do not throw these and the like positions into different shapes and say the same thing in fresh sentences which you *may* feel to be the truth of them, but to my apprehension your conclusions and your premisses are so closely one and the same, that they are only verbal explanations of the meaning of each other, and whole paragraphs are nothing beyond respective expressions of categorical assumptions without proof.

‘Lastly, as to your first heading on the Infallibility of the Church, here again the arguments you profess to overthrow are so different from those which have brought conviction to my own mind, that I do not feel capable of entering into them. My own proof of it would be such as this: that Our Lord set up a Church in the beginning which was to last till the end; that it was to retain His Revelation faithfully; that the present Catholic Church is that destined continuation of it; that, therefore, *prima facie* it teaches now in substance what it taught then; that its early vague teaching is to be explained and commented on by its later and fuller; and as to Infallibility that, to say the least, there is nothing in its early teaching of a positive nature to hinder the interpretation of the early teaching on that point in the sense which is contained in its later teaching. I have not delayed my letter as you half wish me to do because, whatever be the force of your arguments, none of them are new, and because I am not likely to require or to find better answers than those which I have been accustomed to use.

'I am, my dear Capes, Yours very affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

'I am constantly thinking of you since your last letter,' Newman writes to Mr. Capes a month later—'ten times a day I think I may say your name is in my mouth. But I cannot stomach such formal cartels of defiance as printed papers of the nature you sent me, which to me are as strange as the subjects mentioned in them are to the composers of them.' Again he writes:

‘To give me the first news through a printed paper was (putting a grave matter on a merely *personal* ground) pretty nearly what it would have been to send me a letter by means of the *Times* or *Tablet*; it was as surprising as it would have been to you if I had sent you a printed answer to your letter. When you had got so far as to print it was a sad thing to reflect that leaden types have no feeling and to express feeling would have been impertinent. But there is a higher ground, and if it was a serious act to print categorical sentences of disbelief (for printing is necessarily a kind of publishing), still more startling was it to find that you headed your paper (simply unnecessarily so far as I can make out) “a *Catholic* has serious difficulties.” Then again, I think there was not a single syllable in your letter asking for prayers,—you seemed to challenge dry argument.’

A letter written at the beginning of October to the same correspondent shows that, while greatly disapproving Mr. Capes's manner of writing, Newman did enter closely into the fundamental difficulty he had raised as to the nature of the proof of religious truth, and the reasonableness of certainty.

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: Oct. 1st, 1858.

‘My dear Capes,—As it seems to me, your objection about certainty is more to the point than anything you have printed. My only wonder is that you should not have felt long ago that it is the great philosophical difficulty in Catholicism.

‘For myself, half my Oxford University sermons are on the subject, and I have a chapter on it in my Essay on Development.

‘When I came to read Catholic theology, I found that it was solved in a way which I felt to be satisfactory.

‘It is a property of the human mind to be certain *speculativé* not merely *practicé* in certain cases in which no complete proof is possible, but only proof that the point in question “demands our belief” or is *credible*.

‘I have no demonstration that I shall die, but I am as *speculativé certus* of it as if I *had* demonstration. For the evidence is such and so much as to make it clear to me that I should be a fool not absolutely and implicitly to believe it.

‘It has a claim on my speculative belief that England is an island even though I have no demonstration of it. Reason goes just so far, not as to prove it, but to tell me it is but common sense in me to order my mind to believe or to direct my mind to believe it. I do not merely say to myself: “It is safe to act as if I believed it.”

‘I am *speculativé* certain that intemperate habits lead to loss of health; and that in consequence not of my having direct proof of it, but in consequence of my having just enough evidence to show me that I *ought* to believe it. Say a temptation to drink comes and obscures this clear conviction, and in consequence I do *not* believe it. Here it is not, as you seem to say, that when I believe it my will forces my mind to believe, reason disapproving; but that, when I do not believe, my will, reason disapproving, keeps my mind *from* belief.

‘I cannot see that induction is ever a demonstration, but it makes the conclusion *credibile*—viz. “claiming belief.”

‘I cannot understand the state of mind which can love Our Lord really with the feeling upon it, “after all, perhaps

there is no such Person." It is loving a mere vision or picture, and is so unreal as to be degrading. I cannot fancy (you will say perhaps from an idiosyncrasy) the existence of devotion without certainty. I could not throw myself upon anyone here below, of whom I had the suspicion: "Perhaps he is not trustworthy." On the other hand, I daily control and direct my mind into a firm belief, or speculative certainty, of truths which I cannot prove on the ground that I should be a fool not to believe them; or that reason bids my mind to believe.

'How it is that we are so constituted as to be bound by our reason to believe what we cannot prove, is a question which I do not pretend to solve.

'I am, my dear Capes,

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Besides the conductors of the *Rambler* and *Atlantis* there were others who, in 1858, consulted Newman on the difficulties attending on religious thought.

I have mentioned his first acquaintance with Sir John Acton in the previous year. The acquaintance was improved in 1858. Newman dined in his company in London on March 24, and Acton returned with him to Birmingham on the following day. Other visits followed, and in the autumn Acton brought Döllinger with him. This was on September 4, and the visit was repeated by both on the 30th, when they visited the new country house of the Oratory at Rednal. These men brought before Newman a side of the problem that exercised Catholic students of history which was especially congenial to his own studies—namely, the importance of the collation of positive theology with the history of dogma. The historical study of dogmatic theology was then far less general than it has since become. And, moreover, the systematic study of Christian origins was in its infancy. The application of the light thrown by its results on early forms of the Sacraments, and the early constitution of the Church, had hardly begun. Still less were such results as yet systematically compared with the exposition of these matters which obtained in the theological seminaries. Some of the problems crudely treated by Mr. Capes were methodically stated by Acton and Döllinger; and the wealth of

their historical learning brought into relief new facts which pressed for reconciliation with views long current or for a justification of those views.

Newman, even before his actual meeting with Döllinger, had formed, as we have already said, a very high estimate of the value of his writings in view of the intellectual needs of the hour. And he desired that English Catholics should share in the benefits of his scholarship. In October 1857 he had asked Döllinger's permission to have his work on the 'Jew and the Gentile' translated into English. Döllinger had followed Newman's career with great interest, and spoke of him to the late Sir Rowland Blennerhassett as the greatest living authority on the history of the first three centuries of the Christian era. He cordially responded to Newman's invitation in the following letter, written in his own excellent English:

'Munich: 5th Nov. 57.

'My dear Dr. Newman,—As you seem to think, that a publisher can be found willing to undertake the risk, and that the translator you have fixed upon is competent to perform the task, I cannot have the least objection against your proposal; on the contrary it gives me the highest satisfaction. . . .

'If your getting rid of the Rectorship of the University gives you greater leisure for literary activity, I could almost find it in my heart to hail the event as an auspicious one, for I am convinced that what you may do in the literary way will be of greater importance to the Church in general. Your work on Justification, which I have read twice, is in my estimation one of the best theological books published in this century, and your work on the Arians will be read and studied in future generations as a model in its kind. Pardon me, when I say, that since you have become a member and an ornament of the true church, you have not yet given to us a work of equal *theological* interest and importance. But I trust, you will do so in time.

'*En attendant*, I look forward with an anticipation of pleasure and instruction to the Essays you will probably contribute to the periodical¹ which is about to appear under the sanction of your name. The "Specimen of Subjects" I have seen in the papers, is a most promising one.

¹The *Atlantis*.

‘I hope soon to revisit England, and to enjoy the pleasure of seeing you again and conversing with you.

‘Meanwhile believe me, with the highest respect, yours entirely,

‘I. DÖLLINGER.’

Newman’s meeting with Döllinger in the autumn of 1858 confirmed and deepened his impression as to the great work which the German Professor was doing, and his desire to co-operate with him. Their sympathy was at that time very marked; for while both had at heart the intellectual interests of Catholics, and especially the study of Church History, Döllinger was, like Newman himself, a staunch opponent of Gallicanism, an upholder of the papal claims and a sympathetic friend to Cardinal Wiseman in the days when the views of Wiseman and Newman were most in harmony.

We must, however, turn aside for a moment from this intellectual campaign into which Newman was being drawn to narrate the termination of one of his more practical works and the inauguration of another. November 1858 saw his resignation of the Irish Rectorship, and the following May the opening of the Oratory School at Edgbaston. As we have seen, difficulties had by now arisen as to his prosecution of the new translation of the Bible. This task chiefly stood in the way of his devoting himself to a really systematic treatment of the problems connected with Faith and Reason, and the issues raised by contemporary speculation and research, for which Capes and Acton on the one hand, and W. G. Ward on the other, were so anxious. The only other obstacle was the Dublin Rectorship. And the call which he felt to be so urgent to the work of which I speak was probably the turning-point in favour of resigning his position in Ireland. But there were other reasons which made such a step natural. The Irish Bishops had failed to let him appoint his own delegate and Vice-Rector to succeed Dr. Leahy, who was now Archbishop of Cashel.

On September 27 Dr. Cullen wrote with reference to the recommendation in the report of the School of Science that the number of Professors should be increased, that such a suggestion was inopportune in view of the small number of undergraduates, and that increased economy was desirable.

This last remark appears to have been a surprise and disappointment to Newman, and he writes to Mr. John O'Hagan that it is the first suggestion he has received of the necessity of any such economy. He had promised in one or two cases an increase of salary—promises that he felt he could not now carry out. On October 2 he wrote to Dr. Leahy reminding him that his tenure of the Rectorship had been, since November 14, 1857, provisional, and urging the appointment of a successor. This letter was crossed by one from Dr. Leahy saying that Dr. Cullen, who had just left for Rome, had urged before his departure the necessity for Newman's residence for at least some considerable part of each term. 'Consider,' he wrote, 'the possibility of your spending some time in Dublin each term for the next session or two until it gets out of its present critical position.' Here was a proposal contrary to the terms for which Newman had stipulated in 1857. Immediately afterwards came the news that the Bishops had appointed a new Dean of St. Patrick's House—an appointment which was in Newman's hands, and which he had already promised elsewhere. All this time, as I have said, no Vice-Rector had been named as Newman's delegate, and thus another condition of the compact was unfulfilled. Now at last Dr. Kelly of Maynooth was nominated, but this does not appear to have affected Newman's resolve to resign. He writes thus to Mr. Ornsby on October 7 and October 11:

'Oct. 7th, 1858.

'I am in great anxiety about University matters. The Archbishops are simply taking a new line, and you may expect great changes at the Episcopal Meeting.

'Dr. Cullen has told me to reduce the number of Professors, I forget his exact words.

'The three Archbishops have peremptorily (and abruptly) told me to come into residence; which is impossible, so that, I suppose, my resignation is imminent.

'Also they have abruptly, and without any notice, taken the nomination of the new Dean of St. Patrick's out of my hands, though the Decrees, confirmed by the Pope, give it me; and they have appointed a person whom I never heard of.

'J. H. N.

'P.S.—Since writing the above a letter comes from Dr. Leahy, informing me that most probably there will be *no* meeting of the Bishops!

'I do not see how I can get out of the difficulty of resigning. The Archbishops have told me I must reside a considerable time in Dublin. I feel a Rector ought to do so. I can't. Resignation then is all that remains.

'I have, since writing this, written to John O'Hagan, and told him what I have told you.

'J. H. N.'

'October, 11th.

'It is simply impossible I can remain Rector. I had already begged Dr. Leahy to get the meeting of Bishops to appoint some one in my place. And *after* this comes the letter calling on me to reside. It never would do to disobey such an injunction. *And I cannot reside.* That is the long and the short of it. I am wanted here; not wonderful that head and body cannot be separated longer than three, four, five years.

'J. H. N.'

That Newman's friends in Dublin thought there was another side to the question, and that Newman did not fully appreciate the Bishops' view of the case, is clear from Mr. Ornsby's reply, dated October 13:

'... Would not the best plan be to adopt some compromise? meet them half way, and remain Rector, even with residence, till the great meeting of the Bishops next summer? You would then be able to set Dr. Kelly going, or whoever is to conduct the government of the University, and adjust as satisfactorily as possible any changes that may be inevitable. . . .

'I heard, now a long time since, a man who knows Dr. Leahy well, say . . . that the Bishops had made all advances to keep you which were consistent with their dignity. Are you sure you exactly have their point of view? Dr. Cullen, I think, oftener than once in our interviews with him, asked whether you were coming to reside, and I should think he was really anxious for it.'

This letter drew a very characteristic and indignant reply from Newman:

'Oct. 17th, 1858.

'As you have heard that the Bishops *could* not have gone further, consistently with their dignity, in the advances which they made to me, I send you extracts from the correspondence between them and me.

'From it you will find that a middle plan, suggested to me by Dr. Cullen and Dr. Leahy separately last May year, was acceded to by the Oratory, viz., that I should continue Rector for two years with nine weeks' (residence) a year. But both the Archbishops and I had difficulties about this plan pure and simple. They proposed one year instead of two. This I did not object to; but I made a Vice-Rector a condition of it.

'Was it the appointment of a Vice-Rector which would have been "the advance which their dignity could not stretch to"? For this is what they did *not* give.

'This was not the *only* condition I made, certainly; but it was the chief; and even *it* was not granted me. Accordingly I never came in to the arrangement.

'You must give up the notion of my continuing at Dublin. Dr. Cullen has no notion at all of treating me with any confidence. He grants me nothing; and I am resolute that I will have all I want, and more than I have yet asked for. He has treated me from the first like a scrub, and you will see he will never do otherwise.'

Newman arranged, however, to pay a final visit to Dublin before resigning. He went thither on October 26. Dr. Kelly, who had been ill at the time of his appointment, died at Maynooth on the 30th. Newman gave next week his parting lecture to the School of Medicine,¹ and he allowed his friends to know that his resignation was now only a matter of days. The Professors forwarded to him an address imploring him to reconsider his decision, and asked him to receive a deputation. Newman seems to have felt that if he received the deputation the situation would be difficult, and resistance to their entreaties might be ungracious. Accordingly, he replied that he had forwarded the address to the Birmingham Fathers from whom he had his leave of absence, for their consideration. On November 4 he returned to the Oratory. On the 12th he sent in his final resignation, and he writes in his record of this act that it was seven years to a day since his acceptance of the office.

¹ See p. 413.

That this resignation was quite final we see from two letters to Mr. Ornsby, both written within the next two months:

‘As to the Rectorship, there is not a *chance* of it because they will not accept my terms. 1. Non-residence with an acting sub-Rector to do *everything*. 2. A brevet rank equal to a Bishop’s, that I may treat with Dr. Cullen as an equal. 3. The accounts carefully managed and a Board to sit monthly, &c. &c. . . . If anyone asks say generally that you don’t see how it is possible to reconcile my Birmingham duties with the Rectorship. Always speak strongly of my gratitude to the Irish.’

‘Everything seems to promise for the University,’ he writes again early in 1859, ‘but I entreat you not to contemplate the possibility of my returning to Dublin. It is, as I have said all along, and as *you* would say if you knew everything, a simple matter of duty for me to be here. Neither our Fathers here nor I can ever alter this conviction. I don’t think even the Pope would stir me; for I suppose his divinely given power does not extend so far. I am wanted here every day. It never does for a Superior to be away.’

The actual resignation was, I think, to Newman simply a relief, and had no accompanying pain. The disappointment had come earlier. He was not now resigning himself to a failure which had been clearly inevitable for two years. But the work which a Catholic University might do still seemed to him of supreme importance for the times, and he looked forward to the Lectures and Essays in which he had sketched his ideal being better understood and bearing fruit later on, when the movements of thought he despaired should have become unmistakable and urgent. To have gone some way towards depicting the ideal was work done for the future, and in this thought he found comfort.

‘It does not prove,’ he wrote to Mr. Ornsby, ‘that what I have written and planned will not take effect some time and somewhere, because it does not at once. For twenty years my book on the Arians was not heard of. . . . My Oxford University Sermons, preached out as long ago as seventeen years, are now attracting attention at Oxford. When I am gone something may come of what I have done at Dublin. And since I hope I did what I did not for the sake of man,

not for the sake of the Irish hierarchy, not even for the Pope's praise, but for the sake of God's Church and God's glory, I have nothing to regret and nothing to desire different from what is.'

Before describing the other event to which I have above referred—the foundation of the Edgbaston School in 1859—a word must be said as to the position of the Birmingham Oratory at this time. It was now a separate House, no longer connected with the London Oratory, which held a separate Brief of its own from Rome. The divergence of temper existing from the first between the Houses had steadily increased, and in 1856 by the common desire of Newman and Faber they were finally separated. Newman felt very acutely the gradual diminution of the intimate discipleship of earlier days—the more so as so close a friend as Father Dalgairns was a member of the London community.

So little is to be found among his papers relating to this subject, that I do not think he desired that any full account of it should ever be made public. The outstanding facts to be gleaned from his letters are these:—The London Oratorians, without consulting Newman, applied to Propaganda in 1855 for such a change in their Rule as would enable them to be directors to religious communities. Propaganda appointed three Bishops to report on their application. At their recommendation it granted the request, including the Birmingham Community in the permission accorded. Newman was deeply pained at the transaction which had taken place without any previous communication with himself—regarding it evidently as a symptom of a growing alienation from himself on the part of the London House. I am led to this conclusion because he shows, when referring to it in his letters, a feeling far deeper than the event by itself appears to warrant. It was probably the culminating point of a series of occurrences which had already caused him great pain. He tried to induce the London Oratorians to join him in applying to Rome for a distinct recognition of the independence of each of the Houses. On their refusal to do so he went to Rome himself, early in 1856, to place his views before the authorities. So deeply did he feel the importance of this appeal to the Holy See that on alighting from the

diligence he walked barefoot to St. Peter's to pray there before going to his hotel. He found on inquiry that the Holy Father had declined to confirm the decision of Propaganda until Newman himself should have been consulted. He also learnt, however, that criticisms of his conduct as Superior of the Oratory had been carried to Rome. He found that he had been accused to the Holy Father of wishing to be 'head or general of the two Oratories.' While the Holy Father himself was kind, Newman received less consideration from Cardinal Barnabo, and carried away from Rome (so Father Neville told me) a feeling that he had not been treated with justice. At Cardinal Brunelli's suggestion he had asked Cardinal Barnabo to give the two Houses a separate Brief, but Cardinal Barnabo brusquely declined. Six months later, at the instance of Father Faber, the separate Brief was granted.

In a letter to Hope-Scott, of December 1860, Newman speaks of the separation between different Oratories as the normal state of things. The Italian Oratories—so he had learnt on his way to Rome in 1856—were all separate Houses. The separation between London and Birmingham was an accomplished fact, and the wound which the incident had caused was, apparently, by that time beginning to heal.

'I called at various Oratories on my way,' he writes. 'My one question was—"How do you secure the recognition of your Oratory at Rome as distinct from other Oratories?" They answered, "It is an impossible case—one Oratory *cannot* interfere with another. Each is distinct." "But," I urged, "Propaganda *has* confused ours with the London, and is altering our Rule." The answer still was, "It is impossible." . . .

'Oratories are independent bodies with *one and the same* Rule; with no *external* Superior short of the Pope Himself; and with the privilege each of *interpreting* for itself that common Rule; and in consequence with great *divergence* in fact one from another of character and work. Two equal bodies in the same line without any umpire or moderator between us! [Are] not moral *distance* or *collision* the only issues of such a problem?

'We have found it so; they found it so abroad long before our time. Mutual distance is one of the traditions of the foreign Oratories. When we were in Italy in 1847,

and again in 1856, this one thing struck us, that Oratories ignored each other, e.g. the Roman and Neopolitan; again the Neopolitan and Palermitan. As to the north, Brescia and Verona, on the same rail, are strangers to each other, and Verona and Vincenza; and so Florence and Turin, Florence and Rome. (There seems some connection of property between Genoa and Palermo.) When we went from Rome to Naples, the Jesuits pressed upon us board and lodging; the Oratory did nothing but ask us to dine on some Festival.

‘Italy is a land of many states and many mountains; but we live in a land of railroads and telegraphs. If Birmingham and London were intimate, one or other would lose its independence, or the intimacy would issue in a common Superior.

‘As to the London House, we rejoice in its good works, we praise God that we have been allowed to establish it. We pass no criticisms on it, even when we differ from its course of action. We wish it to keep the peace, as well as ourselves.’

The ideals of the Birmingham community were more academic and scholastic than those of the London Oratory. And the foundation of a school connected with the Edgbaston Oratory was a project quite in harmony with its special character.

The Oratory School had first been thought of early in 1858, while Newman was still Rector of the Irish University. The converts and the English ‘Old Catholics,’ as they were called, did not at once completely amalgamate. With a few exceptions the typical old Roman Catholic families still maintained an exclusiveness in which there was a mixture of the shyness resulting from prolonged aloofness from general society, and the characteristics of a clique brought about by constant intermarriage. There was just a touch of mutual contempt occasionally visible, the converts regarding the typical old Catholic as not having quite the education befitting a gentleman, and the old Catholics being slow to admit the new comers to the intimacy which had for generations existed among the historical families belonging to the old faith. The converts had criticised the existing Catholic schools severely in the *Rambler*, and they wanted something more resembling the public schools of England. Several of them approached Newman in hopes that he could give his

great name to such a school as would meet their wishes. Newman himself had not yet given up all hope of the University, and saw in the project a means of feeding it eventually with undergraduates whom he would form into English gentlemen, with the combination of Catholic zeal and thorough education which he depicted in his lectures on the 'Scope and Nature of University Education.' Some difficulties were raised at the outset, and the school was not actually established until after Newman's resignation of the Dublin Rectorship. In May 1859, however, it was opened.

The following letter was written to Serjeant Bellasis soon after the plan was first disclosed to Bishop Ullathorne, whose good will and patronage it was essential to secure:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 6th, 1858.

'My dear Bellasis,—We think your correspondence with the Bishop quite satisfactory—and shall commence operations with a solemn Novena to St. Philip, in which our people, without being told our intention, will take part.

'I am glad the Bishop has brought out to you his real difficulty, for he mystified the matter to us. If he means I am not in *practice* a good disciplinarian, I quite confess it. I have it as little in me to be a good Schoolmaster or Dean, as to be a good rider or successful chess player. But this does not hinder my feeling the *need* of strict discipline for boys—for many a man approves what he cannot practice.

'Then perhaps people about him or in London have told him stories about our goings on in Dublin, which, though not so exact and well managed as I should like them to be, are not what some good people represent them. Here too I may say, first, that it does not follow quite logically, because I think that in matters of discipline a University should *not* be like a School (which I *do* think) that *therefore* in those matters a School *should* be like a University. Moreover, as to any defect of our academical discipline at Dublin, it must be considered that, not the Rector, but the Vice-Rector is the officer of it and I *never* have had a resident Vice-Rector allowed me by the Bishops, and at this moment there is none even nominally; Deans too are hard to be got—they are either as strict as Prefects in an ecclesiastical Seminary, or they are indulgent and lax. Difficulties such as these are only temporary, but they are serious at starting. Under our circumstances, I wonder we have got on so well.

‘Probably there are other reasons given to suggest distrust and hesitation in co-operating in our school plan, and these feelings can only be removed by time and experience of us. We are on the best terms with our Bishop—and his fears will gradually give way. I do not think much would come from trying to persuade him by compulsory or compendious means. So I propose to let him alone, though keeping him *au courant* of our proceedings.

‘I should like very much if there were two or three persons, such as Hope Scott, whom we might privately and confidentially consult on the details of our plan of proceeding. The only point of *principle* on which we should differ from the Colleges, is that we should aim at doing everything above-board—and abjure espionage, listening at doors &c. The question of opening letters has to be considered here—but certainly I should desire such honesty and openness in our conduct to the boys, that they would have no temptation to *distrust* us.

Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.’

The proposed school had naturally to run the gauntlet of critical discussion. And personal criticisms on its founder were repeated back to him. Newman’s attitude seems to have been a mixture of that sensitiveness which was almost physical in him with a determination to treat petty attacks with the neglect they deserve. He had sent the proposed *Manifesto* to Hope-Scott and Bellasis for their criticisms, and writes as follows to the latter on November 4:

‘I am amused at your and Hope Scott’s lawyer-like caution, in cutting off every unnecessary word from my manifesto. Alas, it has been my fault through life to have spoken out. Without it, I should neither have had the hebdomadal judgment on No. 90 nor old Campbell’s ineptiæ. I do really believe it arises from an impatience of not being above-board. I wish I could take to myself the comfort of the sacred lectio: “Deridetur justī simplicitas: hujus mundi” (that is, the lawyers’) “sapientia est cor machinationibus tegere, sensum verbis velare &c.,” so I think I shall reform, as old Damea, at the end of life; and, as he got liberal, so, on my part, become close.

‘This leads me to say one thing. It has only been just now brought home to me what hard and wrong things are said

of me, by those who ought not. . . . The wrong words said against me may tend seriously to involve the prospects of the school; and, when I am fully embarked in the undertaking, and the inconvenience is felt, friends may be tempted to say, that I am bound for the sake of the school to answer them. I do not mean to do so:—first, because on the long run falsehood refutes itself:—secondly, because to speak out would retort the blame on those who throw it, and who can bear it less easily than I:—thirdly, because spiritual books tell us, that, except when accused of unsoundness in faith, (though this to be sure! may follow in time), it is best to let imputations rest on one's head, without shaking them off; and fourthly, because I am too proud and indolent to move even my finger in the matter.

‘Still, it might be said, when the school is once begun, “This is a public matter now,—not a personal; you are bound in duty to speak”—and this I could not do without a great sacrifice, and an extreme distress. Therefore, I think that all those who are earnest in the plan of a school, should carefully think over these contingencies first, and see their way clearly as regards them.

‘Another thing I have to mention, is, the subject of money. We think of engaging Arnold, if we can get him, as second master. We cannot offer him less than £300 a year. The House &c. will not be much under £200. Here is £500, and of course for a *term* of years. This is an anxious undertaking. Before putting one's foot into the stream, the anxiety presents itself with more force than ordinary.

‘I often think, why should I be so busy? Why did I engage in the new University, bringing on me indefinite trouble and care, and taking up so many years? It was no business of mine. And now, scarcely am I rid of it, when I am putting my foot into another responsibility, when I might sit under my own vine and fig-tree in peace, for such years as Providence still gives me. Is it really the will of God? Shall I not, as time goes on, wish I had nothing to do with an undertaking which has only brought me anxiety and mortification? . . .’

The prospectus was issued with emendations, and one of the Oratorian Fathers, Father Nicholas Darnell, eventually accepted the office of Head Master. Thomas Arnold did not at this time see his way to joining in the scheme. Serjeant Bellasis was a constant supporter and adviser. In December Newman writes to him suggesting that the new

Head Master should advertise the undertaking by a visit to the Metropolis:

‘Would not it be well for Fr. Darnell to show himself in London now? for after your most satisfactory letter of the 25th, I consider it decided we shall begin. I should like him to make Mrs. Bellasis’s acquaintance, and Master Richard’s. I *think* he has some reluctance, from the feeling that there are those in London, who might have taken him up and have not—as if it would hurt our prospects if he came to London and *did not* go to certain houses. I had not hinted to him the important precedent of Mr. Squeers, who, I think, showed himself in the Metropolis with a view to increasing his connexions.’

A devoted friend of Newman’s, one who had become a Catholic through his influence, Mrs. Wootten, became the matron, and an efficient staff of masters was secured. After the school had gone on three months we find him writing happily, on August 9, 1859, to Bellasis: ‘I trust we are prospering. I hear of an increase from various quarters next half.’

The success of the school was from the first assured. One severe trial, however, it did undergo in 1861—a trial which brought out all the determination and force in action which Newman could show on occasion. The masters protested—at Christmas 1861—against the very special position accorded by Newman to Mrs. Wootten, the matron, and demanded that she should be removed. Newman resolutely declined, and they represented that if he persisted they would all have to resign. On the exact rights and wrongs of the dispute it is hard now to form a judgment. But the crisis, as I have said, brought all Newman’s energies into play. Father Darnell resigned on December 27, and the other masters on the 29th. Ambrose St. John was at once despatched by Newman to Dublin to secure Thomas Arnold as leading classical Master, and Newman set to work to find without delay other competent masters to replace those who were gone. Arnold was definitely engaged on January 6, 1862.¹ Newman’s wide circle of devoted friends

¹ Mr. Thomas Pope (afterwards an Oratorian) and his brother Richard also joined the staff at this time.

stood him in good stead, and by the time the boys reassembled at the end of the month there was a complete staff of fresh masters. It is remarkable that so far as can be seen the school did not suffer at all from this revolution. Things were soon in complete working order. And Newman's own relations with the boys seem to have become somewhat closer. It was one of his pleasures to adapt for the schoolboys the plays of Terence and Plautus, and to coach them for their performance. He also especially encouraged by his presence the cultivation of chamber music among those whose gifts were in that direction.

Father Darnell's place was ably filled by Ambrose St. John, who acted as Head Master until his death in 1876.

The school had the high sanction of Newman's name as its founder, and he took a great interest in it. But he was never active Head Master, and thus he was free to pursue the intellectual work to which he desired at the time of its foundation to devote himself, as his Irish engagement was at an end. Of the shape that work actually took and of the controversies in which it involved him we shall speak in subsequent chapters.

CHAPTER XV

LIBERAL CATHOLICISM

CAMPAIGNS on behalf of far-reaching ideas may be fought out in unimpressive surroundings, yet they may be all-important from their object. Such campaigns may be, as it were, rehearsals, practice manœuvres for a similar struggle more vital and more public in time to come. They may be exhibitions on a small scale of the action of human nature in given circumstances and with given antecedents, and may serve as a guide and a warning when the more serious contest comes. Thus the first battle of Newman's campaign on behalf of that mental training for Christians which modern conditions demand was fought in the short-lived attempt at a Catholic University—the battle-ground the little college in Stephen's Green; the protagonists on either side himself and Dr. Cullen. The second had for its occasion the later history of Mr. Capes's Review the *Rambler*; for its battle-field the pages of that Review and of its successor, the *Home and Foreign*; while the protagonists in a triangular duel were himself, Sir John Acton (with Richard Simpson as an able lieutenant) and W. G. Ward.¹ The ability of these periodicals and these writers none will question; but they were Catholic Reviews in a country where such periodicals could have but a very limited publicity.

That the education of the Catholic mind was vital to the effective defence of Christianity itself, he had urged on his colleagues in the Catholic University, and he had endeavoured as Rector to lay down intellectual principles on which this necessary work might be done by a future generation. Now circumstances brought him in contact with those

¹ Newman, however, did not actually write in the *Home and Foreign Review*. His discussions on its articles were carried on in private correspondence.

who were trying to do something towards its execution in the present. In his eyes, then, the campaign which I have now to describe was on behalf of an object of world-wide importance, although its immediate field was apparently so insignificant, and although in the eyes of many, who were not alive to the signs of the times, the controversies it involved were simply a wanton disturbance of the peace. This short-sighted view was not, however, shared by those whose names are most prominent in its course. Sir John Acton, W. G. Ward, Richard Simpson, Döllinger, and others saw fully the importance of the matters debated and their bearing on the future influence of the Church.

It so happened that just this task, which Newman had seen to be so necessary, had also been exercising the Catholic *savants* in Germany, and notably in Munich, for some years. The greatest name among the Munich Professors was that of Döllinger, and his most distinguished pupil was the young Englishman, Sir John Acton, who (as we have seen) had now returned from Munich to England. Sir John Acton was the scion of an old Catholic Shropshire family: a cousin of such country squires as the Throckmortons and Langdales; a nephew of Cardinal Acton. But from his mother, a Dalberg, he had inherited intellectual tastes and a mental temperament poles apart from those of his English kinsmen. Endowed with an extraordinary memory, he was already, at the age of twenty-two, an authority on European history. His early enthusiasm was enlisted in the cause of learning within the Catholic Church. By birth he had connections in different countries. By taste and habit he was cosmopolitan. He was a friend or acquaintance of many who in France and Germany were already beginning to be known by the title, later on to become an invidious one, of 'Liberal Catholics.'

'Liberal Catholicism' already took different colours in different persons and places. In Lacordaire and Montalembert it showed itself in a love of political freedom and a devotion to the principles of '89. Among Acton's German friends it took the form of an intense faith in scientific freedom, and a somewhat revolutionary campaign on behalf of the reformation of Catholic theology in the light of fashionable

hypotheses in history as well as in physics. The movement was an influential one, and in order to appreciate its connection with the work of Acton and Newman alike, we must first say something of its origin.

The story has been told more than once; but we must recall its chief outstanding facts. De Maistre's celebrated work 'Du Pape' gave, in 1819, the signal for a great Ultramontane revival which formed a contributory stream to the Christian reaction from eighteenth century infidelity, first heralded in 1802 by Chateaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme.' De Maistre advocated the union of Catholics under the Pope as the best means of securing liberty and new power for religion. Gallicanism, like Erastianism in the Church of England, meant servitude to the State. Ultramontanism meant freedom from its oppressive rule. Thus the cry of 'liberty' for Catholics was raised under the Ultramontane banner. And in its early stages the Liberal and the Ultramontane movement were identical. Vicomte de Bonald had already provided a philosophical basis for De Maistre's more practical programme. He had appealed to the consent of mankind in holding to traditionary religion, as a witness against the scepticism to which individualism had led in the eighteenth century. Félicité de Lamennais, at first like De Maistre a Royalist, fused together these two streams—the practical and the philosophical—in his 'Essai sur l'indifférence.' His work was Ultramontane and traditionalist. So great was the influence he rapidly won that Lacordaire does not hesitate to say that he 'found himself invested with the power of Bossuet.'¹ Lamennais visited Leo XII. in Rome and was believed by Cardinal Wiseman and others to have been made a Cardinal *in petto*. The Pontiff died, however, before conferring the Hat on him.

But 'ce grand esprit immodéré,' as Sainte-Beuve calls Lamennais, took offence in 1826 with the action of Charles X. in causing him to be prosecuted for some strong published statements as to the power of the Papacy over kings. The prosecution was instituted in deference to public opinion, and the penalty was only a nominal fine. But Lamennais deeply resented the king's action, and threw in his lot with the revolu-

¹ *Considérations sur le système de M. de Lamennais*, p. 36.

tion of 1830. His 'Des progrès de la Révolution et de la guerre contre l'église' marked the change. 'Quand les Catholiques aussi crieront "liberté,"' he wrote, 'bien des choses changeront.' He became a declared democrat. The cry of 'liberty for Catholics' passed now into a formal avowal of Liberal principles, still, however, under the banner of Ultramontanism. Lamennais founded the *Avenir* as an organ for his views, and in its pages he developed a theory of Ultramontane Liberalism. He was supported in its conduct by his two famous disciples—the Comte de Montalembert and Père Lacordaire. The new Review advocated freedom of speech and of conscience, while still staunchly supporting the Papal supremacy.

The story of its condemnation by Rome in the Encyclical *Mirari vos* has often been told. Gregory XVI. declined to endorse far-reaching and novel principles, though their advocates were foes of Gallicanism. But the two tendencies, Ultramontane and Liberal, still remained united against Gallicanism, which was gradually extinguished in France. 'Jansenism and Gallicanism,' writes Dr. Alzog of the fifties, 'which at one time had divided the French clergy into hostile camps, now nearly, if not quite, disappeared.'¹

The new movement of Ultramontane apologetic continued to be a great power for many years. It was a powerful vindication of Christianity and was associated with many famous names. After the generation represented by the Schlegels and Stolberg in Germany and by De Maistre and Chateaubriand in France, had passed away, Montalembert, Frederick Ozanam, Nicolas, Lacordaire, Père de Ravignan, and many another took their places in France, while Germany could show such famous names as Möhler and Döllinger. If speculative theories of Liberalism were in abeyance since the censure of Lamennais, the movement still practically claimed liberty for Catholics, in the hope of winning back the heart of Christendom if freedom were allowed them to plead their own cause by speech and writing, and to organise without hindrance. This claim could only be made in a mixed political society by asking for a like liberty for all religions. The new apologetic which restored the

¹ *Church History*, iii. 712.

influence of the Church took a wider range than the scholastic apologetic. Cardinal Wiseman noted with pride in his Roman lectures of 1836 how many and various were the intellectual roads which had converged towards the Catholic Church in the great *savants* who joined her in the first half of the century. It would be at all events bold to suggest that arguments which had actually convinced so many were invalid or even unorthodox, and that arguments whose great triumphs had been won in the Middle Ages were the only sound and orthodox ones. And in point of fact, the new apologetic in such men as Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Nicolas was generally approved. A movement of varied life, a zeal for reform on principles not fully defined, was visible in the forties among the most active-minded Catholics in many countries.

Gregory XVI., who had censured Lamennais, was the friend of Austria and the inveterate foe of the revolution. Rome was constantly harassed by the machinations of the Carbonari. Pope Gregory was suspicious of anything which savoured of Liberalism. But when Pius IX. succeeded, he was hailed as a reforming and 'Liberal' Pope. His *amnestie générale* at once decreed the release of political prisoners. His sympathy was anticipated for the 'Liberal' Catholics of the time. We have already spoken of his sanguine attempt at political reform in the Papal States, his abolition of the immemorial ecclesiastical government and appointment of a lay Prime Minister, Count de Rossi; of the overwhelming predominance soon manifest in Rome of the anti-clerical Left, reinforced by the dangerous revolutionists who swarmed forth from the prisons; of the murder of De Rossi and the flight of the Pope to Gaeta.

When Pius was reinstated in 1849 by the European Powers, his genial spirit had received a severe shock. The conditions were changed which made men at first anticipate that he would show special sympathy for Liberal Catholics. His hostility to the whole movement which he designated 'hodiernus liberalismus'—a movement which he seemed destined at first to guide and Christianise, but from which he had ultimately suffered so much—became thenceforth uncompromising. He now dreaded above all things the

spread among Catholics of 'Liberal principles,' which became naturally associated in his mind with the events of 1848. Indeed Continental 'Liberalism' was in point of fact already evincing that anti-Christian trend which in our own day, in France and Italy alike, has been so unmistakable. Catholics who claimed to be Liberals were often placed in a very false position. Lacordaire, who was at this time returned to the French Parliament as a Liberal, soon found himself in bad company, and resigned his seat.

The reaction in Pio Nono introduced directly and indirectly a most serious division among Catholics. Some persevered in the hopeful and conciliating temper originally shown by the Pope; others sympathised in the uncompromising attitude which had succeeded it. The words 'Liberal' and 'Ultramontane,' so long representing two aspects of one movement in the Church, soon became the watchwords of parties strongly antagonistic. Among an influential section of Catholics the hatred of the modern world towards Catholicism brought on an attitude of absolute opposition to all which they regarded as characteristic of the modern spirit. What was the use (they asked) of trying to persuade or influence irreconcilable enemies? 'Nous ne convertirons pas,' wrote one of them (M. Gaume), 'ni Mazzini, ni Garibaldi, ni leurs acolytes, libres penseurs; . . . nous n'éteindrons dans leur cœur la haine du Catholicisme.'¹ There was something of the same hopelessness as to compromise in the *non possumus* of Pius himself. M. Louis Veuillot of the *Univers*, and the many who felt with him, declared war on the modern world, on its political ideals and its intellectual tendencies alike. In Rome the indifference to philosophy and zeal for facts which Newman had noted when writing from the Eternal City in 1847, now gave place to a vigorous revival of scholasticism which was encouraged by the Pontiff. This bore fruit as time went on in works of great value—for example, Father Kleutgen's *magnum opus*, 'La Philosophie Scholastique,' and still later the writings of the present Cardinal Mercier. But the revival, in the hands of its narrower exponents, took a form which was not too friendly to the modern scientific spirit.

¹ *L'Eau bénite du dix-neuvième siècle*, by Abbé Gaume.

On the other hand, in spite of the obvious discouragement presented by the Anti-Christian tendency of contemporary 'Liberalism,' any narrowness of outlook or sympathy was deplored by many able Catholics, by Lacordaire, Montalembert, Ozanam, and their friends. Although Lacordaire dissociated himself from the Radical Left in the Chamber, he continued his attempt to picture Catholicism to the modern world as the friend of all truth, of new science as of ancient dogma, and as capable of assimilating all really fruitful knowledge. He and his friends held such a view to be the truth which must ultimately prevail. And they held the opposite view to be both uncharitable and unpersuasive. Speaking of the aggressive Ultramontanism of Louis Veuillot, Frederick Ozanam writes: 'This school of writers professes to place at its head Comte de Maistre, whose opinions it exaggerates and denaturalises. It goes about looking for the boldest paradoxes, the most disputable propositions, provided they irritate the modern spirit. . . . It does not propose to bring back unbelievers [to Christianity], but to stir up the passions of believers.'

The same writer describes the ideal of the more Liberal school of Catholics as being on the contrary 'to seek in the human heart all the sacred cords which can reunite it to Christianity, to re-awaken in it the love of truth, justice, and beauty, and then to manifest in revealed faith the ideal of these three things to which every soul aspires.' Louis Veuillot, on his side, held that the sympathy with the modern world which this programme involved led Ozanam, Lacordaire, and their friends 'to make war on their natural friends the Catholics, and hold out their hands to the enemies of the Church—academics, philosophers, eclectics.'¹

Such was the division of temper between the two parties. And each had its organ—the *Correspondant* representing the views of Montalembert, the *Univers* being edited by Louis Veuillot.

But in Germany there was a deeper intellectual difference than in France; and this difference determined the line taken by Sir John Acton and certain other English writers. Döllinger, the leader of the Munich school, had all along been very decidedly Ultramontane. He and his colleague

¹ Boissard's *Life of Foisset*, p. 159.

and friend Möhler, author of the 'Symbolik,' had taken an active share in the movement of Catholic apologetic of which I have spoken. They were students and thinkers, and stood apart from the more practical agitation of political and ecclesiastical parties which had so largely affected Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Veuillot, as well as Pius IX. himself. The share they took in the historical researches of the day, which were being pursued by Ranke and others in a spirit by no means hostile towards the Church, gradually raised a problem which has since become very urgent among Christians. It was the very problem considered by Newman in his Dublin lectures—how far did any opinions generally received among Catholic divines, and first adopted before systematic and scientific history was properly understood, need revision in view of the trend of modern research? What conditions were necessary in order to enable Catholics to face such research with absolute frankness and to hold their own, winning consideration and respect, in the learned world, not indeed from anti-Christian zealots, but from genuine men of science? Almost at the same time as the school of the *Univers* became definitely separated from the school represented by the *Correspondant* in the early fifties, a similar separation took place among the Germans. The school of Mayence under Bishop Ketteler was the more Roman school and opposed what it held to be the excesses of the school of Munich, of which Döllinger was the leader. The latter school stringently criticised the scholastics. Professor Froschammer did so on the *terrain* of philosophy, Döllinger on that of history and theology. The school of Mayence was more friendly to them. Here again, as in France, influential Reviews represented the divergent schools of thought. The Mayence school was represented by the *Katholik*, that of Munich by the *Quarterly Review* of Tübingen. The Jesuits, too, had their Review, the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, which agreed with the school of Mayence. From this atmosphere of keen contest among Catholic Reviews Sir John Acton came to England. The questions involved were specially urgent for the Catholic *savants* in Germany, where intellectual rivalry between the Confessions ran high, for their Protestant competitors in the sciences

would be likely to claim a great superiority if scholastic conclusions were drawn so tight as to tie the limbs of the Catholic thinkers and scholars, and prevent their free competition with their neighbours on the neutral *terrain* of scientific evidence. The Munich school urged the necessity of scientific freedom and of the reconsideration of such theological opinions as science appeared to disprove. The school of Mayence was more inclined to suspect the hypotheses of science and to walk in the traditional paths.¹

This question, which, in the days of which we are speaking, appeared vague and rather 'in the air' to the general

¹ The theological difference between the two schools—somewhat parallel to the difference which later on separated Dr. Liddon from Mr. Gore in the Church of England—was excellently and succinctly stated years afterwards by the late Monsignor d'Hulst in his address to the Catholic Scientific Congress held at Paris in 1888:

'Si la foi est immobile, la science ne l'est pas. C'est la gloire de la parole divine d'être toujours semblable à elle-même. C'est l'honneur de la pensée humaine de n'être jamais contente d'elle-même et de reculer sans cesse les bornes toujours étroites de ses connaissances. Mais entre deux termes contigus, dont l'un est en repos, l'autre en mouvement, il est inévitable que les points de contact se déplacent. Si le déplacement se faisait toujours au nom d'une certitude absolue, l'accord serait facile entre croyants;—car autant ils sont convaincus qu'une proposition révélée n'a rien à craindre des constatations scientifiques, autant ils sont prêts à affirmer qu'une proposition démontrée n'encourra jamais le démenti autorisé des juges de la croyance. Ces deux axiomes représentent les deux faces d'une même vérité enseignée en termes exprès par le Concile du Vatican et par toute une série d'actes pontificaux, et qu'on peut résumer en cette formule: *le dogme catholique ne saurait être pris en défaut par les faits*. Mais le problème est moins simple que cela dans la pratique. La science, en effet, arrive rarement d'un bond à la certitude. Elle procède par l'hypothèse, s'essaie aux vérifications expérimentales et s'achemine à travers des probabilités grandissantes vers le terme désiré de l'évidence discursive. Mais non. Il y a des tâtonnements et de fausses manœuvres; il y a des chevauchées hors de la route; *magni passus, sed extra viam*; il y a des hypothèses qui jouissent longtemps d'une certaine faveur et que denouvelles recherches obligent d'abandonner. Tant que dure leur crédit provisoire, bon nombre d'esprits trop prompts à conclure les confondent avec les dires absolus de la science, et pendant ce temps-là on se demande comment les mettre d'accord avec l'enseignement chrétien.

'Les uns disent: "Le désaccord est manifeste, c'est l'hypothèse qui a tort." Les autres répondent: "L'hypothèse est bien appuyée, c'est vous qui interprétez mal la croyance. Ce que vous prenez pour l'enseignement catholique n'est qu'un façon d'entendre cet enseignement, façon bien naturelle tant qu'on n'avait pas de raisons d'en chercher une autre, mais qu'il faut abandonner à la demande de l'expérience." Sans doute, si l'autorité suprême intervient pour fixer le sens indéci du dogme, le dissentiment fait place à l'unanimité. Mais il est rare que cette autorité se mêle ainsi aux virements de bord de la science. Gardienne

reader of periodical literature, has long ago established its extremely urgent and definite character in connection especially with the light thrown by history on the early constitution of the Church. For medieval theologians had at times not unnaturally treated as existing from the first what history subsequently showed to have been developed later on. This urgency was early recognised by specialists like Döllinger and Newman himself. Acton arrived in England full of the subject. He desired to conduct an English Review which should play the part of that of Tübingen—the *Atlantis*, the *Dublin*, the *Rambler*, it mattered not which. Such a Review was, like the German Catholic Reviews, to influence non-Catholic thought as well as Catholic. And he wanted the countenance of one great English Catholic thinker and historical student, John Henry Newman. Moreover, in addition to his sympathy with the aims of the Munich school, he had even at this early time the sanguine passion for 'liberty' as an ideal which made him in later years design as his *magnum opus* a 'History of Freedom.' Acton had also an absolute faith in the scientific character and impartial temper displayed by the existing representatives of modern historical research. The days of partisanship and special pleading were, he considered, over. If Ranke could be fair to the Catholics, the Catholics, too, should be fair to the facts of history which told against them, and eschew any *arrière pensée* to controversial effectiveness. Hence he was inclined to make very boldly the challenge which most Catholic students make with great reserve, that theologians should revise their statements in the light

prudente de la parole sacrée, protectrice bienveillante de l'activité humaine, elle attend d'ordinaire, se contentant de surveiller le mouvement et de condamner les excès de part et d'autre. Pendant ce temps-là, deux tendances se manifestent parmi les catholiques : celle des hardis, qui sont parfois téméraires ; celles des mides, qui sont parfois arriérés. Et là encore la situation se complique et les reproches se croisent. Les hardis prétendent que ce sont eux qui sont prudents, parce qu'ils réservent l'avenir et épargnent aux théologiens la nécessité de s'infliger plus tard à eux-mêmes un désaveu. Les timides répondent que ce sont eux qui méritent la louange décernée aux braves, parce qu'ils témoignent moins d'appréhensions devant les attaques de la science, plus de confiance dans la victoire finale de la conception traditionnelle. Encore une fois, Messieurs, ces divergences sont inévitables, et vouloir les prévenir serait interdire aux croyants de penser. . . . ?

of the conclusions of the scientific world. For he held that world to represent accurately the true state of scientific evidence. How the situation and the prospect for the future presented itself to Acton's mind we may see by reading his own words in an article written very shortly afterwards.

He first describes the great apologists who, from Chateaubriand and De Maistre onwards, did so great a work in restoring religious belief. He then speaks of the scientific Catholic thinkers and scholars of his own time.

'... The services of these [earlier] writers have been very great,' he writes. 'They restored the balance which was leaning terribly against religion, both in politics and letters. They created a Catholic opinion and a great Catholic literature, and they conquered for the Church a very powerful influence in European thought. The word "ultramontane" was revived to designate this school, and that restricted term was made to embrace men as different as de Maistre and de Bonald, Lamennais and Montalembert, Balmez and Donoso Cortes, Stolberg and Schlegel, Phillips and Taparelli.

'Learning has (now) passed on beyond the range of these men's visions. Their greatest strength was in the weakness of their adversaries, and their own faults were eclipsed by the monstrous errors against which they fought. But scientific methods have now been so perfected and have come to be applied in so cautious and so fair a spirit that the apologists of the last generation have collapsed before them. Investigations have become so impersonal, so colourless, so free from the prepossessions which distort truth, from pre-determined aims and foregone conclusions, that their results can only be met by investigations in which the same methods are yet more completely and conscientiously applied. The sounder scholar is invincible by the brilliant rhetorician; and the eloquence and ingenuity of de Maistre and Schlegel would be of no avail against researches pursued with perfect mastery of science and singleness of purpose. The apologist's armour would be vulnerable at the point where his religion and his science were forced into artificial union. Again, as science widens and deepens, it escapes from the grasp of dilettantism. The training of a skilled labourer has become indispensable for the scholar, and science yields its results to none but those who have mastered its methods.

'Herein consists the distinction between the apologists we have described and that school of writers and thinkers

which is now growing up in foreign countries, and on the triumph of which the position of the Church in modern society depends. While she was surrounded with men whose learning was sold to the service of untruth, her defenders naturally adopted the artifices of the advocate, and wrote as if they were pleading for a human cause. It was their concern only to promote those precise kinds and portions of knowledge which would confound an adversary or support her claim. But learning ceased to be hostile to Christianity when it ceased to become an instrument of controversy—when facts came to be acknowledged no longer because they were useful, but simply because they were true. Religion had no occasion to rectify the results of learning when irreligion had ceased to pervert them, and the old weapons of controversy became repulsive as soon as they had ceased to be useful.¹

In 1858 (the year this narrative has now reached) the scientific movement among Catholics in Germany was steadily growing in influence. It was attempting, among other things, a somewhat similar work to that done in the Church of England a little later by such men as Lightfoot, Hort, and Westcott—specialist research in the history of the early centuries, absolutely frank, yet undertaken with Christian rather than anti-Christian sympathies.

The chapters which now follow have as their background this effort, marked by great enthusiasm, though, no doubt, one-sided in its outlook, to gain for the Catholic Church in Germany an influence on thought and learning comparable to that which German Catholics actually gained later on in politics. And they terminate with the dramatic episode of the Munich Congress of 1863 summoned by Döllinger in order to promote and organise this endeavour. The Congress brought down the censure of the Holy See on the excesses of Döllinger and Acton, and in doing so inflicted a severe blow on the whole movement.

A word more is needed concerning one of the *dramatis personæ* in the campaign in England itself.

Among those Catholics whose interests were intellectual, and whose zeal for reform in education and increased depth in religious philosophy was keen, the man who pulled hardest

¹ *Home and Foreign Review*, i. p. 513.

against Acton was W. G. Ward. His attitude towards the two tendencies of Catholic thought just described was nevertheless not wholly opposed to that of the more liberal thinkers.

We have seen how Louis Veillot and his friends held the Church as a besieged city against the modern world; how they entrenched themselves behind scholastic bulwarks and looked askance at the complex modern movement, which was at once anti-Christian, political, and scientific; seeing in Mazzini only an enemy of the Pope, in Darwin only an enemy to dogma; suspecting the modern 'liberties' and longing for the days to return when the Church had excluded the very breath of error and doubt. Lacordaire and Montalembert, on the other hand, deplored the tyranny of ecclesiastics in the past as largely responsible for the existing troubles of the Church. Intent on actually affecting the minds of the existing generation, mindful of the immense impression which Lacordaire himself had made on the mixed crowd of his countrymen in 1836 at Notre Dame, they sought to supplement the old scholastic arguments by others more persuasive to nineteenth century thinkers; and they had a friendly eye on the Munich school in Germany.

Mr. W. G. Ward, from his sceptical intellectual temperament and his keen imaginative realisation of the standpoint of J. S. Mill, shared in the views of the more Liberal school so far as fundamental Christian apologetic was concerned. He was dissatisfied with the arguments given in the ordinary scholastic manuals as proofs both of Theism and of Christianity. He considered that they required both developing and supplementing to meet the needs of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, he had small sympathy with the Munich School. When once the fundamental apologetic was secure, he, like Veillot, advocated the entrenchment of Catholics in their own city; though what he especially insisted on in this connection was not the scholastic philosophy, but the practice of the ascetic life, the influence of Catholic devotion, and the atmosphere of Catholicism, secured and confirmed by an absolute obedience to all intimations from the Holy See. The theological volumes of the schoolmen indeed were his delight, but the chief value he set on them was as ministering to practical religion. In philosophy

he was not rigidly scholastic. His war was primarily against the spirit of exclusive 'intellectualism' which he thought he saw in the Munich school.

Such writers as Acton and Richard Simpson, to whom the large non-Catholic work of science was so important, who were such enthusiastic lovers of its methods, who desired to be members of it on equal terms with others, constantly struck a note which jarred on Ward. His pamphlet read before the English Catholic Academia on 'The Relation of Intellect to Man's True Perfection' was directed against that form of 'religious Liberalism' and 'intellectualism' which he held to be their leading characteristic. They disregarded, he considered, the stern and exclusive ethical principles of Christianity and the logical consequences of its principles. The secularist temper involved maxims which endangered the success even of contributions to apologetic intrinsically valuable. For Ward believed severe self-discipline and moral training to be necessary for an adequate appreciation of the very reasons for religious belief. The intellectual dissipation of the modern secularist civilisation undermined the effect of the deepest arguments on such a subject. The ethical principles of Christianity were as necessary for even the best arguments on behalf of its truth to prove convincing as air is needful for the most healthy lungs to breathe. These principles were so little congenial to human nature that he thought they should be constantly and prominently insisted on. They were, on the contrary, he held, often sacrificed by the writers in question for the 'mongrel morality' of modern civilisation. On the other hand, from the constitution of his mind, Ward was not fully alive to the urgency of the historical problems which so greatly exercised Acton and Simpson.

Of Newman's own *via media* between Ward and Acton I will not attempt to give any brief analysis; it will be better that his own words should speak for themselves. Widely as he dissented from Ward on particular points, it was, as he often said, in practice and in the application of principles that the difference lay, not in theological principles themselves. In the 'Apologia' he has expressed his 'enthusiastic concurrence' with the attitude of such 'Liberal' Cath-

olics as Lacordaire and Montalembert, whom he held to be 'before their time' (p. 285). With regard to the 'liberalism' of Acton and his friends his concurrence was far more limited. But he sympathised with their avowed programme of approaching religious problems with a mind keenly alive to the thought and science of the day.

The campaign of the English Liberal Catholics, which eventually caused a great stir, was partly, as I have already hinted, a reaction in England itself from another movement among the converts.

Father Faber and his friends of the Brompton Oratory having no longer the restraining hand of their first Father Superior to guide them, had been pressing onward the devotional and uncritical treatment of the history of the saints on lines somewhat similar to those followed by such writers as M. Gaume in France. Church history was dealt with by some English Catholics much as Abbé Darra's treated it for the edification of the French Seminarists. A school of deeply religious men was urging, as an adequate solution of all difficulties, absolute obedience to ecclesiastical authority in matters intellectual as well as in matters of discipline. Views which were approved as orthodox or were current in Rome were supposed or tacitly assumed by them to be as a necessary consequence adequate to the intellectual needs of the time. With this view, Newman and even W. G. Ward could concur as little as the *Rambler* writers. Newman's historical sense effectually prevented such an attitude. He probably recalled the great change of fashion he had witnessed in Rome itself in these matters, from 1847, when philosophy was no longer the vogue, when St. Thomas and Aristotle were little read, when the study of facts was all in all, to the existing fashion of a revived Scholasticism. More than one intellectual fashion might be orthodox. More than one might prevail at different times in Rome itself. In 1847 he had pleaded for some philosophy, as against its entire absence. Now that the scholastic revival had begun, the danger, both at Rome and elsewhere, appeared to be of a different kind. Philosophical and theological tenets and arguments were imposed by Professors as though they were certain, with insufficient accompanying recognition of facts

which did not square with them. Moreover, in philosophy itself, what was theologically orthodox was in some quarters insisted on as therefore necessarily intellectually convincing. On the evils consequent on this habit in the ecclesiastical seminaries W. G. Ward often spoke with characteristic vehemence from his personal experience at St. Edmund's. 'The whole philosophical fabric which occupies our colleges,' he wrote to Newman in 1860, 'is rotten from the floor to the roof. Nay; no one who has not been mixed up practically in a seminary would imagine to how great an extent it *intellectually debauches* the students' minds.' Again, even on the wider needs of theology arising from modern historical and biblical problems, to which, as I have said, he was far less alive, Ward writes: 'What new difficulties are opened at every step! I suppose the Church will have to develop quite a supplemental *corpus* of theology in reference to such questions as those touched in "Essays and Reviews."'

To Newman the new aspects of the philosophical and critical argument for Christianity which needed developing were, of course, no surprise. He had expressly anticipated them nine years earlier. When dealing in his lectures at King William Street with the Anglican controversy he had declined to treat this larger question on the ground that it was a transition time.

The old defences could still be used, but very shortly the controversy would, he foresaw, have fallen into so new a position that arguments which had been constructed before such a development would be useless. When that time came he would attempt to deal with them and revise them.

'The first duty of Catholics,' he then wrote, 'is to house those in who are near their doors; it will be time afterwards when this has been done to ascertain how things lie on the extended field of philosophy and religion, and into what new position the controversy has fallen; as yet the old arguments suffice. To attempt a formal dissertation on the Notes of the Church at this moment, would be running the risk of constructing what none would need to-day, and none could use to-morrow.' The morrow had now arrived, and he meant to do his best.

English writers like Capes and Simpson, who reacted against the doctrinal extremes of Father Faber, made common cause with those who, like Acton, drew their inspiration from Germany. And both alike appealed to Newman for aid and guidance. Newman had already mapped out in the *Atlantis* a practical first step in the desired direction. Once you make minds educated and really familiar with the trend of science, they will not (he held) maintain an untenable or narrow apologetic. It is when science is kept at a distance, and its conclusions are not realised, that such conclusions are opposed in the name of orthodoxy. The necessity of change is in such circumstances not evident, and the views in possession presumptively stand. But now, before this preparation of mind had been achieved among English Catholics, current problems were, as we have seen in the last chapter, ventilated in Mr. Capes's Review, the *Rambler*, with a good deal of impatience and exaggeration, with some indiscriminateness of expression, some superficiality of treatment, and in a way—perhaps even with a disposition—to shock both the ecclesiastical authorities and the average reader. These characteristics were precisely the opposite to those desired by Newman, who wished to effect the necessary modifications and additions without friction, almost without observation. The somewhat reckless and startling articles in the *Rambler* made him very anxious as to their effect in upsetting the faith of good and simple minds, and also, as we shall see later on, in defeating really needed developments in theology. For such exaggerations would provoke a reaction.

Mr. Capes had in 1858 ceased to be editor of the *Rambler*. But his sub-editor, Mr. Richard Simpson, succeeded him, and that Review was in the end chosen by Sir John Acton as the field for his own labours on the lines of Döllinger's campaign at Munich. Acton succeeded in gaining the co-operation of Newman. He had too the sympathy of the Bollandists, Father de Buck being another contributor. Döllinger wrote for the Review and so did Montalembert. The *Rambler* in this fresh start took boldly the general line described by Acton in the words cited above as that of the great German *savants* of the Munich school. Its writers entered the lists as knights-errant on behalf of reality and

candour of thought, of research abreast of the times. 'Modern Society,' they wrote in their prospectus, 'has developed no security for freedom, no instrument of progress, no means of arriving at truth which we look at with indifference or suspicion.'

Scandals and anomalies in the history of the Church must be (they held) frankly recognised. Bad philosophical arguments must not be bolstered up and declared to be good because they were given in approved text-books, or even because they had passed muster in the pages of great mediæval doctors or saints. And, moreover, they declined on many grounds to admit the universal desirableness of an attitude of passive and almost indiscriminate obedience to ecclesiastical authority which they regarded as proper to a seminary. Writing in this spirit, these able reviewers, who were young and one-sided and enthusiastic, irritated the Bishops and startled the English Catholics. They fell distinctly short of the customary tone of respect for authority and for the saints themselves. They treated lightly certain sacred traditions which, though possibly in some cases unfounded, yet had at the lowest their place in the devotional life of Catholics, and deserved reverent handling. So also a method of philosophical writing which presented doubts as felt realities, while it questioned the adequacy of the familiar scholastic solutions, was doubly a source of general unsettlement.

The pursuits and mental habits of the English country gentry and clergy, who were among the readers of the *Rambler*, were perhaps not such as would lead them to be fully alive to the danger to intellectual honesty and, in the long run, to the faith of the educated classes, of the deficiencies which such men as Mr. Simpson and Sir John Acton deprecated. Such readers were the descendants of the persecuted Catholics long excluded from the Universities and from public life, or High-Church convert clergymen, few of whom were sensitive to intellectual interests. They objected to having doubts suggested to them to which they had hitherto been strangers. They did not realise that, to the mind of the age, the causes of doubt were already present, and needed to be frankly recognised and counteracted. Also their piety and religious instincts were

startled at the manner adopted by the *Rambler*. And among such readers were some of Newman's own colleagues of the Birmingham Oratory. At Birmingham, as at Littlemore, Newman had surrounded himself with those who deeply sympathised with the main object of his life. But few, if any, of them were in close contact with the thought of the day which pressed so closely on men like Acton, Simpson, and Döllinger. In his daily companions, then, he had an object-lesson in the disturbing effect of raising difficulties hitherto unfelt, with the object of answering them. The Oratorians served him almost as a thermometer, to register the effect of such writings on the *cordatus Catholicus* in England, whose life-work and interests lay in directions other than the speculative or intellectual. And this effect was an important factor in determining Newman's course in the trying controversies that ensued. Diplomacy was called for as well as knowledge and intellectual capacity; and the campaign assumed the character of a chapter in ecclesiastical politics.

Newman saw the absolute necessity of some moderating influence if the *Rambler* writers were to bring home to their co-religionists what was true in their view of the situation. Minds must be prepared by a gradual explanation of what was in form novel, in order that they might see its real consistency with recognised theological principles. 'Novelty is often error,' he wrote years later, 'for those who are unprepared for it, from the refraction with which it enters into their conceptions.' Catholic readers must be won by common-sense, and not repelled by paradox and exaggeration.

His full view of the situation came out by degrees as he wrote to each correspondent, entering into the particular point of view which each represented. Moreover, it modified as time went on. His successive feelings towards the work of Acton and Simpson were summed up in a letter to myself by his intimate friend, the late Lord Emly, as 'interest and disappointment.' Their programme he approved. With their way of carrying it out he was, as we shall see, far from satisfied.

This correspondence was carefully collected and annotated by him with a view to its publication at any time

when his attitude on these great problems should be discussed. I shall make somewhat extensive extracts from it in the sequel. It may appear at first sight to be mainly concerned with editorial difficulties; but this is not so. Though its occasion was the conduct of a Review, it deals in fact with problems of supreme importance. Moreover, no group of his letters illustrates more fully his strength and his width, his sensitive sympathy with many points of view, and his tenacious adherence to the difficult path traced out by personal sincerity and loyalty to authority combined. He had to enter into the special circumstances of many minds. For he had to deal with the Bishops, representing the interests of rule and of peace; with Döllinger, Acton, and Simpson, who were familiar with lines of contemporary thought and research which made some innovation a necessity; with W. G. Ward, whose views were largely determined by his own special difficulties and mental characteristics; with the English Catholic body at large, whom new problems only scared. All these he had to consider. And he had to trace a path on which all alike could walk.

For these reasons the correspondence must be quoted at considerable length in giving, as I now proceed to do, the detailed story of the events above referred to.

CHAPTER XVI

CATHOLIC REVIEWS (1858-1859)

WHEN Newman retired from the Rectorship of the University in November 1858, it was arranged that the *Atlantis* was to be continued. In the following month Sir John Acton, captivated by Newman's vivid sketch—in his lectures and in the *Gazette*—of a University as the home of all the sciences, and the instrument of their gradual synthesis, under the ægis of the Church, urged that the Dublin professors should, in its pages, take the active lead of English Catholic thought, and proposed that the *Atlantis* should enlarge its scope and become a Quarterly Review. He held that it would directly influence a large public in England, for many Anglicans were constantly on the look-out for such writings. Newman, however, in view of the existing state of culture among English Catholics, held that the time was not yet ripe for such a great enterprise in periodical literature. He designed first (as we have said) to prepare the way by the educative influence of more strictly scientific articles in the *Atlantis*, which appeared only twice a year. The style proper to a magazine or even a Quarterly Review, and the class of readers to which such a publication would appeal, were both obstacles to the realisation of Acton's suggestion. In the existing state of opinion, to deal with burning topics in a Review, especially after the fashion in which Acton and Simpson were likely to deal with them, might irritate rather than help people.

Newman seems at first to have felt that a really weighty work by himself, appealing to thinking minds rather than designed for the general reader, would best serve the interests at stake. Such a work he had hoped to accomplish in his projected 'Prolegomena' to the new English translation of

the Bible. After this was abandoned, came his plan for a book on 'Faith and Reason,' for which he had already made many notes. He desired first an interval of rest after his work at Dublin, and the repose of mind necessary to enable him to think out such an essay and to equip himself for its preparation. The vexatious *mal entendus* and controversies of periodical literature must impede the progress of a constructive work, and he refused at first both Acton's suggestion and Oakeley's request a month later that he should join in rehabilitating the *Dublin Review*, which had sunk to a low ebb of vitality. 'I often feel,' he wrote to Acton, 'that I am used up—at least for such purposes. A person should be younger in age, in mind, in thought, in experience, and in views than I am, to write with freshness and energy. And then things seem to have gone past me. I don't know whom I am likely to influence.' He declined a similar request from Henry Wilberforce that he should contribute to the *Weekly Register*. 'I need rest,' Newman wrote, 'and have promised myself a fallow year. Even writing letters is a great tease, and writing for publication is as inconsistent with rest, as knocks at the bedroom door with sleep. And everything I write on current and ephemeral matters takes me from the more arduous subjects on which I wish to engage myself.'¹

This position of detachment proved, however, impossible. The *Rambler* was growing at once in the scale and in the value of its articles, and causing increased irritation to an Episcopate which had no adequate appreciation of the intellectual work which it was attempting. The August number contained the following sentence: 'Because St. Augustine was the greatest doctor of the West, we need not conceal the fact that he was also the father of Jansenism.' Dollinger defended this statement in the December number against the outcry it raised, and certain passages in his article were delated to Rome. Cardinal Wiseman was at the same time angered by a criticism in the *Rambler* of certain episcopal utterances on the Royal Commission on Education in 1858. And now, at the beginning of the year 1859, the threat was held out that the Review, which was at the time edited by Mr. Simpson with Sir John Acton as collaborator, was to be

¹ Letter dated January 18, 1858.

censured in the forthcoming Pastorals of the English Bishops. Newman held that the *Rambler* had placed itself in a false position; yet he believed that its censure would be disastrous, and said so in a letter to Simpson, in which he dwelt on the good work done by the Review. And he found himself to be the only possible intermediary to prevent this most undesirable collision between Simpson and the hierarchy. He, and he alone, commanded the confidence of the various sections of the community concerned. He was trusted by Acton and Simpson. Cardinal Wiseman wrote that things were 'always safe in his hands.' W. G. Ward had, as yet, complete confidence in him as the natural leader of the Catholic intellect in England. And the general readers, and even the more extreme adherents of the London Oratory, knew how sensitively he regarded the pious feelings of the Catholic community which the *Rambler* had in some cases shocked.

Newman's first step was to persuade Mr. Simpson to resign the editorship of the *Rambler* on condition that the Bishops should refrain from the threatened censure. In the end this compromise was effected. Simpson resigned and the censure was withheld. But then the question arose: Who was to be editor? It was clearly conveyed to Newman that Sir J. Acton was equally distasteful to the ecclesiastical authorities. And there was no one else but himself available who could keep up the intellectual prestige of the Review. To Newman himself the idea of his own editorship was that of 'a bitter penance,' as he said. His own time was precious. He felt that it might be short. He had expressed already in a letter to W. G. Ward his fear that he might at any time be visited by paralysis; and the sudden death of his friend Mr. Manuel Johnson a year earlier had been regarded by him as a warning to get forward with the work he had long contemplated on Faith and Reason. Again, the *Rambler* was popularly regarded as representing a party hostile to the Bishops and to the *Dublin Review*; and the fathers of the Oratory were anxious that he should not mix himself up with such a quarrel. It seemed, however, to be a choice between the Review dying and his taking the editorship. Under the deepest sense of duty, and after a good deal of hesitation and

consultation with the fathers of the Oratory, after praying long to know God's Will, he accepted it in March 1859. He did so at the wish of Bishop Ullathorne and Cardinal Wiseman, and after explicitly writing to W. G. Ward, who with Oakeley was temporary editor of the *Dublin*, that he contemplated no kind of rivalry with that periodical. His letters show that he regarded the undertaking as a duty—a most important one, though in some ways a most unwelcome one. And he seems to have felt somewhat bitterly that his motives were little appreciated. He was credited with wishing to exercise influence, to propagate his own ideas.

To add to his difficulties, W. G. Ward, who sympathised with Newman's own programme at this time, was so intolerant towards what he regarded as the secularistic tone and principles of the *Rambler* that he had to be counted on the whole as a foe rather than as a friend to the special work which Newman was now undertaking.

An interview took place on December 30, 1858, between Newman and Acton, at which the future of the *Rambler* was discussed, its continuance appearing to be the most practicable means of preserving an efficient Review for Catholics. It was on this occasion that Newman first learnt that Döllinger's article had been denounced to the authorities. Newman was in the highest degree indignant at the attitude of the theological busybodies towards one of Döllinger's weight and learning, and Acton has left an interesting account of their conversation in a letter to Richard Simpson.

'... I had a three hours' talk with the venerable Newman, who came out at last with his real sentiments to an extent which startled me with respect both to things and persons, as Ward, Dalgairns, &c., &c.; natural inclination of men in power to tyrannise; ignorance and presumption of would-be theologians. I did not think he would ever cast aside his diplomacy and buttonment so entirely, and was quite surprised at the intense interest he betrayed in the *Rambler*. He was quite miserable when I told him the news, and moaned for a long time, rocking himself backwards and forwards over the fire like an old woman with a toothache. He thinks the move provoked both by the hope of breaking down the *Rambler*, and by jealousy of Döllinger. ... He has no present advice, being ignorant of the course of such

affairs in Rome, except that we should declare, if you can make up your mind to do so, that we do not treat theology in our pages. He thinks such a declaration would go a great way. If you wish, it can be done at the end of my paper, when I come to speak of *our* position and aims, subject, as the whole article will more particularly be, to your correction. He wants us to have rather more levity and profaneness, less theology and learning. A good story, he thinks, would turn away wrath, and he enjoys particularly your friendly encounters with Bentham, Combe, Buckle, and the like. On the other hand, he wants our more ponderous efforts to be devoted to the *Atlantis*, which he would be ready to quarter, Longmans urging him thereto, and Sullivan promising 400 subscribers in Ireland. There are some difficulties in the way, but I think we can promise him contributions with willingness. He is most entirely friendly, and considered the *Rambler* invaluable, to be kept, according to Madame Swetchine's [translation of] the "vers Latin: Quis custodiet custodes?" for the Authorities.'

The letters I shall now cite—chiefly from Newman himself—illustrate the further sequence of events already indicated. And the reader will not fail to perceive that while dealing immediately with the programme of a not very important Review, they bear on the most vital questions which were agitating the religious world. The first was written on the day following the interview with Acton, which has just been described. Newman's views as to the true diplomacy in conducting a Catholic Review under the difficult circumstances of the times is brought out in some characteristic sentences:

'Private.

The Oratory, Birmingham: Dec. 31st, 1858.

'My dear Sir John,—I have thought over what we talked of yesterday, and, as I promised, I write to you.

'Deeply as it pained me to hear from you the indignity to which Dr. Döllinger was to be subjected, I am, on the whole, disposed to make light of it. Perhaps the denunciation won't be made. If it is, he is able to hold his own. And they will be shy of meddling with him at Rome. And on what plea? for what kind of offence is it, to take a certain historical view of the person of heretics, while condemning their writings? Mayn't I say that Luther was a loving and amiable papa, and yet abominate him? So I don't think, if this is all, much will come of it.

'No one, however, can deny, that it is the bad repute of the *Rambler* which causes it, if it is done.

'I certainly have long thought that the *Rambler* was in a false position. If I recollect rightly, it commenced as a literary work. At one time it called itself, *Journal of the Fine Arts*, &c. It generally had a tale in series. It was properly a magazine. I think it was a mistake to treat of Theology proper at all; and a double mistake to treat it in magazine fashion. And a third mistake for laymen to do so.

'Everyone has his own line. I should be surprised to find myself writing on Contingent Remainders. It requires an explanation when a layman writes on theology. From all I hear, I believe Ward has done good at St. Edmund's, but even he surely was in a false position, though he had the direct sanction of his Diocesan for what he did, and the indirect encouragement of the Holy See. Here then is mistake the fourth, that the *Rambler* on the contrary has attacked ecclesiastical authorities and their organs.

'It is true that the Holy See, or its representatives, have sometimes taken up laymen, as Dr. Brownson—nay, against local superiors, as M. Veuillot; but such persons have been thoroughgoing partizans of its rights and claims. The position of the Holy See must be considered, especially in a missionary country. It has to act, to act promptly and forcibly, and is forced to use such instruments as come to hand. It is common, indeed, with statesmen, if necessary to look to the present, and to live from hand to mouth. They adopt courses which are immediately effective, and measure services by what is showy, telling, and successful. If there be a power which need not look to the future, it is one which has a promise that it cannot fail, and is told not to be solicitous about the morrow. We are in a world of imperfection—truth and its propagation is committed to "earthen vessels." Hence some Saints,—as St. Basil, St. Jerome, St. Thomas M., St. Joseph Calasanctius, St. Alfonso—have been neglected at Rome during their lifetime. There is need constantly, in this or that locality, if the work is to go on, of rough and ready instruments, of thick and thin supporters, of vehemence, of severity. When a house is in flames, you may rightly expostulate with the fireman who curses and swears, but it may be his way—his only way—of waking you.

'However, it is quite another matter what is to be thought of this freedom of tongue when exercised not in the cause of the great interests to which I have referred; and

still more, when, without benefiting them, it is directed against venerable authorities at home.

‘When Lucas, e.g., went to Rome, I was glad of it because I thought that on the one hand kindness would have been shown him for his loyal service,—and on the other that by means of that kindness he would have been persuaded to modify his political views. I forgot that, while the particular cause that took him to Rome was not Ultramontane, he had his Bishop against him in it. In consequence he could hardly find a person to introduce him to the Pope, and zealous servant as he was of the Holy See, he wandered about the Churches of Rome, seeking consolation where consolation is ever to be found.

‘How different from the case of Lamennais, whose future was not contemplated, since he was doing a present direct service to religion!

‘So again Wallis—he has found it simply impossible to hold his ground against Dr. Cullen, considering he was not undertaking any direct championship of any special Roman interest.

‘It is then to me quite clear that, if the *Rambler* perseveres in its present course, it will find it cannot hold on, but must come to an end. A change of rulers in the diocese of Westminster will not mend matters.

‘Moreover the question occurs whether, even for the sake of its own subjects, it should not abstain from theology. While it teaches it, it provokes opposition, and this opposition is practically a siding with the parties whom the *Rambler* assails, nay, and will become so actually and avowedly. These parties have Catholic society with them at present, for society naturally sides with authority. But, if the *Rambler* retires from the field of controversy, they, united as they may be at present, will quarrel with each other. Restlessness must have an object to attack; pride of intellect will not bear a rival; men in rule will become suspicious of others who are *not* writers in magazines. The general proposition: “all converts are dangerous,” at present is applied to such as Simpson; let him be silent in theological matters and that Eternal Truth, as it is felt to be, must find its fulfilment in other converts. When I was a Protestant I used to say that no cause could progress without a view or theory; and, when I came to be unsettled in religious opinion, I thought that, even humanly speaking, my work was over in the Anglican Church because I had no principles to put forth. But I was wrong. The *Christian Remembrancer* and the *Guardian* have gone on

with as much *éclat* without principles as the *British Critic* with them. How have they gone on? simply by clever writing, by attacking their opponents, by hitting hard, though they made themselves responsible for little or nothing positive.

'Here is a suggestion for the *Rambler*, supposing it feels the duty to give up theology, aims at escaping the displeasure of its ecclesiastical superiors, yet wishes to promote the good ends to which it is devoted.

'Let it adopt the policy of Wellington in the lines of Torres Vedras, who kept within shelter, while the enemy scoured the plain, but kept a sharp eye on him and took him at disadvantage, whenever it was possible.

'Let it go back to its own literary line. Let it be instructive, clever, and amusing. Let it cultivate a general temper of good humour and courtesy. Let it praise as many persons as it can, and gain friends in neutral quarters, and become the organ of others by the interest it has made them take in its proceedings. Then it will be able to plant a good blow at a fitting time with great effect, it may come down keen and sharp and not only on Protestants,—and without committing itself to definite statements of its own, it may support authority by attacking views which authority will be the first to be jealous of if the *Rambler* is not the first to attack them. Power to be powerful, and strength to be strong, must be exerted only now and then. It then would be strong and effective, and affect public opinion without offending piety or good sense.

'I don't think all this is a mere dream—but to be realized it requires the grace of patience.

'The best wishes of the New Year to you. The clock is now striking twelve.

'Very sincerely yours in Xt.,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Simpson and Acton both professed to fall in with the idea of henceforth excluding theology from the *Rambler*, and Newman rejoiced. 'I am very glad,' he wrote on January 13, 'that Simpson disclaims a theological character for the *Rambler*. I have a great opinion of his powers, and a great respect for his character, and a great personal liking for him, though I have hardly seen him since I used to dine with him at Bouisse's on the Capitol, and fleas were more numerous than dishes on the table cloth. It seems to me

a sad thing that we should have so many clever men, and that their exertions should not be brought together—but the difficulty of doing so is great.’

In spite of the good intentions of the editors, they were not successful in so acting as to allay the dissatisfaction of the average Catholic reader, which strengthened the hands of the Bishops in their opposition to the *Rambler*. ‘I send you the proof of the first sheet of the *Rambler* for next March,’ writes Mr. Burns the publisher. ‘You will, I fancy, see in this very sheet, some of those offensively worded expressions which set people against the *Rambler*, and which are quite uncalled for by the argument.’

Mr. Wenham again—himself a man of culture and breadth of mind—in a letter to Newman of nearly the same date thus expresses the cause of offence to be found in Mr. Simpson’s tone: ‘He writes about the Church in a sort of sore tone, and at times, as if from without; and when people complain, he takes it as a want of boldness and liberty of mind.’

On February 16, Bishop Ullathorne gave Newman private notice by letter of an impending censure of the *Rambler* by the Bishops, and counselled Simpson’s retirement as the only course which could avert it.

Newman persuaded Simpson to resign and the Bishop was, for the moment, satisfied with his action. ‘I thank you in my own name and that of the other Bishops who have moved in the affair of the *Rambler*,’ he wrote on February 21, ‘for having brought the matter of Mr. Simpson’s Editorship to a satisfactory conclusion.’

The publishers’ view of the financial prospects of the *Rambler* for the future was that all depended on Newman’s avowed support.

‘What I think quite necessary to give the Review a chance,’ Mr. Burns writes to Newman, ‘is that you should be known to be *bona fide* at the head of it, and that the public should be satisfied that nothing will be printed in it unless it has passed under your eye.’¹

¹ Mr. Burns did not at this stage regard the good name of the Review among Catholics as at all past recovery.

‘The *Rambler* has only become obnoxious,’ he wrote to Father St. John, ‘from their offensive personalities and from the flippancy of tone. All that is good in it is, I really believe, fully appreciated and valued, except by that class

Newman endeavoured during the months that followed to make the *Rambler* more palatable to the authorities.

'Our Bishop is much edified and pleased by your conduct,' he writes to Mr. Simpson on February 22, 'and sees in it so much high principle and good feeling, that I feel you are in a position of immense advantage with him and those whom he represents, and the *Rambler* together with you.

'I don't think the article on Catholic Freedom of the Press will do; cannot you keep it in type for some time? And I am very suspicious about the Gothic Architecture though I am much interested in the three pages, which alone I have seen of it.

'I wish you would turn over in your mind and give me your deliberate opinion, and Burns's, if he has anything to observe, on the proposal I made to have a Department of Correspondence. It seems to me that much *might* be said there which could not be said in formal articles. The Editor would profess that he was only responsible for points *de fide* and might moderate when things were said strongly. *The two articles which I have spoken of above might be admitted in this way*—that on Gothic Architecture in the May No.'

Mr. Simpson was amenable to counsel from Newman, but still very angry. In his reply he entered a vehement protest against the 'tyrannous and despotic intentions of the Bishops.' 'The question occurs,' he continues, 'is this kind of thing always to be acquiesced in? or is it at one time or other to be resisted? and, if so, when? When it (the *Rambler*) is found to be carried on on a principle of making people think and discuss, will it not immediately rekindle the old fires and draw down a new persecution of enemies flushed with conquest?' But he ends his letter with words of submission. 'I will cut out "theological howl" and kindred expressions from "Gothic Architecture."' "

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. SIMPSON.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: February 25th, 1859.

'My dear Simpson,—It seems hardly kind when you have so much to try you, to preach; yet I know you will excuse of persons who are narrow-minded enough to dislike everything like freedom and progress, however carefully guarded as to orthodoxy.

'I think that the Jesuits, though I have not yet spoken to them, and also Mr. McMullen and other friends of the *Rambler*, would take precisely the above view from what I have heard them say before.'

what comes from one who has, on various occasions already, had to practise what he preaches.

'I assure you that the principal person who has unfairly used you, and whose wishes I have been executing in my negotiation with you, [Cardinal Wiseman] has been personally unkind to me by word and deed. I consider myself much aggrieved, and, had not the experience of long years made me tire of indignation and complaint, I could indulge myself in both the one and the other.

'But, depend upon it, no advice is better than that of the holy Apostle: "If our enemy hungers, to feed him,"—and to leave our cause simply in the Hands of the good God. He will plead our cause for us in His own way, and, even though it be not His high Will to redress us openly, He can make compensation to us by inward blessings. *Noli æmulari*. To fret, and to be troubled does not pay,—it is like scratching a wound instead of letting it heal. . . .

'You have mentioned once or twice "Bright" in reprobation. He is our member, and it is not so often you get so honest a man. And I should not like to commit myself to opposition to him.

'Let it be "we" not "I" in the articles,—though I confess I think the evils of anonymous tribunals great.

'I am sure you deserve a long holiday. Throw off the "fumum strepitumque Romæ" from your mind, and, with St. Philip, "sta allegro."

'Yours most sincerely in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Of the Oratory.'

Mr. Simpson, now eager for the fray, urged Newman to accept the editorship without further delay, and implied that one reason for keeping the *Rambler* in existence was the importance of counteracting in some way the influence of the *Dublin*. From this Newman strongly dissented. He pleaded, however, for time fully to consider his decision. The process of weighing *pros* and *cons* was with him ever a long one.

'It is to be borne in mind,' he wrote, 'that the Will of God is not known in a hurry. I have said Mass on the subject this morning, and not for the first time. Moreover, when, in the course of these days of waiting, the two events have occurred which I before mentioned to you, viz. the prospect of my having the *Atlantis* thrown on me, and the death of a

friend under circumstances which might possibly be my own, it certainly was natural to ask myself whether these were not providential intimations to me as to the decision I ought to make.'

Newman, in order to make his position in regard to the *Dublin* quite clear, communicated his views at once to W. G. Ward. 'This I am sure of,' he wrote, 'that, if I undertook the *Rambler*, it would be as unlike a Quarterly Review, as possibly could be. I do not even contemplate a staff of writers. It would have no tendency whatever, as far as its shape and other circumstances go, to come into competition with the *Dublin*.'

W. G. Ward's reply was extremely characteristic:

'Northwood Park, Cowes: Shrove Tuesday, 8th Mar. 1859.

'My dear Father Newman,—All of us, except Oakeley, were occupied *entirely* against the grain: nor, I think, is there *one* who would have dreamed of accepting the *Dublin Review* on the terms we did, except for our detestation of the *Rambler*, and our wish to serve the Cardinal in his war against it.

'For myself, the whole thing (as I plainly told him) was a greater nuisance than could well be supposed. I am occupied with matter which interests me extremely, and, for my own part, would not care to walk across the room if by merely doing so I could turn out a first-rate Quarterly. My whole wish (putting it roughly) was to try that the Cardinal should feel the converts would *help* him.

'We were all *delighted* to have a good excuse for retiring. I understood from Burns that your editorship was a fixed thing, and on that I wrote to the Cardinal.

'I have the most perfect conviction that, at best, ours would have been a wretched failure. No one has less right to be suspected of false modesty than I have; but I am about as competent to direct a Review as to dance on the tight rope, and Oakeley is not much better.

'I am perfectly sure, and never doubted for a moment, that nothing can make the *Dublin* even tolerable. The Cardinal is an omnipresent supreme inquisitor into every detail, and, even if he were responsible editor, if there is one man on earth more unfit than me for such a post, it is he,—abounding (as I think) in most admirable instincts, but not a reasonable being in any shape.

'I am writing in a hurry, *currente calamo*, to save the post. I hope I have made myself intelligible.

'On public grounds I don't care one button for having a good *Review*, nor do I see who would be the better for one, in our miserable state of intellectual degradation. But I am perfectly certain that our only chance of having one, would be that you should throw aside scruples which are most misplaced, and simply take the editorship of the *Rambler*, working it into a regular *Quarterly*. The *Dublin* then must die, and I should with great delight dance at its funeral.

'On personal grounds it would be the most delightful thing to me in the world to have again a real exhibition of yourself.

'All this, of course, in confidence. But if you wish a quasi-official answer about our *Dublin* negotiations, such as you could quote, let me have the word, and I will send you one.

'Ever affectionately yours,
W. G. WARD.'

A postscript to this letter, written on the following day, urges that the *Rambler*, which Ward accuses of having advocated 'detestable principles,' should change its name under its new editor, and become a *Quarterly*. But Newman had no thought of so marked a disavowal of sympathy with the past of the *Rambler*.

'March 10th, 1859.

'My dear Ward,—I thank you for your very kind letters, but every post brings me fresh perplexity, and I have to make up my mind without delay.

'Your notion that I should change the name of the *Rambler* is the climax. Why, then it would be *altogether* new,—bran new; new in name, in size, in arrangement, in times of issue, in editor. What would it have old? I should merely be embarking in a new undertaking, as distasteful to me as it *possibly can be to you*, though from your tone you don't seem quite to realize this.

'My position is this. I have got Simpson simply to put the *Rambler into my hands* at our Bishop's request. He consents on the condition it is not censured in the Lent Pastorals. This is granted. I have gained my object; but what am I to do with the *Rambler* now that I have got it? *Damno auctus sum*. My preventing it to go on in the old hands is the condition of the Pastorals not noticing it.

I think it important they should *not* notice it; important it should *not* go back into the old hands; but what am I to do with it? I can but do one of two things; stop it or get some one to go on with it.

'I *can* stop it,—but *dare* I? Is it fair to Simpson? Is it *safe* as regards a number of floating difficulties?

'But, if I do not stop it, who is to go on with a work which does not pay editor, writers, publisher? though, I suppose, in my hands it might cover expenses.

'Truly *damno auctus sum*, and I am in this position *because*, as in so many cases in my life, I have done (what I can never repent) what seemed to me at the moment my duty, without looking at consequences. I cannot help saying this, for it is my only consolation.

'So it is; I do not do things from any pleasure of mine; what bystanders may think my tastes are, in my view of it, my conscience.

'At this moment I am in a great fix. One thing you may be sure of,—I shall not make a Quarterly Review.

'However, *ad rem*. Please tell me what you mean by the detestable *principles* of the *Rambler*. I have disliked its *tone* as much as anyone could,—but what of its principles? ¹

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Both Simpson and Acton were earnest to overcome Newman's hesitation in accepting the editorship, and gave him a message from Döllinger to the effect that he should regard the cessation of the *Rambler* as an irreparable loss.

But Newman still hesitated. He found that Simpson expected a pledge that he should in some sense identify himself with the principles of the *Rambler* in the past. To this he would no more consent than to Ward's opposite proposal that he should change its name.

'I am sure you really think and feel,' he wrote, 'that the only pledge I have to give you when I take the *Rambler* is

¹ The following words by Mr. Simpson in a letter written about this time, and included in Newman's collection, may be read in connection with the foregoing correspondence:

'In talking with Ward he said the same of you that I said at Birmingham: "I feel more and more that there is scarcely a positive idea in my mind for which, or at least for whose seed, I am not entirely indebted to Newman." I was surprised and made him repeat it, which he did in even stronger terms than at first.'

myself. I cannot let any pledge of principles or of manner of conducting it enter in any sort of shape into the arrangement. When you say in such kind terms: "I cannot fancy myself in opposition to one to whom I owe &c.," you surely do not mean to imply anything inconsistent with this.'

'Next morning, March 17th,' Newman writes in a note appended to the above, 'on receipt of this letter, Simpson at once put himself into the train and came down here. He left us next day,—the 18th. I believe I have no record of what passed between us.' It is clear, however, that this conversation finally decided the question of the editorship. On March 21 Newman communicated formally to Cardinal Wiseman the fact that he had accepted it. To his own Bishop he wrote two days later:

'March 23rd, 1859.

'From what Mr. Estcourt said to me, I please myself with the thought that you will hear with satisfaction that I am, for the present, editor of the *Rambler*; but it is the only sort of pleasure which I can feel in an arrangement which is in itself to me a most bitter penance.

'From the evening when your Lordship showed to me the Cardinal's letter hesitating about engaging to omit the *Rambler's* name from his Pastoral, on the ground that I had not expressly stated in my letter that Sir John Acton, as well as Mr. Simpson, would be excluded from the editorship, and I replied to you that I had surely said enough in saying that the magazine was in my hands, I felt that I should be forced into the editorship by the impossibility of finding any editor whose appointment would not lay me open with the Cardinal to the charge of evading my side of the arrangement.'

Newman's hope in accepting the editorship was gradually to modify what was offensive in the method and tone of the *Rambler* and eventually to make the Bishops more alive to the great importance of the aims which a Catholic Review ought to attempt to compass. In spite of the irksomeness of the work and of his sense of increasing difficulty in all work as he grew older, he felt that his new position might give him great opportunities.¹ 'His hand is getting so stiff,' writes Acton to Simpson, 'that he is looking out for an

¹ See his own words on this subject in the letter to Miss Bowles, p. 587.

amanuensis. . . . I gather that he is in great spirits at having the *Rambler*, although he bitterly complains of his old age and the time he is going to devote to it. But he throws himself into it vigorously and has large plans.'

Newman's own high view of the functions and possibilities of a Catholic Review is indicated in a *Memorandum* written a year later in reference to Mr. Ward's programme in editing the *Dublin Review*. He gives as the chief objects of such a Review, 'to create a body of thought as against the false intellectualism of the age, to surround Catholicism with defences necessary for and demanded by the age, to take a Catholic view of and give a Catholic interpretation to the discoveries of the age.' He had not sufficient confidence in the possibility of carrying out this programme systematically as yet in view of the small appreciation among Catholics of its necessity, and their readiness to find fault, to have undertaken a Review at all except at the call of duty. But that call had come, and he meant to do his utmost to bring home to his readers the necessity of the undertaking, and to accomplish it with due regard to their traditional views and existing feelings.

In both sides of his view he had the sympathy of Döllinger, who was already an occasional contributor to the Review. Indeed, on one point he found Döllinger's caution and regard for existing opinion more scrupulous than his own. He urged Döllinger to reply to some strictures of Dr. Gillow of Ushaw on a communication he had sent to an earlier number of the *Rambler*, and, in doing so, to point out the disregard of history shown for the most part by the scholastic theologians. Döllinger, however, thought that the task was unwise and useless in the existing state of public opinion, and would only further prejudice the *Rambler*.

'It would be an easy task to expose Dr. Gillow,' he wrote, 'and yet, as far as my knowledge of the English Catholic clergy goes, I have no doubt that 49 among 50 would think my letter completely put down. At the same time, you have thrown out a bait in the *Rambler* to make me enter into the ticklish question of the historical ignorance prevailing in the common divinity of the Schools. . . . Now, some queries arise. (1) Is it at all prudent, advisable, to write . . . and to try to shake prejudices which seem so firmly

rooted? (2) Has not Mozley's book on the Augustinian doctrine excited some sensation among Catholics? (3) Would not the position and influence of the *Rambler* get injured by publishing my strictures upon Gillow's pamphlet? I am firmly persuaded that the services which the *Rambler*, conducted as it now is, will render to the good cause, cannot be too highly rated.'

Newman's own more mature judgment acquiesced (as he states in a letter to Acton) in Dollinger's decision so far as the criticism of the scholastics was concerned. It was necessary before breaking new ground to win the public confidence in the *Rambler*. He looked ahead to a gradual work. The faults of tone and temper which had prejudiced Catholic readers against it must first be cured. Then with public sympathy in his favour he could attempt the urgently needed work of dealing with problems raised by current thought and historical criticism. He promised himself, moreover, to attack the problem of Biblical inspiration, as well as to write on Faith and Reason, in view of the present state of the controversy on both subjects. But in his first few numbers he must before all things avoid giving fresh offence.

In a memorandum dated May 24, 1882, 'he writes as follows on this subject:

'In the "Advertisement" (to the new series of the *Rambler*) not a word was said of any change of matter, drift, objects, tone, &c., of the *Rambler*, though my purpose was in fact to change what had in so many ways displeased me.

'But I had no wish to damage the fair fame of men who I believed were at bottom sincere Catholics, and I thought it unfair, ungenerous, impertinent, and cowardly to make in their behalf acts of confession and contrition, and to make a display of change of editorship, and (as if) so virtuous a change.

'In consequence I tried to make the old series of the magazine in keeping with the new; and, when faults were objected to in my first number I said to Mgr. Manning, with a reference to the Great Eastern which was then attempting to get down the river, that I too was striving to steer an unmanageable vessel through the shallows and narrows of the Thames, and that Catholic readers must be patient with me and give me time if I was to succeed eventually in my undertaking.'

Patience was, however, not the order of the day. While Newman had his eyes chiefly on the great interests of the Church Universal, on the policy which would prove wisest in the long run for the Church in England, for educating Christians and making them able to understand the bearings of their own theology and hold their faith intelligently in a secularist civilisation, each of the parties he was dealing with seemed to be sensitive only to the class of considerations which immediately concerned themselves at the moment. By the Bishops the *Rambler* seems to have been regarded not as a periodical attempting valuable and necessary work, though betraying at times a one-sided and disrespectful spirit and tone, but rather as a wanton disturber of the peace which did no good and went out of its way to criticise them and weaken their authority. To Acton, and still more to Simpson, the flings at the Bishops were such a favourite indulgence that self-denial on this point seemed unattainable by them. The respect due alike to authority, to tradition, and to public feeling, though recognised by them in theory, was made light of in practice. To such as Faber and W. G. Ward, on the other hand, the intellectualism which coloured the *Rambler* appeared so opposed to the Catholic spirit that they were not disposed to dwell on its positive merits much more than were the Bishops themselves. Thus, while the Review had sympathy from such learned Catholic writers as the Bollandists, from the thinkers and scholars of Munich, from friends of Montalembert and Lacordaire in France, the prejudice against it in England was so general that even the May number which Newman edited aroused sharp criticism. He was not given the time he needed. The importance and difficulty of the work was not recognised. Dr. Gillow, theological Professor at Ushaw, who had already criticised Döllinger's article, attacked one of the articles in the new number. Newman asked Dr. Ullathorne for a theological censor for the Review. The Bishop replied that the style of the *Rambler* made censorship practically impossible. He called at the Oratory to explain matters on May 22, and expressed his feeling that the old spirit had not left the *Rambler*. He said that the laity found it irritating, and

were disturbed at the idea which its articles suggested, that people had doubts. He ended by expressing his hope that Newman would cease from being editor after the July number. And Newman acquiesced. Newman has left several accounts of this interview. The fullest is contained in the following letter to his friend, Mr. Healy Thompson, a recent convert and able writer:

‘ May 29th, 1859.

‘My dear Thompson,—I must not convey a wrong impression. Our Bishop expressed his *wish*; it was not an act of *authority*. I have no intention of publishing to the world that it is his act. My only concern is that those whom it concerns should receive from me that explanation which I am bound to give them. . . .

‘Your letter leads me to state the circumstances under which the catastrophe took place; and, since I have no time to write it twice, I wish you would let Simpson see this if he cares. What I mean is that, if I were he, I should fear my being annoyed too much. This has been the reason why I have not told him particulars; but, now that I take up my pen to tell them to you, there seems an impropriety in my keeping him in ignorance of them.

‘Dr. Gillow of Ushaw wrote to me to say that there were “statements and principles” in the May *Rambler*, “which appeared to him very objectionable.” He instanced one. A correspondence ensued in which he wrote with great friendliness and frankness. I on the other hand don’t think I got the worst of it. I thought it a duty to show it to our Bishop. And, at the same time, I asked him, since he had distinctly told me before that all theological writings ought to have the Bishop’s *imprimatur*, to appoint revisors for the *Rambler*. I felt strongly, (and I feel) that I should have been in a false position if, after his expressed wish and Dr. Gillow’s letter, I had not done so.

‘He answered that he would come and talk with me on the subject, adding that he found there was a general impression that the old spirit was not clean gone out of the *Rambler*.

‘On Sunday last he came. He said first of all that he would not undertake the revision. (1) I ought to go to the Ordinary of Westminster in which diocese the *Rambler* was published. (2) that all the *Rambler*, or no part, should be revised, for the theological difficulties cropped up in half sentences. I did not quarrel with the justice of either

remark, but he put me thereby, as I felt, in a most awkward dilemma, committed to the principle of revision over and above his express wish, (by my request to him) and bound, in a periodical which comes out every other month, on a fixed day, and which must be written in part *currente calamo* and at the last moment, to the slow machinery of a theological revision.

'He then went on to ask whether I had seen the criticism on the *Rambler* in the *Tablet* of the day previous. He said it mainly expressed his sentiments. The Catholics of England were a peaceable people; the Church was peace. Catholics never had a doubt; it pained them to know that things could be considered doubtful which they had ever implicitly believed. The *Rambler* was irritating.

'I stated my own view strongly. I said I thought I saw a side of things which the Bishops and clergy did not see.¹ It must be considered that England and Ireland were one country. The Irish laity must be considered as well as the English. The Holy Father had made them one by setting up the University. Looking at the educated laity as a whole, and in prospect, I could not say that I thought their state satisfactory. Why did I go to Ireland except with the hope of doing something towards the various objects for which I had consented to undertake the *Rambler*?

'He did not allow the weight of anything I said. I then said that, for no object of my own had I undertaken it. He said he knew it, and that everyone knew it; but he had conversed with various persons and they all agreed with him. It was the fault he found in Lucas, in spite of his excellencies, and he implied that an old Catholic was different.

'I said that it had been an extreme annoyance to me to undertake it, and it would be an enormous relief to me if I did not. And this, as he recollected, I had said to him already.

'He answered that he had been surprised that I had taken it. Then he abruptly said: Why not give it up? I said

¹ In another account he adds: 'He thought there were remains of the old spirit. It was irritating. Our laity were a *peaceable* set; the Church was *peace*. They had a deep faith; they did not like to hear that anyone doubted. It was Lucas's fault; *a contra*, how well Wallis got on with the *Tablet*!

'I said in answer that he saw one side, I another; that the Bishops &c., did not see the state of the laity, e.g. in Ireland, how unsettled, yet how docile.

'He said something like "Who are the laity?" I answered (not these *words*) that the Church would look foolish without them.'

how could I do so without giving it back to the proprietors? I said this, thinking he would feel it a great objection to let it revert to them; but he answered quickly: "No difficulty at all if you give them fair notice; if you give it up in July you will give them fair notice."

'I then spoke of expense. I said I feared I should be out of pocket by having had it. He went off (not with any intention of evasion) to speak of the translation of Scripture; hoped I would take care not to involve myself, &c., &c.

'I then promised him I would give up the *Rambler* after July. There was no sort of unpleasantness of any kind in our conversation from beginning to end.

'It is impossible with the principles and feelings on which I have acted all through life that I could have acted otherwise. I never have resisted, nor can resist, the voice of a lawful Superior speaking in his own province. I should have been in an utterly false position if I had continued, without a revision, which my Bishop thought necessary, and which was impossible, a work, of the very object and principle of which my diocesan disapproved.

'Since then he has written kindly, saying that he sees "with pain and regret that I am overworking myself and straining the machine. No man can be ten men. Are you not consuming the fuel of years in months? &c., &c." Kind as this is, it means, I don't at all repent of what I have done, for "divergent occupations" as he calls them, "mixed" together, have or will have, "results."

'Ever yours, &c.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman's feelings on resigning the *Rambler* were a curious mixture. For the moment he experienced a sense of relief at being quit of a difficult task. Then supervened great sadness.

The first feeling is apparent in a letter to Mr. John Wallis, editor of the *Tablet*, who had expressed his regret that Newman should edit the *Rambler*, which had a bad name among Catholics, instead of starting a Review of his own.

'The Oratory, Birmingham, May 24th, 1859.

'My dear Wallis,—Thank you for your valuable letter. I tell you in confidence that I give up the *Rambler* after next number. I only engaged to take it till Christmas, and our

Bishop came up to me on Sunday and expressed a wish that I should give it up at once, which I am doing.

‘What you say is good, true, and important, but does not apply. Nothing, except a command which it would be a duty to obey, would make me *set up* a review or a magazine—the idea of it! I have no love for the thing, and, at my time of life, I feel it a departure from that seemliness which ought to accompany all our actions.

‘You will say, to *take up* and *continue* a review or magazine is still less seemly, but I suppose it would be allowable in a fire, old as one was, or dignified, to throw off one’s coat, tuck up one’s shirt sleeves, and work at the pump. And then, if a fireman came and said, “My good old boy, you are doing your best, but don’t you see you are doing nothing but drowning all your friends in your ill-directed attempts,” I should, with the best heart in the world, say, “I take your hint,” and leave the management of the fire and its extinction to others.

‘This does not apply in all its parts to the state of the case, but it will do something to show you why I have not any dream of undertaking a new magazine, why I attempted the *Rambler*, and how with the greatest possible joy I relinquish it.

‘Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Two months of reflection wrought a change in the feelings apparent in the last words of this letter.

The Bishop’s action was in reality a great blow to Newman. It added one more to the list of tasks he had undertaken in hope, and which had been frustrated by those who failed to understand its importance. The brief chapter of his Editorship may be concluded by the following words on the subject, marked by sadness and resignation, in a letter, of July 17, to Henry Wilberforce:

‘I did all I could to ascertain God’s Will, and, that being the case, I am sure good will come of my taking it. I am of opinion that the Bishops only see one side of things, and I have a mission, as far as my own internal feelings go, against evils which I *see*. On the other hand, I have always preached that things which are *really* useful, still are done, according to God’s Will, at *one time, not at another*; and that, if you attempt at a *wrong* time, what in *itself* is *right*, you perhaps become a heretic or schismatic. What I may aim at may be real and

good, but it may be God's Will it should be done a hundred years later. What an illustration is poor Gioberti! He actually advocated the Italian Confederacy with the Pope at the head, in his book (I think) called "Il Primato." He pressed it unreasonably, and died, I fear, out of the Church. When I am gone it will be seen perhaps that persons stopped me from doing a *work* which I *might* have done. God overrules all things. Of course it is discouraging to be out of joint with the time, and to be snubbed and stopped as soon as I begin to act.'

CHAPTER XVII

THE 'RAMBLER' AND ROME (1859-1862)

NEWMAN'S editorship of the *Rambler* was, as we have seen, abandoned with hardly a trial. The Bishop—so it seemed to Newman's friends—thought nothing of the value of his work in such a position, everything of the defects of the Review and of his own difficulties. No doubt Newman's editorship was to the Episcopate a source of difficulty, for it became far harder for authority to interfere with the *Rambler* after it had gained Newman's official support.

'Perhaps,' Newman writes in the notes appended to the collected correspondence, 'the Cardinal, &c., were seized with a panic lest they had got out of the frying-pan into the fire. But so it was that my own brief editorship secured Acton and Simpson a trial of three years more, i.e. up to 1862.'

Newman's resignation was a great shock to all who knew of it. It seemed to some of the converts—men not at all in sympathy with Simpson himself—a sign of the failure of the ecclesiastical authorities to realise the intellectual needs of the hour. 'It seems to me,' wrote Mr. Thompson, 'that we must wait for a convert Bishop for such a periodical as the times demand.' 'I cannot but admire and acquiesce in your spirit,' wrote Henry Wilberforce to Newman, 'but I feel deeply that our Bishops do not understand England and the English. Either the Catholic laity will kick, or, what I rather fear, they will more and more fall below Protestants in intellectual training and have no influence on the public mind.'

Thompson asked Newman if he might consult Ward on the situation, and tell him what had occurred. 'I feel sure,' he wrote, 'that he would have no sympathy with padlocks.'

Newman would not allow this. He wished the episode to be known to as few as possible. 'I have the utmost respect for Ward's opinion; but he is a prodigious blab,' he wrote.

Newman's feeling (as his own words show) was much the same as Wilberforce's and Thompson's as to the failure of the Bishops to grasp the situation. Though he was prompt in obedience, he felt a policy of repression on the part of the Episcopate to be disastrous. The peace which comes of stifling the normal development of thought in a community was a false peace. There remained one number of the *Rambler* to appear before his retirement from the position of editor. His thoughts were dwelling at this time on the short-sightedness and the unwisdom of ignoring the important functions often performed by the faithful laity in the history of the Church.¹ It is possible that this feeling helped to determine the subject of the article which he contributed to the number—an article which had unforeseen results. It was entitled 'On consulting the Faithful in matters of Doctrine,' and was written in justification and explanation of some words he had used in the previous number in connection with a question already raised by Mr. Nasmyth Stokes as to its being desirable that the Bishops should consult the opinion of the laity in taking decisions of importance in which they were specially concerned.²

¹ See his words on this subject in his letter to Dr. Ullathorne, p. 407.

² The following is the defence (in the May number) of Mr. Stokes by Newman to which reference is made in the text:

'Acknowledging, then, most fully the prerogatives of the episcopate, we do unfeignedly believe, both from the reasonableness of the matter and especially from the prudence, gentleness, and considerateness which belong to them personally, that their Lordships really desire to know the opinion of the laity on subjects in which the laity are especially concerned. If even in the preparation of a dogmatic definition the Faithful are consulted, as lately in the instance of the Immaculate Conception, it is at least as natural to anticipate such an act of kind feeling and sympathy in great practical questions, out of the condescension which belongs to those who are *forma facti gregis ex animo*. If our words or tone were disrespectful, we deeply grieve and apologise for such a fault; but surely we are not disrespectful in thinking and in having thought, that the Bishops would like to know the sentiments of an influential portion of the laity before they took any step which perhaps they could not recall. . . . It is our fervent prayer that their Lordships may live in the hearts of their people; of the poor as well as of the rich, of the rich as well as of the poor; of the clergy as well as of the

In the article he took up wider ground—that of the functions of the laity in the past in preserving even dogmatic truths in the Church. He pointed out in it that in the years succeeding the Council of Nicæa the majority of the Bishops had been more or less tolerant of Arianism, while the faithful laity (together with their parish priests) had guarded the orthodox tradition. 'The episcopate . . .,' he wrote, 'did not, as a class or order of men, play a good part in the troubles consequent on the Council, and the laity did. The Catholic people in the length and breadth of Christendom were the obstinate champions of Catholic truth, and the Bishops were not.' And he used the phrase which was taken up by his critics 'there was a temporary suspense of the functions of the *Ecclesia Docens*.' The average English Catholic reader at that time was little accustomed to a thoroughly historical treatment of such episodes. Theologians at Ushaw and elsewhere accused Newman of declaring that the teaching Church had proved fallible after the Council of Nicæa. And Dr. Brown, Bishop of Newport, formally delated the article to Rome as heretical. Newman's defence was quite unanswerable, and after it had been understood in Rome the matter was finally dropped—as we shall see later on. His reply was made public at a subsequent period.¹ In the first place his facts were historically accurate, as he had no difficulty in showing. In the second place there could be no real failure of the *Ecclesia Docens* while the decree of Nicæa against Arianism remained the official expression of its ruling on the side of orthodoxy. Nay, more; he had not maintained, as it was assumed, that even after the Council the *Coetus episcoporum* in its corporate capacity was heretical, but the Bishops as individuals failed to vindicate the orthodox doctrine. The fact that the bulk of the Bishops were for a time individually disloyal to the official

laity; of the laity as well as of the clergy; but whatever be our own anxious desire on the subject, we know that the desire of the Bishops themselves is far more intense, more generous, more heart-consuming, than can be the desire of any persons, however loyal to them, who are committed to their charge. Let them pardon, then, the incidental hastiness of manner or want of ceremony of the rude Jack tars of their vessel, as far as it occurred, in consideration of the zeal and energy with which they haul to the ropes and man the yards.'

¹ See *Arians of the Fourth Century* (4th ed.), p. 445.

teaching of their own body was no more a denial of the infallibility of the *Ecclesia Docens* than the fact that a Pope might personally hold an unorthodox opinion would be a denial of the infallibility of his *ex cathedrâ* definitions—indeed, theologians of weight have made this very supposition as explaining the case of Honorius. But the essay had been impugned. The suspicions of Rome had been aroused in connection with an article by Newman himself, in the already suspected *Rambler*. Although Rome did not take official action in the matter, the Holy Father¹ was reported to be pained; and the rumours of the hour proved to have had the effect of shaking the public confidence in Newman. His position in the Catholic body was not again for a long time to come what it had hitherto been in this respect.

During the succeeding year—from July 1859 to July 1860—Newman continued to contribute to the *Rambler*. He consented also to be among its informal patrons on condition that Döllinger and Father de Buck should agree to hold a similar position. He was still eager that the Review should recover its good name and do a work worthy of the talents of its conductors. But he witnessed in their proceedings the reaction and consequent *impasse* which so often results from extreme courses. Dr. Ullathorne's interference with Newman's editorship had renewed the irritation of the *Rambler* writers. Moderation and consideration were to be looked for still less than before, and very reluctantly Newman felt himself gradually compelled to withdraw from a position in which he could be held in any sense responsible for the contents of the Review. Mr. Simpson, who was still an assistant editor, had an incurable love of irritating his readers. Had the English Bishops appreciated the value of the work the Review was attempting, and dealt with it in a spirit of greater sympathy, possibly enough the moderation of tone for which Newman was so anxious might have been achieved. But the fact leaked out that even Newman's editorship, undertaken in a spirit of entire loyalty to constituted authority, had come to an end owing to episcopal intervention. This rumour gave edge to the feeling of the younger writers, that, in matters intellectual,

¹ See Vol. II. p. 157.

nothing would satisfy the Bishops but such a following of the beaten track as would help no mind that was alive to the urgent questions of the hour.

A fresh contributor now appeared on the scene in Mr. Wetherell, a clerk in the War Office and a convert, from whose talent Newman hoped much. He had not only talent, but something of the moderation of tone and style which Richard Simpson lacked. Mr. Wetherell eventually took a prominent part in the conduct of the *Rambler*. Newman urged Acton to get a regular staff, and suggested the names of Hope-Scott, Badeley, Ornsby, Renouf, and T. W. Allies. He continued to hope against hope that the Review might live down suspicion and do a useful work. But it must persuade, not irritate; it must have the approval of authority. There were (as his letters show) views which he shared with Acton and Simpson which nevertheless he dissuaded them from publishing. 'Avoid burning and contentious topics and conclusions,' he kept urging. The public mind had to be calmed before it could be broadened. Newman expressly told the editors that the only chance of regaining episcopal good will was that their Review should be non-theological. 'The great point is,' he wrote to Acton, 'to open men's minds, to educate them and make them logical. It does not matter what the subject-matter is. . . . If you make them think in politics, you will make them think in religion.' Any incidental theological matter must (he said) have the revision of a theologian. This might not prove wholly satisfactory from an intellectual standpoint if the censor should take up a narrow view; but, as a matter of discipline, it was essential.

To some extent the new editors acted on Newman's exhortation to caution. Baron d'Eckstein sent a theological article which seemed to violate the rules which Newman had laid down, and Mr. Wetherell and Mr. Simpson forwarded it in MS. for his judgment. Newman's reply brings out clearly the principles he was endeavouring to inculcate on the editors:

'Without departing from the respect I feel for the Baron d'Eckstein,' he writes, 'I was startled in the last degree with his paper, not as if I ventured to decide anything on the

subjects which it treats which the Church has not decided, but for the very reason that he does venture. I mean that he inculcates as facts what another may consider the wildest fancies. . . .

‘Considering the strong and zealous prepossessions of the mass of our educated class in England, I must hold that to run both against them and against Authority too, and that without attempting to prove, and simply asserting, one’s opinions, does seem to me quite unjustifiable. The author states his theories as if they were dogmas; and, whether received views on certain points are right or wrong, they have a greater claim to be stated dogmatically than what is new, unproved, and idiosyncratic.’

Simpson did not, however, show equal caution in respect of his own writing, and Newman, in revising the proof of an article from his own pen on St. John Chrysostom, found on the back of it an article by Simpson on the most burning and contentious theological subject—toleration—containing a criticism of Gregory XVI.’s condemnation of Lamennais in the Encyclical *Mirari vos*.

Newman had always been too profound a thinker to maintain as tenable by a Catholic any abstract theory of unlimited toleration. But he deeply felt the necessity in our modern civilisation of the spirit of tolerance being very widely extended in practice. Nevertheless, from the point of view of theological reasoning the whole question required an expert’s hand, and the public criticism of a Papal Encyclical by a layman was a serious matter. It was a breach of the conditions Newman had laid down for the continuance of his own contributions. He wrote at once to Simpson on October 24: ‘If the new article on Toleration appears in the *Rambler* without a *bonâ fide* revision, I must ask you to be so good as not to publish mine on St. Chrysostom.’ Simpson at once sent the Toleration article to Newman, begging him to revise it. Newman prevented its publication and stated his reasons in a letter to Acton:

‘His [Simpson’s] argument runs into the famous questions which he made so much excitement with several years ago, in the article about the future state of non-Catholics—I forget the exact title. And then, instead of supporting a novel (in theology) opinion by theologians,

he brings in Schlegel, who is no more an authority on such a point than Beethoven, introducing him as laying down a thesis so evidently made for the convenience of present political action, and so wanting in simplicity, that I do not think a Protestant or Catholic philosopher could be found who would not ask for the proof of it rather than take it for granted as the basis of a system. The more desirous a person may be to recommend a principle which the times seem to require, the more careful he should be not so to advocate it as to prejudice people against it, and nothing more tends to prejudice the mind against truth than bad arguments. I say this in my defence, for, though done at the last minute, it is better I should do so than allow what I verily believe would have been an act simply irretrievable. . . .'

But the friendship between Newman and the *Rambler* was highly precarious. No sooner was cause of offence on one side apologised for than fresh cause was given on the other. It was now Newman's turn to offend, and seriously offend, Sir John Acton. A rumour was current that the *Dublin Review* was to be discontinued, and Newman urged Simpson and Acton to consider whether they should not change the name of the *Rambler* and allow it to take the vacant place of the Catholic Quarterly.

The report was promptly denied by Mr. Bagshawe, editor of the *Dublin Review*, in a letter to the *Tablet* and *Weekly Register*, in which he referred to Newman as though he were editor of the *Rambler*.

The following disclaimer from Newman himself appeared in the succeeding week:

'We are requested to state that the reference to Dr. Newman as editor of the *Rambler*, as contained in the recent letter of the respected editor of the *Dublin Review*, which has appeared in our columns, is founded on a misconception, as Dr. Newman has no part in conducting or superintending that able periodical.'

Newman had, as we have seen, kept his resignation a secret, and had expressly stipulated that W. G. Ward should not know of it. Hence the mistake of the *Dublin*, which was now largely under Ward's control. But in the incident he had a fresh reminder of the danger to himself of being

identified with the *Rambler* in the public mind. It was a mere accident which had made him aware of the 'Toleration' article; and its appearance might have done him harm which it would have been hard to undo. He forthwith declined the responsibility involved in revising Simpson's article, and advised its withdrawal. The immediate result of his statement in the papers that he had 'no share in conducting or superintending' the *Rambler* was a great fall in its sale. Sir John Acton was excessively indignant, and at first believed Newman's letter to be a forgery which he was prepared to contradict.

Simpson immediately withdrew his article; but his letter to Newman on the occasion is sore and despondent:

'If,' he wrote, 'I am not to meddle with education because it is the question which the Bishops decide upon, the same rule will apply to politics, for they are certainly proscribing opinions and actions, as well as to this question of Toleration.

'So I frankly confess that I do not know what I am to write about. . . . What is not theological? where is that *indifferent* common ground on which I may expatiate when you deny altogether in your note the indifference of any secular function at all?

'Or do you mean to advise me not to write at all for the future in any Catholic publication?'

Acton was abroad at the time when Newman's letter to the *Tablet* appeared. On his return to England in February he saw Newman at the Oratory and remonstrated with him for appearing to cast off his former colleagues. He talked of giving up the Review altogether. Mr. Wetherell had for a time vacated the assistant-editorship through ill-health. Simpson was an injudicious editor; and Acton's own time was very much occupied. However, Newman dissuaded him from any such decisive step. But the sore rankled, and Acton still wrote to him despondently and with a remnant of resentful feeling months after the occurrence.

'June 29th, 1860.

' . . . The *Rambler* has really very little chance of going on successfully, in spite of the care taken to avoid offence. I cannot obtain proper assistance in carrying it on, and its position before the public has been destroyed by the circumstances to which I alluded.

'The evil did not proceed from the fact of your retirement; and the reason evidently was that it was understood that you would continue to contribute. Accordingly both the September and the November numbers contained contributions from your pen, and the circulation continued to increase. The papers had published the fact of your retirement from the editorship long before the November number appeared. I remember that the *Tablet*, in attacking the politics of the September number, stated that you had nothing whatever to do with it, and that it was evident to everybody that it had not appeared under your auspices. Now the September number was the end of a volume, and the moment would have been favourable to withdraw subscriptions, yet they went on increasing. I then, in pursuance of your wishes, obtained the sanction of Döllinger's and de Buck's names, in conjunction with yours, and wrote to Gratry (as I do not know Maret, and had no opportunity of going to Paris) for the same purpose.

'At that juncture the letter appeared, announcing that you had no further connection whatever with the *Rambler*. My impression, I remember, at the time was that an unauthorized person had stated a direct untruth. The letter did not bear your signature, and I received no communication from you on the subject. I considered that I should be perfectly justified in contradicting the statement publicly in my own name, and deliberated for some time whether I should not do so. I did not do it simply because it seemed to me undignified. My agreement with you so far outweighed an anonymous assertion that I never doubted that I should be perfectly justified in giving that letter a direct negative.

'Everybody, except Mr. Bagshawe, had long known that you were not editor; so that this additional declaration signified in all men's eyes that you had found reason to renounce and abandon us altogether. The circulation accordingly fell off, as I have described. I had done all I had undertaken to do with you; Wetherell, in pursuance of your suggestion, had been prevailed upon to join me in the Editorship¹ and he was actively employed in getting up that number. I had proceeded to obtain theological supervision,

¹ '(Yes, but Simpson made himself the acting editor. vid. "I," "I" in his letters of Oct. 22nd & 25th.) J. H. N.'

'(When Simpson proposed that Thompson should be sub-editor during my editorship, his language and way showed that it was to be but a cover for his being sub-editor.) J. H. N.'

but when your letter appeared in the papers, I considered it had become useless; and, when I saw you in the winter, I understood that it was all over. In our very short conversation I asked you in reply to what you said, whether you thought I had better go on or give up; and I went on because you advised it, but without any hope, especially after Wetherell's retirement. From that time I ceased trying to make arrangements to which you would no longer be a party. I ceased applying to you for assistance which you had external reasons for refusing; and I escaped the necessity of a censorship by admitting no theology except from persons who might themselves be our censors.

'This was a losing game. I do not even find my security in the gravity of our censors.¹ The four you proposed were to have been, besides yourself, Döllinger, de Buck and Gratry; that is, the author of the *Essay on Consulting the Laity*; the author of the *Letter on the Jansenism of St. Augustine*; de Buck, who sent for the present number a letter which I rejected after Simpson had translated it, in which he assumes that there is no dogmatic difference between the Schismatics² and the Church; and Gratry, who offered me a paper on the difference between the prevalent "Papisme" and "Catholicisme" of which he said that, if it appeared with his name, he should be obliged to leave the Oratory the same day.

'I beg of you, remembering the difficulties you encountered, to consider my position,³ in the midst of a hostile and illiterate episcopate, an ignorant clergy, a prejudiced and divided laity, with the cliques at Brompton, York Place, Ushaw, always on the watch, obliged to sit in judgment as to the theology of the men you selected to be our patrons, deserted by the assistant you obtained for me with no auxiliary or adviser but Simpson. And this, after you had left us, with the opposition of the *Dublin Review*, of the *Tablet* in politics, and with the time-serving criticisms even of the Paper that has owed me the greatest services [the *Weekly Register*]; at a time, too, when the greatest and most difficult questions agitate the country and the Church.

'Under these circumstances, the appearance of your Paper on St. John Chrysostom and the kind note that came

¹ '(A board of censors cannot be said to "conduct" or "superintend." These were my words.) J. H. N.'

² '("Schismatics"? i.e. Greeks.) J. H. N.'

³ '("his position"—Who gave it him? Who gave him the mission?) J. H. N.'

with it encouraged me to hope that the rule you laid down last winter might be altogether reversed, and I ventured upon a renewed attempt to obtain your further aid. It seemed to me that nothing but the renewal of your regular connection with the Magazine could remove the impression that you have entirely given it up as unworthy of your support, and make up for the loss which ensued on the declaration of last November. On this part of the subject, however, I have no more to say, as the P.S. of your letter¹ gives me all the satisfaction and hope I can expect.

'I should understand the meaning of your antithesis of the foreign Toryism and English anti-Toryism of the review better, if you would be so good as to let me have your critique of the politics of the July number.'

DR. NEWMAN TO SIR JOHN ACTON.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 1st, 1860.

'My dear Sir John,—I feel sure that if sacred duties had not called you from the country and occupied your mind and made it impossible for me to know your direction, or (if I had) to write to you, you would have had no difficulty in understanding what I felt imperatively bound to do last November.

'And now, if I were speaking to you, I think I could do what it would take much writing to do even imperfectly.

'I do not think you have now, or can have had in November, facts accurately before you. For instance, as to that on which your whole letter turns,—you say in it that in my Notice in the *Tablet*: "I announced that I had *no further connection whatever* with the *Rambler*." I will transcribe it and you will see I *said* no such thing. "We are requested to state that the reference to Dr. Newman as editor of the *Rambler* contained in the recent letter of the respected editor of the *Dublin Review*, which has appeared in our columns, is founded on a misconception, as Dr. Newman has *no part in conducting or superintending* that able periodical."

'I do not think you could have been as you say "perfectly justified in contradicting" this "statement publicly"; nor that "you had received no communication from me on" this "subject." There is nothing in it about "*no connection whatever*"; and I am quite unconscious that I ever was wanting in avowing to the proprietors of the *Rambler* that I would have as little to do with superintending as with editing it

¹ '(i.e. my letter of June 20th.) J. H. N.'

after a Bishop interfered. In my Notice I stated *that*, which I had said (already) to the proprietors, but as yet to no one publicly. No one feels more than I do that it is not fair that, in your position, you should have the *Rambler* on your hands; no one too can be more grateful to you for it than I am, as an English Catholic. The great problem, is the editor; what the *Rambler* says about the University as wanting a Rector applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to itself. I could say more in conversation.

J. H. N.'

But in truth, like many eager advocates of a cause, Acton and Simpson had taken Newman's sympathy with their desire for thorough treatment of history and science, his grateful sense of their loyalty to himself and his wish that they should have fair play in urging their views, for a far more complete intellectual sympathy with them than really existed. And the true state of the case with reference to one important question was revealed in a somewhat startling manner a few months later on.

Mr. H. N. Oxenham wrote a letter in the *Rambler* for July 1860, under the signature of X. Y. Z., criticising the Seminary training of the clergy—the separation in boyhood of candidates for the priesthood from future laymen, the prevailing system of strict surveillance, the limitations imposed on the reading of the Seminarists with a view to preserving the ecclesiastical spirit. The letter was temperate in style, but it amounted to an attack on the whole Seminary system which the Council of Trent had established for the Catholic Church; which M. Olier had carried out at St. Sulpice with such brilliant success; which still fashioned the whole clergy not only in France, but in Italy and in Rome itself. Further, Mr. Oxenham invoked Newman's own advocacy (in the Dublin lectures) of general knowledge as the best preparation for professional knowledge, in support of his theory that the future priest should be early encouraged in a course of miscellaneous reading.

In point of fact, Newman was of opinion that *some* priests might with advantage have—as they had in Germany—a wider general education than the Seminaries afforded. Had it been proposed to draw out very fully the various considerations relevant to this question and submit them to the

judgment of ecclesiastical authority, he would, as we may judge from his letters, have seen no objection to such a course. But for a lay writer to raise for free discussion, before a lay tribunal, the system which had been enjoined by an Ecumenical Council was, in his eyes, a grave offence. Such proceedings were to court Roman censure on the *Rambler*. Moreover, the failure of X. Y. Z. to recognise the far greater importance of securing holiness for the clergy than merely social gifts or intellectual training was another grave offence. Indeed, as we have seen, the great importance he attached to intellectual freedom (in its place) and to general culture had never implied a tendency to intellectualism. It was rather that he felt these weapons to be in their place quite essential to preserving the influence of the Church, and keeping secure the faith of the ablest Christian thinkers. He saw others identifying the superiority of goodness over intellectual excellence in the individual, with a disparagement of the *absolute necessity* of first-rate intellectual work within the Church which should deal satisfactorily with the religious problems of the age. But such work was not for the rank and file of priests who were (he held) a militia, and must have the training, narrow from one point of view, which would ensure their being holy and efficient. They had more often to attend to the needs of the poor than of the educated. They were not likely to be sufficiently gifted to constitute the intellectual bulwarks of the Church. Their opportunities and requirements did not call even for the general culture suitable for laymen living in the world. Thus Newman's personal views coincided with what, on such a subject, he would anyhow have accepted as the ruling of authority.

Choosing by a mere accident the signature H. O.—Oxenham's own initials—and quite ignorant that Oxenham was the author of the letter he criticised, Newman wrote to the *Rambler* on the points I have just specified. He protested against the provisions of an Ecumenical Council in a matter purely ecclesiastical being discussed among the readers of a lay Review; he parried X. Y. Z.'s extracts from his own lectures by quoting other extracts, with special reference to ecclesiastical training—in which he maintained that it is professedly narrow, and that 'what is supernatural need not

be liberal nor need a hero be a gentleman,' and he reproduced portions of X. Y. Z.'s letter, with interpolated additions in square brackets to bring out clearly those implications of the letter which made it so unsuitable for publication.

It so happened that W. G. Ward and Dr. Herbert Vaughan—afterwards Cardinal Vaughan—had known Mr. Oxenham as a candidate for the priesthood at St. Edmund's College. They had regarded his personal views, which he freely expressed, as most seriously detrimental to the spirit of an ecclesiastical Seminary. W. G. Ward guessed the authorship of the X. Y. Z. letter, and therefore read into it a more fundamental attack on the whole priestly ideal than it conveyed to others. To his pen was ascribed a letter strongly attacking X. Y. Z. in the *Tablet*, published under the signature A. B. C., a letter the report of which had apparently been one of the reasons inducing Newman to write his own letter to the *Rambler*. When Mr. Oxenham read the reply to him in the *Rambler*, with his own initials at the end, he saw in it a personal attack on himself by one of his old opponents, Ward or Vaughan. That Newman could have written or could endorse the letter of H. O. seemed to him impossible. He consequently rejoined in a tone which caused the greatest amusement to Mr. Ward, who soon learnt that the letter was Newman's. Mr. Oxenham adopted the attitude of one who was chastising with superior intellectual culture the narrow-minded heresy-hunting fanaticism of H. O., and of setting him to rights in his unintelligent application of Dr. Newman's own views and words which H. O. had quoted. He began by characterising his method as that of 'insinuating that everyone is a heretic . . . whose opinions have the misfortune to differ from his own.' He accused him of using 'that favourite but most offensive weapon of weak and unscrupulous controversialists, viz., garbled and interpolated quotations'; he characterised H. O.'s citation from Newman as 'most luminous in itself but most infelicitous in his use of it'; and he 'turns with positive relief from H. O.'s declamatory onslaught' and 'rambling indictment' to another subject. The ludicrous mistake was more fatal to the prosecution of the controversy than could have been

the most unanswerable arguments. W. G. Ward wrote to Newman and obtained his general view of the whole subject in a letter, and further asked and received his permission to read the letter publicly to the divinity students at St. Edmund's—the 'divines' as they were called. Newman felt the danger of being supposed to be in any way identified with an attack on the Seminary training, and was grateful to Ward for the publicity which he gave to his disclaimer, though he stipulated that Ward should state that such publicity was given at his own initiative. Newman's own views on the matter in debate are given in the following letter:

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. WARD.

'November 8th, 1860.

'My dear Ward,—I thank you much for the kind anxiety for my good name which has suggested your letter. It is curious. I was on the point of writing to you to express the disgust I felt at the malevolent unfairness, as it seemed to me, of the critique on your book in the *Guardian* of last week. I do not mention the matter for your sake, but to relieve the just pain which it caused me.

'As to the subject of your letter I will say this:

'(1) that certainly I have a very considerable degree of zeal for the general views which I have drawn out in various works on the subject of Catholic Education.

'(2) that those views, thus drawn out, have reference to the education of the Catholic gentry.

'(3) that I was called to draw them out and publish them by the duties which took me to Ireland, and that without that call I should not have written one word upon them.

'(4) that, as far as I am aware, I have not written anywhere one word in discussion of the education proper of the clergy.

'(5) that, if I have spoken of the necessity of any ecclesiastics being versed in secular learning, I have spoken of them, not as simple ecclesiastics, but as tutors, Deans, and guides of young laymen at places of education.

'Further, I will say as to the very matter which occasions your letter:

'(1) that I did not know that people generally ascribed to me the letter of H. O. in the *Rambler*, though I had heard of two persons who did so.

'(2) that I agree with every word of that letter.

'(3) that, when I read it in the *Rambler*, I had no sort of suspicion who X. Y. Z. was, whom it criticizes.

'(4) that I consider X. Y. Z. ignoring an Ecumenical Council and writing without any explanation in the teeth of its provisions, is unutterably strange.

'(5) that his thinking that laymen may suggest their opinions and that unasked, and that, too, on a point of clerical discipline, is most extravagantly novel.

'(6) that the uneducated among the laity being the many, and the refined and accomplished and large-minded being the few, the notion is preposterous that the *clerus universus* should be trained on the model of the few, and not so as to meet the capacities and characteristics of the many.

'(7) that the scheme would work as badly, of making parish priests men of letters, as of making medical men physical philosophers, since no one would trust their capabilities for their special duties, and with good reason.¹

'(8) that it would be as momentous a change to destroy the Seminaries as to abolish the celibacy of the Clergy.

'(9) that, as the rich man or the man in authority has his serious difficulties in going to heaven, so also has the learned.

'(10) that the more a man is educated, whether in theology or secular science, the holier he needs to be if he would be saved.²

'(11) that devotion and self-rule are worth all the intellectual cultivation in the world.

'(12) that in the case of most men literature and science and the habits they create, so far from ensuring these highest of gifts, indispose the mind towards their acquisition.

'My views of Secular Education are parts of myself. If they are shown to be against the faith, I shall have to ask for grace to alter them. I have no kind of suspicion that they are. Anyhow, I do not think there is aught in those views inconsistent with what I have been saying above, about the education of the body of the clergy, and the relation of moral to intellectual gifts; and further, I have already implied it in great measure, that is, in substance and incidentally, in one part or other of the very works in which I have advocated them.

I am, &c.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

¹ (not sent to Ward.) 'N.B. I do not deny above the advantage of *learning as occupying the mind*. J. H. N.'

² (not sent to Ward.) 'N.B. i.e. comparing one degree of science with another. I don't deny e.g. that the *poorer* he is the holier he needs to be. J. H. N.'

Newman's relations with the *Rambler* never recovered from the shock which the H. O. letter caused. The *Rambler* writers were themselves quite unprepared for his strong dissent from them. Ward himself wrote a long and vigorous attack on Oxenham in the *Rambler* of November, but Mr. Oxenham, after the *contretemps* already described, did not desire to take up his opponent's glove. He wrote briefly, declining further controversy, but declaring that Mr. Ward had travestied his views. Newman urged on Acton that the subject should be dropped. Acton replied: 'I never thought of writing on the subject at all, nor has X. Y. Z. any thought of replying. I have been very anxious that there should be no letter in direct reply to Mr. Ward.' If one man fights in a chariot and the other in a ship it is very difficult for them to get at each other.'

Indeed, Mr. Ward's mind had probably, at this time, less in common with such essays as were appearing in the *Rambler* than at any other period of his career. He was not living, as he did at Oxford, or again in his last years, in touch with the intellectual world. He was at this time absorbed in revising his theological lectures, which in his hands had been also instruments for directly helping in the spiritual and ascetic training of the future priests at St. Edmund's. He could find hardly anything congenial or even tolerable in Sir John Acton's magazine. He appears to have expressed his sentiments to Acton himself without circumlocution. In a letter which reached Newman by the same post as Acton's own reply, he says: 'I told Sir J. Acton almost the only time I ever saw him how earnestly I desired the downfall of the *Rambler*.'

Newman received from Oxenham through Mr. Wetherell a formal apology for his discourteous reply to H. O. 'He conceived himself to have conclusive proof when he wrote his published letter,' explained Mr. Wetherell, 'that you were not H. O. and he is extremely vexed at having answered in the manner in which he did. He has come to his present conclusion on the subject (that you *are* the author) mainly I believe from some comments made in a letter of yours to Mr. Ward lately read to the divines at St. Edmund's.' The Oratorian Fathers had throughout

been anxious as to Newman's connection with the *Rambler* writers. And now Father Bittleston wrote under the signature B. B. in support of the H. O. letter. Acton (to whom Newman forwarded this communication for publication) replied that, but for Newman's recommendation, it was a letter he would not have thought of publishing, whereupon Newman withdrew it. But this further development deepened the cleft between Newman and the *Rambler*.

'This episode,' writes Newman in his notes on the correspondence, 'clenched what the introduction of the discussion about clerical education had wrought in my feelings about the *Rambler*. The number for September 1860 had seen my last contribution to it, Ancient Saints IV, and my letter in protest signed H. O.'

Newman's determination that he could not write for the *Rambler* carried with it deep sadness. It meant that at the moment he could see no field of usefulness for himself. Whether or no he might otherwise have reconsidered his decision, further events made it impossible. For a brief space indeed the Review appeared to be heeding his counsels a little more than heretofore. He wrote with sympathy of the March number and once again expressed his agreement with the principle to which Acton adhered, of absolute frankness in historical inquiry, and his conviction of its necessity. Acton was grateful. 'Your letter,' he replied, 'is a great encouragement to me, and would be a great consolation but for the desponding manner in which you speak of what you have done and are yet to do.' Then came the May number containing an attack by Simpson on St. Pius V. in the course of an article on Edmund Campion. This led Newman to protest once more, in his correspondence with Sir John Acton, against the *manner* of Simpson's writing, which made it impossible for the *Rambler* to recover its good name.

'I did not read R. Simpson's article on Campion,' he wrote to Acton on June 7, 'till a day or two ago,—and I am not surprised that Catholics should be excessively annoyed at it. If we will kick people's shins they will express dissatisfaction at our act. Now the article is very clever, very specious (be it true or not), but (1) it is a wanton digression from Campion,—it was not necessary for Campion's history. (2) It

is an underhand hit at Antonelli, &c., and an Englishman is irritated when a writer hints dislike or disapprobation and will not speak out. Better say like a man that the Pope is surrounded by a clique who mislead him than insinuate it from the history of a past age. (3) It was an abrupt, unmeasured attack upon a Saint. To attack St. Pius so uncere- moniously is parallel to the ungentlemanlikeness in worldly society of rude language to a man of rank, station, or learning; it offends common taste and propriety while it inflicts great pain, real suffering, upon such persons as are devout to the Saint. I don't wonder at a saying which I hear reported of a Dominican, that he would like to have the burning of the author.'

The *Rambler* had, as we have seen, been suspect in Rome before Newman's editorship began. Then an article of his own in its pages had been charged before the Roman tribunals with denying the infallibility of the Teaching Church. Then, after his retirement, had come the attacks on St. Pius V. and on the Seminary training formally sanctioned by a Pope in council. One more offence against Rome now followed and was fatal to the Review's prospect of continuance. The question of the Temporal Power of the Papacy proved to be the rock on which it was finally shipwrecked. The *Rambler*, though fairly cautious in its first allusions to the subject, finally took a line which ran counter to a feeling so deep and strong among Catholics, not only in England, but all over the world, that it seemed decisive against any rehabilitation of the Review in public opinion. But further, the Roman authorities also took decisive action and the fate of the Review was then and there sealed.

It is hardly necessary to recall in detail the bitter feeling in Rome in these years during which, bit by bit, the States of the Church were being seized by Victor Emmanuel, and, except for the partial defence afforded by the French troops, the Pontiff was alone and friendless.

Since the Restoration of Pius IX. the Papal States had been kept in order by French troops in Rome, and Austrian in the Legations. Cavour is generally believed to have come to an understanding with Napoleon III. at the Congress of Paris in 1856 that this anomalous state of things should be allowed to be an excuse for Sardinian ambition to aim at

a United Italy under Piedmontese rule. The cession of Savoy and Nice to France was the price which Piedmont paid. The war between Italy and Austria was declared in 1859. A revolution at once broke out in the Legations, which were occupied by Austrian troops.

Under the plea of their disaffection and the 'will of the people,' which was supposed to be represented by the revolutionary Government which offered the Romagna to Piedmont, Cavour began his course of spoliation; and by the summer of 1860 the Papal territory was reduced to only the provinces of Frosinone and Velletri in addition to Rome itself.

The indignation and depression in Rome were profound. The most significant fact was that, while in 1848 nearly all the European Powers, in their dread of the revolution, helped to restore Pius IX. to his sovereignty, now, in his second peril, not a hand was raised. The sympathy of England, which had in 1848 been largely with the Holy See, was in 1860 strongly on the other side.

The feeling of indignant loyalty was intense throughout the Catholic world. The absolute union between Catholics and their Pontiff in defence of his rights was preached by many as the crusade of the hour. Newman largely shared in this feeling, and, when preaching his sermon a little later on 'The Pope and the Revolution,' he is remembered to have stamped his foot in impatient anger as he referred to the followers of Victor Emmanuel as 'sacrilegious robbers.' But even in such a crisis he kept his head, and preserved a balanced judgment. Although Victor Emmanuel and Cavour were robbers and indefensible, he considered the Temporal Power of the Papacy to be a very large and complex question. And he was indignant at attempts to utilise a deep and noble sentiment of loyalty in gaining currency for the extreme view of a few zealots—that its necessity was a dogma obligatory on Catholic belief. And he saw the upsetting effect of such a course on the most honest and sincere students of history.

To the group of letters concerning the Temporal Power Cardinal Newman has prefixed the following memorandum dated May 22, 1882:

'I observe on the (following) letters thus:—

'No doubt I have expressed on various occasions an opinion favourable or not unfavourable to the suppression of the Pope's Temporal Power,—e.g. I wrote to Mr. Monteith to the effect that, as it had been created by a series of secular events, so we could not be surprised if, as it rose, so it was destined to fall. And I quoted to a young layman Lord Palmerston's words that, as Dr. Sumner made an excellent Archbishop, yet it did not follow that he would succeed as Prime Minister, so the Holy Father had far too much on his hands as Pastor of the Catholic Flock to acquit himself well as the Temporal Ruler of a territory over and above his special *ecclesiastical* training.

'But then I must add

'1. I had no thought of making him a *subject* to any secular power. I thought he might have Rome and a slice of territory to the sea, or at least an honorary sovereignty.

'2. What I especially was anxious about was that there should be no attempt to make the Temporal Power a doctrine *de fide*; and that for two reasons.

'(a) perhaps it was in God's Providence to cease to be.

'(b) it was not right to frighten, worry, irritate Catholics, by forcing on them as *de fide* what was not.

'3. I detested the underhand way of smuggling into addresses and the like, statements which the subscribers to them never intended. This had been done, among other instances, in the case of the *Academia*, and when I found the trick out I proposed to withdraw my name from the list of subscribers. In a similar instance a lay friend of mine of great influence either would not give his name to an address or withdrew it in consequence of finding out the trick.

'4. For my own feelings as to the Temporal Power itself, I would refer to . . . my Sermon in 1866 on the Pope and the Revolution (Occasional Sermons).

'5. What I have said in that Sermon I hold now. I have no reason to suppose that in so holding I have not the sanction of the Pope's opinion, but, being now a Cardinal, whatever might be my personal opinion, I should submit to him and act with him, should the question of the Temporal Power come into discussion.

J. H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.'

Foremost among those who led the crusade for the Temporal Power in England was Provost Manning. At first he wrote on the subject with moderation, and Newman, in a

letter to Acton, defended what he said; but later on his views took what Newman held to be a very extreme colour. Even in Rome itself they met with a not unmixed approval. And the first draft of his lectures on the subject had to be remodelled to escape theological censure.¹

However, the most unqualified defence of the Temporal Power was welcome to Cardinal Antonelli, who was a statesman and not a theologian. And the Pope himself expressed his pleasure at the lectures. W. G. Ward was, in earlier years, no believer in the Temporal Power. But his principle of following the Pope's own wishes on all points led him to maintain its necessity later on, and he and Manning united together against what they regarded as the undisciplined disloyalty of the *Rambler* on this subject. Newman felt their tone of dogmatism to be incompatible with the freedom of opinion which is lawful on points not defined by the Church. It is most instructive to reflect that Manning's own view on the question many years later was no more favourable to the Temporal Power than Newman's earlier view which Manning had censured as wanting in loyalty.²

The attitude of England was of the most critical importance to Rome; and the Liberal Government was understood to side with the Sardinians. The *Rambler* was avowedly Liberal in its politics, and Sir John Acton sat on the Liberal side in Parliament. Cardinal Antonelli brought pressure on the *Rambler* in June 1861, not only to champion the Temporal Power unreservedly, but to dissociate itself altogether from the Liberal party.

Sir John Acton forthwith wrote to inform Newman of the state of affairs:

‘June 19th, 1861.

‘Manning made an appointment to meet me yesterday and we had a very long conversation. He told me he had seen the Cardinal in consequence of a letter written to him by Cardinal Antonelli with the Pope's cognisance, connecting the support given to Government by Catholic Members with things that have appeared in the *Rambler*.

¹ See *Life of Manning*, ii. 153.

² *Ibid.* ii. 610.

'The upshot was that a censure was impending from Rome; that he was anxious I should disengage myself from the *Rambler* in time to escape it, and should give him a promise that, whatever the wish of the Holy Father might be, should also be mine. . . .

'Manning's personal kindness was extreme. He gave me distinctly to understand that it was an official communication. The only diversion I can see is the chance of becoming a Quarterly, as I hear that Ward and his friends talk of starting a new Review, and that the Cardinal abandons the *Dublin* in its decline.'

Newman in a moment saw the gravity of the situation. He thought, as we shall see, that Cardinal Antonelli was exceeding his powers. On the other hand, a censure from Rome was a most serious threat, and he was not sorry to second Manning's suggestion that Acton had better wash his hands of the *Rambler* and turn to work more serious and less attended by anxiety. He did not wish him indeed to desert Simpson, but now the suspension of the *Rambler*, which he had opposed a year earlier, did seem almost inevitable.

DR. NEWMAN TO SIR JOHN ACTON.

'Rednal: June 20th, 1861.

'I am not the fit person, nor perhaps would you wish me, to give any opinion on Manning's proposal. If I were you, nothing would bully me into giving up the Government if I felt I ought to go with them. The case of Simpson is far more delicate. It is impossible you can leave him to bear the brunt of responsibilities which you share,—but what Manning aims at, I suppose, is the suppression of the *Rambler*. I confess I should not be sorry at your literary undertakings (if such is to be your course) taking a less ephemeral shape than the pages of a magazine. Gibbon, in the beginning of his autobiography, refers to Aldenham,—might it not become more classical (and somewhat dearer to a Catholic) than Lausanne? Gladstone, in the dedication of one of his early works to Lord Lyttelton, talks of his writing in the classical groves of Hagley; yet what is the history of Henry II. to the "Opus Magnum" which might be identified with Aldenham? My own feeling is that the *Rambler* is impossible.

'The patrons of a new Quarterly will find it a difficult task. There cannot be life without independence.'

Acton, however, was thoroughly angry. He remembered that Newman had expressed his wish that the *Rambler* should continue when he had in the previous year spoken of bringing it to an end. He considered that he had fully acted up to his promise of moderation. He could not retire to Aldenham and write a *magnum opus* without bringing the Review to an end altogether.

In Newman's mind, on the other hand, the situation had been entirely changed by recent events. However little he liked Cardinal Antonelli's interference, it had clearly been intimated by Manning that all representatives of ecclesiastical authority were against the continuance of the Review, and that a censure was impending from Rome itself. This was decisive against prolonging its life, and he wrote in that sense to Acton:

'Of course you are the judge, but I am sincerely sorry that you feel it a duty to maintain the *Rambler*. It seems to me that a man who opposes legitimate authority is in a false position. Cardinal Antonelli does *not* seem to be a legitimate authority, but Propaganda and the Cardinal Archbishop are. If they do not allow the *Rambler* to speak against the Temporal Power they seem to me tyrannical,—but they have the right to disallow it, and a magazine with a censure upon it from authority continues at an enormous disadvantage. It does not seem to me courage to run counter to constituted superiors,—*they* have the responsibility and to them we must leave it.'

But while thus sadly counselling Acton to give up the *Rambler*, Newman was determined to clear himself from all suspicion of sympathy with the extreme line on the Temporal Power which the authorities appeared to be taking.

Wiseman, who had been speaking strongly in a Pastoral on the subject with a view to uniting loyal Catholic writers under himself and Manning, founded at this time the 'Academia of the Catholic Religion.' Manning was its presiding genius. Newman was naturally asked to join, and had consented. He was disposed, however, from the first to regard the Academia as a party project with which he could have little sympathy, and an exaggerated attitude in its proceedings on the Temporal Power would be decisive that his suspicions were correct. He wrote as follows to Manning:

'Confidential.

June 21st, 1861.

'My dear Manning,—I find the Cardinal Archbishop (for Cardinal Antonelli is out of my field of sight) is taking strong measures on the question of the Temporal Power.

'You will not, I know, fancy that I am capable of writing anything in the shape of a threat, but I am obliged to write this, else you will say when the event took place, "you should have given me a hint beforehand; *why* did you not tell me?"

'I ought then to say what I am resolved on; but this is for you, not for the Cardinal.

'Should His Eminence put out any matter bearing on the same question in the same way *in his Inaugural Address of the 20th*, I certainly will not remain a member of the Academia.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

DR. MANNING TO DR. NEWMAN.

'June 22nd, 1861.

'I am only anxious that you should not act in haste nor without precise reasons. Against anything you do upon reasons and with deliberation, it is not for me to be importunate.

'But as yet I do not know what are Cardinal Antonelli's words or requisitions. Nor can I believe that they in any way touch you.¹

'However, the list of the Academia is not yet known. Would you think it well to wait awhile till you see its character before you join it? Not to join it is easy enough. To withdraw afterwards has many circumstances of ill.'

In the then state of public feeling, to hesitate or even to discriminate on this subject was to be in some degree a marked man. It is difficult for those who are most familiar with Manning's own completely changed view on the Temporal Power in later years to realise the intolerant spirit in which this question was treated by him and others in the 'sixties. To argue, or even to express any qualifications in defending the Pope's civil sovereignty, to recognise drawbacks in the old machinery of government exclusively by ecclesiastics, was to be stamped as 'disloyal.' There are

¹ (Note on the margin of copy by J. H. N. 'How could I fancy they did? J. H. N.')

This correspondence was private. But the line taken by Newman became generally known or suspected.

many still among us who remember the tension of feeling at that time—how it would be whispered that A B was ‘not sound’ on the Temporal Power, and he would be looked upon askance in consequence by many excellent men. At this time of excitement the ‘endemic gossip’ of London, as Newman called it, would take no account of balanced views. A man was ‘for’ or ‘against.’ Thus, when Newman had pledged himself by letter against an extreme line on the subject, and when opponents of the Temporal Power claimed his unreserved sympathy, the direction of the wind of gossip was decided. Such rumours as were current, being baseless, would no doubt eventually die away. But while they lasted their consequences were very trying. And Newman, who in 1859 had had, in his irksome task of editing the *Rambler*, the great support of knowing that he was trusted by everyone, now became gradually conscious of a growing want of confidence in him. The Temporal Power question completed what the delation of his *Rambler* article had begun. He came to be, to use his own phrase, ‘under a cloud,’ a man suspected in many quarters as not thoroughly orthodox. At the end of September 1861, Simpson, who was still communicating with Newman as to the future of the *Rambler*, enclosed a letter from Mr. Burns, the publisher, objecting to Newman’s connection with any Review as injurious to its prospects of success. ‘The great objection to Newman,’ Mr. Burns wrote, ‘is his . . . for one reason or another, unpopularity.’

There can be no doubt that Newman felt this development acutely. Possibly enough he exaggerated its extent and its import. But the sense that a ‘cloud’ was over him which only deepened later on, began at this time. That he, with his passionate loyalty to the Holy See, with his high ideal of obedience to his Bishop, should be regarded as a half-sympathiser with Garibaldi, as one who entertained, in Manning’s phrase, ‘low views’ on the Papal prerogative, and was ‘critical of Catholic devotion,’ and a supporter of the disloyal and disaffected, was a keen trial. And as such charges were not formally preferred he could not formally reply to them. They were made or withdrawn as occasion made it most convenient. And perhaps Manning’s occasional

disavowal of all hostility to him angered him more than its avowal—so at least I interpret the Latin words which conclude a letter I shall shortly cite.¹

Meanwhile his letter to Acton, counselling the termination of the *Rambler* in deference to the impending censure of ecclesiastical authority, led to an important correspondence on the position of a Catholic Review, and its duties both to ecclesiastical authority and to public opinion.

SIR JOHN ACTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'July 2nd, 1861.

'I am so much startled by your letter that you must not consider this as an answer to it. There is something in your view of the importance belonging to the decrees of authority, for which I was not at all prepared, and which I must take time to consider. My own notion was that, having excluded theology from the *Rambler*, nothing remained over which the ecclesiastical power possessed jurisdiction. In political life we should not be deterred, I suppose, by the threat or fear of even excommunication, from doing what we should deem our duty, if no such consideration had presented itself. . . .'

DR. NEWMAN TO SIR JOHN ACTON.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 5th, 1861.

'My dear Sir John,—I don't like writing in a hurry when I ought to write with care,—but then I don't like to delay. So I must do my best.

'I did not mean to differ from you (nor do I) in any principle, but in a fact. The *Rambler* certainly does seem to me ever nibbling at theological questions. It seems to me in its discussions to come under the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical power; and, therefore, I think the ecclesiastical power ought to be deferred to.

'If it advocated homeopathy or the broad gauge,—and the Bishops of England said anything in discouragement of such conduct, I do not see how it could be bound to defer to the Bishops.

'If it said that the classics ought to be taught to laymen, and the Bishops said that Prudentius was far better poetry than Virgil, and, in order to the cultivation of poetical taste, insisted on the *Rambler* being silent in its praises of Virgil, I do not see that the *Rambler* need be silent.

¹ See p. 579.

‘But this is not the fact. The Bishops have a direct jurisdiction in the education of the clergy for the ministry,—they act under an Ecumenical Council. To discuss the question of the education of the clergy does seem to be entering on a question under their jurisdiction. This the *Rambler* has done. It has not itself given judgment, but it has discussed at length, through its correspondents, the question. I cannot tell you how this discussion has annoyed me, not only for the sake of the *Rambler*, but in itself.

‘The Articles on Campion again,—no one surely can say that a Life of Campion was *obliged* to come out with the statement or insinuation that St. Pius preferred to maintain untenable claims to retaining England in the Church; no reader surely but was surprised that it came into the narration. Such matters should not be dealt a back-handed blow,—it was not a history of St. Pius or of his times,—even then, a Saint surely is not to be approached as a common man. If the Ecclesiastical Power makes Saints, it requires that they, as well as their images, should receive the ‘debitum honorem et venerationem.’ The historical character of St. Pius, as it seems to me, was treated very much as if, in showing a church, the sacristan were to take an axe and knock off a piece of the altar, and then, when called to account, were to say that the altar was about to be removed as it was in the way, and he was only, by his act, beginning the intended reforms.

‘*Rednal, July 6th.*—Then again, in the article on Ward’s philosophy, I think the reviewer spoke of the highest ecclesiastical courts of the Church having for two centuries impeded in Italy the advance of science or something of the kind. Now, however true this may be, was it necessary to say it thus? and was it not anyhow an *attack* upon the said courts? I don’t see that those courts went beyond their *powers* in the bare fact of their impeding science. They thought science interfered with religion, and no one can say that they had not a *prima facie* case in their favour. And they had the community (I suppose) with them. But whether this be so or not, is not the point. What I would insist on is that it is not wonderful, if a writer in the *Rambler* attacks those courts, the representatives of those courts will attack him,—and, (without saying that the *prima facie* view of the matter in the eyes of the public will be in their favour, if he is writing *ex professo* on the subject and they come in his way) yet I think if a writer, reviewing Ward, has a sudden side blow at them, the good sense of the public will

side with *them*, if they in turn inflict some severe stroke upon their assailant.

'I am saying all this by way of explaining what I meant by saying that the *Rambler* now is in a false position if authority speaks against it. It has been sufficiently theological and ecclesiastical to impress the world with the idea that it comes under an ecclesiastical censor, and if it caught it for tilting against Inquisitors, Ecumenical Councils, and Saints, the world would be apt to say: "serve him right!" This is how it appears to me.

'And further, I must, though it will pain you, speak out. I *despair* of Simpson being other than he is. He will always be clever, amusing, brilliant, and *suggestive*. He will always be flicking his whip at Bishops, cutting them in tender places, throwing stones at Sacred Congregations, and, as he rides along the high road, discharging peashooters at Cardinals who happen by bad luck to look out of the window. I fear I must say I despair of any periodical in which he has a part. I grieve to say it, but I have not said it till the whole world says it. I have, I assure you, defended him to others, and it is not many weeks, I may almost say days, since I was accused of "solidarity with the *Rambler*." But what is the good of going on hoping against hope to the loss of union among ourselves, and the injuring of great interests? For me, I am bound to state my convictions when I have them; and I have them now.

'You will act with true sincerity of intention and with full deliberation, whatever conclusion you come to about the *Rambler*, but I don't think Protestants ought to say that an independent organ of opinion is silenced, but one that loved to assail, and to go out of his way to assail, what was authoritative and venerable.

'Ever yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

SIR JOHN ACTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'July 8th, 1861.

'I only write a few lines to thank you for your kindness in the letter I have just received. The question is too serious for me to answer you at once, and I am very glad to have the objections which may be made to the *Rambler* being put before my eyes with so much authority, and at the same time with so much confidence and indulgence.

'At first sight it strikes me that you deny any difference of principle, but that you consider, as a matter of fact, that

we do place ourselves under ecclesiastical jurisdiction by our subjects or modes of discussion, and of this you give three instances.

‘With reference to the first, the Seminary question, you speak so very strongly that I do not wish to say anything. I never liked the prolongation of the dispute, but it seemed to me that the dangerous opinions were on the side against X. Y. Z., and I thought it absolutely my duty not to allow them to remain uncontradicted.

‘But you say that the treatment of Pius V. gave ecclesiastical authority the right to intervene. This really seems to me once more a question of principle. Has the Church a right to censure me because I say of a canonized saint that on some occasion he committed an error of judgment, or even a mortal sin? Their biographies are full of such things, at least, all the older lives. Sanctity surely does not mean perfection nor absolute wisdom; and in this case not the holiness but the wisdom of the Saint was impugned. If you put it as others do, on the fact of his being a Pope, I should recall the language Baronius and Raynaldus use of certain Popes. The proceedings of Pius involved the whole question of the conduct and martyrdom of Campion and the others who laboured and suffered in the same field. I cannot see how it was irrelevant; or why, if one speaks of it, one is bound to assume that the Pope was in the right because he was a Saint. Surely a question of policy, so old as this, is not one on which an opinion can justify interference, or even the imputation of nibbling at theological questions.

‘The third point is the treatment of Science by the Church in certain times. Here you say that the fact might be as stated in the Article, and yet the statement of the fact would give Rome a right to condemn us. If that were so it would justify the very attacks against which we are most anxious to defend the Church. I do not believe you will really say that these things can be put in the same category as subjects for Rome to pronounce on with papers on Original Sin or Consulting the Laity.

‘The public feeling will be perhaps with the censors against the censured, but that public feeling is the very object of our indirect attacks. It does not admit the authority of science, or the sanctity of truth for its own sake, or the freedom of the various sciences pursuing their own ends primarily, and bearing testimony or paying tribute to religion only very remotely, as philology does, or medicine.

And this error, I have always thought, is to be met, not by dispute, but *ambulando*, by walking in the face of it, an operation which must necessarily be always disagreeable till people get to understand and get used to it, when the victory is at once gained. And, therefore, it is in the nature of the *Rambler* that each number should offend¹ some people, until all its readers are its partizans. And for these reasons, taking the *historical* examples which you give, I still do not see that a condemnation on such grounds as these would require to be deferred to. But I am speaking agonistically all this time, not positively, only your arguments have not yet impressed me as strongly as your authority.

'I do not forget what you write to me. Long ago you wrote that it was not so important that people should be brought round to particular opinions, as that they should be taught to think logically. I do not believe that I have altogether neglected this advice. I have never been very zealous for particular views, but care above almost everything for one or two principles or general opinions. I cannot bear that Protestants should say the Church cannot be reconciled with the truths or precepts of science, or that Catholics should fear the legitimate and natural progress of the scientific spirit. These two errors seem to me almost identical, and, if one is more dangerous than the other, I think it is the last; so that it comes more naturally to me to be zealous against the Catholic mistake than against the Protestant.

'But the weapon against both is the same, the encouragement of the true scientific spirit and disinterested love of truth. I have nowhere seen this principle seriously adopted on the Continent by any Catholic periodical, or by any group of Catholics; and I really think it a merit of the *Rambler*, not that it does this successfully, but that it sees it and attempts to practise it. Yet I cannot conceive how such a course can be pursued without a collision with Rome, or how it can avoid being beset with difficulties in such a society as ours. I am sure I can conscientiously say I have striven not to give offence or to insult what is venerable, but I believe I cannot always avoid the appearance of it.

'Do not these principles suffice to explain our position and attitude without the hypothesis of error and failure in

¹ '(N.B. "offend" i.e. they are obliged to "offend" people by sly hits, and insinuations, and mockery; for this was the charge.)' From the margin of the copy by J. H. N.

the pursuit of them? I always feel that I am deliberately and systematically further removed from the prevailing sentiments of good and serious Catholics than Simpson is with all his imprudence.¹ To some extent also this divergence in principle makes it difficult for me to judge of his improprieties in points of detail and execution; Wetherell would be invaluable in this respect, but we have very bad accounts of him.

'You will think it very hard I have taken your time up with such long letters. I thought at first I should be very short. But you will forgive me on account of the great emergency. Your imputed solidarity with the *Rambler* is very distressing when I consider how much my mind has been troubled with the idea of your disagreement and disapprobation. Would it were otherwise. I wish I had in private the full enjoyment of that with which you are reproached, and that I had an opportunity at the same time of setting the public right on the matter. The story² goes that you have sent to the *Atlantis* a paper on the classics at which I should make a very wry face in swallowing it; but the *Atlantis* never appears and the world has forgotten it.

'The Academia held its first meeting at the Cardinal's. A long paper of his was read, of which everybody says that it is quite in his old style and proves great vigour. Unfortunately *it is* in his old style, only a repetition, and without any power or depth. He seems to think that Catholic science has only a great victory to gain,—not great problems to solve.'

DR. NEWMAN TO SIR JOHN ACTON.

'July 16th, 1861.

'My dear Sir John,—It is very difficult to bring out one's full meaning even to one's own satisfaction. Nor was I passing a judgment, but merely putting before you considerations on one of two sides of an argument. Not that I had not a distinct opinion of my own; but a person need not have lived to my age to feel an intense distrust of his own opinion in matters of conduct.

¹ 'Well, it is Simpson's "imprudence,"—i.e. flippancy, crudity, irreverence, which is the fault, and which makes him *impossible*. In my letter of (I think) July 5th, I said to him that I showed my real interest in the *Rambler* by allowing my name to be so connected with it in public opinion as it was, though I did not agree with it, and thus suffered unjustly. J. H. N.'

² '*Mendacium* from first to last. J. H. N.'

'What I meant to convey in my last was this:

'Putting aside the ground of *principle*, in which I think we agree, I wished to consider *expedience*; and I think the words which I used,—“public opinion,” “a false position”—showed it.

'I put aside also the question of *fact* on which we did not agree.

'The Holy See and Roman Church do not commonly act, as it seems to me, without public opinion on their side. A man *may* be in a false position towards ecclesiastical authorities with public opinion for him, as in the case of Luther, I suppose, in Germany; but the inconveniences of his false position will be immensely increased to him if, in his antagonism, public opinion, as is likely, is against him.

'Now I can't help thinking that, if Cardinal Antonelli influenced our Cardinal or Propaganda to act against the *Rambler*, people would not weigh the rights and the wrongs either of the act or of the question which led to it. They would not be startled at the question of the Temporal Power ceasing to be an open question; they would not say “Ecclesiastical Authority is extravagating into history or philosophy; the *Rambler* has a right to discuss the history of the 16th century, to criticize the acts of the Sacred Congregations, to have an opinion on Popes' Briefs, and to represent to the Bishops that the want of due clerical education is a lay grievance.” And why? because they would say, “the *Rambler* has practically put itself in the wrong by abrupt assertions or by insinuations and sly hits, on serious, momentous, sacred subjects”; because numbers of religious people are provoked and sore about it; that it has been a cause of offence, an element of unsettlement, and that it is but just and a satisfaction that, at last, so lively a critic has caught it.

'As to “its treatment of Pius V. giving ecclesiastical authority the right to interfere,” are you sure I used the word “right”? If so, I have qualified it with the words “in public opinion.” In one place I even inserted those words after writing, since they were the turning point; what I meant to say was, people will not enquire as to the strict matter of principle, but “the *Rambler* deserved it” will, in their judgment, cover everything.

'Again, “Has the Church a *right* to censure me because I say a canonized Saint *committed an error* or a *mortal sin*? Their biographies are full of such things.” This is quite beside my point. I said that Propaganda or the Cardinal

would find the Catholic public on their side *hic et nunc*, if they showed their disapproval of a sudden unceremonious attack upon a Saint which was not imperatively required by the subject which was under discussion. We don't write books *in order* to attack Saints. If the necessity of criticism lies plump in our way and cannot be turned, then we do it, but not with glee. This is what public opinion, (and, as I think, public good sense) would say.

'And so, as to the case of the Sacred Congregations, I waived the question of deciding the line between what was secular and what ecclesiastical matter. At least to hit an ecclesiastic is, in public opinion, to hit ecclesiastical matter. Thus the *Rambler* began; it has had a hit at ecclesiastical authorities; and, if the blow is returned, the public will not think it surprising or a shame. I am explaining the argument I used.

'I did not speak against the *continuance* of the controversy about Seminaries, but the *commencing* it. This you do not notice.

'As to the question about the mode of managing or changing public opinion, it is too large a subject to go into.

'I am, &c.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

For a moment in August Newman seems to have hoped that things were improving—though his letter has in it the note of sadness of which I have already spoken:

'Rednal: August 21st, 1861.

'My dear Sir John,—I have been put on the sick list and told to wander about. This I did for a time with great satisfaction, for perfect detachment from all kinds of duties and occupations is an unspeakable relief. I am a good deal better and have returned here from a feeling that it was a shame being on the world when we had so pleasant a place for idleness. The truth is I have been in constant hot water of one sort or degree or another for full thirty years—and it has, at length, boiled me. I wish it may serve in part for a purgatory.

'I have no definite ailment, but anxiety, or whatever better name can be given to it, is sucking life out of me.

'From what you say I trust the storm is blowing over the *Rambler*. It pleases me to find that they are using you in the Academy. Manning, I am sure, is, of all men, most desirous to keep all Catholics together. For myself, I have

not got over that message from Cardinal Antonelli,—and shall be suspicious of the Academy in consequence,—for if the Pope's Foreign Secretary can interfere with one, I suppose he can with the other; but it is a good sign that Manning is free to exercise his own tolerant nature as regards yourself. . . .

‘Ever yours most sincerely in Christ,
J. H. N.’

Any hope implied in this letter was only passing. In October Newman renewed in writing to Simpson his exhortation to suspend publication. ‘Some months ago,’ he wrote on October 2: ‘. . . I expressed my deliberate opinion about the *Rambler*. I thought it was in a false position which it never could get out of; and was sure to be stopped or to come to an end in one way or another. Accordingly I said that it would be best for the proprietors to stop it themselves—and at once, because, if not, others would do so for them either peremptorily or indirectly and gradually. I have had no reason up to this day to change this view of the matter.’ Simpson at first refused to take this advice. He proposed to publish an *Apologia* with a full narrative of the history of the magazine, and its treatment by the authorities, but Newman could not acquiesce.

‘If,’ he wrote, ‘such an exposition of its past history as you propose be necessary to its new position, this is a strong evidence how false that (new) position is,—the grave scandal which it would involve being some kind of measure of the unsuitableness of continuing the publication.

‘You ask: “Will the falseness of our position be retrieved by this move?” My own judgment is that it will be mending evil with evil, and place you in a position still more seriously false, and opening the way to positions falsier still.

‘You speak of “freedom of the press,” “declaration of independence,” “independent opposition,” “declaration of war,” and “association of rights.” These phrases sound to me like the electioneering cries of some Protestant candidate for the representation.’

Simpson and Acton, however, did not defer to Newman's judgment. On the contrary, an article appeared in November strongly criticising Manning's extreme advocacy of the

Temporal Power, and Manning believed that Newman had a share in its composition.

It was now certain that the *Rambler* would not be allowed to continue its existence as a Catholic Review, approved or even tolerated by the Episcopate. The alternative before its conductors was either to acquiesce in Newman's verdict and simply suspend publication, or to make some change in name and form which might possibly secure it a fresh start and fair trial. Acton and Simpson chose the latter course.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE 'HOME AND FOREIGN REVIEW' (1862-1864)

IN 1862 the conductors of the *Rambler* proposed to turn their Review into a Quarterly, to be called *The Home and Foreign Review*. Sir John Acton was to be editor, assisted by Mr. Wetherell. The staff was to be the same as that of the *Rambler*.¹

Newman adhered to his opinion that the *Rambler* had better simply stop. He did not advise or support its continuance as a Quarterly under the title of the *Home and Foreign Review*. But when its continuance was a settled thing, he responded to its conductors with kindness and interest in hopes of keeping it on useful lines.

W. G. Ward, who had been earnestly hoping for the termination of the *Rambler*, did not at all like the news that a new Quarterly was to rise from its ashes. And Simpson, who took a malicious pleasure, as he said, in making Ward's 'hair stand on end' by startling and unwelcome news, assured him that the new Review had the full sympathy of Newman. Ward, greatly distressed, wrote to Newman proposing a visit that he might talk over the situation. There is a touch of sad irony in Newman's reply:

'The Oratory, April 22nd, 1862.

'My dear Ward,—I shall be glad to see you at any time and so far as I know shall be here or at Rednal for months.

¹ The financial situation of the *Rambler* had become so grave that Acton, at the suggestion of Dr. Russell of Maynooth, actually contemplated approaching Manning and Ward with a view to amalgamating the new Quarterly *Rambler* or *Home and Foreign Review* with the *Dublin*. The *Dublin*, however, was still under the Cardinal's supervision, and Newman, when consulted on the proposal, wrote that he did not see how 'a free Catholic Review, (be such a publication right or wrong) could have relations with a Cardinal who is not free but bound by special oaths.'

‘If things are to go as they have gone, I should anticipate that our conversation would have this result,—viz. you would begin by stating that I held something very different from, or the reverse of, what I really hold. I should undeceive you, and you would confess you were mistaken. Then we should branch off to some independent subject of theology, and you would be pleased to find that I agreed with you when others did not. You would leave; and then, in a few weeks, you would write me word that it pained you bitterly to think that we were diverging from each other in theological opinion more and more. If I then wrote to inquire what you *could* mean, you would answer that you really could not, at the moment, recollect the grounds on which you had been led to say so,—but you would not withdraw it.

‘Thus I have to endure, in spite of your real affection for me, a never-dying misgiving on your part that I am in some substantial matter at variance with you; while I for my part sincerely think that on *no* subject is there any substantial difference between us as far as theology is concerned,

‘Ever yours affectly. J. H. N.’

I have no record of what passed at W. G. Ward’s visit. The new Quarterly made its appearance in July. A fortnight before its publication Acton wrote to Newman as to the nature of its contents, of which he hoped he would approve, with the exception of a statement of the fact that Paul III. had a son.

‘There is only one thing in the new Quarterly, so far as it is ready, in which I am afraid of your disagreement. Paul III., Farnese, had a son Pierluigi, and a number of grandchildren. The Jesuit, Prat, in his life of Ribadeneira, speaks of all of these, always calling them the Pope’s nephews, and the Pope his uncle. Now I feel very strongly that this ought to be gibbeted, and I cannot avoid at least pointing out the wilful lie it involves.’

Newman endorses his letter with the following note:

‘I answered to this that he quite mistook me. 1. Everyone knows the *fact*. 2. What I objected to was not the grave natural statement of facts, but (as Simpson did), the lugging in such a fact as a foot-note by the bye in a treatise on Conic Sections.’

Newman read the first numbers of the *Home and Foreign* with great interest. He was filled with admiration for the

immense labour and research which it displayed. As far as we can judge from his letters, he still sympathised with many of its aims. The Bishops regarded the fact that Acton was one of its editors as establishing its identity with the *Rambler*, and they opposed it from the first. Newman regretted their attitude. To Mrs. Froude he wrote: 'I am very sorry that the Bishops have set themselves against the ablest publication we have, though I can't quite trust its conductors. Such a policy is imprudent and unhappy. That's my opinion.' The Review at once commanded attention in the world of letters. Max Müller spoke of it in 1863 as 'one of the best edited of our quarterlies.' Matthew Arnold commended the knowledge and play of thought within its pages. Its reputation was a valuable asset to English Catholicism. Still the episcopal opposition, however unfortunate, was a fact to reckon with, and, moreover, the writers were unsuccessful, in Newman's opinion, in achieving what he regarded as a thoroughly satisfactory tone. Therefore his sympathy with the Review was qualified. When, however, the Cardinal publicly criticised the Review, he was against suspending its publication: to stop what existed was a different matter from refraining to bring it into existence. He advised an answer to the Cardinal written in a very loyal and zealous spirit which should win over right-minded men to the side of the Review.

Newman availed himself of the occasion to write to Sir John Acton on the situation which had arisen, and on the future prospects of the Review:

'I think,' he wrote, 'that you cannot prudently stop the Review. I take it for granted the Cardinal does not bid you do so; and you should not on your own responsibility. Such a course would be a smothering of feelings and opinions which exist, which are allowable in a Catholic, which it is healthy to out with, which it is dangerous or injurious to bottle up. If these opinions imply uncatholic instincts, let this be shown; else we cannot be sure that what happens to be called an instinct is anything more than the sentiment of a particular school in the Church. If you stopped the Review, there would first be a triumph among the Cardinal's friends; this would create a chronic irritation among your friends, and this again a vague uneasy helpless suspicion on the part of his.

‘It is better then that your Review should go on; but, if so, it is plain that it, for a time, will be under a cloud. This ever must be the case when a Superior finds fault; the question is what are the persons so blamed to do under the circumstances.

‘It seems to me that they must resolve gradually to work their way through the cloud that lies on them, by doing undeniable good service to the Catholic cause. . . . They need not sacrifice their own views; they need not flatter this or that person if they do real hard work for the Church; *this* will insure for them the opportunity of speaking with effect. . . .

‘What you have to do, at the moment, in your reply to the Cardinal, is to give us an augury and pledge of your future course. There is no position, there are no circumstances, in which there is not the right thing to do if we have the skill to find it out. There is no move on the part of others towards us, but leaves room for a true counter-move on our part against them. There is no such thing as a check-mate except through our own fault. I can fancy a counter-statement to the Cardinal which for its naturalness and straightforwardness would win all candid minds. Such a statement would obliterate what has been amiss in the past and reassure Catholics as to the future. You would put yourselves in the right, and your ill-wishers in the wrong.’

The published reply to the Cardinal did not in the event entirely satisfy Newman, as we see in the following letter to Wetherell, dated October 6:

‘Everyone, I think, must be struck with the excellence of its tone. It is both generous and candid, manly, modest, and moderate as regards the *Rambler*. It is clear, moreover, in its exposition of its principles, and in explaining the *Rambler’s* position in the Catholic community. And it is well written. . . .

‘I am disposed to except from these remarks the wording of the paragraph pp. 514, 515, beginning: “Learning,” &c. I fear it will be read thus:

“Among the writers of this eminent but short-sighted school, of course we reckon our illustrious Cardinal. Without derogating from the great merits which we have above ascribed to him, we take this opportunity of insinuating that in his controversial writings he has never been more than a ‘brilliant rhetorician.’ His knowledge is that of a ‘dilettante.’

He has attempted too 'wide' a range, and in consequence is always 'superficial.' No 'single writer,' be he who he may, could possibly write on 'Scripture, history, and physical science,' as he has done in his Roman Lectures, with more than a 'shallow versatility,' &c., &c." I heartily trust no one else will so interpret this paragraph; but I do not think it unlikely. If so, you must be prepared with your answer.

'If I go on to mention what seem to me the deficiencies of the article, it is because it may be useful to you to know the impression it made on a "Lector re vera benevolus."

'I wish it had more *definiteness* and more *warmth*; definiteness to satisfy, and warmth to win.

'1. What I specially mean by "definiteness" is a direct answering to the charges brought against the Conductors of the *Rambler*. The Cardinal, e.g., says that "the journal has shewn an absence of all reserve and reverence in its treatment of *persons* and things deemed sacred." Are "sacred persons," e.g. Saints, one of what the article calls "principles" of religion, or "interests"? Again; "It has grazed even the very edges of the most perilous abysses of *error*." What answer to this is it to say that the conductors of the *Rambler* have ever felt it their duty to keep to *truth* of principle in matters of science, and to *right* in the principles of government? and so on.

'People are likely to say that the article has not met the Cardinal's imputations.

'2. What I mean by want of "warmth" is this,—that theologians and ascetic writers tell us that the perfection of a Christian lies in never pleading his own cause, *except when accused of error of faith*, for such error is dishonourable to God. Now the Cardinal has accused the *Rambler* of treachery to the cause of truth. I think it is the duty of one who has occasion to notice this charge made against him *to be indignant*. To unite this with due respect towards the accuser, of course, requires skill, but it admits of being done, and has not been done.

'I fear this will leave an (unjust) imputation on the minds of ill-natured readers that the writer of the article did not care much about the Cardinal's charge, and is not too much in earnest.

'These two defects will prevent the article, good as it is, from destroying *suspicion*. Perhaps you will say that suspicion cannot be destroyed.'

But, after writing the above letter, Newman read an article in the same number containing certain comments on

the Book of Genesis which seemed to him to be exactly in the old offensive style of the *Rambler*. Many of his friends were scandalised at it, and at the same time he received letters in which fears were expressed that the atmosphere of Edgbaston school was being perverted by the German rationalism of the *Home and Foreign Review*. He at once drew out a strong criticism of the article, which he sent to Wetherell's friend and his own, Mr. Thomas Arnold.¹ This criticism he asked Arnold to forward to Mr.

¹ The following are some samples of the criticisms passed by Newman on particular passages in the article:

p. 457. 'Six great phases of development stand forth';—'made up of two elements called evening and morning, or conception and birth'; 'after comes a seventh of rest, when the productivity of the forces of the universe,' &c.

'Evening and morning' means 'conception and birth'; how does he know it? 'The first is called the one day, *because* all the others are, as it were, branches of it.' Does he know it from Scripture, from the Fathers, from what he calls (p. 452) 'the religions of confusion,' from modern criticism? is it stated dogmatically, or as a speculation? I wish he had told us.

p. 457. 'The seven primeval Angels in the *later Jewish tradition* appear as the seven angels who were created in the beginning. From the Jews the first Christians received this tradition; and in Hermes we find the six creative days as six young men, the Angels of God, who were first created.' 'Of these the first created, . . . Clement without hesitation identifies them with the days of Moses.' Now what does all this mean? 'The *later Jewish tradition*';—is it true? then the six or seven days of creation are six or seven Angels. Is this interpretation of a dogmatic character? On the other hand, is it *not* true? . . . In a word, does Moses mean by the seven days seven angels, or does he not? What is it all about? It looks as if the writer thought they were just as much days as they were Angels, and just as much Angels as they were days; and not so much either, as they were 'forces'; but why does he not speak out?

p. 464. '*To the Hebrew mind*, there were always two parts of a new creation.' Does this mean to the inspired mind of Moses and the Prophets? Observe, I am determining nothing about inspiration; I only want the writer to speak out; not to insinuate, but to say or not say.

p. 464. 'Thus every creative act of God, after the first creation of heaven and earth out of nothing, *is* a renewal through destruction.' *Is*; as a matter of fact, or *is* 'to the Hebrew mind'?

p. 468. 'The inadequacy, &c., would naturally *bring again before the mind*'; 'the old doctrine of a divine sacrifice *would* rise up again,' &c. Now here I repeat, is he resolving the development of religion into *the natural action* of the 'Hebrew mind' or not? *Cui bono*, since anyhow that development was directly from God. Is it to account for difficult facts? what are the facts? what are we at? We are not told our premisses, or our conclusions, what is fact, what is theory; what is the drift of the whole, whether to answer objections or to insinuate prognostications. Sometimes he says: 'would,' as 'would' expresses conjecture, does 'is' express fact? No; for 'is' is sometimes 'is to the

Wetherell together with the letter on his reply to Wiseman:

'Deal: Oct. 12th, 1862.

'Of course you have at least cast your eyes over the new number of the *Home & Foreign*. I am so put out with one article that I cannot talk of the others. . . .

'It is the article on Döllinger's work, and a theological discussion is lugged in without any occasion on the first chapter of Genesis. Alas, why will not reviewers leave that chapter alone? It is not contemporary literature. The Review is not a retrospective one. A grave, *ex professo*, comment indeed, a learned, argumentative discussion upon it, this will always be worth reading; but . . . the article in question does not attempt such a process. If I must describe it I should call it a speculation edged with an insinuation, or an insinuation hoisted on a speculation.

'We are bound to interpret all Scripture by the unanimous consent of the Fathers. Again, we have certain traditional or popular ideas, true or mistaken, about the right interpretation of this chapter in particular. Is a reviewer justified in coming out with an interpretation, certainly not the popular one, nor professing to be patristic, nor claiming to be that of the author reviewed, nor appealing to any author or authors whatever, nor based on any careful body of proof and making for itself a probable case; but consisting of a multitude of categorical assertions, hazy in their drift, and of a conclusion, not asserted, but insinuated?

'For myself, I am not scandalized at such "views," as I should call them; but *incredulus odi*. You will think my (enclosed) remarks fierce, but I have a life-long disgust at speculations, as opposed to carefully argued theories or doctrines.'

Hebrew mind.' Well then, what *is* conjectural, what objective, what subjective? what human, what divine?

p. 470. 'This is the *idea* of the first chapters of Genesis.' Divine idea, or Hebrew idea, or modern, philosophical idea? or a mystification?

p. 470. 'They constitute a religious document, not a treatise on astronomy, &c.' Why will he not speak out? Does the first chapter admit of an interpretation expressing the facts of the history of creation or does it not? Insinuation always makes people angry. Is he or is he not insinuating that these portions of Scripture do not directly come from God? Surely so grave a subject should be treated logically and methodically, not made matter for a showy sketch or an ingenious argument.

But just at the moment when this article in the October number was so greatly exercising Newman's mind the long-expected blow from the hand of ecclesiastical authority fell.

The Bishops, as I have said, declined to recognise any distinction between the defunct *Rambler* and the Review which had arisen from its ashes. In October 1862 the whole bench, with one exception, formally censured the *Rambler* and *Home and Foreign* in their Pastorals. And most of them made it clear that they had taken action in accordance with instructions from Propaganda. Newman's direct concern was with the action taken by his own Bishop. Bishop Ullathorne, in addition to the remarks in his Pastoral, published a circular letter to his clergy containing a detailed censure of some of Mr. Simpson's articles. The Bishop considered that various statements of Simpson's were equivalent to certain doctrines condemned by the Church. Newman had not yet read the articles referred to, but he considered that the Bishop was acting strictly within his rights. Whether the condemned doctrines were really taught by Simpson or not, they *were* condemned. And if the Bishop found the doctrines on the writings in question, whether he was accurate in his estimate or not, he had a right to act on his own judgment. Newman at once wrote to the Bishop a carefully worded letter of submission:

‘Ramsgate: Oct. 24th, 1862.

‘My dear Lord,—Your letter to your clergy has been sent to me here. Every Catholic must, I am sure, be grateful to your Lordship for having, in so clear and direct a way, stated the grounds of the grave animadversions which you have felt it incumbent on you, by virtue of your sacred office, to make on the *Rambler* and *Home & Foreign Review*.

‘I hope I need not assure your Lordship that I concur with all my heart in your condemnation of the doctrines which you find in those publications, and of the Articles containing them.

‘It follows that I must consider it, as I do, to be the simple duty of the writers of them, and of all concerned in them, first to repudiate the doctrines in question, and secondly to withdraw the statements in which they are conveyed.

‘I write to you, as one of your clergy, on the spur of the moment, what comes first into my mind without consulting anyone. If there is anything more which it would be a

consolation for you to receive from me, I hope you will tell me.

'I hope it is not wrong to say that your letter affects me altogether differently from that of His Eminence on the same subject.

I am, &c.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To this welcome expression of adhesion Dr. Ullathorne thus replied:

'Birmingham: Oct. 25th, 1862.

'My dear Dr. Newman,—Amongst the letters I have received on the subject of my Letter to the Clergy, none, nor all together, have given me so much gratification as the one you have so kindly written to me.

'Not that your words tell me more than I knew of you before; but because it gives me the means of putting out the last spark of any mischief that idle people may have occasioned by the use of their idle tongues.

'The essential part of your letter I shall take good care shall be seen by the authorities at Rome. I do not, of course, intend to put it formally before them, but I will take care it will be read to them in a non-official way.

'And I thank you both for strengthening me by expressing your adhesion to my letter, and equally for furnishing, beyond intention, precisely such an expression of your sentiments as will enable me to confirm all that I have said at Rome.

'Praying Almighty God to bless you,

'I remain, &c.,

W. B. ULLATHORNE.'

With his strong opinion as to the rights of ecclesiastical authority Newman felt that the Bishops' censure created a very grave situation, and it was necessary, in view of his past close association with the *Rambler*, to make his act of submission widely known.

He wrote to friends representing various shades of opinion dissociating himself from the *Home and Foreign*. How acute his feeling of depression was at the time we see in the following letter to Ambrose St. John, to whom alone he could, without fear of being misunderstood, express the morbid thoughts which such moments of sadness brought with them:

'I wrote to Bellasis and Ward, and I am going to-day to write to Ornsby, Acton, and Arnold. Don't think I am over-

doing it,—but the Bishop's charges against the *H. & F.* are *precise*, which the Cardinal's were not, and I cannot allow myself to seem indifferent to the chance of people connecting me with them. How one's time and one's energy are frittered away in these explanations! . . . Well, we shall be brought through!

'I have ever been brought through,—I said I should when the Achilli matter began; but here my own anticipation *then* of what was likely to happen *now* appals me. It appals me to think that I should so rightly have guessed what was to take place at the end of another ten years. I then said that, as when I was 20 I was cut off from the rising talent of the University by my failure in the Schools, as, when 30, I was cut off from distinction in the governing body by being deprived of my tutorship, as, when 40, I was virtually cast out of the Church of England by the affair of No. 90; as, when 50, I was cast out of what may be called society by the disgrace of the Achilli sentence, so, when I should arrive at 60 years, I should be cast out of the good books of Catholics and especially of ecclesiastical authorities. This appals me in this way,—viz. what is to happen if I live to be seventy? Am I to lose all of you and to be left desolate? or is our house to be burned to the ground? or am I to be smitten with some afflicting disorder? These are the questions which come before me, and don't be angry with me for mentioning them, for it is a great relief to me to speak and a pain to be silent. Well, I suppose it is all intended to keep me from being too happy. How happy should I be if let alone,—how fond of living! On the other hand certainly, I have been carried marvellously through all those troubles which have come to me hitherto, and so I believe I shall be to the end. . . .

'Now be kind enough to say a Hail Mary for me instead of quarrelling with me for saying all this, and believe me,

'Ever yours most affectly.,

J. H. N.

'P.S.—So Brodie is gone and Dr. English, and our Provost's eldest son whom we used to see riding on a pony at Littlemore.'

The Bishops felt that it was unsatisfactory to censure so able a periodical without setting up some substitute for it which would command the respect of the intellectual public. And therefore in this same month the *Dublin Review* was formally placed by Manning under W. G. Ward's editorship. True to old habit, Ward forthwith communicated his acceptance of the editorship to Newman:

'Freshwater: 16th October (1862).

'My dear F. Newman,—I am desirous that you should not hear for the first time from anyone but myself that I have had the impudence to accept the editorship of the *Dublin*. It is certainly a new phenomenon to have the editor of a quarterly profoundly ignorant of history, politics, and literature. . . . But it was really a [Marcus] Curtius affair, and the only apparent alternative was the Tories seizing it and making it a political organ. I think even my editorship is better than that. I am very desirous to avoid . . . all appearance of *cliquiness*, and my notion is when I go back to town to call on as many different kinds of people as I can and see what their notions are and what they can (and will) do for me.' My absurd difficulty about riding . . . will prevent my being in Birmingham more than thirty-six hours, but I should be greatly obliged if you would give me some talk for part of that time. . . . I wish I could hope there was any chance of persuading you to write. The smallest contribution would be most gratefully received, whether grave or gay, lively or severe. . . .

'Ever affectionately yours, W. G. WARD.'

This letter is endorsed by Newman with the following extract from his reply: 'I could not write for the *Dublin* without writing also for the *Home and Foreign*, and I mean to keep clear of these controversies, not that I can in this way stop the evil tongues of men great and small, but reports die away and acts remain.'

Some further correspondence followed, and it was at this time that Dr. Ullathorne's circular letter of censure on the *Rambler* was issued. Newman at once intimated to Ward his acceptance of it:

'October 24th, 1862.

'My dear Ward,—Since I wrote to you, I have received and read Dr. Ullathorne's letter about the *Rambler* and the *Home & Foreign*, and I consider it a far more intelligible document than the Cardinal's. As to the latter, its handle is a question of fact personal to His Eminence, not one of principle; viz. whether the *Home & Foreign* had correctly reported His Eminence's share in the Letter of the Bishops to the Pope. Apropos of this, it proceeds to charge the *Rambler* with approaching the abyss of error and contradicting Catholic instincts, charges so vague as to leave no definite impression at least on my own mind.

‘For instance, I suppose an Augustinian or a Dominican would consider Father O’Reilly’s views on grace as opposed to Catholic instincts; and, I must allow, with a good deal of plausibility. Three-fourths of the Catholics of England would consider the exclusion or the adoption of Gothic architecture to be an indisputable Catholic instinct. I am far indeed from denying the existence of such instincts, but I do not feel them to be the intelligible basis of a censure.

‘Dr. Ullathorne, on the other hand, speaks with a manly distinctness. He pronounces that the conductors of the *Home & Foreign* hold that the fundamental principles of the understanding, assumed before all reasoning, are provisional and not absolute; that the existence of God is directly demonstrated, not by reason, but by revelation; that faith, as theologically contrasted with reason, is one of its modes of operation; that revelation, before reception, is to be tested by the innate principles of the mind; that faith does not embrace the visible phenomena of Our Lord’s death and resurrection &c. &c.

‘This is speaking like a Bishop; and the Conductors of the Review are bound simply to repudiate the statements which convey these doctrines, if they are to be considered good Catholics, and are to have any interest taken in them.

‘I am &c.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Before Ward’s visit to Birmingham, however, Newman wrote him the following words of caution:

‘You will easily understand things having taken such a turn since you first wrote to me that I have some anxiety lest the world should infer any change in me of view or of conduct, as regards pending controversies, from the coincidence of our Bishop’s letter and your visit.¹ This leads me to say beforehand that, under no circumstances should I connect my name with the *Dublin Review*. I will add that I have suffered already so much from gossip about sayings of mine that I hope you will kindly allow me, when we meet, to keep clear of theological subjects.

‘Nothing can prove what I have suffered in this way more clearly than the fact of the vague, deep suspicions

¹ [Note by Cardinal Newman. June 16, 1882.] “Our Bishop’s letter and your visit.” I suppose this implies that Cardinal Wiseman thought I had recanted, and that he had wished to clench it by a formal reconciliation of me with Ward, and my taking my place among the writers in the *Dublin*. Hence I warn him that when he comes to me, I shall “keep clear of theological subjects.”

which you have had of me now for eight years; and of the strange relief which you express in your last letter on finding me on the present occasion at once deferring to a definite judgment pronounced on definite grounds by the competent ecclesiastical authority. Why, if that authority in like manner pronounced certain writings of your own,—say your two Essays,—*de facto* to contain certain doctrines which had already been condemned at Rome as erroneous, I should not argue, but concur in the condemnation. I should do the like, of course, if the writings were my own.

'If I ever write on the subjects in question, I should say neither what Simpson has said, nor what you have said; but anyhow the true judgment about me lies, not with clubs or with coteries, but in my own acts, and with those who come after us.'

Newman has left the following memorandum referring to his conversation with Ward on the occasion of his visit:

'[Ward said] that he aimed at making the *Dublin* like the old *British Critic*, in which *every* article had a direct religious, i.e. controversial drift. On thinking this over I wrote to him to say that the parallel was a dangerous one. The *British Critic* was the work of a crisis, the exponent of only five years and those most momentous ones. Our views were ever enlarging and changing,—there was a running controversy with the old *Dublin*. It was a game; it was a drama; and then for the writers,—himself and Oakeley and Dalgairns were, indeed, to be writers in his new *Dublin*, but the *British Critic* had in addition the two Mozleys, Church, and myself.

'Observe, he addresses the new *Dublin* to English Catholics, who he says are a pious, unintellectual body. In like manner he considered *my* intention in the *Rambler* was to intellectualize the pious but unliterary body of Catholics. How odd! I know well he rises to another, higher, and more intelligible object,—viz. to create a body of thought as against the false intellectualism of the age, to surround Catholicism with defences necessary for and demanded by the age, to take a Catholic view of the theories, and give a Catholic interpretation to the discoveries of the age, &c. &c. &c. J. H. N.'

The new form and direction given to the *Dublin* by Ward's formally taking over the editorship was a cause of

considerable fresh anxiety to Newman and his friends. It became all the more urgently desirable that the *Home and Foreign* should achieve that moderation of attitude which would make it acceptable to the majority of Catholics and tolerable to the Episcopate. Newman's great friend Mr. Monsell, the intimate friend of Montalembert, felt strongly on the subject. He expressed his fears lest Acton's extreme line might cause the *Dublin* to become the only recognised Catholic organ. He had seen the evil consequences of the excesses of the *Univers* in France. He thought it all-important that some periodical should exist in England such as was the *Correspondant* in France, which represented the moderate views of such men as Dupanloup, Lacordaire, and Montalembert himself. Yet Acton's attitude seemed unfavourable to any such hope being realised by his own Review. The censure of Dr. Ullathorne seemed clearly to call for some act of submission or retractation, yet none seemed to be forthcoming.

The Review in the event made no retractation. But one of its conductors did make a step in the required direction. Mr. Simpson published a pamphlet in which he avowed with some chivalry that he was responsible for the most obnoxious articles in the *Rambler*.

But now arose a fresh difficulty. Newman read Simpson's pamphlet. He came to the conclusion that the Bishop had misunderstood that writer's original articles. He did not indeed approve of the tone of his writings. He thought it possible that to the average Catholic as to the Bishops they would be upsetting and objectionable. He adhered to the position that they were lawfully censured. But he came to think that his own letter of submission had been taken as implying intellectual agreement with the Bishop as to the nature and tendency of Simpson's views. This impression was confirmed by a conversation with Dr. Ullathorne on December 26, of which he has left the following record:

'December 26th, 1862.

'The Bishop has just now been here.

'He asked had I seen Simpson's Pamphlet in answer to his own Circular? It had very little in it that required an answer. It was hastily written. He should notice what he

said on Original Sin, because he was told that there was a party of divines, of much consideration, who sided with Simpson. In his new Letter he should bring out what the tone of the *Rambler* was and of the *Home & Foreign*. Two letters signed D. N. and N. N. (I think) would form the staple of it, and the recent Article in the *Home & Foreign* on Genesis; that the system was one of Pantheism mixed up with the Catechism, &c., that Science was exalted against Religion; that an Hegelian transcendentalism was professed or implied; that political conscience is made at variance with moral; that Simpson was not the worst of the party; that he had wished to knock under and take Manning for his director, but there was a more subtle mind at the bottom; that various young men had left Sir John Acton and given out loose, half-infidel opinions; not for twenty years should we see the fruit of it if it went on; that Mr. (mentioning by name a country gentleman) had written to some Bishop saying: "Do get some one to answer the questions authoritatively and fully, for Dr. — was here, trying to refute some young men, and they had the better of it; that it was parallel to the case in the Establishment; that some Protestant clergyman had seen the Bishop's Notice against the *Rambler* stuck up at Ushaw, and had said that he was very glad of it, or the like.

'I cannot recollect the order of conversation, but I said, among other things, that doubtless such wild opinions as he mentioned should be answered, but the question was how *best to do it*. I also said, as to Original Sin, that, at the time that Simpson's Article appeared in (say) 1856, it took me quite by surprise to find that one of our first divines (and quite impartial and distinct from party) had questioned whether anything was decided on (e.g. the state of the heathen hereafter).

'When I said that the thing was "how best to do it," he assented, and seemed to *take it*. I think he soon began to say that Manning had proposed that the *Rambler* should be put on the Index, but that Cardinal Barnabo answered that this had never been done in the case of a periodical. The Bishop himself had recommended Cardinal Barnabo to leave the matter to the English Episcopate, for Rome had enough to do without it; and, since no Englishman would yield without *reasons* given, in the authoritative censure *reasons* should be given. Accordingly he had given *reasons*, which passages &c. in the *Rambler* were to be condemned; that foreign prelates kept writing: "Why do you allow all this?"

that, though he gave *reasons*, it could not be expected that *he* should write long treatises.

'As to original sin, the passages in Simpson which he noticed, had been distinctly pointed out to the Bishops by Propaganda.

'He got rather awkward, for I listened unsympathetically. He talked a great deal, very kindly; and went away excusing himself for teasing me with such matters.

'J. H. N.'

Newman forthwith wrote to the Bishop to make his position clear, and sent the draft of his letter to W. G. Ward for his criticisms:

DR. NEWMAN TO W. G. WARD.

'December 28th, 1862.

'... I find it necessary to prevent the Bishop mistaking my letter of October. I think he misunderstands and has misrepresented Simpson. I do not wish myself to be involved in the sin of calumny, and, if he writes a *second* letter thinking that I agree with the *matter* of the first, I shall have some uneasiness on my conscience.

'Now I send the enclosed to you *because* I suppose you will not agree with it. I want to know *how it strikes* a candid and acute opponent. . . . The Bishop may, for what I know, think that to go any way with Simpson is to be an implicit Pantheist. I cannot help this. . . . I *must* say something; I must hazard being misunderstood. I can but do my best.

J. H. N.'

The enclosed draft letter to the Bishop ran as follows:

'... No one can disapprove or dislike the tone and form of Mr. Simpson's writings more than I do; but I should not be honest if I did not add that my chief concern at them has arisen from his having dealt so unworthily with questions which are real and great, and which demand, not only free discussion, but a grave and comprehensive treatment.

'I know, indeed, how difficult it is for a man to express, with whatever caution, his sense of the shallowness of the polemics with which we ordinarily meet the intellectual difficulties of the day, without being unjust to himself in his manner of doing so; and had I undertaken the task myself, doubtless I too should have incurred the imputation of rashness and inaccuracy in my attempts. I have ever, therefore, made allowances for Mr. Simpson, while I was

making (now for four years) continual protests against him; for a certain sympathy with his intentions has been at the root of my pain at his performances.

'Such a sympathy with him was also the cause of my writing to your Lordship without delay, on the appearance of your public Letter in October. I felt that, in a measure, Mr. Simpson's dissatisfaction with the present mode of handling subjects of controversy was my own; and I wished at once to submit what was so near my heart and intellect to the judgment of the Church. I recognised her voice in that letter, supported as it was by the other English Bishops and Propaganda.

'That voice had not been articulate in the Address of the Cardinal, who, on the gravest of events to both clergy and laity, since I have been a priest, viz., an authoritative interposition in matter of doctrine, thought it enough to hover over the subjects of offence, which we had a claim to be told about distinctly if told about at all. Your Lordship, on the contrary, spoke out like a Bishop, clearly, distinctly; stating what it was you condemned and why; your grounds of condemnation being these;—that it was opposed to definite recognised truth, and was coincident with definite condemned error.

'Upon so unequivocal an utterance as this it became me, of all men first, to set an example of submission. No good ever came of resisting the appointed Pastors of the flock. It is they who are the guardians of doctrine; they who have to give an account of souls; they who are answerable if the Church suffers. I will never be so rash as not to leave them their responsibility, pure and simple, having this duty only in regard to it, viz. to help them with my prayers. When I became a Catholic, I sent a message to Dr. Baggs, that, at the word of the Bishops, I would put into the fire my then outcoming book on Development of Doctrine; and now, had I been writing on those subjects which most deeply interest and distress me, I think I should have been equally ready to suppress my own convictions at the bidding of the Church.

'Your Lordship told me three or four years ago that "the Church was peace and that the Catholics of England were a peaceable body." You spoke, I considered, of the country-gentlemen, and of your own generation; I, who took the opposite view, was thinking of active minds and the generation to come. I felt at that time that I had good reason for what I advanced, and, in what you said in conversation on Friday, I now find a confirmation of them. I earnestly pray that

the ecclesiastical policy, which in one shape or other has been pursued toward the Anglo-Saxon race during the last three hundred years, may be in the long run as successful as it has been absolute and peremptory. J. H. N.'

Newman beforehand had promised to destroy what Ward might write to him in confidence on the situation, and Ward wrote urging him to be more explicit with Dr. Ullathorne, and to make it clear that his submission to the Bishop's judgment did not involve concurrence in it.

'December 30th, 1862.

'My dear Ward,—Thank you very much for your letter. From the nature of it I think I am released from my promise to burn it; and, therefore, unless you forbid me, I shall keep it.

'I would rather be misunderstood than seem pugnacious, so I cannot repent of my October letter to the Bishop. However, as to my projected one, I at once wrote another,—more direct. On comparing it with the draft which I sent you, I recollected (what you could not know), that good part of that draft was an *explanation* of the text of my October letter to the Bishop and could not be dispensed with as being necessary to reconcile the two together.

'This has led me to do no more than alter my first draft. . . . I fear it will not go far enough for you; but I cannot *preach* to my Bishop, and this you seem to think essential.

'How could you ever dream that his Circular Letter could suddenly convert me?

'As to my indirectness, I leave the true judgment on me to others. The cause of it, according to my internal consciousness, is this: that I say as far as I see, and I don't see any of those further conclusions which others draw from me. And, as those conclusions differ from each other, as yours and Simpson's, it would appear to be somewhat difficult to be real and true if I attempted to say more than I actually say. Such sayings then are not hints on my part of something I see beyond, but ultimate points of vision.

'J. H. N.'

The following sentence was added to the letter actually sent to the Bishop of Birmingham after the arrival of Ward's criticism:

'Judgment of my own I did not pretend to give, and could not give for this simple reason, that I had not read the

writings which you condemned, and that because I had neither time nor taste for such tough reading. What I did give, and that freely, was my submission.'

The Bishop of Birmingham, in his reply to Newman, showed him that no false impression had in fact been created by his original letter of submission.

'What I really understood to be the spirit of your letter to me on occasion of my letter to the clergy was that, whilst you adhere to the general decision, you gave no judgment of your own as to the subjects under consideration. You could not be supposed to do so, writing on the spur of the moment, without examining the Articles commented upon, even if you had been so inclined. I observed the caution with which the letter was penned. But I did take your letter as evidence that you had no solidarity with the *Rambler* or Review of recent years. I knew that from other sources; but I was much rejoiced to have that evidence in my hands, because of the many reports everywhere spread that the writers claimed your sympathy and support, and because their occasional allusions were supposed to point to you in a special manner.

'Your reputation is very dear to me, as to all good Catholics. . . . When I received your letter I sent a copy, all but three lines of it, to Monsignore Talbot, requesting him to read it to the Pope in confirmation of what I had previously said to His Holiness, to Cardinal Barnabo, and to any other Cardinal or other important person whom he might, in prudence, think it desirable to show it to, as well as useful. Mgr. Talbot wrote me back that he had done so, and that he was gratified in believing it would remove the remainder of whatever cloud might have been hanging about.'

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. WARD.

'January 3rd, 1863.

'My dear Ward,—I enclose my letter to the Bishop and a copy of his answer as far as it bears on my immediate subject. . . .

'Do not fear I should show your letter to me to the Bishop. I wished to keep it for my own edification. However, as you seem to wish it, I have burned it.

'I think we quite understand each other *in re* Preachments *versus* Hints. But not as regards Rogers' reference to what I used to say to him, which was about *economical*

half-speakings, a very different matter; and these I have given up since I was a Catholic.

‘I have kept the last page of your letter without burning it, since it had nothing to do with the Bishop.

‘J. H. N.’

On the same date as the above letter Newman wrote the following memorandum:

‘I have destroyed Ward’s letter of December 29th as I promised him, and as he wished me in his letter of a day or two afterwards.

‘The points in it, as regards myself, were,—that I never spoke out intelligibly; that in the letter I sent him in October I made him think that the Bishop’s published letter had really made me change my opinion about Simpson;¹—no wonder that the Bishop misunderstood my letter to him of the same date;—that I must distinctly draw out, as in a contrasted view, the difference between external submission, and internal assent; that my present draft of a letter to the Bishop, which I had sent to him (Ward) to criticize, would simply shoot over the Bishop’s head; that he had had the other day a long talk with Frederick Rogers (Lord Blachford) about me on the subject of why Catholics did not understand me; and he (Ward) said it was, among other reasons, because I did not speak out.’

Newman still endeavoured to prevent collisions between the *Dublin* and the *Home and Foreign*, earnestly desirous that variety of opinion should be tolerated. When the January *Home and Foreign* appeared, Newman wrote to Ward pleading for a *modus vivendi* between the two Reviews:

‘The Number is full of thought and labour,’ he wrote. ‘I look with astonishment at the 63 Notices of Books. Why should there not be place for both of you; if *it* would eschew, not only theology but theologising; and the *Dublin* would, as it means to do, confine itself to religion?’

W. G. Ward on his side made a last attempt to bring himself to see with the eyes of the man who had been to him for so many years of his early life an almost infallible guide:

‘If at any time,’ he wrote, ‘when Acton is staying with you, you think that any kind of better understanding could

¹ Newman appends the following words of Devoti the theologian—‘Episcopus damnat libros sed ejus leges errori subesse possunt.’

be come to between the two reviews, I shall be most happy to come down for the day to meet him with you and talk the thing over most explicitly. And I must also add in passing that I think the article on Irish University education is in excellent spirit, and that there is little or nothing to complain of in that on "St. Francis Xavier." I believe Simpson is far fonder of theologising than of theology. "Do come and have a walk with me," he once wrote to me, "that I may make your hair stand on end," which, to do him justice, he usually contrives to do.'

'Confidential.

The Oratory: January 16th, 1863.

'My dear Ward,—I smile when you say: "when Acton is staying with you." I suppose I see him three or four times a year for half an hour. He has, I believe, never slept here. Twice, I think, he has dined; once, four or five years ago, when he came with Bellasis to talk about the prospective school, and once since. When will you learn to know me as I am, and not in the haze of London rumours and gossip? I have the highest opinion of him, but I never have had an opportunity of being intimate with him. . . .

'I think the Review *will* prosper, if it is conducted with the energy and diligence which are visible in the present number, and I hope it will.
J. H. N.'

Newman's letters in the succeeding months differ greatly in tone from one another. In some he is indignant at the absolutism of the ecclesiastical authorities; in others he is indignant at the 'Protestant smack' he detected in some of the *Home and Foreign* articles. In some he expresses sympathy with the aims of Acton and Simpson, and enthusiasm at the value of their researches. In others he resents being at all identified with their tone or policy.

But the deep and unalterable consistency of Newman's views as represented in these letters is the more remarkable for these variations in feeling. He never wavers on any of the following points: the great need for the intellectual work Simpson and Acton are attempting; the false position involved in so attempting it as to alienate Catholic opinion and arouse episcopal opposition; the defects of tone and manner, the absence of a loyal Catholic spirit, not unfre-

quently apparent in the *Rambler*; the duty of submitting to ecclesiastical censure (1) by withdrawing censured passages, (2) by disowning heterodox doctrines which lawful authority considers to be contained in such passages.

Newman has placed in the *Home and Foreign* collection his rough draft of a very important letter written to a friend on the culminating point in the controversy between the Bishops and Propaganda on the one hand and Acton and Simpson on the other. This letter is the only one which expresses fully his feeling towards the various parties concerned, and brings out his attitude in its full consistency. He sharply criticises Simpson, and holds that Rome was amply justified in rebuking him sternly and peremptorily. But on the other hand he deeply deplors the effect on an important intellectual movement of the *status* of England as a missionary country under Propaganda. The *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide*—Propaganda as it is popularly called—had its normal work *in partibus infidelium* where Catholic missionaries were preaching the Gospel and struggling for their lives. In such circumstances intellectual movements were naturally not thought of or provided for in its constitution. Propaganda was a quasi-military power. But the prompt decisions of such a military power, though they ensure discipline, may be far from adequate to the needs of a delicate and important controversy. Propaganda might be justified in condemning Simpson's excesses. Nevertheless Simpson, in spite of such excesses, was trying to bring out important and valuable thoughts which the Bishop and Propaganda (whose authority he invoked) had not rightly understood. Newman seems to have felt that the Bishop made use of Propaganda to stop an important movement which naturally lay within the province of really learned theological tribunals. These tribunals were non-existent for a missionary country like England, and he deplored the result. He saw that the same course was being pursued as had tried him so greatly when he had edited the *Rambler* himself and his own article had been delated to Rome. Disadvantages attending on the then state of things have been since recognised by Pius X., and English Catholics are in our own time under the normal constitution of the Church. But in

the years we are dealing with it was otherwise. Newman's letter is so lucid in its analysis of the various interests concerned that it must be given in full:

'Other persons besides A. B. think that Dr. Ullathorne is hard upon Simpson, and misunderstands him. However, to put the case as most favourable to Simpson, Dr. Ullathorne is as likely to understand him as the run of Catholics; and as he offends *Dr. Ullathorne*, so he may scandalise and mislead *them*. The question is, what is the *effect* of his writings? The *Rambler* is essentially a popular work, as being a periodical. It addresses, not the few and learned, but the many. Moreover, the Articles themselves were in no slight measure of a controversial cast. The attack on the Temporal Power, that on St. Pius's policy towards England, were not wrought out from premisses to conclusion, but views thrown out, and expressed in terms which were not defined or explained. This, of course, is an evil connected with the periodical press; and the Church is not slow to meet it with a vigour corresponding to that which that new description of literature exhibits.

'And this leads me to say secondly, that I believe the very passages of Simpson, which our Bishop censured, were specified by Propaganda. Moreover I think I am right in saying that the Acts of Propaganda are the Pope's in an intimate manner,—a privilege which the other Sacred Congregations do not share. It gives great weight to the words of the Bishop of Birmingham, that the substance of them has the direct sanction of the Holy See.

'Nor have I any difficulty in receiving them as such. It has ever, I believe, been the course of proceeding at Rome, to meet rude actions by a rude retort; and, when speculators are fast or flippant, to be rough and ready in dealing with them;—the point in question being, not the logical rights and wrongs of the matter, but the existing treatise or document *in concreto*. The Pope is not a Philosopher, but a Ruler. "He strangles while they prate."

'I am disposed then to think that Mr. Simpson has no cause to complain, though he has been hardly treated. Why did he begin? Why did he fling about ill-sounding words on sacred and delicate subjects? I should address him in the words of the Apostle, "*Quare non magis injuriam accipitis? quare non magis fraudem patimini?*" I think he might have written a better pamphlet.

‘I will tell you what seems to me to be the real grievance;—viz. that in this generation the Bishops should pass such grave matters, (to use the Oxford term in taking D.D. degrees) by *cumulation*. The wisdom of the Church has provided many courts for theological questions, one higher than another. I suppose, in the Middle Ages, (which have a manliness and boldness, of which now there is so great a lack) a question was first debated in a University, then in one University against another, or by one Order of Friars against another;—then perhaps it came before a theological faculty; then it went to the Metropolitan; and so, by various stages and through many examinations and judgments, it came before the Holy See. But now, what do the Bishops do? All courts are superseded because the whole English-speaking Catholic population all over the world is under Propaganda, an arbitrary, military power. Propaganda is our only Court of Appeal; but to it the Bishops go, and secure it and commit it, before they move one step in the matter which calls for interference. And how is Propaganda to know anything about an English controversy, since it talks Italian? by extempore translation (I do not speak at random) or the *ex parte* assertion of some narrow-minded Bishop, though he may be saintly too. And who is Propaganda? virtually, one sharp man of business, who works day and night, and despatches his work quick off, to the East and the West; a high dignitary indeed, perhaps an Archbishop, but after all little more than a clerk, or (according to his name) a Secretary, and two or three clerks under him. In this age at least, *Quantula sapientia regimur*.

‘Well, if all this could be said of any human institution, I should feel very indignant, but it is the very sense and certainty I have of the Church being divine, which at once makes it easy to bear. All this will be over-ruled; it may lead to much temporary mischief; but it will be over-ruled. And we do not make things better by disobedience. We may be able indeed to complicate matters, and to delay the necessary reforms; but our part is obedience. If we are but patient, all will come right. I should say all this without any reserve to my own Bishop, if he gave me the opportunity; for, I think, to do so is a duty of loyalty. But I do not expect any Bishop will try to find out what I, or anyone who sees what I do, think on the matter; and therefore I leave it to God. The logic of facts will be the best and most thorough teacher as He shall dispose. Meanwhile, it is a

grave consideration, that in England, as things are, upon theological questions the Pope and the individual Catholic meet each other face to face, without media, in collision, without the safeguard of springs or cushions, with a jar; and the quasi-military power of Propaganda has the jurisdiction and the control of the intellect.

'And this is what I have to say, and you will say that it is enough, in re Simpson.

'As to your question about your continuing your contributions to the *Home and Foreign*, I should be very glad that such as you should do so; but *at the same time* I think you ought, and have a right, to bargain that there should not be the smack of Protestantism in the Review, which is unmistakeable in the Article you remark upon. It was a smack of something or other—what I should call a tone,—which ruined the *Rambler*; not its doctrines, but a tone in stating or alluding to them; and a Protestant smack will be fatal to the *Home and Foreign*. The Article may be the writing of a free-thinking Catholic, but it is more like a Protestant's. The distinction between Catholic and Christian "morality" which you notice, is unintelligible till explained; and it is *not* explained, but left, though enemies will be sure to explain it in their own way. Then, he speaks of "so-called orthodoxy" which is very suspicious. Pusey got himself into a scrape thirty-five years ago by speaking of "orthodoxism." This, however, is worse, as suggesting that "so-called" has been inserted by the editor to improve matters. Then, what he says page 87 of "*Christianity* being the pure and living truth," but in particular ages it is "mingled with foreign ingredients," and "distorted through impure glasses," is most suspicious, till *explained*; and it is not explained, but offered neat deliberately to the jealous criticism of the whole Catholic body, who are fast enough to criticize what even does not need explanation; "essential truth," "human ideas"; it is as if they wished to ruin their own work. It keeps up the tradition of the Genesis Article in the foregoing number; nor is it, as you observe, a sufficient answer to say that it is "communicated."

'If then you continue to write for it, you really must insist on this ambiguous, uncomfortable style of writing simply coming to an end. I know how great are an editor's difficulties, but articles in a tone like this will merely serve to write up the *Dublin* by contrast. I am not speaking against the author of it; who, if he is a

Protestant, is a candid and dispassionate as well as an able man, but against its appearance, as it stands, in a Catholic Review. It is intolerable.'

At this moment came an event which appeared at first to mark the triumph of the learned Catholics of Germany from whom Acton drew his inspiration, but led soon afterwards to their downfall. The Liberal movement in theology on the Continent, outlined by Acton in the impressive paragraph quoted in an earlier chapter, had in the last three years grown steadily in influence in Germany, and when, in August 1863, Dr. Döllinger, Dr. Alzog the historian, and Abbot Haneburg issued invitations to many Catholic scholars and theologians to a Congress to be held at Munich in the following month, the response was large and influential. The Congress held its meetings at the Benedictine Monastery at Munich. The Pope telegraphed his blessing. The Archbishop of Bamberg and the Bishop of Augsburg were there and gave toasts at the final banquet. Fired by the solemnity of the occasion, Döllinger in his Presidential address gave fairly plain expression to his views as to the intellectual shortcomings of the scholastic method. His words were grave and measured, but their drift was unmistakable.

Its avowed object was to give a certain direction to the work of Catholic thinkers and writers. A programme was set before the Congress for treating dogmatic questions on lines more and more removed from the traditional scholastic theology. Dr. Döllinger paid a tribute indeed to the 'completeness and comprehensiveness' of the scholastics, and to their advance in this respect on the early Fathers. But their Aristotelian starting-point imposed limitations. 'Their analytical processes could not construct a system corresponding to the harmony and wealth of revealed truth; and without the elements of Biblical criticism and dogmatic history they possessed only one of the eyes of theology.' Since the Reformation a theology had been growing up in various countries more suited to modern needs. Our own Stapleton was hailed as the most eminent champion against the reformers. The hope for the future in Germany (the address went on to explain) was religious union; and that could only be attained by Catholic divines taking a certain line which was definitely

indicated. Scholastic theology was to be regarded as a thing of the past. Catholic doctrine must be presented in its organic completeness, and in its connection with the religious life, 'rigidly separating that which is permanent and essential from whatever is accidental, transitory, and foreign.' Catholics must recognise and claim the distorted truths which the 'separated communities' preserve, thus appealing to those outside the Catholic society by what is truest or best in the opinions they already hold. The genuine theologian must reason boldly and thoroughly, and 'not take to flight if the process of his reasoning threatens to demolish some truth which he had deemed unassailable.' Hypothesis and opinion are constantly being broken down as knowledge advances, but defined dogma must ever remain; though even defined dogma needs intellectual power for its exposition. 'Definitions need to be impregnated by the thought of the preacher and divine, and while they become bright gems in the hands of a true theologian, they may be converted into lustreless pebbles by the manipulations of a rude and mechanical mind.' Development, expressed both in modification of opinion and in the increased realisation of the true meaning of dogma, is to be the order of the day; and above all things the attempt to give to the opinions of a school the authority of dogma is to be opposed.

Such was the substance of this memorable address. And there was much in it with which all active Catholic thinkers sympathised. It was delivered to an audience including adherents of many schools; and in great part it bore an interpretation which all could accept. Heinrich and Scheeben were there, representing the Ultramontanes of Mayence, and they did not repudiate it. But they did publicly disclaim agreement with the extreme interpretation of it which a section of thinkers adopted; and it was naturally judged in Rome by the known views of its deliverer and supporters. If it contained much which was acceptable to all Catholic thinkers of insight, as to the necessity of vivifying scientific theology, and bringing it up to date, uniting it with the exposition of the religious life, separating dogma from opinion, it appeared to some of those present that the element of discipline and the element of authority were

ignored. One necessary element of Catholic progress—intellectual life—was advocated; the other, equally indispensable to orderly advance—authority—was reduced to a minimum. The decisions of the Roman Congregations, and the conclusions of the united Theological School, must be in some sense landmarks, and the intent of the address, as viewed by many, was to emancipate Catholic thought altogether from their control. Again, it might be well to supplement the Scholastics; but Rome could not set aside the writings of the great Doctors, portions of which had passed into the very definitions of the Church, and many of which were indissolubly blended with its undying tradition. Opinion might change; but there were theological opinions which carried the greatest weight, and could not be treated as having no special authority from the universal and prolonged sanction of the Church. Advance and Reform were good, but Revolution was bad. The current teaching might become gradually modified by the efforts of individuals—this had happened often enough in the history of the Church. But that official Catholic teaching and public writing in Germany should break off avowedly and suddenly from a body of doctrine which, even if not true in every particular, was as a whole, the outcome of an unbroken growth,—its roots in the Apostolic age, its branches among the dogmas of all times,—was a proposal which could not be passed over with neutrality.

But this very prospect, that in the hands of the most Liberal representatives of the Munich school, Dr. Döllinger's principles would lead to a complete breach with traditional methods, was just what rejoiced the hearts of the English Liberal thinkers of whom I have spoken.

The *Home and Foreign* looked for great results. It noted the 'rare significance' of Döllinger's address, and added that 'in conjunction with the circumstances in which it was delivered, it forms an epoch in the ecclesiastical history of Germany.' Its influence, if it was unchecked, would not be confined to Germany. If it comes to bear fruit,' the Review continued, 'it will bear it for the whole Catholic world.'¹

¹ The above paragraphs are slightly abridged from the account of the Congress in *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*.

But the very enthusiasm aroused by the address was the signal for its censure. The Munich school had many enemies who suspected its orthodoxy. Froschammer had given it a bad name. And the jealous defenders of scholasticism were powerful in Rome. Pius IX. addressed a Brief to the Archbishop of Munich, dated December 21. In it he praised the intentions of those who summoned and attended the Congress and hoped for good results. But the Brief emphatically asserted the claims of scholastic theology and the Roman Congregations, as having authority even over the speculations of Catholic men of science. It was generally accepted as a censure of just that very interpretation of Döllinger's address which the *Home and Foreign* had expressed and hailed with satisfaction.

The editors, therefore, indicated their submission by suspending publication. In an article entitled 'Conflicts with Rome' they maintained that a Review was in a false position which pursued lines opposed to so authoritative a declaration; nevertheless they appealed to time and the future to justify the line the Review had advocated.

Newman wrote expressing his regret at its disappearance. He gave no judgment as to whether the Munich Brief constituted a sufficient reason for Acton's step. Newman himself felt perfectly able to accept the Brief in its letter. But he spoke of his dread of the application of parts of the Brief. He saw that it might be susceptible of an interpretation which would make the principles of the *Home and Foreign*, quite apart from its excesses, out of harmony with the wishes of the Pope.

The original draft of his letter to Acton (kept for future publication) ran as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: March 18th, 1864.

'My dear Sir John,—I am grieved at your news. The Review seemed to me improving, number after number, both in religious character and literary excellence. It had gained a high place among the periodicals of the day, and in a singularly short time. Protestants prophesied that it was too able to be allowed to last. I wished it to take its place, not only in the Protestant world, but in our Bishop's confidence. There was no extravagance in this wish; no

inconsistency between my submitting to my own Bishop's judgment when it began, and hoping for a reversal of that judgment as it proceeded.

'You are the best judge whether you have grounds for bringing it to an end. Blennerhassett sent me the Brief from Döllinger about a week ago; I set about formally analysing it; but have been interrupted by the hundred matters of the day, and as yet have got a very little way into it. I observed in it, of course, the three points which you mention; and they affected me in this way;—I had no difficulty in following them in the letter and in their principle, but I dreaded their application. . . . I suppose they mean more than they say. I differ from you accordingly in the ground of my apprehension, but of course there is a great deal to apprehend still. I can never say that you are wrong in anticipating that they are intended to be used against you; and that the more easily, because we are under (what seems to me to be) the military *régime* of Propaganda.

'Good may arise out of the Review being brought to an end, which at first sight does not present itself to our view. There is life and increasing life in the English Catholic body, —clergy and laity—and, if there is life, there must be a reaction. I don't think that active and honest minds can remain content under a dull tyranny. It seems impossible to conceive that they can remain quiet under the supremacy of Manning and Ward.

'For yourself, I congratulate you with all my heart for your release from occupations which are unworthy of you. You have life before you; you will see many things before you die.

'Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory.'

The April number of the *Home and Foreign* was the last, and though Sir John Acton and Mr. Wetherell continued for a time to urge their line of thought in the *North British Review*, all connection of Newman with their efforts was from this time onwards at an end.

Newman set himself to examine the Munich Brief, of which he has left a careful analysis. He came to the conclusion that its directions made it impossible for him to deal as a Catholic writer with the controversies raised by the

positive sciences. Silence on such subjects was his only course for the time. He writes as follows:

'I thought it was commonly said that Galileo's fault was that he meddled with *theology*, and that, if he had confined himself to *scientific conclusions* he would have been let alone; but surely the language of the brief . . . is as if even men of science must keep *theological* conclusions before them in treating of *science*. Well, I am not likely to investigate in science—but I certainly could not write a word upon the special controversies and difficulties of the day with a view to defend religion from free-thinking physicists without allowing them freedom of logic in their own science. So that, if I understand this brief, it is simply a providential intimation to every religious man, that, at this moment, we are simply to be silent, while scientific investigation proceeds—and say not a word on questions of interpretation of scripture &c. &c., when perplexed persons ask us—and I am not sure that it will not prove to be the best way.' ¹

¹ He evidently refers to the Brief and to its effect on his own line of action in the *Apologia* at p. 263.

CHAPTER XIX

SAD DAYS (1859-1864)

THE years reviewed in the last three chapters—1859 to 1864—may be called the low-water mark of Newman's life-story. His letters and diaries show that they were years of great sadness and despondency. His vivid and excessive realisation of advancing age made him regard his career as practically over—yet almost every work he had undertaken so far, as a Catholic, had proved a failure. Whether or no qualities in his own temperament of which he was unconscious were in part responsible for those failures, his own view of the case was one which induced intense sadness and perhaps occasionally a touch of bitterness.

After all the strain and stress of the Achilli trial, he had lost two precious years—when life was already in its decline—before Dr. Cullen would allow him to start the Catholic University. Then the University had not realised any of his desires. He had not succeeded in making it a centre for the education of English Catholics. It had not even attracted the representative Irish Catholics. He had not been given a free hand in its management, and the promised bishopric, which would have given him comparative independence, and power to work in his own way, had been withdrawn.

Then had come the translation of the Scriptures. Infinite toil and much money had been wasted. It had fallen through (it seemed to him) owing to the simple inattention of Cardinal Wiseman. And such indifference was a greater trial than hostility. That the hierarchy should so readily allow the scheme to fall to the ground showed how little value they had really set on it! The task had been assigned to him with a 'flourish of trumpets' and with the most

flattering recognition of his eminence and of the importance of such an enterprise in his hands. Then it had simply dropped out of the Cardinal's mind, and the other Bishops had allowed it to drop. In both these cases he seems to have felt that his name had been advertised before the world,—in one case as a political weapon against the Queen's Colleges, in the other as a testimony that the English Catholic body could hold its own in scholarship,—yet that the advertisement did not correspond to any real feeling as to the value of the work assigned to him. Education, knowledge, candid and discriminating thought on the problems of the day,—these great and necessary weapons for the influence of the Church on the world were, he thought, little valued by those whose influence was just then in the ascendant. The heart of religion indeed was sound—it was not a time of bad Popes like John XXII. or Alexander VI., or of secret infidelity as was the thirteenth century, or of a clergy whose lives were immoral or unholy. This he gratefully remarked even in his darkest days. But the things demanded of him by the 'dominant party' (as he called it) were in his eyes unimportant, the things neglected of vital moment. He felt that he was expected to effect showy conversions among the titled and learned, to preach sermons which should be talked of by the newspapers. There was little sense of the value of those solid acquirements which contribute to the true and lasting power of Catholicism. Catholics were proud of his name, but few at that time understood his aims. With sad and rather bitter irony he wrote in his private journal that he was treated as 'some wild incomprehensible beast, a spectacle for Dr. Wiseman to exhibit to strangers, as himself being the hunter who captured it.' Alike in his work for the University and in the *Prolegomena* to his edition of the Scriptures, he felt that he had the opportunity of contributing to the great enterprise he had at heart for fitting English Catholics to realise the strength of the Church and to use that strength. Both works were a natural occasion for promoting a philosophy or apologetic persuasive to his contemporaries and undertaken in the name of the Church Catholic, exhibiting those great arguments which had won him by their majesty and strength. This

was a great necessity for the age in which the Church alone could ultimately prove an effective champion of Christianity in face of advancing free-thought. This task was, moreover, the indispensable preliminary (humanly speaking) to a really large wave of stable conversions among educated men. But it was a time when a great struggle absorbed the Church authorities, which left them little leisure to give attention to intellectual problems. As I read the symptoms of Newman's disappointment on the one hand, and on the other his eloquent tributes at the very same time to the Catholic Church as the one satisfying representative of religion, I see two sides to the same picture. 'What can possibly bear the shock that is coming upon religion generally but the Catholic Church,' he writes to Mr. A. J. Hanmer in July 1862, 'and how many on the other hand will be found to be *homines bonæ voluntatis*, willing to place their souls under her protection?' Again, he writes to Mr. Albert Smith on January 8, 1864: 'I have been in the fullest peace and enjoyment ever since I became a Catholic and have found a power of truth and divine strength in [our] ordinances which exists I believe nowhere else.' It was his experience of the helpfulness of the Catholic religion, his sense of the unique mission of the Catholic Church and the cogency of its appeal, which made his disappointment so keen when Catholics failed to present that appeal effectively; while he did not feel that he was allowed the freedom necessary to do his own part in this great work. In Ireland he had indeed in his published lectures accomplished something in the desired direction, but really in spite rather than by favour of his superiors. The *Prolegomena* had simply to be abandoned. Then, when with the same object he had undertaken the editorship of the *Rambler*, even his best friend among the Bishops, Dr. Ullathorne, had been so little alive to the value of the work as at once to ask him to resign. Immediately afterwards, his own article was delated to Rome, and he was reminded that he was in the hands of a power which might crush him. Dr. Ullathorne's action was comparatively slight, but it told of an irresistible force behind it. 'It was like the pat of a lion's paw,' he wrote to a friend. He knew that original thought, if not clearly seen to be essential

for the welfare of religion, is readily suspected of heterodoxy. The cry of dangerous intellectualism, of heretical leanings, had been successfully raised against the *Rambler*. He feared the cry would now pass on to his own writings and rob him of all authority. Ward at St. Edmund's and Faber at the Oratory were urging the 'one thing needful,' the saintliness and unworldliness of the early Christians. Who felt with them more keenly on this point than Newman himself? Who had more keenly opposed intellectualism and false Liberalism now for thirty years? But Newman could not forget that the writings of Tatian, of Justin, of Irenæus and their successors had been an absolute necessity as a complement to the saintly lives of the early Christian confessors themselves, in order to preserve the hold of the Church on the educated classes, when Christianity was making its way, not only to the simple and illiterate, but to the learned and thoughtful. Rationalism could only be purged of its excesses by a wise exercise of the reason. And now a similar work to that of the early apologists and Fathers was equally essential. Perhaps it was even more essential, for the prevailing inadequate treatment of theology and philosophy claiming in the name of orthodoxy to satisfy the intellect, presented some dangers which did not exist prior to all theological science. Again, modern research was bringing with it lines of thought, supported by weighty evidence, which called for the fullest and frankest treatment. Yet even so tentative an effort at historical frankness as his own article in the *Rambler*, on 'Consulting the Faithful,' was suspected. How could Catholics in such circumstances take a place among the scientific historians of the day and plead the cause of the Church with success? He recognised the principal cause of this state of things in the anti-Christian Liberalism of the day, which drove so many of his co-religionists to be suspicious of all freedom of thought. Yet the fact, however explicable, remained both disastrous to the influence of the Church from one point of view, and an insuperable obstacle to his attempting the work for which his gifts especially fitted him. In reply to a friend who in 1864 spoke of setting on foot an historical Review, he wrote: 'nothing would be better than a historical Review, but who

would bear it? Unless one doctored all one's facts one would be thought a bad Catholic. The truth is, there is a keen conflict going on just now between two parties, one in the Church and one out of it. And at such seasons extreme views alone are in favour and a man who is not extravagant is thought treacherous. I sometimes think of King Lear's daughters and consider that they after all may be found the truest who are in speech more measured.' He had lamented, in writing to Mr. Capes ten years earlier, the destruction of the theological schools which had resulted from the modern persecution of the Church. In his letters he wistfully looks back at the free debates of the mediæval schools, which had kept Catholic thought so fully alive to the problems of the day. The strict discipline of the time in which he lived, the military rule of Propaganda, might be valuable for the promotion of *esprit de corps*, for organisation and united action; it might be a wholesome spiritual discipline, just because it was so trying; but it made impossible that task of educating Catholics in breadth of mind which he felt to be specially his own, and of attracting the deep thinkers at a moment of religious and intellectual unrest, by the presence of such comprehensive thought and learning in the Catholic body as would satisfy the needs of the hour. His mission seemed at an end. Each enterprise in which he had thought that he saw God's hand guiding him had led to nothing.

This is the view of the situation presented in most of his writings at this time. Yet he had another thought—that the work in question was full of difficulty; that while Catholic principles were (he held) the only ones on which it could be accomplished with success, still he might well shrink from the presumption of volunteering in so hard an enterprise without a clear indication that he was called to it; whereas external signs now seemed to point the other way. Occasionally then he went back to the thought contained in his Memorandum on the Munich Brief, that it may be best, amid the bewildering and ever-changing outlook of advancing science, for a time to leave the intellectual questions of the day alone altogether and stand in the old paths.¹ One of the prayers he wrote and

¹ See *Apologia*, p. 263.

recited in these years was against a false originality. But on this supposition equally, scope was denied him for the work he had most at heart. Whether the policy of the authorities was wise or unwise, its effect on his own usefulness was the same.

Old age was imminent and failure seemed to dog his steps. His works had for some years had little sale, nor did they recover their position until the 'Apologia' made him once again a popular English writer. Doubt had been thrown on his whole-hearted loyalty in the matter of the Temporal Power, the burning question of the hour. Silenced, and in many quarters mistrusted, he ceased to write. He devoted himself to his school and taught the boys to recite. Those in power had put him 'on the shelf,' he said. At moments as he watched the play of contemporary events he was critical, or his sense of humour was touched. 'They put me on the shelf,' he said, 'but they can't prevent me from peeping out from it.' On the whole, however, his feeling was one of sadness and failure. He was reduced to inactivity. He accepted the fact as God's Will, but it tried him sorely.

'All through my life,' he wrote to Henry Wilberforce in July 1859, 'I have been plucked. My first book—the Arians—was plucked by Rose and Lyall. My Church of the Fathers, instead of being part of the Magazine, appeared among the *Correspondence*. *Qualis ab incepto*; but I assure you it has made me feel that my occupation was gone when the Bishop put his extinguisher on the *Rambler*. I never meant to have kept it for long—but it is one thing to set a thing off, another to be made throw it away.

'I have thought I should take to re-editing my Lectures on Justification, my Essay on Miracles, and my Translation of St. Athanasius, which I have always intended to do. But at present I shall lie fallow—I have always wished to do so—proposed *this* year for it and most unwillingly I took to the *Rambler*, and now you see I have a sort of providential sanction of my original intention.

'It is some time since I have wished to set my house in order. To look over all my papers, burn, arrange, and the like. To have done this will be an amazing comfort to me, for at present everything is in confusion, and I feel like a

person who has been long out in the dust and rain, and whose hat, coat and shoes show it.'

And while the bulk of English Catholics living apart from the world of thought failed to appreciate his work and see its urgency, while political circumstances made it little valued in Rome, the Protestant world was becoming more and more alive to the necessity of strong defences against the increasing tendency among educated minds to religious negation. Newman's University Sermons, written as an antidote to this tendency, of which he had foreseen the growth, were being understood and used by those outside the Church. Thus he was to some extent perforce thrown on them for intellectual sympathy. His thoughts went back wistfully to old friends and to the great work he had done at Oxford.

The period of gloom of which I am speaking began with his enforced resignation of the editorship of the *Rambler* in 1859 and lasted till Kingsley's attack on him in 1864. It was undoubtedly aggravated by a touch of morbidness brought on by ill-health. His state of mind in those years is recorded in a journal which he began to keep at this time—one of the literary treasures he has left—written as in the sight of God, with an utter simplicity and sincerity. And letters to many intimate friends—which betray a mixture of extreme candour with a certain incidental reserve—supplement what is therein set down.

The first entry was written shortly after his failure as editor of the *Rambler*:

'December 15th, 1850.—"Nemo mittens manum suam ad aratrum, et respiciens retro, aptus est regno Dei." I am writing on my knees and in God's sight. May He be gracious unto me! As years go on, I have less sensible devotion and inward life. I wonder whether it is, or rather whether it is not, so with all men, viewed as apart from the grace of God. The greater part of our devotion in youth, our faith, hope, cheerfulness, perseverance, is natural—or, if not natural, it is from a *εὐφροσύνη* which does not resist grace, and requires very little grace to illuminate. The same grace goes much further in youth as encountering less opposition—that is, in the virtues which I have mentioned. The Greek poet, himself an old man, speaks (in the Chorus of the "Œd. Col.")

of the unamiable state of the aged. Old men are in soul as stiff, as lean, as bloodless as their bodies, except so far as grace penetrates and softens them. And it requires a flooding of grace to do this. I more and more wonder at *old* saints. St. Aloysius or St. Francis Xavier or St. Carlo, are nothing to St. Philip. O! Philip, gain me some little portion of thy fervour. I live more and more in the past, and in hopes that the past may revive in the future. My God, when shall I learn that I have so parted with the world, that, though I may wish to make friends with it, it will not make friends with me?

‘When I was young, I thought that with all my heart I gave up the world for Thee. As far as will, purpose, intention go, I think I did. I mean, I deliberately put the world aside. I prayed earnestly that I might not rise to any ecclesiastical dignity. When I was going up for my B.A. examination, I prayed fervently and again and again that I might not gain honors, if they would do me spiritual harm. When I was older and in Anglican orders, I prayed absolutely and without condition against rising in the church. I put the wish generally into verse about 30 years ago. “Deny me wealth; far, far remove the lure of power or name; Hope thrives in straits, in weakness, Love, and Faith in this world’s shame.” Nor was this poetry only, but my habitual purpose. I think so, O Lord, but Thou knowest. I knew what I was saying, and how it is Thy way to grant, to fulfil such petitions, and to take men at their word. What could I desire better than that Thou shouldst so take me? Yet I am not at all sure that grace had much to do with my wish. I know perfectly well, and thankfully confess to Thee, O my God, that Thy wonderful grace turned me right round when I was more like a devil than a wicked boy, at the age of fifteen, and gave me what by Thy continual aids I never lost. Thou didst change my heart, and in part my whole mental complexion at that time, and I never should have had the thought of such prayers, as those which I have been speaking of above, but for that great work of Thine in my boyhood. Still those prayers were immediately prompted, as I think, in great measure by natural rashness, generosity, cheerfulness, sanguine temperament, and unselfishness, though not, I trust, without Thy grace. I trust they were good and pleasing to Thee,—but I much doubt if I, my present self, just as I am, were set down in those past years, 1820 or 1822 or 1829, if they could be brought back, whether I now should make those good prayers and bold resolves, unless, that is, I

had some *vast* and *extraordinary* grant of grace from Thy Heavenly treasure-house. And that, I repeat, because I think, as death comes on, his cold breath is felt on soul as on body, and that, viewed naturally, my soul is half dead now, whereas then it was in the freshness and fervour of youth. And this may be the ground of the grave warning of the inspired writer, "*Memento Creatoris tui in diebus juventutis tue, antequam veniat tempus afflictionis . . . antequam tenebrescat sol,*" &c. And I say the same of my state of mind at a later date, in the year 1834 and following years, when I spoke so much of self-denial, mortification, fasting, &c., down to 1845 when I became a Catholic. It is a time past and gone,—it relates to a work done and over. "*Quis mihi tribuat, ut sim juxta amenses pristinos, secundum dies, quibus Deus custodiebat me? Quando splendebat lucerna ejus super caput meum, et ad lumen ejus ambulabam in tenebris? Sicut fui in diebus adolescentiæ meæ, quando secreto Deus erat in tabernaculo meo?*"

'But O, my dear Lord, Thou canst make it otherwise. Time and place are not hindrances to Thee. Thou canst give me grace according to my day. "*Sicut dies juventutis tue,*" (Thou hast said to me in that chapter which has been so dear to me from my youth,) "*ita et senectus tua.*" Thy hand is not straightened that it cannot save. "*Domine, opus tuum in medio annorum vivifica illud; in medio annorum nostrorum facies.*" It is plain that what I feel, Thy servants have from the earliest times felt before me; Job, Moses, and Habacuc felt as I feel thousands of years ago, and I am able to plead with Thee in their never-dying words.

'O my God, not as a matter of sentiment, not as a matter of literary exhibition, do I put this down. O rid me of this frightful *cowardice*, for this is at the bottom of all my ills. When I was young, I was bold, because I was ignorant—now I have lost my boldness, because I have advanced in experience. I am able to count the cost, better than I did, of being brave for Thy sake, and therefore I shrink from sacrifices. Here is a second reason, over and above the deadness of my soul, why I have so little faith or love in me.'

The next entry is dated January 8, 1860:

'When I last wrote, I had something to say, but I lost my thread, and got on a different line of thought, far away from what I had intended,—and now I will recover it, if I can. Circumstances have brought a special temptation upon me of late. I have now been exerting myself, labouring,

toiling, ever since I was a Catholic, not I trust *ultimately* for any person on earth, but for God above, but still with a great desire to please those who put me to labour. After the supreme judgment of God, I have desired, though in a different order, their praise. But not only have I not got it, but I have been treated, in various ways, only with slight and unkindness. Because I have not pushed myself forward, because I have not dreamed of saying: "See what I am doing and have done"—because I have not retailed gossip, flattered great people, and sided with this or that party, I am nobody. I have no friend at Rome, I have laboured in England, to be misrepresented, backbitten and scorned. I have laboured in Ireland, with a door ever shut in my face. I seem to have had many failures, and what I did well was not understood. I do not think I am saying this in any bitterness.

"Not understood"—this is the point. I have seen great wants which had to be supplied among Catholics—especially as regards education,—and of course those who laboured under those wants, did not know their state,—and did not see or understand the want at all—or what was the supply of the want—and felt no thankfulness at all, and no consideration towards a person who was doing something towards the supply, but rather thought him restless, or crotchety, or in some way or other what he should not be. This has naturally made me shrink into myself, or rather it has made me think of turning more to God, if it has not actually turned me. It has made me feel that in the Blessed Sacrament is my great consolation, and that, while I have Him Who lives in the Church, the separate members of the Church, my Superiors, though they may claim my obedience, have no claim on my admiration, and offer nothing for my inward trust. I have expressed this feeling, or rather implied it, in one of my Dublin Sermons, preached in 1856. (Occasional Sermons, pp. 64, 65, p. 57 edition 4).

'So far well—or not ill—but it so happens that, contemporaneously with this neglect on the part of those for whom I laboured, there has been a drawing towards me on the part of Protestants. Those very books and labours of mine, which Catholics did not understand, Protestants did. Moreover, by a coincidence, things I had written years ago, as a Protestant, and the worth or force of which were not understood by Protestants then, are bearing fruit among Protestants now. Hence some sympathy is showing itself towards me on the part of certain persons, who have deliberately beat me down

and buried me for the last ten years. And accordingly I have been attracted by that sympathy to desire more of that sympathy, feeling lonely, and fretting under, not so much the coldness towards me, (though that in part) as the ignorance, narrowness of mind, and self-conceit of those, whose faith and virtue and goodness, nevertheless, I at the same time recognised. And thus I certainly am under the temptation of looking out for, if not courting, Protestant praise.

'And now I am coming to the meaning of the text with which I began on Dec. 15th. "No man putting his hand to the plough, &c." I am tempted to look back. Not so, O Lord, with Thy grace, not so! What I had meant to say then, to ask of Thee then, I ask of Thee now. What a shame that I should fear to ask it. I have asked it often in time past, I think, long before I was a Catholic. Yes, I have referred to it above, as in the words above thirty years ago. "Deny me wealth," &c. It has been my lifelong prayer, and Thou hast granted it, that I should be set aside in this world. Now then let me make it over again. O Lord, bless what I write and prosper it,—let it do much good, let it have much success; but let no praise come to me on that account in my lifetime. Let me go on living, let me die, as I have hitherto lived. Long before I knew St. Philip, I wished "nesciri." Let me more and more learn from Thy grace "sperni," and "spernere me sperni."

'Yet one or two things tease me, and O Lord, help me,—and Philip help me. (1) Let not the contempt which comes on *me*, injure the future of my Oratory—about which I am anxious, though I ought to put it, and do put it simply into Thy Hands, O Lord. (2) And again, O teach me, (for it is a subject which tries me very much just now, which I have prayed about, and have said Masses about), teach me how to employ myself most profitably, most to Thy glory, in such years as remain to me; for my apparent ill-success discourages me much. O my God, I seem to have wasted these years that I have been a Catholic. What I wrote as a Protestant has had far greater power, force, meaning, success, than my Catholic works, and this troubles me a great deal.'

Newman's friends wondered at his silence. The *Rambler* articles had seemed little enough, but they were eagerly looked for. And in 1861 they ceased to appear. James Laird Patterson wrote to Father William Neville to ask the cause of Newman's silence. There is deep pathos underlying the humour of Newman's reply:

'March 27th, 1862.

'My dear William,—You may send the following "Heads of a Discourse" to Patterson. Yours ever affectly

J. H. NEWMAN.

'*For Patterson.*

'Seven reasons for not writing more books.

'I do not write

'(1) because in matters of controversy I am a *miles emeritus, rude donatus*.

'(2) because no one serves on Parliamentary Committees after he is sixty.

'(3) because Rigaud's steam engine which was hard to start was hard to stop.

'(4) because Hannibal's elephants never could learn the goose-step.

'(5) because Garibaldi's chaplains in ordinary never do write.

'(6) because books that do not sell do not pay.

'(7) because just now I am teaching little boys nonsense verses.

"Nos indamnatos, homines Romanos, miserunt in carcerem; et nunc occulte nos ejiciunt? Non ita; sed veniant, et ipsi nos ejiciant."

Rumours of Newman's despondency could not but get about in general society. They were taken as meaning that he was thinking of returning to the Anglican Church. And this idea was confirmed by the tittle-tattle respecting Newman's supposed sympathy with the invaders of the Papal States, which was taken as a symptom of general dissatisfaction on his part with the Church of his adoption. Frederick Rogers was given to understand by an old friend of Newman's that he felt as though his life had come to an end in 1845.¹ Reports gradually magnified in the telling, and in July 1862 it was openly stated in the *Stamford Morning Advertiser*—the paragraph being also reproduced in the *Globe* newspaper—that he had left the 'Brompton Oratory' and was going to return to the Church of England. It was perhaps fortunate that at this moment of sadness a public challenge should thus be made which brought into relief the

¹ See *Memoir of Lord Blackford*, p. 249.

limitations in his own sense of disappointment. However much he chafed, feeling that he was useless when he longed to do a great work, such a feeling did not even tend to diminish his abiding joy and satisfaction in the Catholic religion. It related not to the Catholic religion as such, but to circumstances of time and place. His indignant denial addressed to the *Globe* placed this side of the picture for ever and unmistakably on record:

‘Sir,—A friend has sent me word of a paragraph about me which appeared in your paper of yesterday, to the effect that “I have left, or am about to leave, my Oratory, of which I have, for several years, been the head, as a preliminary, in the expectation of my private friends, to my return to the Church of England.” I consider that you have transferred this statement into your columns from those of a contemporary in order to give me the opportunity of denying it, if I am able to do so. Accordingly I lose not an hour in addressing these lines to you, which I shall be obliged by your giving at once to the public.

‘The paragraph is utterly unfounded in every portion of it.

‘1. For the last thirteen years I have been head of the Birmingham Oratory. I am head still; and I have no reason to suppose I shall cease to be head, unless advancing years should incapacitate me for the duties of my station.

‘2. On the other hand, from the time I founded the London Oratory now at Brompton, twelve years ago, I have had no jurisdiction over it whatever; and so far from being its head, it so happens that I have not been within its walls for the last seven years.

‘3. I have not had one moment’s wavering of trust in the Catholic Church ever since I was received into her fold. I hold, and ever have held, that her Sovereign Pontiff is the centre of unity and the Vicar of Christ; and I have ever had, and have still, an unclouded faith in her creed in all its articles; a supreme satisfaction in her worship, discipline, and teaching; and an eager longing, and a hope against hope, that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness.

‘4. This being my state of mind, to add, as I hereby go on to do, that I have no intention, and never had any intention, of leaving the Catholic Church and becoming a Protestant again, would be superfluous, except that Protestants are

always on the look-out for some loophole or evasion in a Catholic's statement of fact. Therefore, in order to give them full satisfaction, if I can, I do hereby profess "ex animo" with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No! "The net is broken and we are delivered." I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if in my old age I left "the land flowing with milk and honey" for the city of confusion and the house of bondage. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Of this communication to the *Globe*, and of the view which led him to adopt the tone which marks it, we find an explanation in the following characteristic letter to Mr. Ornsby, dated July 23. Speaking of the rumours which led to the *Globe* paragraph, he writes:

'Catholics seem to me to have begun them, by their silly and mischievous mis-statements about me. It was said, I had preached in favour of Garibaldi, had subscribed to the Garibaldi fund, &c. Then Protestants, who have always shown a great readiness to take up the vaguest whisper of such an insinuation, boldly proclaimed that I was coming back to them. You do not know to what an extent this went, especially during the last two years. It is more than two years since a convert wrote to me to say that he was unsettled, and, as his defence, suggested that I was unsettled too. In spite of various strong written denials on my part, as far back as 1859, the report became invested with most plausibly minute details, and assumed a very positive tone. People were kept back from the Church by the distinct assurance I was becoming a Protestant. One Protestant clergyman, in position, wrote to me to smooth the way for return,—and, when in answer I begged him to lay aside the thought as inconsistent with what I might call the "rerum natura," for my mind was so constituted as to make it impossible, I only got a second letter telling me he hoped I should overcome my "pride" which was the obstacle to my confession of a change. One person, a country gentleman, at length wrote to a county paper, saying that it was

notorious that I had given up all definite religion, and was living in Paris.

‘At length appeared the paragraph in the *Stamford Morning Advertiser*. No common denial would have put down the far-spread impression. I took a course which would destroy it, and, as I think, which alone would be able to destroy it. It is little or nothing to me that people should think me angry, rude, insulting, &c. &c. No common language would have done the work. I had to use language which was unmistakably my own, and could not have been dictated to me. And I had to show that the obstacle to my return lay, not merely in my reason, but in my feelings also, in my dislikings, aversion, and moral alienation to Protestantism. I have said as strong things before, but they have been forgotten. I have done the work now, as I flatter myself, at least for some years to come, and I may not be alive by the time that a new denial might have been necessary.’

Early in 1863 we find in his Journal the following Memoranda which have the same note of sadness as the earlier ones:

‘*January 21st, 1863.*—When I wrote my first lines in this book, I meant to have continued similar remarks from time to time; but I found I had a great unwillingness to do so. I have not read what I then wrote since I wrote it, and I recollect nothing about it, except that it had to do with the *Rambler*. This morning, when I woke, the feeling that I was cumbering the ground came on me so strongly, that I could not get myself to go to my shower-bath. I said, what is the good of trying to preserve or increase strength, when nothing comes of it? what is the good of living for nothing? . . . Of course one’s earlier years are (humanly speaking) best, and again events are softened by distance—and I look back on my years at Oxford and Littlemore with tenderness. And it was the time in which I had a remarkable mission—but how am I changed even in look! Till the affair of No. 90 and my going to Littlemore, I had my mouth half open, and commonly a smile on my face,—and from that time onwards my mouth has been closed and contracted, and the muscles are so set now, that I cannot but look grave and forbidding. Even as early as 1847, when I was going through the Vatican with Dalgairns, stopping before a statue of Fate which was very striking and stern and melancholy, he said: “Who *can* it be like? I know the face so well.”

Presently he added: "Why, it is you!" Now, I am so conscious of my own stern look that I hardly like to see people. It began when I set my face towards Rome; and since I made the great sacrifice, to which God called me, He has rewarded me in a thousand ways,—O how many! but he has marked my course with almost unintermittent mortification. Few indeed successes has it been His Blessed Will to give me through life. I doubt whether I can point to any joyful event of this world besides my scholarship at Trinity and my fellowship at Oriel,—but since I have been a Catholic, I seem to myself to have had nothing but failure, personally.

'I am noticing all this opposition and distrust, not on their own account, for St. Philip had them abundantly, but because they have (to all appearance) succeeded in destroying my influence and my usefulness. Persons who would naturally look towards me, converts who would naturally come to me, inquirers who would naturally consult me, are stopped by some light or unkind word said against me. I am *passé* in decay, I am untrustworthy; I am strange; odd; I have my own ways and cannot get on with others; something or other is said in disparagement. . . .

'I should be very ungrateful if I did not bear in mind what God has vouchsafed to do by me. First to introduce the Oratory into England, and to found this Oratory,—and therefore I have not mentioned the great trials which we have had inside our walls, by death, secession, and in other ways,—for they have been the trials incidental to a new foundation, and have not interfered with its success. Secondly, to found the London Oratory, which has been the instrument of so much good,—thirdly, to found the Catholic University,—and fourthly, to found our Oratory school. This is another matter altogether. They are works of my name; what I am speaking of is what belongs to my own person;—things, which I ought to have been especially suited to do, and have not done, not done any one of them. . . .

'Rogers the other day asked Ward why it was that Catholics understood me so little? i.e. I suppose, why they thought so little of me. And the *Saturday Review*, writing apropos of my letter to the *Globe* of last summer, said that I had disappointed friends and enemies, since I had been a Catholic, by doing nothing. The reason is conveyed in the remark of Marshall of Brighton to Fr. Ambrose last week; "Why, he has made no converts, as Manning and Faber have." Here is the real secret of my "doing nothing."

The only thing of course which it is worth producing, is *fruit*,—but with the Cardinal, immediate show is fruit, and conversions the sole fruit. At Propaganda, conversions, and nothing else, are the proof of doing anything. Everywhere with Catholics, to make converts, is doing something; and not to make them is “doing nothing.” And further still, in the estimate of Propaganda, of the Cardinal, and of Catholics generally, they must be splendid conversions of great men, noble men, learned men, not simply of the poor. It must be recollected that at Rome they have had visions of the whole of England coming over to the Church, and that their notion of instrumentality of this conversion *en masse* is the conversion of persons of rank. “Il governo” is all in all in their ideas. Such an idea is perhaps even conveyed in our Brief, which sends us to the upper classes. . . .

‘But I am altogether different,—my objects, my theory of acting, my powers, go in a different direction, and one not understood or contemplated at Rome or elsewhere. . . . To me conversions were not the first thing, but the edification [building up] of Catholics. So much have I fixed upon the latter as my object, that up to this time the world persists in saying that I recommend Protestants not to become Catholics. And, when I have given as my true opinion, that I am afraid to make hasty converts of educated men, lest they should not have counted the cost, and should have difficulties after they have entered the Church, I do but imply the same thing, that the Church must be prepared for converts, as well as converts prepared for the Church. How can this be understood at Rome? What do they know there of the state of English Catholics? of the minds of English Protestants? What do they know of the antagonism of Protestantism and Catholicism in England? The Cardinal might know something, were he not so one-sided, so slow to throw himself into other minds, so sanguine, so controversial and unphilosophical in his attitude of mind, so desirous to make himself agreeable to the authorities at Rome. And Catholics in England, from their very blindness, cannot see that they are blind. To aim then at improving the condition, the status, of the Catholic body, by a careful survey of their argumentative basis, of their position relatively to the philosophy and the character of the day, by giving them juster views, by enlarging and refining their minds, in one word, by education, is (in their view) more than a superfluity or a hobby, it is an insult. It implies that they are deficient in material points. Now from first to last, education, in this large sense of the

word, has been my line, and, over and above the disappointment it has caused as putting conversions comparatively in the background, and the offence it has given by insisting that there was room for improvement among Catholics, it has seriously annoyed the governing body here and at Rome:—at Rome on the side of the philosophy of polemic. I should wish to attempt to meet the great infidel &c. questions of the day, but both Propaganda and the Episcopate, doing nothing themselves, look with extreme jealousy on anyone who attempts it. . . . And last of all, since from first to last, these have been the two objects of the *Rambler*, to raise the status of Catholics, first by education, secondly by a philosophical basis of argument,—and the *Rambler* has attempted it injudiciously, intemperately, and erroneously, at least at times,—I come in for the odium of all *their* (the *Rambler*) faults, and that the more because for a little while I was the editor of the *Rambler* and, when such, shared in my measure in the imperfections of the preceding and succeeding editors. The consequence is, that, so far from being thought engaged in any good work, I am simply discouraged and regarded suspiciously by the governing powers, as doing an actual harm.

‘One circumstance there is, peculiar to the time, to give a special intensity to this feeling of suspicion. At present the Temporal Power is the all-important point at Rome. I, thinking that they would be obliged to rely more on reason, a truer defence, than on the sword, if they had it not, was lukewarm on the point; and this lukewarmness has been exaggerated into a supposed complicity with Garibaldi! The Cardinal some years ago said that I had put myself on the shelf. But the position I occupy at the moment is, in his mind, a less harmless one.’

Newman’s depression only deepened as the year 1863 advanced. This year saw the final failure of the *Home and Foreign* to approve itself to the Catholic body; then came the Munich Brief, which, as he expressed it, ‘tied his hands’ as a controversialist. In his ‘Apologia’ indeed he tells us he was thankful for clear direction in a matter of difficulty. And he often refers to the double feeling which he experienced in being released from most urgent yet most difficult tasks. The momentary relief was proportionate to the anxiety and difficulty of the work he had contemplated; yet the permanent effect on him was that of far deeper despondency,

arising from the sense of his inactivity and uselessness. The same double phenomenon was apparent as we have seen at the moment when his editorship of the *Rambler* was suspended. We shall see it also later when his scheme for an intellectual work on the same lines at Oxford was checked. In each case he felt for an instant relieved at what brought, nevertheless, permanent and deep disappointment. He had now little hope for the future to relieve his sad thoughts of the past ten years. His mind went back with affection—as I have said—to old days and old Oxford friends, and he renewed old intimacies, while to his Catholic correspondents he wrote of the dreariness of the prospect.

Two letters to an intimate friend, a Catholic, exhibit his pessimism as to the future, and one to Keble his wistful retrospect.

DR. NEWMAN TO MISS E. BOWLES.¹

‘May 19th, 1863.

‘Don’t think about *me*. God uses his instruments as he will. “Hunc humiliat et hunc exaltat.” To myself I feel as full of thought and life as ever I was,—but a certain invisible chain impedes me, or bar stops me, when I attempt to do anything,—and the only reason why I do not *enjoy* the happiness of being out of conflict is because I feel to myself I could do much in it. But in fact I could not do much in it. I should come into collision with everyone I met,—I should be treading on everyone’s toes. From the very first an effort has been successfully made to separate all converts from me, and they are the only persons who would be likely to move aside of me without jostling. . . . I know what the Cardinal said to Father Faber, and what Father Faber said to the world, viz.; “That I had put myself on the shelf, and there was no help for it.”

‘But now to go to the root of the matter. This country is under Propaganda. . . . If I know myself, no one can have been more loyal to the Holy See than I am. I love the Pope personally into the bargain. But Propaganda is a quasi-military power, extraordinary, for missionary countries, rough and ready. It does not understand an intellectual movement. It likes quick results, scalps from beaten foes by the hundred. Our Bishop once on his return from Rome,

¹ Miss Bowles was a sister to Newman’s colleague at Littlemore—Frederick Bowles.

said pointedly to me what I am sure came as a quasi-message from Propaganda, that at Rome "they liked good news."

'True, the words were said with an implied antithesis,—for I had lately been to Rome to complain. I suppose the issue of the Achilli matter must have made them despise me at Rome,—but, whatever the cause of it was, two years after, Propaganda, without saying a word to me, appointed three Bishops to examine and report to it whether the Rule of the Birmingham Oratory could be, on a certain point, suspended to advantage. . . . Our Fathers prevailed on me to go to Rome about it. When I got there I found to my great relief and gratitude that, at the last moment, the dear Pope, when the matter necessarily came before him, simply asked: "Has Dr. Newman been consulted?" and would not give his assent to the act. Then, when I saw him, he asked me why I wished to get him to make me head or general of the two Oratories, of which not even a dream had come into our minds here, more than that of making you a Father General of us;—showing what hidden tales against me were going on. When we saw Mgr. Barnabo, he was very cross, and asked me why I had come to Rome, when, if I had remained quiet at home, the Pope would, as it turned out, have acted for us. When Monsell went to Rome shortly after, he came back with the remark that I had no friend at Rome. It was true;—but what had I *done*? *this* I had not done, and there was the rub, I had not preached sermons, made speeches, fussed about, and reported all my proceedings to Propaganda. I had been working away very hard in Ireland at the University, and saying nothing about it. .

'Well, immediately my Dublin engagement was over, at the Cardinal's and our Bishop's direct solicitation, I interposed in the *Rambler* matter, and found myself in consequence, to my surprise and disgust, compelled to take the editorship on myself. I not only made the best of it, but I really determined to make it my *work*. All those questions of the day which make so much noise now,—Faith and Reason, Inspiration, &c., &c.,—would have been, according to my ability, worked out or fairly opened. Of course I required elbow-room,—but this was impossible. Our good Bishop, who has ever acted as a true friend, came after the publication of the first number, and advised me to give up the editorship. He said I had caused dissatisfaction. I only edited two numbers; but I wrote enough to cause one of our Bishops formally to denounce one of my articles to Propaganda. What did Propaganda know of the niceties of the English language?

yet a message came (not a formal one) asking explanations. . . . As what was said to me was very indirect and required no answer, I kept silence, and the whole matter was hushed up. I suppose so, for I have heard no more of it, but I suppose it might (*pel bisogno*) be revived in time.

‘Don’t you see that this, if nothing else, puts a great obex to my writing?’ This age of the Church is peculiar,—in former times, primitive or medieval, there was not the extreme centralization which now is in use. If a private theologian said anything free, another answered him. If the controversy grew, then it went to a Bishop, a theological faculty, or to some foreign University. The Holy See was but the Court of ultimate appeal. *Now*, if I, as a private priest, put anything into print, Propaganda answers me at once. How can I fight with such a chain on my arm? It is like the Persians driven to fight under the lash. There was true private judgment in the primitive and medieval schools,—there are no schools now, no private judgment (in the religious sense of the phrase), no freedom, that is, of opinion. That is, no exercise of the intellect. No, the system goes on by the tradition of the intellect of former times. This is a way of things which, in God’s own time, will work its own cure, of necessity; nor need we fret under a state of things, much as we may feel it, which is incomparably less painful than the state of the Church before Hildebrand, and again in the fifteenth century.

‘I am only speaking of it in its bearing on myself. There was some talk, when the Bishop put in his plea against me, of calling me to Rome. Call me to Rome—what does that mean? It means to sever an old man from his home, to subject him to intercourse with persons whose languages are strange to him,—to food, and to fashions, which are almost starvation on one hand, and involve restless days and nights on the other—it means to oblige him to dance attendance on Propaganda week after week, and month after month—it means his death. (It was the punishment on Dr. Baines, 1840-41, to keep him at the door of Propaganda for a year.)

‘This is the prospect which I cannot but feel probable, did I say anything, which one Bishop in England chose to speak against and report. Others have been killed before me. Lucas went of his own accord indeed,—but when he got there, oh! how much did he, as a loyal son of the Church and the Holy See as ever was, what did he suffer because Dr. Cullen was against him? He wandered (as Dr. Cullen *said* in a letter he published in a sort of triumph), he wandered from church to church

without a friend, and hardly got an audience from the Pope. And I too should go from St. Philip to Our Lady, and to St. Peter and St. Paul, and to St. Laurence and to St. Cecilia, and, if it happened to me, as to Lucas, should come back to die.

'We are not better than our Fathers. Think of St. Joseph Calasanctius, or of Blessed Paul of the Cross, or of St. Alfonso,—or of my own St. Philip, how they were misunderstood by the authorities at Rome. The Cardinal Vicar called Philip, to his face and in public an ambitious party man, and suspended his faculties. It is by bearing these things that we gain merit, but has one a right to *bring it on one* ?'

Another letter to the same correspondent—written three days after the celebration of the Feast of St. Philip Neri—pursues further the subject of his literary inactivity:

'May 29th, 1863.

'I should have acknowledged your parcel of lamps, which I was very glad to see, and your own contributions to its luminousness, had not St. Philip come in the way, and given us a great deal of pleasant trouble, yet engrossing and absorbing, however pleasant, as is befitting, when the Master of a house comes to visit it. I was half tempted to ask you to come down to pay your homage to him, but doubted how far you were at liberty to do so, even had you leisure.

'Sometimes I seem to myself inconsistent, in professing to love retirement, yet seeming impatient at doing so little; yet I trust I am not so in any very serious way. In my letter to the Bishop of Oxford, on occasion of No. 90, I said that I had come forward because no one else had done so, and that I rejoiced to return to that privacy which I valued more than anything else. When I became a Catholic, I considered I never should even write again, except on definite unexciting subjects, such as history and philosophy and criticism; and, if on controversial subjects, still not on theology proper. And when I came here, where I have been for 14 years, I deliberately gave myself to a life of obscurity, which in my heart I love best. And so it has been, and so it is now, that the routine work of each day is in fact more than enough for my thoughts and my time. I have no leisure. I have had to superintend the successive enlargements of our Church, to get the Library in order, to devote a good deal of pains to our music, and a great deal more to our accounts. Then, there was my Dublin engagement, and

now there is the school. Just now too I am Sacristan, so hard up are we for hands. Things seem ordered for me without my having a will in the matter.

‘And I am not only content, but really pleased that so things are. Yet there are those considerations which from time to time trouble me. First, lest my being where I am is my own doing in any measure, for then I say: “Perhaps I am hiding my talent in a napkin.” Next, people say to me: “Why are you not doing more? How much you could do”; and then, since I think I could do a great deal if I were let to it, I become uneasy. And lastly, willing as I am to observe St. Philip’s dear rule that we “should despise being despised”; yet when I find that scorn and contempt become the means of my Oratory being injured, as they have before now, then I get impatient.’

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. KEBLE.

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: August 15th, 1863.

‘My dearest Keble,—I returned from abroad last night and, among the letters on my table waiting my arrival, found yours. I answer it before any of the others.

‘Thank you very much for it, and for the books which accompany it, which I value first for your dear sake, next for their venerable and excellent subject. I am pleased too that you should tell me about your wife and brother,—but how odd it seems to me that you should speak of yourself and of him as old! Did you ever read Mrs. Sheridan’s Tale of Nourjahad? such I think is the name. I have not read it since a boy. I am like one of the Seven Sleepers awakened when you so write to me, considering all my recollection of Hursley and of Bisley, which remain photographed on my mind, are of twenty-five years ago, or thirty. I cannot think of little Tom but as of the boy I carried pick-a-back when he was tired in getting up from the steep valley to the table land of Bisley. And I recollect your father and your dear sister and your wife as you cannot recollect them,—at least the latter two—for in my case their images are undimmed by the changes which years bring upon us all. My great delight is to take up your Poetry Lectures,—I only love them too well, considering my age, and that their subject is not simply a religious one. But what do *you* mean by saying that you are “as if dying”? I have heard nothing of your being unwell; and I trust you will live long, and every year more and more to the glory of God.

'I have not been abroad for pleasure till now, since I went with dear Hurrell. I went to St. Germain near Paris to see the Wilberforces. Then my dear and faithful friend who went with me,—Ambrose St. John—insisted I should cut across to Treves, the place of sojourn of St. Athanasius, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome. Then I went down the Moselle and up the Rhine, which was all new to me; and we came back by Aix la Chapelle. I had a bad accident there, with (thank God and my Guardian Angel) no harm whatever. I had a bag in one hand and cloaks in the other, and turning round sharp at the top of a staircase, was sent down two flights headlong—but thank God I got nothing but a slight strain of the arm. Since then I have been stopping at Ostend to recruit.

'I have said all this, knowing it will interest you. Never have I doubted for one moment your affection for me, never have I been hurt at your silence. I interpreted it easily,—it was not the silence of others. It was not the silence of men, nor the forgetfulness of men, who can recollect about me and talk about me enough, when there is something to be said to my disparagement. You are always with me a thought of reverence and love, and there is nothing I love better than you, and Isaac, and Copeland, and many others I could name, except Him Whom I ought to love best of all and supremely. May He Himself, Who is the over-abundant compensation for all losses, give me His own Presence, and then I shall want nothing and desiderate nothing, but none *but* He, *can* make up for the loss of those old familiar faces which haunt me continually.

'Ever yours most affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Such were his oft-recurring moods of despondency and sadness, of wistful contemplation of old days and old friends which would never be again all they once were. But there were other moods, at this very time of sadness, when the deeper, truer self was realised as he turned his thoughts to the surpassing value of the life of the soul which the Catholic Church satisfied so completely for him. For a moment at least the 'blessed vision of peace' shone out again, clear and unmistakable. Let us turn then from the fret and irritation apparent in his journal, and from the wistful melancholy which appears in such a letter as I have

just cited, to the following lines written just at the time we are surveying in this chapter. They tell us how at the very moment when he felt most that he had renounced 'the tender memories of the past, the hopes of coming years,' his truest self was deeply conscious of compensation a hundredfold:

'The Two Worlds.'

- 'Unveil, O Lord, and on us shine
In glory and in grace;
This gaudy world grows pale before
The beauty of Thy face.
- 'Till Thou art seen it seems to be
A sort of fairy ground,
Where suns unsetting light the sky,
And flowers and fruit abound.
- 'But when Thy keener, purer beam
Is poured upon our sight,
It loses all its power to charm,
And what was day is night.
- 'Its noblest toils are then the scourge
Which made Thy Blood to flow;
Its joys are but the treacherous thorns
Which circle round Thy brow.
- 'And thus, when we renounce for Thee
Its restless aims and fears,
The tender memories of the past,
The hopes of coming years,
- 'Poor is our sacrifice, whose eyes
Are lighted from above;
We offer what we cannot keep,
What we have ceased to love.'

Apart from such sacred thoughts and feelings as these lines record, Newman's sad thoughts of a happy past which had gone for ever, and of present uselessness, were occasionally relieved by a feeling which the very clearness of his insight brought with it—that, little as his contemporaries understood his views and aims, those views would triumph in the future. The Oxford Movement had appeared a failure at

the time. He had been repudiated by Oxford in the persons of the Heads of Houses, by the Church of England in the persons of its Bishops. Now Tractarianism was emerging again, and it promised to be an immense power in the land. Similarly, his views as to the necessities of Catholic education and thought would, he believed, be understood and acted upon when he was gone. In both cases his own personal suffering was the price he paid for future victory. This view of the case is set forth in a letter to the learned Jesuit Father Harper:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: Feby. 18/64.

‘My dear Fr. Harper,—I thank you with all my heart for your kind letter, and I shall keep it as a pledge of what you say, that there are many, though I am removed from them, who do not forget me, nor the special need which a person of my age has of their religious thoughts and good prayers.

‘When I say that I am “unpopular” and “down,” I state what is a simple fact, but not at all the way of complaint or regret.

‘It is impossible that the thought of me should remain so steadily on the minds of the religious parties who do not agree with me, if I were not still doing work. I accept it as a token that I am still feared, because I am still abused. And, to take the case of Oxford itself, I have within this week been shown the following most astonishing extract from the letter of an *Ultra-liberal* resident there of high name. In quoting it, I must beg you not to show it about, as it was written in the confidence of private friendship. “We are all becoming High Church again as fast as we can, a fact which it is difficult for the country to understand. It is so nevertheless. England will awake one morning, astonished to find itself Tractarian.”

‘But further than this, let me say to you, (what I trust I may say without taking a liberty in speaking so personally about myself,) that I take this long penance of slander and unpopularity, which has been on me for thirty years, nay rather I have taken it almost from the time when that thirty years began,—and have said so indeed more or less clearly in print,—as the price I pay for the victory, or at least the great extension, of those principles which are so near my heart;—and, I think, while I live, I shall go on paying it, because I trust, that, soon after my life, those principles will extend.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

The brighter side of his life in these years was found in two things—his friendships and the success of the Oratory school.

Two letters to Mr. Serjeant Bellasis in 1861, though they speak unmistakably of Newman's sadness at this time, show also the relief which the sympathy of friends brought to him. Apart from Oxford intimates few, if any, gave him this sympathy in a more acceptable form than Edward Bellasis, of whose gladdening presence and friendship he more than once used the adjective 'sunny.' In the first letter we see Newman's close attention to the vocation of boys, a question which the school made so practical for him—and incidentally we see also that the school itself already promised to be a success.

'The Bristol Hotel, East Cliff, Brighton: August 5th, 1861.

'My dear Bellasis,—I little thought I should answer your letter from this place, where I have not been close upon 30 years. I delayed first from the importance of your question; then from wishing to talk to Mrs. Wootten on the subject, and lastly because I was not well. On Friday next I go to London for final advice and directions—meanwhile, I have had a very able opinion in London, and am assured in the strongest terms that there is nothing at all seriously the matter with me—but that the sorrows (for though not great ones, they have been various and continual) of thirty years have at last told upon my nerves—and that I want rest. In truth, though I have lived in the midst of blessings and comforts of all kinds, I have had, all through my life, nothing but disappointments, and "gutta cavat lapidem."

'If the school succeeds, it will be a great encouragement—and it promises to do so. And I ought to be very thankful, but I feel like the patriarch, when he was told that Joseph, his son, was yet alive, and I believe it not.

'Well, as to your boy. You see my mind runs so much its own way, that I do not know how to trust it. If I spoke it, it would be this—viz. I have little belief in true vocations being destroyed by contact with the world—I don't mean, contact with sin and evil—but that contact with the world which consists of such intercourse as is natural or necessary. Many boys seem to have vocations, in whom it is but appearance. They go to school and the appearance fades away—and then people may say, "They have lost their vocation," when they never had one. In such cases, it is on the other hand, rather, a positive good that they and their

parents were not deceived. What I shrink from with dread, as the more likely danger, is not the Church losing priests whom she ought to have had, but gaining priests whom she never should have been burdened with. The thought is awful, that boys should have had no trial of their heart, till at the end of some 41 years, they go out into the world with most solemn vows upon them, and then perhaps for the first time learn that the world is not a seminary:—when they exchange the atmosphere of the Church, the lecture room, and the study, the horarium of devotion, work, meals, and recreation, for this most bright, various, and seductive world.

‘Moreover, I dread too early a separation from the world for another reason—for the spirit of formalism, affectation, and preciseness, which it is so very apt to occasion.

‘That there are real vocations in the case of children I fully believe—we meet with them in the Lives of Saints—and in the case of others too—but, if some of these were early introduced into the religious life, as St. Thomas or the prophet Samuel, still, some of the most familiar to us, and who seem to have had their vocation, not in after life (as St. Ignatius or St. Anselm) but from childhood, nevertheless cherished it and nurtured it in the course of a secular training, as St. Carlo, St. Aloysius, St. Philip, and St. Alfonso.

‘Under then the two opposite difficulties of depriving our Lord of His priests, and of giving to Him unworthy ones, I myself, if left to myself, should be disposed to act with far greater sensitiveness of the latter. I think a true vocation in a boy is not lost by secular education—at most it is but merged for a time, and comes up again—whereas a false vocation may be fatally and irreversibly fostered in a seminary. Or at least it is *more* common in this age for false vocations to be made by an early dedication to the religious or ecclesiastical state, than for true vocations to be lost by early secular education. Ever yours most sincerely in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

The second letter written in the same month shows Edward Bellasis as a true comforter at a very hard time.

‘The Oratory, Bm.: Aug. 20, ’61.

‘My dear Bellasis,—I am at Rednal tho’ I have dated above from habit. This is so nice a place, that I am trying to stay here, if I can.

‘Your letter did me a great deal of good. The fable of the Diggings is very apposite. If I have been digging a field

with my own ideas and my own hopes, and, though they have failed, have been preparing ground for the sowing, the showers, and the harvest, of divine grace, I have done a work so far, though not the various definite works which I have proposed to myself. I ought to be most thankful to be so employed. I was not unmindful of God's mercy to myself and others, in making us Catholics, when I wrote, but I looked on this, as *His* work, as it was, not mine—however a digging, though it is but turmoil, confusion, and unsettlement, is a co-operation.

'But I cannot in a few words express to you what the matter is with what I may call the *physical* texture of my soul. It is not a matter of reason, nor of grace—but, just as the body wearies under continual toil, so does the mind. I should *illustrate* the trial which I mean, tho' it might not be to the letter, if I said I had received no piece of personal good news for thirty years and more. I question whether I have had any success, except getting a scholarship at Trinity when I was 17, and a fellowship of Oriel at 21. In one year (about 1830) I used to say laughingly I had been put out of five places; of course this was only a way of speaking, but there was truth in it, three of them I recollect—the Tutorship at Oriel, then Whitehall Preachership, and the Secretaryship of the Church Missionary Society; I was voted out of the list. Of course I deserved it, and never complained, but I say it is a matter not of reason, but of psycho-physical effect. So it has been with me all through life. I think I never have been praised for anything I did, except once, for my lectures on Catholicism in England by the Bishop and Catholics of Birmingham—and at the time of that praise the Achilli proceedings, arising out of those very Lectures, had begun, or at least were in distinct prospect.

'The case is the same of late years. Whenever I have attempted to do anything for God, I find after a little while that my arms or my legs have a string round them—and perhaps I sprain myself in the effort to move them in spite of it.

'Thank you for your friendly wish to see me at Ramsgate. I cannot conceive a pleasanter or more sunny sight, in this sunny weather, than to see you with your wife and family during your vacation.

Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The happiness he derived in these years from intercourse with his friends was added to by the renewal after an interval of 17 years of old Oxford intimacies. He happened, on June

3, 1862, to meet his old Littlemore curate—W. J. Copeland—in the streets of London. They had a long talk, and Newman pressed him to pay a visit to the Oratory. The letters which passed between them tell their own tale. There is an almost hungry love of the dear memories of Oxford days visible in them. The tender yearning after all that reminds him of the happy time that can never be again, is unmistakable, in spite of a certain accompanying reserve. We see, too, in these letters that the thought of his advancing age was seldom absent, and that he felt that meetings with the friends of long ago, might prove final leave-takings. Copeland was a busy man, and, having said he would come to the Oratory, wrote of the prospect as somewhat indefinite. Newman replied urgently to his friend on June 25th:

‘My dearest Copeland,—You must not disappoint me. I have a hundred questions to ask you, and a hundred things to show you. And I have many things to tell you which will interest you, and I want you to see the place where I am to be buried.

‘Now do come.

Ever yours most affectly.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.’

But again came a put-off, and Newman wrote still more insistently:

‘Now you are not going to disappoint me. Except Ambrose St. John, I have not spoken to any one so near to my heart and memory as you are, for near 17 years—and you are going to deny me what you promised!

‘I have been lately turning up letters of yours of untold antiquity.

‘How do I know that I shall ever see you again, if you don’t come now? People are carried off so unexpectedly. There was Sir Robert Throckmorton last week, a hearty looking man, younger than I—and he is gone. Men drop as on a battlefield.’

Copeland was not proof against this urgent appeal. He appointed his day, and Newman wrote to him in joy at the prospect:

‘You are the best fellow in the world. Wednesday is a better day than Monday.

‘The case is this—

‘(We have a school of 70 boys, boarding school) Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—examinations days.

‘Thursday noon—gaudy.

‘Friday hurrah for the Holydays.

‘Do *let us have a long confab*. We cannot recollect things in a moment. Do get some one to do your duty on the Sunday.’

The visit came off on July 16, and at Christmas Copeland sent a reminder of his visit in the shape of a turkey. Newman in response pressed him to come again:

‘You must come and look at my Letters. I only wish they were all in order. There are so many things I could talk to you about. And I want to show you (Ambrose suggests, and blames my omission when you were here) my Episcopal cross, ring, chain, &c., &c., when they were going to make me a Bishop in 1854. The Pope did it—but Dr. Cullen to my great joy put a spoke in the wheel—for which he is my great benefactor.

‘You could not be kinder to me than you are in telling me that persons whom I love have not forgotten me.’

More correspondence followed, and Newman showed his usual tender interest in small things that concerned his friends. He did not think Copeland strong, and he urged him against the fast of Lent:

‘Now, you are not indeed as old as I am, but you are old enough not to be able to keep a strict Lent—and, since such fellows as you judge for yourselves, and not by good advice, I am tempted to preach to you and beg you to be very gentle with yourself—for I want you to live many years, and never, never again to be so cruel to me as you were for near 17 long years.’

Then came a proposal, already half thrown out at their meeting, that Copeland should write his reminiscences of the Oxford Movement. This would mean a fresh visit to the Oratory:

‘You would be delighted to see Froude’s letters to me, and I could shew you many things which would perhaps interest you still more. I don’t expect you could come till after Easter, but you ought to be a good week here.

‘I hope Isaac has not been “scolding” you about coming to see *me*—if so, it is most cruel. No one knows but myself

how great an infliction upon me it has been that you all have so simply treated me as *dead*. I do not complain of *anyone* who does so as a matter of *principle*, but I don't know how to think this is *the* reason at bottom. Isaac himself talked of coming to see me last [1861] year—why should he object to your doing so?’

Another turkey came on Christmas Eve 1863, and Newman wrote his joyful thanks, which brought another visit from his friend:

‘What a turkey!—it is as large as a baby—we shall make a good Catholic of it by means of a hot fire, before it comes to table. We shall eat it with the kindest, most loving thoughts of you—wishing, ah, wishing (“I wish you may get it”) that you (were) eating it with us.

‘I have nothing to write, though a great deal to say.’

Intercourse with Isaac Williams and a visit from Frederick Rogers came at this time. It all meant deep happiness, though mixed with deep pain, for Newman. It was a recovery of a few precious remains of friendships and associations which had seemed to be lost for ever.

The faithful companions and correspondents among his own co-religionists, with whom his intercourse had never ceased, became perhaps still more to him now that the strenuous tasks which one after another he had essayed and had to abandon were no longer pressing on his time and attention. He considered himself very old, and continually spoke of his age to his friends. He seems to have regarded life as practically over. The few years that remained were to be given mainly to the school. This would be some renewal of happy Oxford days, he said; for boys were, after all, not very different beings from undergraduates. His writing powers were chiefly devoted to his letters to friends, though there are also memoranda belonging to this time which he used in later publications. He preached occasionally, and to 1859 belongs the memorable sermon at the funeral of Dr. Weedall, the last of the Catholics of the old school who had won his admiration in the early years of his Catholic life.

These letters—from 1859 to 1864—bring vividly before us his state of mind. Each year he was watching, with his

intense realisation of all the facts of life and of the mystery of human existence, the advance of age and its effects on his mind and body. Each birthday was noted with its solemn warning. He was looking forward to the time when he should pass, to use his own words, 'from shadows and images to the truth'—a time which he thought could not be distant. If any work remained for him to do, it was to put his papers in order, and to re-edit some of his Anglican writings. Publishing, however, meant pecuniary loss. He resigned himself to present failure—but he cherished a hope that at some future day his works might be read. He prayed, and asked for prayers. His thoughts often went back to the past, to scenes and places connected with his early youth. He would talk of its smallest details, which stood before his mind's eye with wonderful vividness. An anniversary connected with some one he loved was rarely forgotten. He wrote also of the details of his daily life, nothing being too trivial—from plans for a new cook to the illness at Rednal of Father Ambrose's favourite cow. He watched in the papers the movements of public affairs and did not forget to apply the lessons of history. He gave affectionate attention to the concerns of those who consulted him. He loved to visit the house of the Oratory at Rednal, outside Birmingham: his pleasure in the country and in the beauties of nature had lost none of its keenness. He seems in these letters on the whole resigned to the abandonment of further writing for the public; yet at moments the doubt troubles him, 'Has he yet fulfilled his mission?' Is the life of peace and rest in accordance with God's Will? His health gave him anxiety at times. At moments he is almost absurdly anxious without cause. At other moments he disclaims the idea that there is reason for fears. 'What do you *mean* by thinking me unwell? You have been listening to some of those fee-fo-fum stories that go about,' he writes within a few weeks of an alarmist letter. A trip abroad in 1863 set things right after a somewhat anxious time, and the doctor prophesied a hale old age for him unless worry and fidget prevented it. The letters are full of close sympathy with his dear friends—wistful, gentle, tender, though at moments reminding us of the special sadness of these years. He puts his

mind to each writer, and even to a young girl like Isy Froude¹ he writes with complete sympathy and understanding. The happiness in his religion is unmistakable throughout, though by a suggestive comparison he likens his life as a Catholic, with its special trials, to the state of the souls in Purgatory, who have privileges in the present and assurance for the future to which the dwellers in this world are strangers, and yet acute sufferings, from which equally those still on earth are free. From these letters some selections must now be made, and I shall not omit even trivial details which bring the writer before us in his habit as he lived.

The following were written to Miss Holmes—a lady who for many years sought his help and advice in a life of trial—to Ambrose St. John, to Mr. John Pollen, to Miss Bowles, and to the Froudes. They shall be given with little or no comment, as they speak for themselves:

TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory, Bm.: Nov. 18, 1859.

'That your Devotions are both beautiful in themselves and apposite, I feel entirely—whether they will "supply a demand," the publishers alone can tell. For myself, I lose by every thing I print—and I scrape together the money for the outlay, from a sort of feeling, that at a future day people may treat me better than they do now. I hope you will find yourself more fortunate in this matter than I do.

'So Dr. Weedall is gone. He was one of the holiest men I knew,—he hardly ever committed a sin in his life, I should think. It is the one testimony of all who knew him. Yet for at least six years he has had a mortal complaint on him, trying him doubtless very much, and gradually dragging him down to the grave. He is doubtless in heaven by this time. He is, I suppose, the last of that memorable generation, of which Dr. Milner is the principal luminary, which has done so much for English Catholicism.'

TO THE SAME.

(In reply to a request for an introduction).

'February 14th, 1860.

'Tell me anything I really can do, and I will do it. But I know no one, and I liken myself to Tithonus in the last

¹ Miss E. M. Froude, daughter of William Froude, now Baroness Anatole von Hügel.

Cornhill Magazine fading out from the world, and having nothing to do with its interests or its affairs. I have fallen off in flesh and shrunk up during the past year, and am like a grey grasshopper or the evaporating mist of the morning. And, as I get older, so do trouble and anxieties seem to multiply.'

TO MR. W. FROUDE.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: February 28th, 1860.

'My dear William,—I write in consequence of your kind anxiety about my health, as your wife reports it, and it so happens, I write on a day I never forget when it comes round. It so happens it is also the day on which dear Johnson, the observer, died last year—which indeed has been a great loss to young Hurrell at Oxford now. He could have been very useful to him. I do not forget, too, that we are just passed the day on which you lost your father last year.

'For myself, I certainly have fallen off in flesh and shrunk up all through the last year. My fingers are so thin that I cannot get reconciled to the look of them, and I have found it difficult to lie with ease without some management. . . .

'You must not think that several things I have said to you lately came of low spirits, which I fancy you have done, and taken them as a proof I was out of health. It is not this. It is good for me to have trials and I am in a state of chronic trial which those only who come very close to me know. This has been the way with me for many years, the clouds of one kind or another returning after the rain, or, as I have before now expressed it, a shower of meteoric stones falling about me, as those which fall down from Heaven, in regular return, in the month of November. I might almost say that a pleasant event has not happened to me for more years than I can count.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO MISS FROUDE.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: May 16th, 1860.

'My dear Child,—Thank you for your letter of yesterday. To-day's post brings an account of your grandfather's death. It must be an extreme trial to your mother and aunt, but God orders all things, and we must recollect that He is infinitely more tender and kind and merciful to every one of us than we can be, and that, in going to Him, we are going to One Who knows of what we are made, and, so knowing

us, is able to be indulgent in a way in which we cannot be to those even whom we know best.

'Mama most kindly wrote me some days ago asking after my health. I will not intrude upon her with my answer at this moment, but I will tell her through you, and you can tell her when you think it best.

'Tell her then that I never was in better health or in more perfect activity of mind. On the other hand, I cannot deny that all last year I was getting more and more an old man, and that I am still going on in the same process—that my hair is getting whiter and whiter, and my fingers thinner and thinner, and that I can't get rid of my hoarseness quite.

'But tell her that, please God, I shall not love her and all of you less and less, or lose my affectionate interest in all that concerns you, or forget to pray for you though I dwindle and fade into a spider's web.

'Ever yours most affectionately in Christ,
JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.'

TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Sept. 2nd, 1860.

'You will be glad to know that the Canon Morris, whom you spoke of as "Chaplain," is not the peacock-killer who, though an able and learned man, would certainly be as unfitted "to guide little girls" as a battle-axe to cut one's hair with. *He* is the Very Rev. John Brande of Exeter College, but the Chaplain is a Cambridge man, a pupil of Mr. Paley's, and the author of the "Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury."

'As to Italy, it really looks as if the Pope might be a martyr. It will be well if, with his blood, he can cleanse it of all its sins and miseries. Dreadful as this outbreak of evil is, it was there before, or it could not break out. It is not an evil coming from without, but from within. I prefer evil that speaks to evil that rankles and plots. I had rather have a Garibaldi than an Orsini. Believing that you cannot destroy evil except by casting it into the everlasting prison, I think it less dangerous when it has a safety valve, than when it is in an iron furnace. The bars of hell alone are a match for its expansive force.'

TO THE SAME.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 4th, 1860.

'I have intended to send you a line a long while, but I have had a great deal of writing lately, and have over-written

myself, and felt unwilling to do anything I was not obliged to do. And then I had nothing to say.

'You were right in thinking that your family reminiscences would interest me. I think nothing more interesting, and it is strange to think how evanescent, how apparently barren and resultless, are the ten thousand little details and complications of daily life and family history. Is there any record of them preserved anywhere, any more than of the fall of the leaves in autumn? or are they themselves some reflection, as in an earthly mirror, of some greater truths above? So I think of musical sounds and their combinations—they are momentary—but is it not some momentary opening and closing of the Veil which hangs between the worlds of spirit and sense?

'Is it not most sad about the Duke of Norfolk!¹ we now see the origin of those reports, about which you once wrote to me. Something had led me to think that the disease was upon him, which is now destroying him, and which might easily give rise to the reports which you have heard.

'As to poor Cardinal Antonelli, I cannot speak for or against him, but be quite sure the state of things was such, that no possible doctors could have set them right. It was, surely, a matter of time, whether they went to pieces and no other matter. A clever physician keeps a dying man some weeks longer in life than a second-rate one, but the wonder rather is that the frame-work of government kept together so long at Rome, than that now it goes. Take this one point. The Pontifical States find, admit, of no *employment* whatever for the young [lay]men, who are, in consequence, forced to go into mischief, if they go into anything. Fancy the state of Birmingham if the rising generation had nothing to do but to lounge in the streets and throng the theatre.'

TO MR JOHN POLLEN.

'Nov. 26th, 1860.

'... How good and bad news are commingled here below. To-day comes the news of the Duke of Norfolk's death. How very deplorable, humanly speaking, except for himself, and what a vanity is life. Only the other day succeeding to his title, and taking his place as one of the first persons in the Realm, and now in the prime of life hurried away. What a sad thing for the boy, not thirteen, who succeeds to him. It must have been a great consolation

¹ Henry Granville, Duke of Norfolk, father of the present Duke.

to him in his last days to know the family had so faithful a protector, when he was removed, as Hope-Scott. The last time I saw him was at Abbotsford. What changes since then!’

TO THE SAME.

‘March 14th, 1861.

‘. . . The notion of my publishing a book is one of those bright thoughts which I wish I could execute as easily as persons can report it of me. Our Bishop and the Cardinal have declared it so positively, down to the number of volumes, and the condition of the proof sheets, as simply to overcome inmates of this house who believed that such strong assertions must be well founded; whereas it is not a bit more true from beginning to end than that I am going to command the Channel Fleet. I wish it were; but my time is consumed by the *quotidiana sollicitudo* of little things.’

TO MISS HOLMES.

‘The Oratory: January 10th, 1861.

‘A happy New Year to you. I have been wishing to write to you some time, but the duties of each day, as it comes, absorb my time. We are building, and I am called down every hour to answer some question. All this not only occupies but wearies and excites me, so I do nothing else.

‘I said Mass for you this morning. Is Ireland as cold as we are? The frost is now in its fourth week. I have had a cold, but nothing worse. It is all but gone.

‘As to your question, I admire exceedingly the volunteers for the Pope. Especially Major O’Reilly, whom I know, is a hero—but as for the volunteer movement for the Pope itself, I don’t know why, but I hear that the Irish Catholic gentry are very much annoyed with the clergy for their conduct in it. And I have seen enough of Ireland to know, that the clergy do treat the gentry with great inconsiderateness; or, plainly, do ignore them.

‘The same distance, why I know not, is between the clergy and gentry in Italy—and that is at the root of the mischief there. As far as I can make out, not instruction, but repression is the rule. I don’t mean that they do not know their catechism, but their intellect is left to grow wild; in consequence it rebels; and is not met with counter and stronger intellect, but by authority. Of course I can only conjecture, but this seems to be the case.

‘Should the temporal power of the Pope fall (which is as yet far from clear) I shall be tempted to conclude that it

was impossible, (without a miracle) to remedy the above deadlock without a revolution. If the vagaries of Protestantism and infidelity have free course in Italy, I shall not feel sure that fewer souls out of the whole nation go to heaven, (putting aside infants) than went under the state of things which preceded these profanities. But it is premature to say that the temporal sovereignty will fall.

‘It is a wonderful time,—the oldest power in the world, China, and the newest, the United States, coming to pieces,—and the oldest European Powers,—the Pope and the Turk,—losing their temporalities.’

TO MISS FROUDE.

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: Feb. 20th, 1861.

‘My dear Child,—A great bore and nuisance it is, as you say, that I have to receive a letter from you—especially when it is for my birthday, and written, as yours is, with so much effusion of heart. Indeed, I am frightened at my great age, and I need people to be kind to me, to support me under the thought of it. I account it quite a mercy from Heaven that, (why I hardly know, for most people don’t know their own birthdays, much less those of other people) so many of my friends bear mine in memory. For myself, I remember my fourth birthday, my fifth, my sixth, my tenth, my eighteenth, as days shining out from the long lapse of time to which they belong,—and, I suppose, it is some unconscious manifestation of the keen feeling which my birthday raises in me, which has occasioned others to become acquainted with it. But how you and your mother found it out, I have not an idea.

‘Well, I say it is a mercy, because your kind religious thoughts of me upon it, and those of others kind like you, will gain me grace to bear its burden. . . .

‘Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.’

TO MISS HOLMES.

‘April 14th, 1861.

‘I have been made very anxious by the accounts of the Pope’s indisposition. It is wonderful indeed that he has borne so much—and at his age such a load of responsibility and suspense must, humanly speaking, be his death. People quote the instance of Pius VII who lived till 80—but his troubles were over when he was about the present Pope’s age, whereas, as to the latter, things must be worse, as they say, before they are better.’

To Father Ambrose he writes from the country house of the Oratory at Rednal, on July 6, 1861:

'Rednal has been beautiful, and I and William have been enjoying it. He is as enthusiastic about it as I am. My drawback has been my want of sleep. My nights are restless. Dr. Evans is away.

'What teases me is the loss of time. . . .

'My feeling is that I have not yet fulfilled my mission and have work to do. This haunts me.'

TO MISS HOLMES.

'Brighton: Aug. 5th, 1861.

'It is all but 30 years since I have been here. I have been ordered from home by the doctors, not that I am ill in any way, but the anxieties of thirty years are telling upon me. When I was last here they had hardly begun. I date them from my having to relinquish the Oriel Tuition in 1830. I have hardly had a success since,—and continual disappointment wears away the mind. While I was here in 1828 I had one of my greatest losses,—my sister, cut off in a few hours, lies in the cemetery attached to the old Church.

'I have been going about seeing once again, and taking leave for good, of the places I knew as a child. I have been looking at the windows of our house at Ham near Richmond, where I lay aged 5 looking at the candles stuck in them in celebration of the victory of Trafalgar. I have never seen the house since September 1807—I know more about it than any house I have been in since, and could pass an examination in it. It has ever been in my dreams.

'Also I tried to find the solitary cottage in which I passed my summer and autumn holydays at Norwood, when I was a schoolboy, but the whole face of the country is changed. Norwood was a terra incognita then, the wild beautiful haunt of gypsies. I had not been there since 1816.

'I bade them both farewell for good,—and perhaps I shall bid a like adieu to part of Hampshire which I knew when I was an undergraduate, where I have been but one day in 1834 since 1819.

'Is it not sad about Sidney Herbert? I have been continually thinking of him, and now that I am recommencing to say Mass, shall say a Mass for him. He was so kind as to go out of his way to call on me in Santa Croce at Rome in 1847.'

To Miss Holmes, who urged him to set down for her some details of his life-story, he wrote on August 18:

'I was born in the city of London, I lived when a child in London and Ham, London and Brighton, London and Norwood,—I was at school at Ealing, near London. When I was an undergraduate I was a good deal in Hampshire. After my father's death in 1824 I have had no home but Oxford and Birmingham. It is a short tale, without adventure, without interest except for myself.'

TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Oct. 17th, 1861.

'I returned from the Isle of Wight last night and found your letter on the table. I should have written before to you, had my time been my own. . . .

'Thank you for your various solicitude about me. I am glad to say that I am now able to go about my work as usual. As to my reading light books, I think it all fudge,—what I really want is what no one can give me,—to have an immunity from care and trouble. It is now for thirty years and more, that I have had little more than unrest. I suppose it is the condition of human life, though some people have joyful events to break their trials. . . . The souls in purgatory are without sin, and are visited by angels, yet, though they have higher privileges, they have more pains than we have, and that in spite of their having no bodies to be the seat of the suffering.'

TO MISS FROUDE.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Feb. 23rd, 1862.

'My dear Isy,—Thank you for your kind letter and remembrance of my birthday. *Have* old people birthdays? Somehow they die out of memory and the death day, could it be known by anticipation, ought to stand instead of them. I send you a strange kind of egotistical present,—and another for Hurrell. I never had my photograph taken till now—and, as usual, friends were not pleased with it, so I have had to have several. I daresay you will like neither. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.

'P.S.—Mama has given me a very pleasant account of you. I am very much better in health than I was, and seem to have been strengthened in order to be equal to some late trial.'

TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 2nd, 1862.

'I thank you for your beautiful little book, and the affectionate remembrance you have made of me in your handwriting in it. In this world of change it is a great thing to have unchanging friends—and you are one of them who have been most faithful to me amid all vicissitudes. It is not every Saint even, who can persevere—St. Columbanus, who did such great things, could not settle down in one place—and I think this is in the nature of you Celts.'

TO THE SAME.

'43 Walmer Road, Deal: Oct. 5th, 1862.

'... I was not unmindful of your kindness in sending me your photograph, tho' I did not acknowledge it. You know photographs never please friends; so you must not wonder if I was not reconciled to yours. You ought (if you didn't) to have gone to your artist with a friend, to have talked to her with animation, and then paused for a few seconds, while the expression which conversation had created was still vividly upon you, for the operation of the photographer,—whereas most persons go expressly *for* the operation, and make up their minds for it, as if it were an execution. The result of course is something very grave and disappointing. Now I hope it won't disappoint you, that I have said this. What I see in your photograph, I see in a multitude of others.'

TO AMBROSE ST. JOHN.

'Royal Hotel, Ramsgate: Oct. 16th, 1862.

'*You're* a pretty fellow to talk against economizing,—you, who talk of being "delighted with my letters on the *Home & Foreign*," and of their being written, oh dear! "in my happiest style"—and of "my coming out first rate." *You're* a pretty fellow to talk, who have been telling me only the sunshiny side of all that has been going on.

'I am enchanted with this place, but tell William that for all *substantial* matters Deal did as well as any place could do. 1. I was perfectly quiet. 2. the weather, after the first week, was splendid. 3. I was out in the air good part of the day. Recollect coming to Deal was *my* act;—and Ramsgate would have been crowded then. . . .

TO THE SAME.

‘Sept. 25th, 1862.

‘It *was* Jowett I came up with. I did not know I had ever known him *personally*. He was so vigorous in his demonstrations (of countenance) that at last I asked him some indifferent question. On which he at once came and sat next me, and said, that he had known me in the Long Vacation of 1840. We had a good deal of conversation. He got out at Oxford.’

TO MISS HOLMES.

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: April 16th, 1863.

‘Day after day have I been sending you the sermons—and yet I have not done it. I got them out months ago, but I tried to weigh them and they would not weigh,—that is, I could not ascertain their weight. And I weighed shillings and half-crowns against such weights as I had, to fathom the difficulty, but could not satisfy myself. And so it has gone on till I am quite ashamed of myself.

‘And now accept my best Easter greeting, though the sacred season is fleeting, and the months are completing the burst of the spring. It is here a wonderful spring, an annus mirabilis in that we have had no cold winds, no black heavens,—but the brightest February, the mildest March, and the most balmy April that I can recollect. The white blossoms of the fruit trees have been out these ten days—and the hedges were green at Easter. It is said to have been a bad season for colds. I have not found it so. For the first time in three years I have been able to celebrate at the Holy Week services, and I have had no cold through the winter. So you need not for some time fancy me breaking.’

TO FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN.

‘Rednal: Tuesday, June 9th, 1863.

‘When I got here last night, poor Mrs. Catton was in a dreadful state. She had quite forgotten I was coming, thinking only of your cow which was all but given over. She was crying and sobbing, had been up four nights, and was to be up that night. And her great distress was that poor Father Ambrose was so very unfortunate; he had lost so much, and really it was not her fault if the cow died.

‘She moved me so much that I said Mass for you this morning, first, from gratitude for what you have done to this place, and next from sorrow that you cannot enjoy your own

work yourself. This is the "amari aliquid" which "surgit" in the midst of my own enjoyment of it.

'However, through this day the cow has been improving. The doctor says he has 140 cows under the same complaint; it is the milk fever. They say calves should never be born at this time of year.

'Mrs. Catton has begged and prayed me not to tell you what a state she has been in about you, but I steadily refused to oblige her. On which she said: "she never, never would tell me anything again," but her distress was patent to the whole world, to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and no confidential communication.'

TO THE SAME.

'August 30th, 1863.

'My letter has been stopped,—first by my great day-long doings in the Library. I have been dusting, arranging, and rearranging to an heroic degree, though I have not yet done all. And next Frederick Rogers paid me a visit, and was the whole of yesterday with me. It is 20 years since we met. When he first saw me, he burst into tears, and would not let go my hands,—then his first words were: "How altered you are!" The lapse of so long a time brings itself in no other way so vividly. In memory, actions and doings of years ago appear like yesterday, and indeed in the course of the day he was led to cry out: "Oh, how like you!" and quoted parallel remarks of mine on occasions when we had been together, but, in the countenance, the silent course of years speaks unmistakably and all at once. We talked exceedingly freely on all subjects—my *own* difficulty is to keep from speaking *too* freely. It pleased me to find that he had no scepticism and had not gone back, apparently, one hair's breadth—but, I fear, neither has he advanced. It was a sad pleasure to me to find how very closely we agreed on a number of matters which have happened since we met. It was almost like two clocks keeping time.'

TO THE SAME.

'Rednal' Sept. 16th, 1863.

'I hope you will come to-morrow—the clematis smells sweetly and the fuchsias are gorgeous. As to the poor dog, I think she is starved. . . .

'I have spoken to the man,—he confesses she won't eat grass, and therefore has *starved* ever since July. Poor suffering animal,—by her gentle crawling about me, I think she knows I take her part.'

TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Dec. 27th, 1863.

'My best Christmas greetings to you and to Mr. and Mrs. Leigh.

'But I do not write to say what you will believe I feel, though I do not say it, but to express the piercing sorrow that I feel at Thackeray's death.

'You know I never saw him, but you have interested me in him, and one saw in his books the workings of his mind,—and he has died with such awful suddenness.

'A new work of his had been advertised, and I looked forward with pleasure to reading it, and now the drama of his life is closed, and he himself is the greatest instance of the text of which he was so full: "*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.*" I wonder whether he has known his own decay, for a decay I think there has been. I thought his last novel betrayed lassitude and exhaustion of mind, and he has lain by apparently for a year. His last (fugitive) pieces in the *Cornhill* have been almost sermons—one should be very glad to know that he had presentiments of what was to come.

'What a world this is! How wretched they are who take it for their portion. Poor Thackeray! It seems but the other day since we became Catholics. Now all his renown has been since that—he has made his name, has been made much of, has been fêted, and has gone out,—all since 1846 or 1847, all since I went to Propaganda and came back a Philippine.'

TO MR. W. FROUDE.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Jan. 2nd, 1864.

'My dear William,—It is natural to begin by wishing you and yours, as I do from my heart, all blessings during the year we have just begun. A new year is an awful thing at all times, but, as one gets on in life, too solemn a thought almost for words. I recollect how I was oppressed when I was advancing to my lesser climacteric; and now I am close upon my greater. . . . Yours ever affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO MISS BOWLES.

'February 13th, 1864.

'It is very sad indeed to hear you have been so ill. I thought of course you were abroad. Well, it seems a token of God's Will towards you. What trials you have had. I do

hope you are getting well. Please keep me *au courant* about yourself. Oh! what a thing life is, and how objectless to most of us, unless there were a future. We seem to live and die as the leaves; but there is One Who notes the fragrance of everyone of them, and, when their hour comes, places them between the pages of His great book.

‘And the book you have sent me is a kind of type of that rich Book of Life. I wonder over the vast toil which it implies, and don’t know how enough to thank you for the love towards me it shows to have wrought out a present so beautiful and so perfect. How many hours must I have been, at least virtually and by implication, in your thoughts. I feel how very unworthy I am of such kindness, and I only hope that that minute, persevering diligence which is but another form of a multitude of prayers for me, may bear fruit in my own soul, and return in numberless blessings upon your head. May we all meet, “who love the Lord Jesus Christ in incorruption,” where there is no separation and no change.

‘I have nothing to tell you about myself. Mr. Arnold has had the scarlatina and is away. In consequence I am helping to take his place, and have printed an expurgated edition of Terence’s “Phormio,” and am lecturing a lot of boys on it. We are as yet very fortunate in our boys—and, if I could believe it to be God’s Will, would turn away my thoughts from ever writing anything, and should see, in the superintendence of these boys, the nearest return to my Oxford life, for, to my surprise, I find that Oxford “men” and schoolboys are but varieties of one species, and I think I should get on with the one as I got on with the other. But no one will venture to say to me: “Give up writing,”—so I am between two bundles of hay.’

TO W. J. COPELAND.

‘Feb. 23rd, 1864.

‘Thank you for your affectionate letter. It is awful to be such an age. It is indeed a calm and quiet time, like the little summer of St. Martin’s—and, had I not too much to do, and were not I haunted with misgivings that I ought to do more in the way of writing books than I am doing, I should be too happy. Also I have anxious thoughts, as I suppose most old men have, what will become of those who are nearest to me, when I am gone.’

Thus the beginning of 1864 found him a *miles emeritus*—to use his own phrase—tilling his garden, saying his prayers, looking after his schoolboys, thinking of approaching death, his field days apparently at an end. But this was not to last. A trumpet called him to arms in the very month in which these last letters were written. Charles Kingsley published an attack which brought him forth from his tent. Months of intense effort, a battle in which his sword proved keener than ever before, followed. An acknowledged victory—with the eyes of all England once more upon him—brought gratitude from Catholics to the brilliant defender of their cause, and universal congratulations which quickened his pulse once more, and gave him courage and hope for the future. But this story must be told in another chapter.

THE LIFE OF
JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN
VOLUME II

LIFE

OF

CARDINAL NEWMAN

CHAPTER XX

THE WRITING OF THE 'APOLOGIA' (1864)

AT Christmas 1863 there appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* a review by Charles Kingsley of J. A. Froude's 'History of England.' In it occurred the following passage:

'Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be, and on the whole ought not to be;—that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is, at least, historically so.'

Newman wrote to the publishers, not, he said, to ask for reparation, but 'to draw their attention as gentlemen to a grave and gratuitous slander.' Kingsley at once wrote to him as follows, acknowledging the authorship of the review:

'Reverend Sir,—I have seen a letter of yours to Mr. Macmillan in which you complain of some expressions of mine in an article in the January number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

'That my words were just, I believed from many passages of your writings; but the document to which I expressly referred was one of your sermons on "Subjects of the Day," No. XX in the volume published in 1844, and entitled "Wisdom and Innocence."

'It was in consequence of that sermon that I finally shook off the strong influence which your writings exerted on me, and for much of which I still owe you a deep debt of gratitude.

'I am most happy to hear from you that I mistook (as I understand from your letter) your meaning; and I shall be most happy, on your showing me that I have wronged you, to retract my accusation as publicly as I have made it.

'I am, Reverend Sir,
Your faithful servant,
CHARLES KINGSLEY.'

The retort was obvious—Newman was not yet a Catholic priest in 1844 when he wrote his sermon. Moreover, he wrote to Kingsley pointing out that there were no words in the sermon expressing any such opinion as Kingsley had ascribed to him. To this simple statement of fact Kingsley never replied. In the course of their correspondence, however, he said: 'the tone of your letters makes me feel to my very deep pleasure that my opinion of the meaning of your words is a mistaken one.' But Kingsley's *animus* was naïvely shown in the *amende* which he offered to publish.

The proposed apology ran as follows: 'Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words. No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does, or does not, mean by them. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him, and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of truth, in this, or any other matter.'

Newman naturally objected to the passages stating that 'no man knows the meaning of words better than Dr. Newman,' and that Mr. Kingsley was glad to find him 'on the side of truth, in this, or any other matter.' Kingsley withdrew them. But he would not change the gist of the letter, which implied that Newman had explained away his own words; whereas (as Newman pointed out again) Kingsley had not confronted him with any words at all.

Newman quoted the opinion of a friend, to whom he showed Kingsley's amended apology, that it was insufficient, but it

appeared without further change in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February, and ran as follows: 'Dr. Newman has expressed, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning I have put on his words. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him.'

To the more or less apathetic onlooker this *amende* might have appeared sufficient. An apology had been made, and had been called by the man who made it, a 'hearty' one. But Newman judged otherwise. The apology was merely conventional. It accepted politely Newman's disclaimer of having meant what he seemed to mean. But the real accusation Kingsley had to meet was that he had ascribed to Newman views which he had never expressed at all, or could be fairly charged with seeming to mean. Newman saw his opportunity and pressed his argument. Kingsley declined to do more by way of apology, and said he had done as much as one English gentleman could expect from another. Newman published the correspondence between them, with the following witty caricature of Kingsley's argument:

'Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming: "Oh, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it! There's Father Newman to wit;—one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He a priest, writing of priests, tells us that lying is never any harm." I interpose: "You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where." Mr. Kingsley replies: "You said it, reverend Sir, in a sermon which you preached when a Protestant, as vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844, and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you." I make answer: "Oh . . . *not*, it seems, as a priest speaking of priests; but let us have the passage." Mr. Kingsley relaxes: "Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice,—greatly rejoice,—to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said." I rejoin: "*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic!" Mr. Kingsley replies: "I waive that point." I object: "Is it possible? What? Waive the main question? I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me--

direct, distinct, public; you are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly, or to own you can't!" "Well," says Mr. Kingsley, "if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it,—I really will." "My word!" I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a professor of lying that he does not lie! But Mr. Kingsley reassures me. "We are both gentlemen," he says, "I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another." I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. *Habemus confitentem reum*. So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott. "I left Baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him," says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno; "Oh Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence."

In spite of the extreme brilliancy of this sally it is likely enough that the British public, with its anti-Catholic prejudices, would have charged Newman with hyper-sensitiveness and ill-temper, and considered that the popular writer against whom the sally was directed had really made ample amends by his apology. But at this juncture there intervened a man who was already becoming a power, by force of intellect and character, in the world of letters. Richard Holt Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*, was a Liberal in politics, until lately a Unitarian in religion, a known admirer of Kingsley, a sympathiser with the Liberal theology of Frederick Denison Maurice. It was to his intervention that an able critic—the late Mr. G. L. Craik, who well remembered the controversy and whose theological sympathies were with Kingsley—used confidently to ascribe the direction which public opinion, in many instances trembling in the balance, took at this moment, and ultimately took with overwhelming force. All Hutton's antecedents seemed to be against any unfair partiality on Newman's behalf. But he had been for years keenly alive to spiritual genius wherever it showed itself—in Martineau, in Maurice, as well as in Newman. He had followed Newman's writings and career with deep interest and had been present

(as we have seen) at the King William Street lectures in 1849. Endowed with a justice of mind which only a few men in each generation can boast, and which makes them judges in Israel, he had an ingrained suspiciousness of the unfairness of the English public where 'Popery' was concerned, and felt the need to guide it aright. He saw fully the injustice of Kingsley's method. On February 20 he published in the *Spectator* an estimate of the controversy, raised on that judicial platform of thought from which the most unfailingly effective argument proceeds. He allowed for the popular feeling that Newman's retort was too severe, and even admitted it. But in his fine psychological study of the two men he pointed out a looseness of thought, a prejudice, a want of candour in Kingsley, which were at the root both of his original offence and of his insufficient apology, and summed up very strongly in Newman's favour. He wrote as follows:

'Mr. Kingsley has just afforded, at his own expense, a genuine literary pleasure to all who can find intellectual pleasure in the play of great powers of sarcasm, by bringing Father Newman from his retirement and showing, not only one of the greatest of English writers, but perhaps the very greatest master of delicate and polished sarcasm in the English language, still in full possession of all the powers which contributed to his wonderful mastery of that subtle and dangerous weapon. Mr. Kingsley is a choice though perhaps too helpless victim for the full exercise of Father Newman's powers. But he has high feeling and generous courage enough to make us feel that the sacrifice is no ordinary one; yet the title of one of his books,—"*Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers*"—represents too closely the character of his rough but manly intellect, so that a more opportune Protestant ram for Father Newman's sacrificial knife could scarcely have been found; and, finally, the thicket in which he caught himself was, as it were, of his own choosing, he having rushed headlong into it quite without malice, but also quite without proper consideration of the force and significance of his own words. Mr. Kingsley is really without any case at all in the little personal controversy we are about to notice; and we think he drew down upon himself fairly the last keen blow of the sacrificial knife by what we must consider a very inadequate apology for his rash statement.

'Mr. Kingsley, in the ordinary steeplechase fashion in

which he chooses not so much to think as to *splash up* thought—dregs and all—(often very healthy and sometimes very noble, but always very loose thought), in one's face, had made a random charge against Father Newman in *Macmillan's Magazine*. . . . The sermon in question, which we have carefully read, certainly contains no proposition of the kind to which Mr. Kingsley alludes, and no language even so like it as the text taken from Our Lord's own words, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

' . . . We must say that the whole justice of the matter seems to us on Dr. Newman's side, that Mr. Kingsley ought to have said, what is obviously true, that, on examining the sermon no passage will bear any colourable meaning at all like that he had put upon it. And yet it is impossible not to feel that Dr. Newman has inflicted almost more than an adequate literary retribution on his opponent; more than adequate, not only for the original fault, but for the yet more faulty want of due candour in the apology. You feel somehow that Mr. Kingsley's little weaknesses, his inaccuracy of thought, his reluctance to admit that he had been guilty of making rather an important accusation on the strength of a very loose general impression, are all gauged, probed, and condemned by a mind perfectly imperturbable in its basis of intellect though vividly sensitive to the little superficial ripples of motive and emotion it scorns.'

Newman had burnt his ships, and had probably been prepared for a strong verdict against him and in favour of so popular a writer as Kingsley, on the part of that very anti-Popish person, the John Bull of 1864. Hutton's was a most seasonable and valuable intervention. By admitting and allowing for the most obvious ground of public criticism on Newman—the excessiveness of the castigation he had administered—the *Spectator* was all the more effective in its strong justification of Newman's main position in the controversy. The article gave him keen pleasure and he wrote his thanks to the *Spectator*, which brought a generous private letter from Hutton himself. Newman replied to it as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: February 26th, 1864.

'My dear Sir,—Your letter gave me extreme pleasure. Though I contrive to endure my chronic unpopularity, and though I believe it to be salutary, yet it is not in itself welcome; and therefore it is a great relief to me to have from

time to time such letters as yours which serve to show that, under the surface of things, there is a kinder feeling towards me than the surface presents.

'I ought to tell you that when I wrote my letter to the editor of the *Spectator* the other day, I had only seen the first part of your article as it was extracted in the Birmingham paper. . . .

'I thanked you for your article when I saw only part of it, on the ground of its being so much more generous than the ordinary feeling of the day allows reviewers commonly to behave towards me. I thank you still more for it as I now read it with its complement,—first because it is evidently written, not at random, but critically, and secondly because it is evidently the expression of real, earnest, and personal feeling. How far what you say about me is correct can perhaps be determined neither by you nor by me, but by the Searcher of hearts alone; but, even where I cannot follow you in your criticism, I am sure I get a lesson from it for my serious consideration.

'But I have said enough, and subscribe myself with sincere goodwill to you, my dear Sir,

'Very faithfully yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Kingsley, who was doubtless persuaded that his apology to Newman was a very handsome one, and unconscious how his own judgment was warped by his antipathy to everything that Newman represented in his eyes, now changed his tone, and, in a pamphlet called 'What then does Dr. Newman mean?' fully justified the estimate Newman had formed of his true attitude of mind—an attitude which had prevented Newman, at the outset, from accepting an apology which he felt to be grudging and not in the fullest sense sincere. How deep and habitual Kingsley's feeling of animosity was, we see from some words written while his pamphlet was in preparation, to a correspondent who had called his attention to a passage in W. G. Ward's 'Ideal of a Christian Church' which appeared to justify Kingsley's charge against Newman and his friends. 'Candour,' Mr. Ward had written, 'is an intellectual rather than a moral virtue, and by no means either universally or distinctively characteristic of the saintly mind.' If 'candour' meant 'truthfulness,' such an admission was surely significant.

Kingsley replied that he was using the passage from Ward's book in his forthcoming pamphlet, and added: 'I am answering Newman now, and though of course I give up the charge of conscious dishonesty, I trust to make him and his admirers sorry that they did not leave me alone. I have a score of more than twenty years to pay, and this is an instalment of it.'¹

It is necessary for the reader to have before him specimens of the tone and temper of Kingsley's pamphlet that he may appreciate the effect it produced, and the provocation under which Newman considered himself justified in writing as he subsequently did.

The general line of argument in the pamphlet may perhaps be put thus: 'Newman's words looked like the view which I imputed to him. I have accepted his statement that he did not so mean them. But if he did not, what *does* he mean?' The reader looks in vain, however, for a passage in which Kingsley quotes any words of Newman's which justify his original statement. The nearest approach to any such attempt at justification is in his analysis of the sermon on 'Wisdom and Innocence,' where he points out how Newman admits that Christians have been charged with cunning, though he maintains that such appearances are due only to the arts of the defenceless. 'If,' he writes, 'Dr. Newman told the world, as he virtually does in this sermon, "I know that my conduct looks like cunning, but it is only the arts of the defenceless," what wonder if the world answer "No, it is what it seems"?''

But Mr. Kingsley was thoroughly roused. If the sermon did not supply what he wanted, he could go further afield for evidence. And he could make fresh charges. He continued in a style which bears curious witness to the profound and indiscriminating aversion to Newman's whole attitude which lay at the root of his original attack. Passing by the 'tortuous' Tract 90, and claiming the recognition of his generosity in so doing, he speaks of the Puseyite 'Lives of the Saints,' edited by Newman in 1843, as witnessing to his flagrant untruthfulness. Entirely failing to understand Newman's

¹ These words are quoted by Father Ryder in his *Recollections*; *vide infra*, p. 351.

philosophy of miracle, he speaks of those 'Lives' as simply deliberate perversions of historical truth. Newman's view, it need hardly be said, was that there are certain antecedent probabilities recognised by one who is already a Catholic, which make the marvels handed down by tradition credible to him as 'pious beliefs,' although they may not be historically proved. He admitted as much as Kingsley that they could not be established by canons of evidence accepted by those who did not grant the antecedent probabilities. Such a view as this, whether right or wrong, is never even glanced at by Mr. Kingsley, who treats the 'Lives' as simply a tissue of infantile folly and untruthfulness combined.

Kingsley recalls Newman's statement in the 'Present Position of Catholics,' that he thinks the 'holy coat of Treves' may be what it professes to be, and that he firmly believes that portions of the True Cross are in Rome and elsewhere; that he believes in the presence of the Crib of Bethlehem in Rome; that he cannot withstand the evidence for the liquefaction of Januarius' blood at Naples and the motion of the eyes of the images of the Madonna in Italy. No one knew better than Newman himself that, to the ordinary common-sense Protestant Englishman, such beliefs must seem ludicrous and childish superstitions. But Newman had very cogently pointed out that, judged by the canons of reason apart from the antecedent presumptions of religious minds, miracles in Holy Writ which the Protestant Englishman never questions, and accepts from custom and education, are also incredible. That Jonah spent three days in the interior of a whale is a belief not easier to justify by reason than the wonders referred to above, and Mr. Kingsley, it was to be presumed, accepted this miraculous narrative himself. But the whole philosophical ground for Newman's readiness to believe is passed by without notice by Kingsley. He throws before his readers as beyond the reach or necessity of argument the above avowals of folly and superstition. And he changes his earlier charge of untruthfulness and insincerity for one of arrant and avowed fatuity.

'How art thou fallen from Heaven,' he writes, 'O Lucifer, son of the Morning!

‘But when I read these outrages upon common sense, what wonder if I said to myself: “This man cannot believe what he is saying”?’

‘I believe I was wrong. I have tried, as far as I can, to imagine to myself Dr. Newman’s state of mind; and I see now the possibility of a man’s working himself into that pitch of confusion that he can persuade himself, by what seems to him logic, of anything whatsoever which he wishes to believe; and of his carrying self-deception to such perfection that it becomes a sort of frantic honesty in which he is utterly unconscious, not only that he is deceiving others, but that he is deceiving himself.

‘But I must say: If this be “historic truth,” what is historic falsehood? If this be honesty, what is dishonesty? If this be wisdom, what is folly?

‘I may be told: But this is Roman Catholic doctrine. You have no right to be angry with Dr. Newman for believing it. I answer: This is not Roman Catholic doctrine, any more than belief in miraculous appearances of the Blessed Virgin, or the miracle of the Stigmata (on which two matters I shall say something hereafter). No Roman Catholic, as far as I am aware, is bound to believe these things. Dr. Newman has believed them of his own free will. He is anxious, it would seem, to show his own credulity. He has worked his mind, it would seem, into that morbid state in which nonsense is the only food for which it hungers. Like the sophists of old, he has used reason to destroy reason. I had thought that, like them, he had preserved his own reason in order to be able to destroy that of others. But I was unjust to him, as he says. While he tried to destroy others’ reason, he was, at least, fair enough to destroy his own. That is all that I can say. Too many prefer the charge of insincerity to that of insipience,—Dr. Newman seems not to be of that number. . . . If I, like hundreds more, have mistaken his meaning and intent, he must blame not me, but himself. If he will indulge in subtle paradoxes, in rhetorical exaggerations; if, whenever he touches on the question of truth and honesty, he will take a perverse pleasure in saying something shocking to plain English notions, he must take the consequences of his own eccentricities.

‘What does Dr. Newman mean? He assures us so earnestly and indignantly that he is an honest man, believing what he says, that we in return are bound, in honour and humanity, to believe him; but still,—what does he mean?’

It would be tedious to follow Mr. Kingsley through his many instances. They all show that Newman's views are a sealed book to him. These views doubtless admit of expert criticism when once they are understood. But Mr. Kingsley does not attempt to master them. His impatience prevents all discrimination. Thus Newman's very candid admissions in his Lecture on the 'Religious State of Catholic Countries' are taken as showing that Newman almost admires the crimes of the Neapolitan thief. Newman argued that a Catholic might steal as another may steal; this does not make stealing in him less evil; still, he may have faith which the other had not. Faith is one thing, good works another. They are separable qualities. Mr. Kingsley holds up his hands. Further argument is indeed, he holds, useless and unnecessary with a man who says such things as this.

'And so I leave Dr. Newman,' he concludes, 'only expressing my fear that, if he continues to "economize" and "divide" the words of his adversaries as he has done mine, he will run great danger of forfeiting once more his reputation for honesty.'

Every line of this pamphlet speaks of an indignant man who is convinced that he has much the best case in the dispute, and who cannot bring himself to conceal his contemptuous dislike for his opponent. Mr. Hutton, who vigilantly took note of each move in the game, formed a very different estimate from Kingsley's of the pamphlet, and of the situation. On its appearance he again took the field, and in the course of an article of five columns gave the following estimate of its drift and quality:

'Mr. Kingsley replies in an angry pamphlet, which we do not hesitate to say aggravates the original injustice a hundredfold. Instead of quoting language of Dr. Newman's fairly justifying his statement, he quotes everything of almost any sort, whether having reference to casuistry, or to the monastic system, or the theory of Christian evidences, that will irritate,—often rightly irritate,—English taste against the Romish system of faith, and every apology or plea of any kind put in by Dr. Newman in favour of that faith. He raises, in fact, as large a cloud of dust as he can round his opponent, appeals to every Protestant prepossession against

him, reiterates that "truth is not honoured among these men for its own sake," giving a very shrewd hint that he includes Dr. Newman as chief amongst the number, and retires without vindicating his assertion in the least, except so far as to prove that there was quite enough that he disliked or even abhorred in Dr. Newman's teaching to *suggest* such an assertion to his mind,—his latent assumption evidently being that whatever Mr. Kingsley could say in good faith it could not have been unjustifiable for him to say. Mr. Kingsley evidently holds it quite innocent and even praiseworthy to blurt out raw general impressions, however inadequately supported, which are injurious and painful to other men, on condition only that they are his own sincere impressions. He has no mercy for the man who will define his thought and choose his language so subtly that the mass of his hearers may fail to perceive his distinctions, and be misled into a dangerous error,—because he cannot endure making a fine art of speech. Yet he permits himself a perfect licence of insinuation so long as these insinuations are suggested by the vague sort of animal scent by which he chooses to judge of other men's drift and meaning. . . . Mr. Kingsley has done himself pure harm by this rejoinder.'

The phrase 'animal scent' was an expressive one, and told with great effect. It characterised mercilessly the sheer prejudice which led to Mr. Kingsley's insinuations.

Newman felt the value of Hutton's renewed support at this critical moment, and wrote to him again:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Easter Day, 1864. March 27th.

'My dear Sir,—I have read an article on Mr. Kingsley and myself in the *Spectator* which I cannot help attributing to you. Excuse me if I take a liberty in doing so. Whoever wrote it I thank him with all my heart. I hope I shall be never slow to confess my faults, and, if I have, while becoming a Catholic, palliated things really wrong among Catholics in order to make my theory of religion and my consequent duty clearer, I am very sorry for it,—and I know I am not the best judge of myself,—but Mr. Kingsley's charges are simply monstrous. I can't tell till I read the article again carefully how far I follow you in everything you say of me,—though it is very probable I shall do so except in believing (which I do) that I am both logically and morally right in being a Catholic, but it is impossible not to feel that you have uttered

on the whole what I should say of myself, and to see that you have done me a great service in doing so, as bearing an external testimony.

'Let me on this day, after the manner of Catholics, wish you the truest *Paschale gaudium*, and assure you that I am

'Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—On reading this over I have some fear lest I should incur some criticism from you in your mind on what you seemed to think in a former instance, mock humility,—but, if you knew me personally, I don't think you would say so.'

But it soon proved that the goodwill towards Newman was general in the English press. Though no other journal showed the close knowledge of his work which Mr. Hutton possessed, and though others fell short of the *Spectator* in understanding and sympathy, respect and consideration were general. The issue may have been doubtful so long as Kingsley's attack had been but a brief paragraph for which he apologised, but by his virulent pamphlet he overreached himself.

Newman saw at once that he would now have a hearing such as had never yet been open to him for a vindication of his whole life-work. For a moment he thought of answering Kingsley in a course of lectures. But a little more thought led to the plan of publishing in weekly parts an account and explanation of his life-story. The reason for his determination to publish rather than to lecture lay in the nature of such an account, and is expressed in the following letter to Mr. Hope-Scott:

'Confidential.

The Oratory, Birmingham: April 12th, 1864.

'My dear Hope-Scott,—It is curious that the plan of lectures is one about which Ambrose (St. John) was hot, and I had all but determined on it, but I was forced to abandon it from the nature of my intended publication; I have taken a resolution, about which I shall be criticized,—yet I do it, though with anxiety, yet with deliberation.

'Men who know me, the tip-top education of London and far gone Liberals, will not accuse me of lying or dishonesty—but e.g. the Brummagem, and the Evangelical party, &c., &c., do really believe me to be a clever knave. Moreover I have never defended myself about various acts of

mine, e.g. No. 90, so I am actually publishing a history of my opinions. Now it would have been impossible to *read* this out.

'I am so busy with composing that I have no time for more. My answer will come out in numbers on successive Thursdays, beginning with the 21st.

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory.'

Every day made clearer to Newman the existence of such a state of public feeling in his regard as promised not only attention, but even sympathy. He knew too well, however, that a defender of the Catholic priesthood from the charge of unstraightforwardness before such a jury as the British public was at a very heavy disadvantage, and not the least remarkable feature in his defence was the skill with which, in his opening pages (now long out of print), he set himself to counteract this adverse influence. His unfailing insight into human motive told him that success depended on the initial attitude of mind in his judges, and it was exclusively to securing a favourable attitude that he devoted the first fifty pages of the original '*Apologia*.'¹ It is the skill he shows in persuading a mixed public and ensuring its favour which is most memorable in these pages. He had to present to the reader a convincing picture of himself as gratuitously slandered and assailed, as pleading in the face of the bitterest prejudice, as throwing himself on the generosity of the British public, and relying on their justice for fair play in a contest dishonourably provoked.

He had with equally convincing pen to depict the crude, rough, blundering, impulsive, deeply prejudiced mind of Kingsley, to bring into view his inferiority of intellectual fibre, and thus to win credence for his own retort.

Kingsley had chosen as the motto for his pamphlet Newman's assertion in one of the University Sermons that in some cases a lie is the nearest approach to truth. Newman notes in these introductory pages the appositeness of the

¹ These pages were Parts I. and II. of the successive numbers. They were republished only in the first edition of the *Apologia*, which is now very rare. From them and from the Appendix (also out of print) I give long extracts because they are singularly characteristic of the writer, and are, I believe, generally unknown.

motto, for 'Mr. Kingsley's pamphlet is emphatically one of such cases. . . . I really believe that his view of me is about as near an approach to the truth about my writings and doings as he is capable of taking. He has done his worst towards me, but he has also done his best.' Newman depicts him as in this attack simply narrow-minded. His failure to comprehend a mind unlike his own is an illustration of a wide law: 'children do not apprehend the thoughts of grown-up people, nor savages the instincts of civilisation.'

Against the blind contempt of Kingsley, who hesitated between 'knavery' and 'silliness' as the true charge against his antagonist, Newman levels the piercing scorn of the wider and more penetrating mind. It is the scorn of the civilised man, who sees and analyses the defects of barbarism, pitted against the scorn of barbarism, that hates, fears, and despises the civilisation which it cannot understand. Kingsley had taken up the position of the manly Englishman, of the advocate of chivalrous generosity, against the shifty Papist, the 'serpentine' dealer in 'cunning and sleight-of-hand logic.' Newman not only drives his opponent from the vantage ground, but occupies it himself, transferring to Kingsley the reproach of a disingenuousness which sought to poison the minds of the public and divert their gaze from the actual issue.

Mr. Kingsley had rather grandly announced that he was precluded "en hault courage" and in strict honour' from proving his original charge from others of Newman's writings except the sermon on 'Wisdom and Innocence.' 'If I thereby give him a fresh advantage in this argument,' he added, 'he is most welcome to it. He needs, it seems to me, as many advantages as possible.' Newman quotes these words with the comment: 'What a princely mind! How loyal to his rash promise; how delicate towards the subject of it; how conscientious in his interpretation of it!'

But what was the actual exhibition of noble straightforwardness which the advocate of 'hault courage' provided? A whole mass of insinuation without any substantiation of the original charge of untruthfulness; and a re-hash of such conventional imputations against the Papist as might stir up popular bigotry to his detriment.

'When challenged,' Newman continues, 'he cannot bring a fragment of evidence in proof of his assertion, and he is convicted of false witness by the voice of the world. Well, I should have thought that he had now nothing whatever more to do. Vain man! he seems to make answer, what simplicity in you to think so! If you have not broken one commandment, let us see whether we cannot convict you of the breach of another. If you are not a swindler or forger, you are guilty of arson or burglary. By hook or by crook you shall not escape. Are *you* to suffer or *I*? What does it matter to you who are going off the stage to receive a slight additional daub upon a character so deeply stained already? But think of me,—the immaculate lover of truth, so observant (as I have told you, p. 8) of "hault courage" and "strict honour," and (aside)—and not as this publican—do you think I can let you go scot free instead of myself? No; "noblesse oblige." Go to the shades, old man, and boast that Achilles sent you thither.'

This method of wholesale insinuation and imputation was not, Newman contended, fair play as Englishmen understand it. And, worse still, was the attempt to discount beforehand every detailed reply by repeating in aggravated form the charge of shiftiness and untruthfulness, and coupling Newman's method with that of Roman casuists whom John Bull abominated.

'He is down upon me,' the 'Apologia' continues, 'with the odious names of "St. Alfonso da Liguori," and "Scavini" and "Neyraguet" and "the Romish moralists," and their "compeers and pupils," and I am at once merged and whirled away in the gulf of notorious quibblers and hypocrites and rogues.'

And the writer proceeds to cite from Mr. Kingsley's pamphlet such sentences as the following:

'I am *henceforth* in doubt and fear,' Mr. Kingsley writes, 'as much as any honest man can be, *concerning every word* Dr. Newman may write. *How can I tell that I shall not be dupe of some cunning equivocation*, of one of the three kinds laid down as permissible by the Blessed Alfonso da Liguori and his pupils, even when confirmed by an oath, because "then we do not deceive our neighbour, but allow him

to deceive himself? . . . It is admissible, therefore, to use words and sentences which have a double signification and leave the hapless hearer to take which of them he may choose." *What proof have I, then, that by "Mean it? I never said it!" Dr. Newman does not signify, "I did not say it, but I did mean it"?*¹

It is this throwing doubt beforehand on every word which the accused might say in self-defence which Newman called 'poisoning the wells.'

'If I am natural he will tell them: "*Ars est celare artem*"; if I am convincing he will suggest that I am an able logician; if I show warmth, I am acting the indignant innocent; if I am calm, I am thereby detected as a smooth hypocrite; if I clear up difficulties I am too plausible and perfect to be true. The more triumphant are my statements, the more certain will be my defeat.'

'It is this,' he writes later on, 'which is the strength of the case of my accuser against me; not his arguments in themselves which I shall easily crumble into dust, but the bias of the court. It is the state of the atmosphere; it is the vibration all around which will more or less echo his assertion of my dishonesty; it is that prepossession against me which takes it for granted that, when my reasoning is convincing, it is only ingenious, and that when my statements are unanswerable there is always something put out of sight or hidden in my sleeve; it is that plausible, but cruel, conclusion to which men are so apt to jump, that when much is imputed something must be true, and that it is more likely that one should be to blame than that many should be mistaken in blaming him;—these are the real foes which I have to fight, and the auxiliaries to whom my accuser makes his court.'

'Well, I must break through this barrier of prejudice against me, if I can; and I think I shall be able to do so. When first I read the pamphlet of Accusation, I almost despaired of meeting effectively such a heap of misrepresentation and such a vehemence of animosity. . . .'²

Yet the defence, Newman maintains, must be made. The charge of untruthfulness is pre-eminently one in which a man must and can put himself right with his fellow-men.

'Mankind has the right,' he continues, 'to judge of truthfulness in the case of a Catholic, as in the case of

¹ *Apologia* (original edition), pp. 22-23.

² *Ibid.* p. 44.

a Protestant, or an Italian, or of a Chinese. I have never doubted that in my hour, in God's hour, my avenger will appear and the world will acquit me of untruthfulness, even though it be not while I live.

'Still more confident am I of such eventual acquittal, seeing that my judges are my own countrymen. I think, indeed, Englishmen the most suspicious and touchy of mankind; I think them unreasonable and unjust in their seasons of excitement; but I had rather be an Englishman (as in fact I am) than belong to any other race under Heaven. They are as generous as they are hasty and burly; and their repentance for their injustice is greater than their sin.'¹

As to the form of the reply, Newman explains that a very brief reflection told him that a mere detailed meeting of Kingsley's random charges would be inadequate. The man Newman was suspected; a false picture of a sly and untruthful casuist had been presented to the public. For this man to reply was waste of breath and ink. A true picture must be substituted,—a true account of life, motive, career. Another Newman must be placed before the English nation—a Newman whom it would trust.

'My perplexity did not last half an hour. I recognised what I had to do though I shrank from both the task and the exposure which it would entail. I must, I said, give the true key to my whole life; I must show what I am that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me. I wish to be known as a living man, and not as a scarecrow which is dressed up in my clothes. False ideas may be refuted indeed by argument, but by true ideas alone are they expelled. I will vanquish, not my accuser, but my judges.'²

The first and second parts of the 'Apologia,' from which the above extracts are made, appeared on April 21 and 28. Sir Frederick Rogers—the friend whose advice generally represented sound worldly judgment in Newman's eyes—wrote on reading the first part with some misgiving as to its effect on the public, and the probable effect of what was to follow, if it were in the same strain, as indicative of over-great personal sensitiveness. In particular he deprecated the

¹ *Apologia*, p. 30.

² *Ibid.* p. 48.

element of sarcasm and the personal strictures on Kingsley which characterised the first part.

Newman's reply is as follows:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: April 22nd, 1864.

‘My dear Rogers,—Your letter has given me a good deal of anxiety as being the sort of judgment of a person at a distance. I understood it to say that I ought to have let well alone, and that, (knowing I had got the victory), I have shown a savageness which will provoke a reaction. I had considered all this before I began.

‘However, I am now in for it; and, if I am wrong, have set myself to the most trying work which I ever had to do for nothing. During the writing and reading of my Part 3, I could not get on from beginning to end for crying. . . .

‘However, I am in for it and I am writing against time. I have no intention of saying another hard word against Mr. Kingsley. That is all I can do now if I have been too severe. I am in for it,—and must go through it.

‘Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Old Oxford friends had to be consulted in order to ensure accuracy in the narration of the events of the Movement. Copeland—who edited the later editions of the Parochial Sermons—had, as we have seen, been one of the first to resume friendly relations with Newman after the breach of 1845. And now by his advice Newman wrote to an older and dearer friend—R. W. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul’s—for help which was willingly accorded.

‘*Private.*

The Oratory, Birmingham: April 23rd, 1864.

‘My dear Church,—Copeland encourages me to write to you. I am in one of the most painful trials in which I have ever been in my life and I think you can help me.

‘It has always been on my mind that perhaps some day I should be called on to defend my honesty while in the Church of England. Of course there have been endless hits against me in newspapers, reviews and pamphlets,—but, even though the names of the writers have come out and have belonged to great men, they have been anonymous publications,—or else a sentence or two on some particular point has been the whole. But I have considered that, if anyone with his name made an elaborate charge on me, I

was bound to speak. When Maurice in the *Times* a year ago attacked me, I answered him at once.

‘But I have thought it very unlikely that anyone would do so,—and then, I am so indolent that, unless there is an actual necessity, I do nothing. In consequence now, when the call comes on me, I am quite unprepared to meet it. I know well that Kingsley is a furious foolish fellow,—but he has a name,—nor is it anything at all to me that men think I got the victory in the Correspondence several months ago,—that was a contest of ability,—but now he comes out with a pamphlet bringing together a hodge podge of charges against me all about dishonesty. Now friends who know me say: “Let him alone,—no one credits him,” but it is not so. This very town of Birmingham, of course, knows nothing of me, and his pamphlet on its appearance produced an effect. The evangelical party has always spoken ill of me, and the pamphlet seems to justify them. The Roman Catholic party does not know me;—the fathers of our school boys, the priests, &c., &c., whom I cannot afford to let think badly of me. Therefore, thus publicly challenged, I must speak, and, unless I speak strongly, men won’t believe me in earnest.

‘But now I have little more to trust to than my memory. There are matters in which no one can help me, viz. those which have gone on in my own mind, but there is also a great abundance of public facts, or again, facts witnessed by persons close to me, which I may have forgotten. I fear of making mistakes in dates, though I have a good memory for them, and still more of making bold generalizations without suspicion that they are not to the letter tenable.

‘Now you were so much with me from 1840 to 1843 or even 1845, that it has struck me that you could, (if you saw in proof what I shall write about those years), correct any fault of fact which you found in my statement. Also, you might have letters of mine to throw light on my state of mind, and this by means of contemporaneous authority. And these are the two matters I request of you as regards the years in question.

‘The worst is, I am so hampered for time. Longman thought I ought not to delay, so I began, and, therefore, of necessity in numbers. What I have to send you is not yet written. It won’t be much in point of length.

‘I need hardly say that I shall keep secret anything you do for me, and the fact of my having applied to you.

‘Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Church welcomed warmly the letter of his old friend, and Newman wrote again:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 26th, 1864.

'My dear Church,—Your letter is most kind, but I am not going to take all the assistance you offer.

'As you say, it is almost an advantage in me not to take more time. But I am not writing a History of the Movement, nor arguing out statements.

'Longman agreed with me that, if I did anything, I must do it at once. Also that a large book would not be read. For these two reasons I have done it as it is. I heartily wish I had begun a week later. But Longman particularly insisted that, when once I had begun, I should not intermit a week.

'When you see it as a whole you will not wonder at my saying that, had I delayed a month, I should not have done it at all. It has been a great misery to me.

'I only want to state things as they happened, and I doubt not that your general impressions will be enough.

'The chief part I wanted you for is the duller part of the whole,—the sort of views with which I wrote No. 90. I am not directly defending it; I am explaining my view of it.

'Then again, I fear you do not know my secret feelings when my unsettlement first began. But I shall state external generalized acts of mine, as I believe them to be, and you can criticize them.

'I have no idea whatever of giving any *point* to what I am writing, but that I did not act dishonestly. And I want to state the stages in my change and the impediments which kept me from going faster. Argument, I think, as such, will not come in,—though I must state the general grounds of my change.

'Your notion of coming to me is particularly kind. But I could not wish it now, even if you could. I am at my work from morning to night. I thank God my health has not suffered. What I shall produce will be little, but parts I write so many times over.

Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Proofs were despatched on April 29 with a brief note concluding thus:

'Excuse my penmanship. My fingers have been walking nearly twenty miles a day.'

John Keble was also consulted—though not at the outset¹:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: April 27/64.

‘My very dear Keble,—Thank you for your affectionate letter. When you see part of my publication, you will wonder how I ever could get myself to write it. Well, I could not, except under some very great stimulus. I do not think I could write it, if I delayed it a month. And yet I have for years wished to write it as a duty. I don’t know what people will think of me, or what will be the effect of it—but I wished to tell the truth, and to leave the matter in God’s hands.

‘Don’t be disappointed that there is so little in *what I send you by this post* about Hurrell. I have attempted (presumptuously) to draw him in an earlier Part; it has been seen by William Froude and Rogers. You will not see it till it is published. It is too late.

‘I am writing from morning to night, hardly having time for my meals. I write this during dinner time. This will go on for at least 3 weeks more.

‘I am glad you and Mrs. Keble have found the winter so mild, for it has been very trying with us.

‘I dare say, when it comes to the point, you will find nothing you have to say as to what I send you—but I am unwilling not to have eyes upon it of those who recollect the history. You will be startled at my mode of writing.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Each part of the ‘Apologia’ was received with acclaim as it appeared in weekly numbers. Father Ryder, already a priest and inmate of the Oratory in 1864, told me that he remembered on several occasions seeing Newman while in course of writing. The plan of the book was first sketched. The principal heads of narrative and argument and the general plan of the work were written up in their order in large letters on the wall opposite to the desk at which he was doing his work.

¹ ‘What I shall ask Keble (*as well as you*) to look at,’ he writes to Copeland on April 19, ‘is my sketch from (say) 1833 to 1840—but, mind, you will be disappointed—it is *not* a history of the Movement, but of me. It is an egotistical matter from beginning to end. It is to prove that I did not act *dishonestly*. I have doubts whether any one could supply instead what I have to say—but, when you see it, you will see what a trial it is. In writing I kept bursting into tears—and, as I read it to St. John, I could not get on from beginning to end. I am talking of part 3.’

'The "Apologia,"' writes Father Ryder, 'was a great crisis in Father Newman's life. It won him the heart of the country which he has never lost since, and bespoke for him an enthusiastic reception for all he might write afterwards. Compare the niggard praise of the *Times* in its reviews of the volumes on University subjects with the accord given to *post*-"Apologia" writings! The effort of writing the weekly parts was overpowering. On such occasions he wrote through the night, and he has been found with his head in his hands crying like a child over the, to him, well-nigh impossibly painful task of public confession:

'Tal su quell' alma il cumulo
Delle memorie scese.
Oh! quante volte ai posteri
Narrar se stesso imprese,
E sulle eterne pagine
Cadde la stanca man!'¹

'People could not resist one who, after having utterly discomfited his accuser, took them so simply and quietly into his confidence.'

Newman's letters while he was writing the several parts show at once his scrupulous accuracy and refusal to scamp his work and the overwhelming pressure which the appearance of weekly parts involved. For facts he relied mainly on the testimony of Church and Rogers—both Anglicans, who would be the last to give them a Romeward colour. His loyalty and his chivalrous scruples in thus using their testimony appear in the course of the following letters, which help us to form the picture of these weeks of constant strain:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: May 1st, 1864.

'My dear Rogers,—Thank you for the trouble you have been at. It has been very satisfactory to have your corrections and I have almost entirely adopted them. I suppose I shall send you by this post down to about 1839-40, and then I shall stop. Church will look at the part about No. 90 which ends that portion of the history. But I am dreadfully hurried. That portion is simply to be out of my hands next Friday. Longman would not let me delay, but I can't be sorry, for I really do not think I could possibly have got myself to write a line except under strict compulsion. I have now been for five weeks at it, from morning to

¹ See Manzoni's poem, *In Morte di Napoleone*.

night, and I shall have three weeks more. It is not much in bulk, but I have to write over and over again from the necessity of digesting and compressing.

'I sincerely wish only to state facts, and may truly say that it, and nothing else, has been my object. So far as my character is connected with the fact of my conversion I have wished to do a service to Catholicism,—but in no other way. I say this because my friends here think that the upshot of the whole tells *against* Anglicanism; but I am clear that I have no such intention, and cannot at all divine what people generally will say about me. I say all this in fairness,—it is what has made me delicate in applying to Anglican friends.

'Thanks for your offer of my letters, but I have not time for them.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: May 2nd, 1864.

'My dear Church,—Many thanks for the trouble you have taken, the result of which is most satisfactory to me.

'Your letters will be of great use to me judging by the first I opened. I wished to write my sketch drawn up from my own memory first, and then I shall compare it with your letters. I have not begun Part 5 yet, which is from 1839 to 1845 (except the No. 90 matter). If possible I shall wish to trouble you with the slips on what *happened* upon No. 90,—I mean, in order that you may say whether you have anything to say against it.

'I am in some anxiety lest I should be too tired to go on; but I trust to be carried through. I think I shall send you a slip of Part 4 to-night, but it is no great matter. It is in like manner,—I want your general impressions.

'I shall not dream of keeping for good the letters which you have sent me. I want you to have them that you may not forget me.

'Don't suppose I shall say one word unkind to the Church of England, at least in my intentions. My friends tell me that, as a whole, what I have written is unfavourable to Anglicanism,—that may be, according to their notions,—for I simply wrote to state facts, and I can truly say, and never will conceal, that I have no wish at all to do anything against the Establishment while it is a body preaching dogmatic truth, as I think it does at present.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

A letter of sympathetic interest from Hope-Scott after the appearance of the Second Part was as balm to a wounded spirit, and a sedative to racked nerves. It brought grateful thanks:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: May 2nd, 1864.

‘My dear Hope Scott,—What good angel has led you to write to me? It is a great charity.

‘I never have been in such stress of brain and such pain of heart,—and I have both trials together. Say some good prayers for me. I have been writing without interruption of Sundays since Easter Monday—five weeks—and I have at least three weeks more of the same work to come. I have been constantly in tears, and constantly crying out with distress. I am sure I never could say what I am saying in cold blood, or if I waited a month; and then the third great trial and anxiety, lest I should not say well what it is so important to say. Longman said I must go on without break if it was to succeed,—but, as I have said, I *could not* have done it if I had delayed.

‘I am writing this during dinner-time,—I feel your kindness exceedingly.

Ever yours most affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Newman’s diary tells us that while working at Part 3 he wrote one day for sixteen hours at a stretch. The record is reached in Part 5, and given in this entry: ‘At my “Apologia” for 22 hours running.’ June 2 saw the end of the narrative and the publication of the Seventh Part. The Appendix remained, for which he was allowed a fortnight by the publishers. He was not at first confident of financial success. ‘As to my gaining from my book,’ he wrote to Miss Holmes, ‘that’s to be seen. The printing expenses will be enormous. I should not wonder if they were £200. I dreamed last night that they were £700 and £200 besides. But you must not suppose the matter is on my mind, for it isn’t.’

The book was, as I have said, very carefully planned to do its work of persuasion. The first part was a pamphlet of only 27 pages. It was entitled, ‘Mr. Kingsley’s Method of Disputation.’ As the reader will have seen from the extracts given above, it sustained the note of brilliant banter and repartee which had been so effective in the previous pamphlet. It was an immensely amusing squib which all

the world could and did enjoy and could read in half an hour or less. The second part also, on the 'True Method of Meeting Mr. Kingsley,' was of similar length and almost as light in manner and quality. Then the reader, whom these two parts had won by their candour and brilliancy, and who might be assumed to be in the best of humours, was treated to fifty pages of autobiography written with all the simplicity and beauty of style which the writer had at his command. The quantity then grew as the writer felt sure of his public. Part 4 ran to seventy pages, parts 5 and 6 each to eighty pages.

All that was written—except the first two parts, from which I have already given several extracts, and the Appendix—is contained in the current edition of the 'Apologia,' which is probably known to all readers of the present book. But a word must be added respecting the Appendix, in which he replies in detail to Kingsley's pamphlet and enumerates the famous 'blots' in his arguments, which he humorously brings up to the exact number of the Thirty-nine Articles. Its place in the dramatic scheme of the work must be understood. Parts 1 and 2 were, as we have seen, devoted to winning the confidence of the reader and his sympathetic attention for the narrative as a whole. Parts 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 gave the narrative of Newman's life. At the end of this it could safely be assumed that the reader to whom Newman had given his whole confidence, and presented the picture of a life which so keen a critic of his conclusions as J. A. Froude declared to be absolutely devoted to finding and following the truth, would have little patience with Kingsley's crudely offensive charges and misrepresentations. These are accordingly enumerated and answered in the Appendix one by one,—often curtly, with peremptoriness, indignantly, almost tartly. Newman could do this with confidence of success at the end of his work. To have confined himself to such a method or to have taken this tone earlier would have been to run a risk. 'Here are two reverend gentlemen in a passion—there is little to choose between them,' might have been the retort from the public. It is noteworthy that, although this Appendix contains some brilliant writing, Newman considered that the justification for its sarcastic

tone ceased after the occasion was past: and he omitted it in later editions of the 'Apologia.'

The following is the text of the first seven 'blots':

'My Sermon on "The Apostolical Christian," being the 19th of "Sermons on Subjects of the Day."

'This writer says: "What Dr. Newman means by Christians . . . he has not left in doubt"; and then, quoting a passage from this Sermon which speaks of the "humble monk and holy nun" being "Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture," he observes, "This is his *definition* of Christians"—p. 9.

'This is not the case. I have neither given a definition nor implied one nor intended one; nor could I, either now or in 1843-4, or at any time, allow of the particular definition he ascribes to me. As if all Christians must be monks or nuns!

'What I have said is that monks and nuns are patterns of Christian perfection; and that Scripture itself supplies us with this pattern. Who can deny this? Who is bold enough to say that St. John Baptist, who, I suppose, is a Scripture character, is not a pattern-monk? and that Mary, who "sat at Our Lord's Feet," was not a pattern-nun? And Anna, too, "who served God with fastings and prayers night and day"? Again, what is meant but this by St. Paul's saying: "It is good for a man not to touch a woman"? and, when speaking of the father or guardian of a young girl: "He that giveth her in marriage doth well, but he that giveth her not in marriage doth better"? And what does St. John mean but to praise virginity when he says of the hundred and forty-four thousand on Mount Sion: "These are they which were not defiled with women for they are virgins"? And what else did Our Lord mean when He said: "There be eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it"?

'He ought to know his logic better. I have said that "monks and nuns find their pattern in Scripture"; he adds: *therefore* I hold all Christians are monks and nuns.

'This is Blot *one*.

'Now then for Blot *two*.

"Monks and nuns are the *only* perfect Christians. . . . what more?"—p. 9.

'A second fault in logic. I said no more than that monks and nuns were perfect Christians; he adds, *therefore*

"monks and nuns are the *only* perfect Christians." Monks and nuns are *not* the only perfect Christians; I never thought so or said so now or at any other time.

'P. 42. "In the Sermon . . . monks and nuns are spoken of as the *only true* Bible Christians." This again is not the case. What I said is that "monks and nuns are Bible Christians": it does not follow, nor did I mean, that "all Bible Christians are monks and nuns." Bad logic again. Blot *three*.

'My Sermon on "Wisdom & Innocence," being the 20th of "Sermons on Subjects of the Day."

'This writer says (p. 8) about my Sermon 20: "By *the world* appears to be signified especially the Protestant public of these realms."

'He also asks (p. 14), "Why was it preached? . . . to insinuate that the admiring young gentlemen who listened to him stood to their fellow-countrymen in the relation of the early Christians to the heathen Romans? or that Queen Victoria's Government was to the Church of England what Nero's or Diocletian's was to the Church of Rome? It may have been so."

'May, or may not; it wasn't. He insinuates what, not even with his little finger does he attempt to prove. Blot *four*.

'He asserts (p. 9) that I said in the Sermon in question that "Sacramental Confession and the Celibacy of the Clergy are notes of the Church." And, just before, he puts the word "notes" in inverted commas as if it was mine. That is, he garbles. It is *not* mine. Blot *five*.

'He says that I "*define* what I mean by the Church in two 'notes' of her character." I do not define or dream of defining.

'He says that I teach that the Celibacy of the Clergy enters into the *definition* of the Church. I do no such thing; that is the blunt truth. Define the Church by the celibacy of the clergy! why, let him read 1 Tim. iii.: there he will find that bishops and deacons are spoken of as married. How, then, could I be the dolt to say or imply that the celibacy of the clergy was a part of the definition of the Church? Blot *six*.

'And again (p. 42), "In the Sermon, a celibate clergy is made a note of the Church." Thus the untruth is repeated. Blot *seven*.'

The Appendix was published on June 25, and at last the long labour was completed. 'I never had such a time,' he

wrote to Keble from Rednal, 'both for hard work and for distress of mind. But it is thank God now over, and I am come here (where we have our burying ground) for a little quiet.'

Then came real calm, rest, peace—the sense of triumph so long denied; the acclaim for the defender of the priesthood, and sympathy from his fellow-Catholics so long withheld; praise, too, most welcome of all, from ecclesiastical authority, prayers and thanksgivings from the Sisters of the Dominican Order at Stone—the 'Sisters of Penance' as they were called—and along with it all the artist's keen satisfaction, almost physical pleasure, in good work done and the response to it in support and recognition.

The following letters to the Dominican Sisters and to Henry Wilberforce were written after the Appendix was published and the work completed:

TO MOTHER IMELDA POOLE, PRIORESS OF
ST. DOMINIC'S CONVENT, STONE.

'Rednal: June 25th, 1864.

'My dear Sister Imelda,—I am always puzzled about your proper title; therefore you must not suppose that it is any wilful neglect of propriety if I am in fault,—I know I am, but cannot quite set myself right.

'We all said Mass for the Sisters of Penance on St. Catherine's day, but I was far too busy to write and tell you so. I never had such a time, and once or twice thought I was breaking down. I kept saying: "I am in for it." So I was,—I could not get out of it except by getting through it,—and again, I simply stood fast and could not get on and was almost in despair. I knew what I had written would not do, and, though every hour was valuable to me, I sat thinking and could not get on. At other times the feeling was, as I expressed it to those around me, as if I were ploughing in very stiff clay. It was moving on at the rate of a mile an hour, when I had to write and print and correct a hundred miles by the next day's post. It has been nothing but the good prayers of my friends which has brought me through, and now I am quite tired out; but, that I should have written the longest book I ever wrote in ten weeks, without any sort of preparation or anticipation, and not only written, but printed and corrected it, is so great a marvel that I do not know how to be thankful enough.

'And now thanking you for your letter and all your good prayers for me and mine,

'I am,

Ever yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO MOTHER MARGARET HALLAHAN, PROVINCIAL OF
THE DOMINICANS.

'Rednal: June 25th, 1864.

'My dear Mother Margaret,—I am tired down to my hand, so that I cannot write without pain, but I cannot delay longer with any comfort to myself to answer your letter on St. Philip's day—a sad day and season it has been to me,—Easter-tide, Month of Mary, and the great Feasts included in the three months. I have been collecting materials, writing, correcting proof and revise, from morning till night, and once through the night; but, when once I was in for it, there was no help. My publisher would not hear of breach of promise, and my matter would grow under my hands, and Thursday would come round once a week,—so I was like a man who had fallen overboard and had to swim to land, and found the distance he had to go greater and greater. At last I am ashore and have crawled upon the beach and there I lie; but I should not have got safe, I know, but for the many good prayers which have been offered for me.

'I so much wished to write to you on St. Catherine's day;—we all said Mass for you and yours according to our engagement.

'I cannot be thankful enough for the great mercies which have been shown me, and I trust they are a pledge that God will be good to me still.

'Of course you have seen the great recompense I have had for so many anxieties, in the Bishop's letter to me.

'Begging your good prayers,

I am, my dear Mother Margaret,

Yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

'I never had such a time of it,' he adds to another of the Dominican sisters. 'When I was at Oxford I have twice written a pamphlet in a night, and once in a day, but now I had writing and printing upon me at once, and I have done a book of 562 pages all at a heat; but with so much

suffering, such profuse crying, such long spells of work—sometimes sixteen hours, once twenty-two hours at once,—that it is a prodigious, awful marvel that I have got through it and that I am not simply knocked up by it.'

It is difficult to recover at this distance of time evidence which will give the reader a thoroughly adequate idea of the change in Newman's position before the English world effected by the 'Apologia.' There is the recollection of many of us, fortified by incontestable tradition. There are Newman's own letters and diaries, which bear witness to the effect of this change on his own spirits and hopes for the future. So much of the evidence, however, as consisted in the Newman-Kingsley controversy being the topic of the hour in clubs and drawing-rooms, and in the revival at this time of the almost lost tradition of Newman's greatness, can only live adequately in the recollection of the dwindling number who remember those days.

But *littera scripta manet*; and enough proof of the general fact, if not adequate evidence of its extent, remains in the organs of public opinion. Newman had for years abstained from any writing that could be called 'popular.' His extraordinary power of rousing public interest by literary brilliancy was habitually held in check by the stern repressive conscience which forbade display and urged him to do simply the work of the day which came in his way. Once, thirteen years earlier, conscience had bidden him let loose his powers of wit and sarcasm—in the lectures on the 'Present Position of Catholics.' In these lectures he served the good cause by giving full play to his more popular and telling literary gifts. And now again, when Kingsley had attacked the Catholic priesthood as untruthful and as slaves of a repressive authority, his conscience allowed—nay, bade—him to do his best, not only in argument, but in that enterprise of arresting public attention which so immensely enhanced the effect of his reply. And when once his scrupulous conscience permitted it, few people could sway the English mind with more success. The brilliant dialogue with Kingsley which he invented, and which has already been quoted, was the first step—admirably judged and planned. Its wit and its brevity secured its reproduction throughout the

Press of the kingdom. It fixed all eyes on the combatants. What mattered it that at first it was welcomed only as a brilliant sally with no serious outcome? It gained attention, and, in the circumstances, that was everything. That attention made the 'Apologia' which followed not a work to be read only by the serious few with admiration and profit—like the 'Lectures on Anglican Difficulties,' the 'Idea of a University,' the 'Historical Sketches'—but a public event for all England.

Directly Newman published, in February, his witty summary of the correspondence, all the newspapers which were most read in those days took it up. The *Spectator* of course applauded it; the *Saturday Review* (February 27) declared that 'Since the days of Bentley and Boyle there has not appeared so lively a controversy.'

Other papers followed suit.

'Famous sport,' wrote a critic in the *Athenæum*. 'Of all the diversions of our dining and dancing season, that of a personal conflict is ever the most eagerly enjoyed. How we flock to hear a "painful discussion"! How we send to the library for a volume that is too personal to have been published! And how briskly we gather round a brace of reverend gentlemen when the prize for which they contend is which of the two shall be considered as the father of lies!'

A ring, ever increasing in number, was formed round the reverend combatants, and, having come to stare and cheer, the spectators had perforce to listen to the words of deep moment and intense pathos which Newman ultimately addressed to them.

While everyone, then, was enjoying the sport, and on the *qui vive* looking out for Newman's next thrust in the duel, the 'Apologia' made its appearance in weekly parts—this mode of publication immensely helping its popularity and influence. For the weekly pamphlet was devoured by many who would have regarded the book as too serious an undertaking if it had been presented to them all at once. It awoke from the dead the great memory of John Henry Newman whom the English world at large appeared to have forgotten. Those from whom the spell of his presence and

words, felt in their youth at Oxford, had never passed away, now spoke out to a generation which knew him not.

At that time cultivated public opinion was perhaps better represented by the *Saturday Review* than by any other journal. And the note struck by the *Saturday* on this subject when it reviewed the book as a whole, was echoed almost universally.

'A loose and off-hand, and, we may venture to add, an unjustifiable imputation, cast on Dr. Newman by a popular writer, more remarkable for vigorous writing than vigorous thought,' wrote the *Saturday* reviewer, 'has produced one of the most interesting works of the present literary age. Dr. Newman is one of the finest masters of language, his logical powers are almost unequalled, and, in one way or other, he has influenced the course of English thought more perhaps than any of his contemporaries. If we add to this the peculiar circumstances of his reappearance in print, the sort of mystery in which, if he has not enveloped himself, he has been shrouded of late years, the natural curiosity which has been felt as to the results on such a mind of the recent progress of controversy and speculation and the lower interest which always attaches to autobiographies and confessions and personal reminiscences, we find an aggregate of unusual sources of interest in such a publication.'

The *Times*—then under Delane's management and an immense power—which had for many years paid little heed to Newman's writings, if it did not rise quite to the enthusiasm of the *Saturday* or the *Spectator*, did not fall far behind them.

The *Times*, the *Saturday*, and the *Spectator* were the leaders, and the bulk of the Press followed the tone they had set. There was immense quantity of notice as well as high quality. A writer in the *Church Review* spoke of 'the almost unparalleled interest that has been excited by the "Apologia."' It was, of course, hotly attacked, but one very significant fact was that some of the most vehement attacks—such as those of Dr. Irons and Mr. Meyrick—recognised to the full both the injustice of Kingsley's personal assault and the greatness of the man whom he assailed. The loss of influence which had so deeply depressed Newman, the sense that he was speaking to deaf or inattentive ears, passed for

ever. In his *brochure* addressed to Newman himself, and entitled, 'Isn't Kingsley right after all?' Mr. Meyrick's opening words bore testimony to the wave of popular applause which the appearance of the 'Apologia' had brought with it. 'All England has been laughing with you,' he wrote, 'and those who knew you of old have rejoiced to see you once more come forth like a lion from his lair, with undiminished strength of muscle, and they have smiled as they watched you carry off the remains of Mr. Charles Kingsley (no mean prey), lashing your sides with your tail, and growling and muttering as you retreat into your den.'

'As a specimen of mental analysis, extended over a whole lifetime,' wrote Dr. Irons, 'the "Apologia" is probably without a rival. St. Augustine's Confessions are a purely religious retrospect; Rousseau's are philosophical; Dr. Newman's psychological. One might almost attribute to him a double personality. The mental power, the strange self-anatomy, the almost cold, patient review of past affections, anxieties, and hopes, are alike astonishing. The examination is not a *post-mortem*, for there appear colour, light, and consciousness in the subject; it is not a vivisection, for there is no quivering, even of a nerve.'

Not only the literary and theological world devoured the weekly parts of the 'Apologia,' but the men of science read it with great and wondering interest. The passages dealing with probable evidence as the basis of certitude—a subject on which his views were set forth more precisely in the 'Grammar of Assent'—especially exercised them.

'I travelled with Sir C. Lyell the other day to London, on his return from the British Association meeting at Bath,' writes William Froude to Newman, 'and without my leading the conversation in that direction, the subject came naturally to the surface, and he expressed the feeling which I have mentioned,—not indeed as having a misgiving that you would be able to turn the stream back, but as knowing that what you would have to say would deserve very serious consideration.'

But there was another side of its success which probably gave Newman far greater pleasure, confidence, and courage. He had come forth as the champion of the Catholic priesthood.

He had won a great triumph. And his fellow-priests and his own Bishop, whom he loved, were deeply grateful. After all, his lot was thrown in with the Catholic body in England. Suspicion on their part was his greatest trial. And now their acclaim of gratitude and confidence warmed him and drove away the sad and even morbid thoughts which had haunted him and gone far towards poisoning the more superficial joy of his life, though they had not touched the deepest springs of his happiness. It was the welcome marks of approval from these brethren in the Faith which he himself preserved for posterity, placing them in the Appendix of his republished 'Apologia.' The first of these addresses of congratulation was that of the Birmingham clergy. The Diocesan Synod took place at Birmingham on June 2, and the occasion was used for presenting a formal address to Dr. Newman. The scene is thus described in a contemporary letter from one of the Oscott priests:

'After the Synod we all gathered round the throne and the Provost read the address.

'Dr. Newman, who stood at the Bishop's right, stood out and we gathered closer in round him and the steps of the throne to catch every syllable. He must have been tired for he has worked hard at his "Apology"—they say once for 20 hours without a break. He had come down from London not long before, and sat out the whole of the Synod.

'As he stepped forward a few paces and began to speak he looked more vigorous and healthy than I have thought him any of the three times I have seen him within 10 years. But he soon got overpowered when he began to say what he felt to be the real feelings suggesting the address, and tried to do them justice. He was gasping for words, and yet he never used an awkward or useless one, altho' he was speaking perfectly extempore as he said, and was recognising such deep feelings in us and doing justice to them, and expressing deeper and warmer and heartier feelings in a way quite adequate to the affection and sympathy of a Priest to his brother and neighbour Priests, ranged (as he said) round the feet of their common Father and Bishop. I can't draw the man, or the tone of voice, or give you its thrilling words and expression.

'I never before heard a man's whole heart so plainly coming out in his words, and stamping every look and tone with reality and complete sincere sympathy with all around

him. His tears were visible, and most of us confessed to crying when we came out.

‘Last of all he gave us a complete answer to the request that he would write some work to meet the errors of the present day. He had got off the personal matter and struck out with a force and convincing power that carried every one to his side. . . . It was full and complete, bristling with thought and deep principle. You shall have shreds of it when we meet next.’

Bishop Ullathorne seized the occasion to give expression in a letter to a wide appreciation among Catholics of Newman’s work in recent years, which, as we have seen, had remained almost unrecognised by Newman himself amid the difficulties created by the circumstances of the time. He reviewed the great Oratorian’s career since 1845, and spoke of it in terms excessively grateful to him.

Newman has preserved in the ‘Apologia’ the text alike of the Bishop’s letter and of the various congratulatory addresses—one of them from 110 of the Westminster clergy, including all the canons and vicars-general and many secular and regular priests; another from the Academia of the Catholic religion; as well as those from the clergy of his own and other dioceses, and from the German Catholics assembled in September 1864 at the Congress of Würzburg.

The ‘Apologia’ as the story of Newman’s life down to 1845 is familiar to every one. Not so universally known is the chapter entitled ‘General Answer to Mr. Kingsley’—a chapter of high significance in the history I am narrating, and of permanent value. It was republished in the revised ‘Apologia,’ but its title was changed. It is called in the current edition, ‘Position of my Mind since 1845.’ We have seen that Newman’s efforts at stating the position of an educated Catholic in relation to the intellectual attitude of the age, and repudiating untenable exaggerations, were misunderstood by many of his co-religionists. His object was not grasped. He defended an analysis of the Church’s claims falling short of what W. G. Ward or Manning or the school of the *Univers* upheld, because he felt that these more extreme writers overlooked historical facts and theological distinctions. But he was credited—

by those who did not appreciate his true motive—with a want of hearty loyalty, with a deficiency in the believing spirit. He was opposing zealous champions of the Pope, and (so such hostile critics urged) was thereby showing his own want of zeal. He was supposed to be making common cause with writers, like Sir John Acton, who might fairly be urged to be wanting in devotion to the Holy See, and deficient in respect for the great theologians of the Church. For him in these circumstances to criticise directly the imprudent champions of the Papacy was a delicate and invidious task. But when, on the other hand, an assailant of the Church and of the Catholic priesthood travestied the claims of authority and spoke of Catholic priests as dupes, and as intellectual slaves, a fresh and generally intelligible motive was supplied which enabled him to say the very things which in the absence of such provocation would be offensive. Distinctions and reservations so necessary to a really satisfactory treatment might safely be urged as supplying the true answer to Kingsley's travesty, though when used against Veuillot's exaggerations they had been regarded as showing a lack of sympathy with the loyal devotion which inspired the French writer. The interests of critical and inquiring minds were not perhaps adequately realised among English Catholics; and admissions most necessary for those interests were viewed as concessions to worldliness or signs of a too cautious faith. Newman therefore seized the occasion which Kingsley had supplied to him for giving a sketch of the rationale, nature, and limitations of the Church's infallibility and an analysis of the normal action of her authority. And what he wrote has great and lasting importance. Its autobiographical interest is equal to its argumentative value. It is the only account he has left of the state of his mind—acutely critical and absolutely frank in its recognition of historical facts and probabilities—as a member of the Catholic Church, at a time when intellectual interests were to a great extent crowded out by external trials and troubles. From his letters it is evident that the chapter of which I speak had expert theological revision, with the advantage that he could give to his censors his own justification and explanation of any passages which

might be attacked by hostile critics. The result fully verified the view he ever maintained—that, where the interests of theology were dealt with by really able theologians, unhampered by the pressure of other than theological interests, the principles recognised in the schools were adequate to the intellectual necessities of the time.

He indicates in this chapter the functions of authority in the formation of Catholic theology, and also the part played by individual thinkers, which he held that Veuillot, and even W. G. Ward, had most mischievously overlooked.

W. G. Ward and Veuillot appeared to their critics to appeal to the Infallible Authority for guidance almost as though it superseded the exercise of the theological intellect. W. G. Ward had uniformly written of late years as though the normal method of advance in inquiry and thought within the Church was that Papal instructions and Encyclicals should take the lead, and the sole business of the individual Catholic thinker was simply to follow that lead. In opposition to so inadequate an account of the normal formation of the Catholic intellect—in which great thinkers like St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas had had so large a share—Newman sets himself carefully to trace the actual facts of the case. First, however, to preclude all possibility of misunderstanding, he gives an analysis of the Infallibility granted to the Church on faith and morals, and defines its scope in such terms as would amply satisfy all the requirements of theology.

In general he regards the Church's infallibility 'as a provision, adapted by the mercy of the Creator to preserve religion in the world, and to restrain that freedom of thought, which of course in itself is one of the greatest of our natural gifts, and to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses.'¹

But having stated his full acceptance of the Infallibility of the Church, he formulates the objection which Kingsley had made by implication, that such acceptance is incompatible with real and manly reasoning in a Catholic—a charge which the writings of English and French Catholic extremists made only too plausible. Having stated it, he proceeds to reply to it by an appeal to the palpable facts

¹ *Apologia*, p. 245.

of history. History shows that reason and private judgment have been most active among Catholic thinkers—that great doctors of the Church have played a most important rôle in the gradual formation of Catholic thought and theology. Infallibility is not meant (he points out) to supersede or destroy reason, but to curb its excesses. To regard the Infallible Authority as the power which normally takes the initiative or gives the lead to the Catholic mind is entirely to misconceive its function and to state what is contrary to historical fact. The intellect of Christian Europe was, in point of fact, fashioned, not by Popes, but by the reason of individual Christian thinkers exercised on revelation—first of all by the great Fathers of the Church. But, moreover, even heterodox thinkers—as Origen and Tertulian—have also had their indirect share in the formation of Catholic theology. The primary function of Rome is not to initiate, not to form the Catholic intellect, but to act as guardian of the original deposit and as a check on excesses and on over-rapid and incautious development—a negative rather than a positive contribution to thought.

‘It is individuals, and not the Holy See,’ he writes, ‘that have taken the initiative and given the lead to the Catholic mind in theological inquiry. Indeed, it is one of the reproaches urged against the Roman Church that it has originated nothing, and has only served as a sort of *remora* or break in the development of doctrine. And it is an objection which I embrace as a truth; for such I conceive to be the main purpose of its extraordinary gift. . . . The great luminary of the Western World is, as we know, St. Augustine; he, no infallible teacher, has formed the intellect of Christian Europe; indeed to the African Church generally we must look for the best early exposition of Latin ideas. Moreover, of the African divines, the first in order of time, and not the least influential, is the strong-minded and heterodox Tertulian. Nor is the Eastern intellect, as such, without its share in the formation of the Latin teaching. The free thought of Origen is visible in the writings of the Western Doctors, Hilary and Ambrose; and the independent mind of Jerome has enriched his own vigorous commentaries on Scripture, from the stores of the scarcely orthodox Eusebius. Heretical questionings have been transmuted by the living power of

the Church into salutary truths. The case is the same as regards the Ecumenical Councils. Authority in its most imposing exhibition, grave bishops, laden with the traditions and rivalries of particular nations or places, have been guided in their decisions by the commanding genius of individuals, sometimes young and of inferior rank. Not that uninspired intellect overruled the superhuman gift which was committed to the Council, which would be a self-contradictory assertion, but that in that process of inquiry and deliberation, which ended in an infallible enunciation, individual reason was paramount.¹

Again, while a certain narrowness of outlook in the average theological mind (from which, as we have seen, he himself had suffered) had to be admitted, it was, nevertheless, in the palmy days of the theological schools—the Middle Ages—that the strongest instances were to be found of the functions of free discussion and active exercise of the individual intellect in the formation of Catholic theology. Once again—as he had already done in Dublin—he appeals to this precedent as indicating the normal state of things, and as giving a scope to original thinkers which excessive centralisation and over-rigid censorship might deny. In this passage he repeats the metaphor of fighting ‘under the lash’ which we have read in the letter to Miss Bowles cited above. He holds any such interference on the part of authority as would stifle the ventilation of real thought to be, not, as Kingsley supposes, general, but, on the contrary, abnormal, and due only to temporary circumstances or needs. The more ordinary course has been slowness on the part of Rome to interfere, and in the end interference so limited that the matter can be threshed out by discussion from various points of view, and authority often only enforces the decision which reason has already reached.²

He points out in this connection the value of the international character of Catholicism in averting narrowness of thought. And he deplores the loss of the influence, once so great, of the English and German elements owing to the apostasy of the sixteenth century.³

But perhaps more important than any of the other passages is the one in which he gives what may be called

¹ *Apologia*, pp. 265–6.

² *Ibid.* p. 267.

³ *Ibid.* p. 268.

the philosophy of the interference of Ecclesiastical Authority with the secular sciences by decisions which do not claim to be infallible. He states frankly the *primâ facie* difficulty such interference presents to a thinking mind, and in his reply maintains that, on the whole, although the Supreme Authority may be supported by a 'violent ultra party which exalts opinions into dogmas,'¹ history shows in the long run that official interferences themselves have been mainly wise, and the opponents of authority mainly wrong. The lesson of this impressive passage is one of great patience in a time of transition and of trial.

But these passages of controversy in the 'Apologia,' though so supremely necessary, were painful. The writer seems to break off with a sense of relief, and ends his book with the loving tribute to his friends at the Oratory which stands among those passages in which he speaks to all and makes all love him—with 'Lead, kindly light,' with the Epilogue to the 'Development,' with the close of the sermon on the 'Parting of Friends':

'I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast-day; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory, AMBROSE ST. JOHN, HENRY AUSTIN MILLS, HENRY BITTLESTON, EDWARD CASWALL, WILLIAM PAINE NEVILLE, and HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY RYDER? who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive of my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice, if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them;—with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die.

'And to you especially, dear AMBROSE ST. JOHN; whom God gave me, when He took every one else away; who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question.

'And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were

¹ *Apologia*, p. 260.

given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many young men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or by deed; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

‘And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.

‘May 26th, 1864.
In Festo Corp. Christ.’

The acclaim of the Press, as we have seen, testified to a public opinion completely conquered. Addresses of congratulation from representative Catholic critics long continued to come. It was a victory. Yet the book did not pass wholly unchallenged. The lucid exposition, in the last part of the ‘Apologia,’ of the Church as viewed historically, provoked censure from some unhistorical minds among the theological critics. Such criticisms led Newman, as he intimated in a letter to Dr. Russell, to go into the passages criticised with expert theologians, with whom he was successful in justifying his meaning.

‘April 19, 1865.

‘I have altered some things,’ he writes to Dr. Russell, ‘and perhaps, as you say, have thereby anticipated your criticisms. But I have altered only with the purpose of expressing my own meaning more exactly. This is all I have to aim at; because I have reason to know, that, after a severe, not to say hostile scrutiny, I have been found to be without matter of legitimate offence. For a day like this, in which such serious efforts are made to narrow that liberty of thought and speech which is open to a Catholic, I am indisposed to suppress my own judgment in order to satisfy objectors. Among such persons of course I do not include *you*: but, using the same frankness which you so kindly claim in writing to me, I will express my belief, that you are tender towards others, in the remarks which you ask to make, rather than actually displeased with me yourself.’

One criticism Newman did think it important to answer—namely, the objection taken by scholastic critics to his language on 'probable' evidence as the basis of certainty, the very point on which W. Froude's scientific friends had also fastened. Newman wrote to Canon Walker the following thoroughly popular explanation of the consistency of his views with the recognised teaching:

'July 6, 1864. . . . The best illustration of what I hold is that of a *cable*, which is made up of a number of separate threads, each feeble, yet together as sufficient as an iron rod.

'An iron rod represents mathematical or strict demonstration; a cable represents moral demonstration, which is an assemblage of probabilities, separately insufficient for certainty, but, when put together, irrefragable. A man who said "I cannot trust a cable, I must have an iron bar," would *in certain given* cases, be irrational and unreasonable:—so too is a man who says I must have a rigid demonstration, not moral demonstration, of religious truth.'

The criticisms of captious theologians were a real trial to Newman, for they made him feel the difficulty of writing further, as his friends wished, and taking advantage of having won the ear of the English public.

'As to my writing more,' he complains to Mr. Hope-Scott in a letter of July 6th, 'speaking in confidence, I do not know how to do it. One cannot speak ten words without ten objections being made to each. I am not certain that I shall not have some remarks made on what I have just finished. The theology of the *Dublin* is, to my mind, monstrous—but I am safe there, from the kindness which Ward feels for me. Now I cannot lose my time and strength, and tease my mind, with controversy. It would matter little, if I might be quiet under criticisms—but I never can be sure that great lies may not be told about me at Rome, and so I may be put on my defence. A writer in a Review of this month says (he knows personally) that persons in Rome within this three years spoke publicly of the probability of my leaving the Church. And Mgr. Talbot put about that I had subscribed to Garibaldi, and took credit for having concealed my delinquencies from the Pope. I take all this, and can only take it, as the will of God. I mean, I have done nothing whatever to call for it.'

Still the net result of the book was a triumph, and the criticisms were soon forgotten. But in this very fact of the

balance ultimately turning in favour of success, Newman found a reason against running the risk involved in setting up a fresh target for criticism without real necessity. And when Canon Walker called eagerly for another book he thus replied:

‘August 5, 1864.

‘As to my writing more, I am tempted to say “Let well alone.” If I attempt to do more, I may do less. Almost to my surprise I have succeeded. I have sincerely tried to keep from controversy, and to occupy myself in simply defending myself, and in myself my brethren; and, without my intending it, I have written what I hear from various quarters is found to be useful *controversially*. If I *attempted* to be controversial, I may spoil all. Some people have said “Your history is more to your purpose than all your arguments.”

‘Then again I never can write well without a definite *call*. You were rating me for several years, because I did not write; but if I had attempted, it would be a failure, like a boy’s theme. But when the real occasion came, I succeeded. I almost think it is part of the English character, though in this day there seems a change certainly. Grote, Thirlwall, Milman, Cornewall Lewis, Mill, have written great works for their own sake. So did Gibbon last century, but he was half a Frenchman. Our great writers have generally written on occasion—controversially as Burke, or Milton; officially, as Blackstone—for money as Dryden, Johnson, Scott &c., or in Sibyl’s leaves as Addison and the Essayists.’

One passage in his book which provoked criticism was its testimony to the value of the Church of England—an institution which some Catholics, more zealous in feeling than educated in mind, considered should be spoken of with contempt and derision by any thoroughly orthodox son of the Church. The tone of Newman’s letter to Henry Wilberforce in reference to this criticism represents, I think, the feeling he came eventually to have as to all the criticisms—that they were inevitable in the circumstances of the time, and would not ultimately much signify:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: St. Bartholomew’s Day, Aug. 24th, 1864.

‘Thanks for your considerateness, but I never conjectured for an instant that the publication of the Articles you speak of depended on you. I have not more than seen them, but it is hard if my book may not be criticised as any other book. Of course, I stared at a critic’s thinking* that it is impossible

for an institution to be great in a *human* way because it is simply an idol and a *nehushtan* in an *Apostolic* point of view, though I recognised in the sentiment what is one of the evil delusions of *many* who are not converts but old Catholics, (perhaps of some converts too) that Catholics are on an intellectual and social equality with Protestants. This idea I have ever combated, and been impatient at; and, till we allow that there are greater natural gifts and human works in the Protestant world of England than in the little Catholic flock, we only make ourselves ridiculous and hurt that just influence by which alone we can hope to convert men. If there were no such thing as absolute truth in religious matters, there is great wisdom in a compromise and comprehension of opinions,—and this the Church of England exhibits.'

One, and only one, adverse criticism did remain permanently in the public mind,—that Newman had been unduly sensitive and personally bitter towards Kingsley. With this impression he dealt in a highly interesting letter to Sir William Cope written at the time of Kingsley's death,—a letter which completes the story of the writing of the 'Apologia.'

'The Oratory: Feb. 13th, 1875.

'My dear Sir William,—I thank you very much for the gift of your sermon. The death of Mr. Kingsley,—so premature—shocked me. I never from the first have felt any anger towards him. As I said in the first pages of my "Apologia," it is very difficult to be angry with a man one has never seen. A casual reader would think my language denoted anger,—but it did not. I have ever found from experience that no one would believe me in earnest if I spoke calmly. When again and again I denied the repeated report that I was on the point of coming back to the Church of England, I have uniformly found that, if I simply denied it, this only made newspapers repeat the report more confidently,—but, if I said something sharp, they abused me for scurrility against the Church I had left, but they believed me. Rightly or wrongly, this was the reason why I felt it would not do to be tame and not to show indignation at Mr. Kingsley's charges. Within the last few years I have been obliged to adopt a similar course towards those who said I could not receive the Vatican Decrees. I sent a sharp letter to the *Guardian* and, of course, the *Guardian* called me names, but it believed me and did not allow the offence of its correspondent to be repeated.

‘As to Mr. Kingsley, much less could I feel any resentment against him when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good Providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me, which otherwise I should not have had, of vindicating my character and conduct in my “Apologia.” I heard, too, a few years back from a friend that she chanced to go into Chester Cathedral and found Mr. K. preaching about me, kindly though, of course, with criticisms on me. And it has rejoiced me to observe lately that he was defending the Athanasian Creed, and, as it seemed to me, in his views generally nearing the Catholic view of things. I have always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure that there would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death.

‘Most truly yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

CHAPTER XXI

CATHOLICS AT OXFORD (1864-1865)

THE success of the 'Apologia' at once attracted attention in Rome. Monsignor Talbot, at Manning's suggestion, called at the Oratory in July, and subsequently wrote to invite Newman to visit Rome and deliver a course of sermons at his own church. 'When,' he wrote, 'I told the Holy Father that I intended to invite you, he highly approved of my intention; and I think myself that you will derive great benefit from revisiting Rome and again showing yourself to the ecclesiastical authorities there who are anxious to see you.' Newman curtly declined the proposal. He would not respond to such advances brought about by his new popularity. He had not forgotten that Monsignor Talbot had been among the foremost of those who had thrown suspicion on his orthodoxy in the sad days which succeeded his connection with the *Rambler*. Nor would he allow his friends to rate too highly the significance of Talbot's visit and letter as signs of favour in high quarters. 'As to my invitation to Rome,' he wrote to Miss Bowles, 'it was this. Monsignor Talbot, who had been spreading the report that I subscribed to Garibaldi, and said other bad things against me, had the assurance to send me a pompous letter asking me to preach a set of sermons in his church, saying that then I should have an opportunity to show myself to the authorities (that, I think, was his phrase) and to rub up my Catholicism. It was an insolent letter. I declined.' The invitation 'was suggested by Manning—the Pope had nothing to do with it. When Talbot left for England he said, among other things, "I think of asking Dr. Newman to give a set of lectures in my church," and the Pope, of course, said, "a very good thought," as he would have said if Mgr. Talbot

had said, "I wish to bring Your Holiness some English razors."

Nevertheless, Newman's letters show that he was sensible of having now quite a new position in the Catholic world. He was recognised as the great and successful apologist for the Catholic religion, a defender of the Catholic priesthood, in a battle which had commanded the attention of all the English-speaking world. He states in his journal that his success 'put him in spirits' to look out for fresh work.

The English Universities had been thrown open to Catholics by the abolition of the tests which had long excluded them. Cardinal Wiseman, in earlier days, had inveighed against the injustice of their exclusion, and had looked forward to the time when in Oxford as in the Westminster Parliament his co-religionists should compete on equal terms with their fellow-countrymen. He had avowed these sentiments openly in the *Dublin Review*. Newman had for some time considered the possibility of a renewed connection with Oxford, with the immediate object of affording spiritual and intellectual guidance to Catholic undergraduates, and the indirect issue of coming to close quarters with the thought of the place, and undertaking as occasion demanded such an intellectual exposition of Catholicism in its relation to modern movements as would make it a power in English religious thought. This in turn would help to secure and fortify the faith of the young. Such an endeavour would enable him to continue in a new form the work he had endeavoured to do both at Dublin and in the *Rambler*. The Catholic University had failed. University training must be sought by Catholics at Oxford or Cambridge, or not at all. He knew Oxford and loved it. It had been the scene of his wonderful work in stemming the early stages of rationalistic thought among the youth of England. Now rationalism had grown there and the philosophy of J. S. Mill was supreme. Could he resume his task with the power of the Catholic Church behind him?

The Munich Brief had in 1863, as we have seen, directly discouraged the attempt to meet the intellectual needs of the hour in the particular form it had been taking among the German *savants*. Could it be made under different conditions?

Could something in the desired direction be undertaken as an almost pastoral work for the sake of the rising generation?

Newman's sense of the urgency of the danger and of the necessity of meeting it by argument rather than mere censure of error appears in a letter written to Mr. Ornsby shortly after the publication of the Munich Brief (in the year preceding the 'Apologia'), in reply to his correspondent's information as to the tendency towards infidelity among the abler and more thoughtful young Catholics at Dublin:

'What you say about this tendency towards infidelity is melancholy in the extreme—but to be expected. What has been done for the young men?

'... Denunciation effects neither subjection in thought nor in conduct; I think it was in my last letter that I concluded with some words which I wrote half asleep about the *Home and Foreign*. I wonder what I said,—I had a great deal to say, though it is wearisome to bring it out. The *Home and Foreign* has to amend its ways most considerably before it can be spoken well of by Catholics—so I think; but it realises the fact that there *are* difficulties which have to be met, and it tries to meet them. Not successfully or always prudently, but still it has done something (I include the *Rambler*), and to speak against it as some persons do seems to me the act of men who are blind to the intellectual difficulties of the day. You cannot make men believe by force and repression. Were the Holy See as powerful in temporals as it was three centuries back, then you would have a secret infidelity instead of an avowed one—(which seems the worse evil) unless you train the reason to defend the truth. Galileo subscribed what was asked of him, but is said to have murmured: "E pur si muove."

'And your cut and dried answers out of a dogmatic treatise are no weapons with which the Catholic Reason can hope to vanquish the infidels of the day. Why was it that the Medieval Schools were so vigorous? Because they were allowed free and fair play—because the disputants were not made to feel the bit in their mouths at every other word they spoke, but could move their limbs freely and expatiate at will. Then, when they went wrong, a stronger and truer intellect set them down—and, as time went on, if the dispute got perilous, and a controversialist obstinate, then at length Rome interfered—at length, not at first. Truth is wrought out by many minds working together freely. As far as I

can make out, this has ever been the rule of the Church till now, when the first French Revolution having destroyed the Schools of Europe, a sort of centralization has been established at head quarters—and the individual thinker in France, England, or Germany is brought into immediate collision with the most sacred authorities of the Divine Polity. . . .

‘I suppose we must be worse before we are better—because we do not recognise that we are bad.’¹

It must be remembered that the Oxford scheme was never Newman’s ideal. It was a concession to necessities of the hour. His ideal scheme, alike for the education of the young and for the necessary intellectual defence of Christianity, had consistently been the erection of a large Catholic University, like Louvain. This he had tried to set up in Catholic Ireland. In such an institution research and discussion of the questions of the day would be combined, as in the Middle Ages, with a Catholic atmosphere, the personal ascendancy of able Christian professors, and directly religious influences for the young men. The cause of the failure of his attempt lay, not in him, but in the conditions of the country. His thoughts had therefore turned of necessity towards Oxford. But the exact nature of the scheme to be aimed at was for some time in his mind uncertain, and it was not until after the appearance of the ‘Apologia’ that he was hopeful enough to think of himself as likely to do a useful work in this connection.

A few months after the above letter to Mr. Ornsby was written, the question of Catholics frequenting Oxford and of the necessary safeguards which their admission must call for was *en évidence*. Cardinal Wiseman had years earlier spoken of the possibility of Oscott being some day used as a University for Catholics. And Newman—not yet closely concerned in the Oxford scheme—in 1863 threw out a hint based on this idea to Bishop Ullathorne, who consulted him on the whole subject.

‘It is a marvel,’ Newman wrote to Ambrose St. John in this connexion, ‘that the Bishop suffers me, that he suffers

¹ ‘My view has ever been,’ he writes to Mr. Copeland on April 20, 1873, ‘to answer, not to suppress, what is erroneous—merely as a matter of expedience for the cause of truth, at least at this day. It seems to me a bad policy to suppress. Truth has a power of its own which makes its way—it is stronger than error according to the proverb “Magna est veritas” etc.’

us, considering his exceeding suspiciousness about people near me, whom he seems to think heretics, and his taking any lukewarmness about the Temporal Power, and any tolerance of Napoleon, as synonymous with laxity of faith. We ought to put it to the account of St. Philip.'

At the meeting of the Bishops at Eastertide in 1864 a resolution was drafted discouraging Catholics from going to Oxford; but nothing final or decisive was done. The most influential lay opinion was in favour of Oxford—a Catholic College or Hall being the most popular scheme. So matters stood when the 'Apologia' was written.

Two months after the completion of the 'Apologia,' in August 1864, Mr. Ambrose Smith, a Catholic resident in Oxford, had the refusal of five acres of excellent land in the town. He conveyed the offer to Newman. Newman felt that it should not be allowed to fall through. He consulted his friends. The land might be bought for some religious purpose even if its precise object was not at once determined. It would be for some work for the Church in connection with Oxford—an Oratory, a Hall, or a College. Newman, now on the crest of the wave of hope which the 'Apologia' had rolled forward, rose to the notion. He communicated with Hope-Scott and other friends as to the necessary purchase money.

He communicated too with Bishop Ullathorne, who offered the Mission of Oxford to the Oratory—thus at once giving an assured and certainly lawful destination to the purchase.

A letter from Newman to Hope-Scott gives the situation in this first stage in the negotiations:

'August 29th, 1864.

'The Bishop has offered *us* the Mission—and is collecting money for Church and priest's house. They would become *pro tempore* the Church and House of the Oratory. No college would be set up, but the priest—i.e. the Fathers of the Oratory—would take lodgers.

'So far, as far as a plan goes, is fair sailing, but now *can* the Oratory, *proprio motu* (when once established in Oxford, for *this* I can do with nothing more than the Bishop's consent), can the Oratory, that is I, *when once* set up, without saying a word to any one, make the Oratory a Hall? I cannot tell. I don't see why I should not. The Oratory is *confessedly* out of the Bishop's jurisdiction. Propaganda

might at once interfere—perhaps would. Our Bishop left to himself would be for an Oxford Catholic College or Hall; but Propaganda would be against him, and my only defence would be *the support of the Catholic gentry*.

‘Further the old workhouse stands on the ground (fronting Walton Street). It was built of stone about 90 years ago by (Gwynne) the architect of Magdalen Bridge—it has a *regular* front of perhaps 237 feet. I am writing for some information about it. Father Caswall went to see it, but could not get admittance. It holds 150 paupers. (They say it will sell, i.e. the materials, for about 400*l.*) Perhaps it would admit of fitting up as a Hall or College. I daresay I could collect money for that specific purpose—perhaps Monteith, Scott Murray, Mr. Waldron and others would give me 100*l.* a piece—perhaps I might collect 1,000*l.* in that way, which might be enough. This plan would be *independent* of any *Mission* plan, but it is a great point to come in under the Bishop’s sanction and to be carrying out an idea of his. Also, it gives us an ostensible position quite independent of the College plan. We have our work in Oxford, though the College plan failed. And we can feel our way much better. It would not be worth while coming to Oxford to keep a mere lodging house,—but, being there already as Missioners, it is natural to take youths into our building, and many parents would like it.

‘But now, *per contra*.

‘1. At my age—when I am sick of all plans—have little energy, and declining strength.

‘2. When we are so few and have so many irons in the fire.

‘3. How could I mix again with Oxford men? How could I “*siccis oculis*” see “*monstra natantia*” when I walked the streets, who had made snaps at me, or looked “*torvè*” upon me in times long past? How could I throw myself into what might be such painful re-awakening animosities? How could I adjust my position with dear Pusey, and others who are at present my well-wishers?

‘4. Then all the *work* I might be involved in, do what I would!

‘5. And the hot water I might get into with Propaganda. Perhaps I should have to kick my heels at its door for a whole year, like poor Dr. Baines. It would kill me. The Catholic gentry alone could save me here.

‘6. Then again I ought to have a view on all those questions about Scripture, the antiquity of man, metaphysics, evidence, &c., &c., which I have *not*,—and which, as soon as

I got, I might get a rap on the knuckles from Propaganda for divulging.

'7. Then I have had so much disappointment and anxiety, —the Irish University is such a failure—the Achilli matter was such a scrape—the School is such a fidget—that I once again quote against myself the words of Euripides in censure of *οἱ περὶ σοὶ* or Lord Melbourne's: "Why can't you let it alone?"

'If we did it we should have a resident curate, and a resident dean or the like; and send one of our Fathers to and fro as "Rector," which is the Oratorian name for Vice-Superior or Vice-Provost.

'Now I have put out all before you; and give me your opinion on the whole. I have told Mr. Ambrose Smith I will give him his answer by the 8th September.'

While Newman, after his wont, was threshing out every item of the prospect in his correspondence, weighing 'pros' and 'cons,' asking for delay, Mr. Ambrose Smith died quite unexpectedly. Then a decision had to be come to at once. He sent Father Ambrose and Father Edward to Oxford with a free hand. They bought the land for 8,400*l.* Newman writes to Miss Giberne on October 25:

'The two Fathers returned last night at 7, and I am writing to you first of all just after mass, knowing what interest you will take in it, how you love both the Oratory and Oxford, and what benefit your prayers will do me. The sum is awful—I have to meet it by the first of January. Mr. Hope-Scott gives 1000*l.*—the Oratory 1000*l.*—the rest I must make up out of the *private* money of Ambrose, Edward and William, as I can. And then how are they (and our Oratory) to live without money! our school does not pay—our offertory does not support the Sacristy. Therefore we have need of prayers.

'The land is, as *you* would think, out of Oxford,—but the place is *growing* in that direction—and is growing in the shape of gentlefolk as well as poor—so that, independent of the bearing of the Oratory on the University, we think there is room for a good mission. The ground beyond the Park and the Observatory is getting covered with houses. The (Protestant) parochial clergy are becoming married men—the Tutors, nay the Fellows, are marrying—and the Professors have by late changes increased in number and in wealth. Thus there is a *society* growing up in Oxford, which

never was before, beyond the exclusive pale of Provosts and Presidents. Well, the land lies between Worcester College, the Printing Office, the Observatory, St. Giles's and Beaumont Street. It is a plot of 5 acres, on which stood hitherto the Work-house, which has been removed now to another locality. Hence the sale of the ground. Five acres is a square of which each side is nearly 480 feet long—so you may think how large it is. Christ Church Tom quad is a square of about 260 feet a side. Trinity College with its gardens is not 5 acres I suppose. Oriel, I suspect, is little more than 1 acre or an acre and a half. It is far, far too much for an Oratory—and the price far too much, and yet we shall have extreme difficulty in selling a portion again without loss. There is a *talk* of an Oxford Catholic College—if so, we should sell to it.

'We propose at once to start a subscription for a Church, commemorative of the Oxford Movement, and we are sanguine that we shall get a great deal of money.'

The idea of a college was, however, soon definitely abandoned and an Oratory at Oxford was again contemplated. Newman writes thus to Mr. Gaisford:

'October 30th, 1864.

'In nothing can one have one's own will, pure and simple, and the difficulty is increased where one is not sure what one's will is. The College or Hall scheme is enveloped in difficulty. . . . I look to see, supposing these preliminary difficulties overcome, whether it will be *acceptable* to Catholics. Now here I find a strong, I may say a growing, feeling on the part of the Bishops against it. Our own Bishop who was favourable to it some time ago has got stronger and stronger against it, and the person to whom he confided the drawing up of the memorandum to be sent to *Propaganda* on the subject, an Oxford man, gave his judgment against it. I say nothing of the opposition of Dr. Manning and the *Dublin Review*, which is only too well known. Nor is this all—Catholic gentlemen are beginning to *prefer* sending their boys to the existing Colleges—some have been for doing so from the first. . . . The Catholic public, it is plain, take no interest in the scheme. Whatever may happen years hence, it is impracticable now. And I have accordingly ceased to think of it.

'Hence I am led to contemplate, if possible, a strong ecclesiastical body in Oxford in order to be a centre of the Catholic youth there, and as a defence against Protestant

influences. Now do not think I am contemplating anything controversial. Just the contrary. I would conciliate the University if I could—but young Catholics *must* be seen to.

‘I repeat, we must do what we *can* in all things. Our Bishop takes up this Oratory view. He has long been wishing to make Oxford a strong Mission. A back yard in St. Clements and a barn to say Mass in, are not the proper representatives of the visible Church. But, if you *do* come forward, if you move on to St. Giles’, *any* how you will frighten at first and annoy the academical body. This is unavoidable. Next, how are you to raise the money for a Church? Catholics will not subscribe to it without a stimulus. Four years ago the notion of a Memorial Church was suggested by the Bishop. I did not enter into it then. *Now* I do. I think it will gain the money, and I don’t see any other way. The watchword (so to call it, for I am taking it in its most objectionable point of view) will die away when the money is collected. Only the fabric will remain. It will not be written upon it “the Movement Church”—if it is still an eyesore, it will be so, *because* it is a Catholic Church, not because it was raised with a certain idea.’

Newman’s immediate object, to help the Catholic undergraduates, and his ultimate aim—of influencing religious thought in Oxford with a view to the future—are stated incidentally in a letter to Mr. Wetherell:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 1st, 1864.

‘My dear Wetherell,—I wish I could talk to you instead of writing. I am passing through London and would make an appointment except that, from the hour which I must fix, it would be impossible for you to keep, while it would bind me. At present it looks as if I should come up to the Paddington Terminus on Thursday by the train which arrives at about $\frac{1}{4}$ to 11. If so, I should go to the coffee room. I have been quite well till now,—but this Oxford matter has for the moment knocked me up, so that I am running away to hide myself.

‘We are proceeding to build a Church directly—and my great difficulty is this—to raise the money by contributions I must take an ostentatious line and make a noise,—to set myself right with the Oxford residents, who are at this moment alarmed, I ought to be unostentatious and quiet. I truly wish the latter—I have no intention of making a row—no wish to angle for heedless undergraduates. I go primarily

and directly to take care of the Catholic youth who are beginning to go there, and are in Protestant Colleges. And what I *aim* at is not immediate conversions, but to influence, as far as an old man can, the tone of thought in the place, with a view to a distant time when I shall be no longer here. I do not want controversy. So much for the University—as to the town people, of course I shall have no objection, if I can, to convert them—not that their souls are more precious, but that they can be got (if so) without greater counterbalancing evils.

‘Then on the other hand, I *do* come out with a watch-word—viz. the Church is to be a sort of thank-offering on the part of the converts of the last 30 years. How can I raise the money unless this be understood?’

‘I don’t expect to leave Birmingham.’

‘Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

‘P.S.—You may use what I have said at your discretion, *but not on my authority.*’

The work Newman contemplated was to be done not in opposition to, but rather in unison with, the Church of England and the other religious forces in Oxford. The danger from which he wished to protect the undergraduates was free thought. In a remarkable letter four years earlier he had declined the proposal that he should take part in building a new church at Oxford, on the very ground that he thought controversy with Anglicans in Oxford undesirable. This letter—addressed to Canon Estcourt and dated June 2, 1860—ran as follows:

‘You seemed to think with me that the Catholics of Oxford do not require a new Church: if then a subscription is commenced for a new one, it will be with a view to making converts from the University. Indeed, I think you will allow this to be the view: for it was on this very ground that you wished me, and the only ground on which you could wish me, to take part in it. You said that my name would draw aid from converts—and you were kind enough to wish that the Church thus built should be in a certain sense a memorial of my former position in Oxford. Now a controversial character thus given to new ecclesiastical establishments there, whatever be its expedience in itself, would be the very circumstance which would determine me personally against taking that part in promoting them, which you assign to me. It would do more harm than good.

‘To take part in this would be surely inconsistent with the sentiments which I have ever acted upon, since I have been a Catholic. My first act was to leave the neighbourhood of Oxford, where I found myself, at considerable inconvenience. When I heard the question of a new Oxford Church mooted at Stonyhurst soon after, I spoke against it. In all that I have written, I have spoken of Oxford and the Oxford system with affection and admiration. I have put its system forward, as an instance of that union of dogmatic teaching and liberal education which command my assent. I have never acted in direct hostility to the Church of England. I have, in my lectures on Anglicanism, professed no more than to carry on “children of the Movement of 1833” to their legitimate conclusions. In my lectures on Catholicism in England, I oppose, not the Anglican Church, but National Protestantism, and Anglicans only so far as they belong to it. In taking part in building a new Church at Oxford, I should be commencing a line of conduct which would require explanation. . . .

‘While I do not see my way to take steps to weaken the Church of England, being what it is, least of all should I be disposed to do so in Oxford, which has hitherto been the seat of those traditions which constitute whatever there is of Catholic doctrine and principle in the Anglican Church. That there are also false traditions there, I know well: I know too that there is a recent importation of scepticism and infidelity; but, till things are very much changed there, in weakening Oxford, we are weakening our friends, weakening our own *de facto* *παίδευσίς* into the Church. Catholics did not make us Catholics; Oxford made us Catholics. At present Oxford surely does more good than harm. There has been a rage for shooting sparrows of late years, under the notion that they are the farmers’ enemies. Now, it is discovered that they do more good by destroying insects than harm by picking up the seed. In Australia, I believe, they are actually importing them. Is there not something of a parallel here?

‘I go further than a mere tolerance of Oxford; as I have said, I wish to suffer the Church of England. The Establishment has ever been a breakwater against Unitarianism, fanaticism, and infidelity. It has ever loved us better than Puritans or Independents have loved us. And it receives all that abuse and odium of dogmatism, or at least a good deal of it, which otherwise would be directed against us. I should have the greatest repugnance to introducing controversy

into those quiet circles and sober schools of thought which are the strength of the Church of England. It is another thing altogether to introduce controversy to individual minds which are already unsettled, or have a drawing towards Catholicism. Altogether another thing in a place like Birmingham, where nearly everyone is a nothingarian, an infidel, a sceptic, or an inquirer. Here Catholic efforts are not only good in themselves, and do good, but cannot possibly do any even incidental harm—here, whatever is done is so much gain. In Oxford you would unsettle many, and gain a few, if you did your most.

‘If a Catholic Church were in a position there suitable for acting upon Undergraduates, first it would involve on their part a conscious breach of University and College regulations; then it would attract just those who were likely to be unstable, and who perhaps in a year or two would lapse back to Protestantism; and then, it would create great bitterness of feeling and indignation against Catholics, prejudice fair minds against the truth, and diminish the chances of our being treated with equity at Oxford or elsewhere.’

But while he had thus declined in 1860 to place antagonism between the forces of Anglicanism and Catholicism in Oxford, or to countenance proselytism, another idea now gradually grew upon him, that he might help to do what Pusey and his friends had been attempting in Oxford—that he might serve the cause of Christian philosophy against the incoming tide of freethought.¹

The next step was to appeal for funds, and Newman drew up a careful circular with this object, and submitted it to Hope-Scott. The proposal was not only to pay for the land, but to erect a church commemorative of the Oxford conversions of 1845. This proposal, which Newman had declined when it appeared to be a controversial demonstration, he now accepted in new circumstances; but he carefully eliminated all controversial matter from his circular. The circular had to be framed with great care. For the opposition of the hierarchy to Catholics entering the existing Oxford colleges had to be taken into account. This difficulty appears in a letter to Hope-Scott:

¹ His appreciation of Pusey’s work in this respect, and his sense that it was one with which Catholics should deeply sympathise, is indicated in a letter to Lord Bray. See p. 486.

‘October 31st, 1864.

‘I am not sure that I understood your letter. I believe it means this:—“don’t give up the idea of a College or Hall—don’t cut off the chance of it. To say you are sent to the Catholic youth in the existing Colleges is a sort of recognition of those Colleges as a fit place for them, and an acquiescence in the abandonment of the College or Hall scheme. Therefore speak of the existing admission to the University, not Colleges.” I have altered it to meet this idea.

‘Also, I have cut off the part to which you object. Still, I have spoken of the spirit of the *Oratory*, because it ever has been peaceable, unpolitical, conceding, and quiet. You may think it, however, as sounding like a fling at the Jesuits, &c. *For this, or any other reason*, draw your pen across it if you think best.’

The circular sent to his friends, together with the Bishop’s letter entrusting the Mission to him entirely, ran as follows:

‘Father Newman having been entrusted by his Diocesan with the Mission of Oxford, is proceeding, with the sanction of Propaganda, to the establishment there of a House of the Oratory.

‘Some such establishment in one of the great seats of learning seems to be demanded of English Catholics at a time when the relaxation both of controversial animosity and of legal restriction has allowed them to appear before their countrymen in the full profession and the genuine attributes of their Holy Religion.

‘And, while there is no place in England more likely than Oxford to receive a Catholic community with fairness, interest, and intelligent curiosity, so on the other hand the English Oratory has this singular encouragement in placing itself there, that it has been expressly created and blessed by the reigning Pontiff for the very purpose of bringing Catholicity before the educated classes of society, and especially those classes which represent the traditions and the teaching of Oxford.

‘Moreover, since many of its priests have been educated at the Universities, it brings to its work an acquaintance and a sympathy with Academical habits and sentiments, which are a guarantee of its inoffensive bearing towards the members of another communion, and which will specially enable it to discharge its sacred duties in the peaceable and

conciliatory spirit which is the historical characteristic of the sons of St. Philip Neri.

‘Father Newman has already secured a site for an Oratory Church and buildings in an eligible part of Oxford; and he now addresses himself to the work of collecting the sums necessary for carrying his important undertaking into effect. This he is able to do under the sanction of the following letter from the Bishop of the Diocese, which it gives him great satisfaction to publish.’

For two months all seemed to go well. Newman was living among his own friends and did not realise the potent forces which were working against him, of which I shall speak directly. Mr. Wetherell was especially active on his behalf. He engaged the services of the able architect Mr. Henry Clutton for the buildings in connection with the Oxford Oratory. Newman’s old Oxford friend James Laird Patterson took him to see Cardinal Wiseman to talk things over. Wiseman’s uncordial reception of him was ascribed by them both to ill-health. Of the determined opposition to the scheme which, at the instigation of Manning and W. G. Ward, the Cardinal was preparing to offer, they had no suspicion; so all letters up to the middle of November speak of sanguine hope. A few specimens shall suffice:

‘Brighton: November 5th, 1864.

‘My dear Ambrose,—We came here last night as a first stage towards Hastings, whither we find Pollen has gone. It is cold and raw here.

‘Our day in London was successful. Patterson has no idea at all of leaving London, and, when he said he put himself at my disposal, he meant to make the offer, consistently with his being at the disposal of the Westminster Diocese. However, he is very warm. . . . He thought that Oxford offered a large field for conversions. I daresay he would be more desirous of manifestations than I should be.

‘Wetherell and Clutton both were in high spirits and hopes about the Oxford scheme, and prophesied all that was good and glorious. Yard¹ I could not see, as it was St. Charles’s day—I must see him in returning. There will be an article on the Oxford matter in the *Daily News* of this day. . . . Clutton is coming to us on Monday 14th—going first to Oxford.

¹ Father Yard, of St. Charles’ Bayswater.

'Patterson said he was going to the Cardinal, who had not been well. . . . I went with him, and saw the poor Cardinal for ten minutes. I saw him, I suppose, in his usual state—relaxed, feeble, and dejected.¹ On ringing at the door, I had said to Patterson, "You must bring me off in five minutes for the Cardinal is so entertaining a talker that it is always difficult to get away from him." Alas, what I never could have fancied beforehand, I was the only speaker. I literally *talked*. He is anxious about his eyes. Patterson calls it "congestion." The C. says that the London fog tries them. He was just down—two o'clock or half past two. He listened to the Oxford plan, half querulously, and said that he thought the collection for St. Thomas at Rome would interfere with getting money from the Continent. Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

NEWMAN TO MOTHER IMELDA POOLE.

'The Oratory: November 16th, 1864.

'We shall have plenty of trials in time, but at present the sky is very clear and bright, and the landscape is rose-colour. Alas, that bright mornings are the soonest overcast! So great a work cannot be done without great crosses,—yet I don't like to say so, for it is like prophesying against myself, and I do not like trial at all. What is to happen if we are not preserved in health and strength! We have few enough to work if we have our all—we have not a quarter of a Father to spare—but we must leave all this to Him Who we trust is employing us.'

NEWMAN TO HENRY WILBERFORCE.

'The Oratory: November 16th, 1864.

'As to Oxford, we are astonished at our own doings—and our only hope is that we are doing God's Will in thus portentously involving ourselves both in money matters and in work. I should like a long talk with you, though just now I am confined to my room with a bad cold. My friends here sent me away suddenly to the South Coast because I was not quite well,—and, coming back from that delightful climate to this keen one, I have been knocked up by it. I think I should live ten years longer if I was at Hastings or

¹ 'N.B. I afterwards had reason for thinking that a deep opposition to my going to Oxford was the cause of the Cardinal's manner. Of this I was quite unsuspecting.

J. H. N. Nov. 4th, 1875.'

Brighton, but here, when I am older, a cold caught may carry me off. Since I came back, I have been hard at the letters which came in my absence,—so you must excuse my delay in answering you.

‘We are going to build a Church at once, and, though the mission is very small at present, we are sanguine that we shall increase it enough to make it pay the interest of our great expenses. The Bishop has given us a strong letter, and I trust we shall collect a large sum for the Church. Everything looks favourable at the moment, but of course we shall have plenty of crosses as time goes on.’

TO CANON WALKER.

‘November 17, 1864. . . .

‘There is just now a very remarkable feeling in my favour at Oxford—a friend of mine, who has lately been there, writes word “Unless I had seen it with my own eyes, I could not have believed how strong is the attachment, for that is the word, with which you are regarded by all parties up there.” A head of a House says “every one would welcome you in Oxford.” An undergraduate writes to me: “There is a report that you were at Oriel last Friday incognito; it caused great excitement. I am sure, if it were known you were coming here on any particular day, the greater part of the University would escort you in procession into the Town.” Do *not mention* all this—of course I cannot reckon on the feeling lasting, but it is hopeful, as a beginning. The whole course of things has been wonderful—and there seems to me a call on me to follow it, without looking forward to the future. If we come to a cul-de-sac, we must back out.’

The grounds of fear put forward in the letter to Mother Imelda Poole read as the suggestings of a morbid fancy. But the instinct which prompted his anxiety proved a true one. W. G. Ward during the two years in which he had edited the *Dublin Review* had developed and defined his views on Catholic culture in opposition to what he regarded as the secularist spirit of the *Rambler* and *Home and Foreign*. He regarded the prospect of Catholics going to Oxford as a surrender of the whole situation. The rising generation, the future representatives of the Church in England, would be at Oxford during the most plastic years

in which their views were being formed and their characters moulded, surrounded by the indifferentist atmosphere of a University in which some of the ablest thought was now agnostic in its tendency. With all the zeal of a Crusader he opposed the project. He did not in his writings on the subject enter into the considerations which the Moderate party urged. He did not deal with the individual cases where the absence of Oxford life might conceivably do much more harm than its presence could do. For many, the alternative was Woolwich or Sandhurst—places fraught with far greater dangers than Oxford to those whose trials were moral rather than intellectual. Again, he did not treat of the practical prospects of those rich young men to whom the prospect of a career—so difficult to realise if the Universities were tabooed—is the best safeguard against very obvious temptations to a life of pleasure. He was exclusively occupied with the necessity of making loyalty to Church authority and other religious first principles supremely influential in the rising generation, by jealously guarding these principles in youth and early manhood. More than all, he dreaded the insidious intellectual and worldly maxims of a secular University—the principles of ‘religious Liberalism’ as he called them. Such maxims were calculated so to dilute the Catholic ‘ethos’ at the most critical moment in the formation of character as to bring up a generation of merely nominal Catholics.

‘Since the season of childhood and youth is immeasurably the most impressible of all,’ he wrote in the *Dublin Review*, ‘it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of preserving the purity of a Catholic atmosphere throughout the whole of Catholic education. . . . Even intellectually speaking, no result can well be more deplorable than that which tends to ensue from mixed education. There is no surer mark of an uncultivated mind, than that a man’s practical judgment on facts as they occur, shall be at variance with the theoretical principles which he speculatively accepts. . . . Now this is the natural result of mixed education. The unhappy Catholic who is so disadvantageously circumstanced tends to become the very embodiment of inconsistency. Catholic in his speculative convictions, non-Catholic in his practical judgments; holding one doctrine as a universal truth, and

a doctrine precisely contradictory in almost every particular which that universal truth embraces.'

Ward had many sympathisers in his attitude—among them Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, and his own intimate friends the two future Cardinals, Manning and Vaughan. At the news of Newman's plan, these men made urgent representations to Propaganda and to Cardinal Wiseman as to the necessity of immediate action being taken to prevent its going further. Newman's presence at Oxford would mean past recovery the triumph of mixed education. Ward wrote to Talbot at the Vatican to secure Propaganda on the anti-Oxford side. Vaughan went to Rome itself.

In Rome there was every disposition to take a strong line against mixed education, for the national Universities in the countries with which the authorities were most familiar were positively anti-Christian, and young men rarely emerged from them with definite Christian belief. Even in a country where Catholicism was as strong as it was in Belgium the Catholic University of Louvain was founded expressly to counteract this danger. The whole tendency of the Ultramontane movement was towards endeavouring to secure a body of zealous and even militant young Catholics to fight the battles of the Holy See and the Church. Governments and populations were no longer Catholic. The national life was hardly anywhere Catholic. In such circumstances, to keep faith and zeal intact it was necessary to withdraw from the world. Education both primary and secondary must be suited to the policy of falling back behind the Catholic entrenchments to do battle with the modern spirit. Gregory XVI. and his successor had both opposed the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. When Ward, Manning, and Vaughan represented that Oxford would turn out young men who were Catholics in name only, Pius IX. was ready enough to believe that Oxford was no better than Brussels; that the best policy for Belgium would prove the best policy for England. That the conditions in the two countries were fundamentally different, that Oxford was not a school of infidelity, that it might be even still open to religious influences, was a thought which was probably not suggested to him. Therefore, when Vaughan went to Rome

as the ambassador of the party, he found ears ready enough to listen to him at Propaganda.

The news of the proceedings of Ward and Manning, with its ominous significance as to the inevitable sequel, burst upon Newman a week after the hopeful letters we have just read. Newman saw the gravity of the situation. His one hope was in strong representations to Propaganda on the part of the laity. He at once conveyed the intelligence of what had occurred to Hope-Scott.

'The Bishops are to meet *quam primum*,' he wrote to Hope-Scott on November 23rd, 'not to *settle* the University question, but to submit their opinions to Propaganda, that *Propaganda* may decide. Propaganda seems to be at the mercy of Manning, Ward, and Dr. Grant. For this meeting does not proceed from the Bishops. It is not off the cards, though, of course, very improbable, that going to Oxford will be made a reserved case.

'Now I repeat what I have said before, that, unless the Catholic gentry make themselves heard at Rome, a small active clique will carry the day.'

Mr. Wetherell at once got up a lay petition to Propaganda in favour of Catholics going to Oxford, and took it himself to Rome early in the following year. But he accomplished nothing. Meanwhile Newman had an interview with Bishop Ullathorne before the end of November and learnt from him fully the condition of affairs. He writes of the prospect despairingly to Hope-Scott on November 28:

'At present I am simply off the rails. I do not know how to doubt that the sudden meeting of the Bishops has been ordered apropos of my going to Oxford. If I can understand our Bishop, the notion is to forbid young Catholics to go to Oxford, and to set up a University elsewhere. If so, what have I to do with Oxford? what call have I, at the end of twenty years, apropos of nothing, to open theological trenches against the Doctors and Professors of the University?'

In a few weeks the whole Oxford scheme was definitely dropped. The Bishops met on December 13 and passed resolutions in favour of an absolute prohibition of Oxford. The confirmation of their act by Propaganda was not doubtful.

Propaganda had indeed informally intimated its own judgment in the same direction.

But, moreover, a set of questions was drawn up and sent to many leading Oxford converts, inviting their opinion as to the advisability of Catholics going to Oxford. The answers were to be sent to Propaganda for its enlightenment. The questions were not sent to Newman or any of his sympathisers. They implied in their form that an adverse answer on each point was the only one open to a sound Catholic. Their authorship I have been unable to discover. But they were clearly drawn up by some one whose opposition to the Oxford scheme was uncompromising. They were sent by Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, to Mr. Gaisford among others, and Mr. Gaisford returned answers strongly favourable to Catholics frequenting the Universities.¹ These answers he forwarded to Newman with the text of the questions themselves.

Newman in a letter to Mr. Gaisford thus commented on answers and on the questions themselves:

‘December 16th, 1864.

‘I heard of the questions for the first time three days ago. I had not seen them or any one of them till you sent them. As for my own opinion, it has never been asked in any shape.

‘Such a paper of questions is deplorable—deplorable because they are not questions but arguments, worse than “leading questions.” They might as well have been summed up in one—viz., “Are you or are you not, one of those wicked men who advocate Oxford education?” for they imply a *condemnation* of the respondent if he does not reply *in one way*.

‘I do not believe that the meeting, or the questions, came from the Bishops. They come from unknown persons, who mislead Propaganda, put the screw on the Bishops, and would shut up our school if they could,—and perhaps will.

‘As to our Bishop, I formally told him a month before I bought the ground that, if I accepted the Mission, and proposed to introduce the Oratory to Oxford, it was solely for the sake of the Catholics in the Colleges. Yet he let me go on. In truth he knew of no real difficulty or hitch in

¹ The text of the questions and of Mr. Gaisford’s reply is given in the Appendix at p. 540.

prospect. I believe the news of the intended Bishops' meeting was a surprise to him.

'I think your letter and answers very good, very much to the point. There is a straightforwardness in them which must tell, if they are read.

'It is the laity's concern, not ours. There are those who contrast the English laity with the Irish, and think that the English will stand anything. Such persons will bully, if they are allowed to do so; but will not show fight if they are resisted.'

By the end of the month it was quite clear to Newman that the whole Oxford scheme was at an end, as he says in a sad letter to Sister Imelda Poole of Stone:

'December 28th, 1864.

'As to the Oxford scheme it is still the Blessed Will of God to send me baulks. On the whole, I suppose, looking through my life as a course, He is using me, but really viewed in its separate parts it is but a life of failures. My Bishop gave me the Mission without my asking for it. I told him that I should not think of going, except for the sake of Catholic youths there, and with his perfect acquiescence I bought the ground. It cost 8,400*l*. When all this had been done there was an interposition of Propaganda, for which I believe he was absolutely unprepared, and the more so, because, as I heard at the time, the collected Bishops had last year recommended Propaganda to do nothing in the Oxford question. However, on the news coming to certain people in London that I was going to Oxford, they influenced Propaganda to interfere, and the whole scheme is, I conceive, at an end. Of course, if Propaganda brings out any letter of disapproval of young Catholics going to Oxford, (and people think it is certain to do so) my going there is either superfluous, or undutiful—superfluous if there are no Catholics there—undutiful if my going is an inducement to them, or an excuse and shelter for their going there?'

To the same effect he wrote to Miss Giberne, adding as a postscript, 'does it not seem queer that the two persons who are now most opposed to me are Manning and Ward?'

And so four short months saw the dawn, the promise, the defeat of the hopeful dreams which the success of the 'Apologia' had kindled.

The expected rescript from Propaganda came early in 1865, and Newman wrote of it thus to Mr. John Pollen:

‘Have you seen the sweeping sentence of the Bishops on the Oxford matter? I consider that Propaganda has ordered the Bishops to be of one mind, and they have not been able to help it, and that Manning has persuaded Propaganda.

‘It is to be observed that they do not *order* their clergy to dissuade parents, but give their judgment for the *guidance* of the Clergy. This I interpret to mean (1) that each case of going to Oxford is to be taken by itself, (2) that leave is to be asked by parents in the *Confessional*.

‘But so far is clear, that, unless Wetherell brings some modification from Rome (which I don’t think he will) no School, as ourselves, can educate with a professed view to Oxford. The decision includes the London University and Trinity College, Dublin.

‘It seems as if they wanted to put down the whole matter at once. And I suppose they will follow it up by some attempted organisation of English Education generally. I never should be surprised if our School was directly or indirectly attacked.’

Mr. Wetherell and his deputation had, as I have intimated, no success: got indeed barely a hearing. Newman’s friends urged him to go in person to Rome, but he knew that he could effect nothing against the active campaign of Manning and Ward aided by Mgr. Talbot at the Vatican itself. His feelings on the situation are expressed in the following letters to Miss Bowles:

‘March 31st, 1865.

‘I was going to write a long answer to your letter, but it is far too large and too delicate a subject to write about. If I ever had an hour with you, I could tell you a great deal. No,—you do not know facts, and know partially or incorrectly those which you know. You say what you would do in my case, if you were a man; and I should rather say what I would do in my case, if I were a woman,—for it was St. Catherine who advised a Pope, and succeeded, but St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Edmund tried and failed. I am too much of a philosopher too to have the keen energy necessary for the work on which you put me. Yet observe, Lacordaire, with whom I so much sympathize, was a fiery orator and a restless originator,—yet he failed, as I have failed.

‘Look at the whole course of this Oxford matter. The Bishops have just brought out their sweeping decision, unani-

mously. Unanimously, because Propaganda orders it. Who directs Propaganda? What pains did they (the Cardinal) take in England to get opinions? As for myself, no one in authority has ever asked me. I never saw the questions (till afterwards)—few did—and what questions—leading questions and worse—arguments, not questions. The laity told nothing about it. The laity go to Propaganda. Cardinal Barnabo talks by the half hour, not letting anyone else speak, and saying he knows all about it already, and wants no information, for Mgr. Talbot has told him all about it. What chance should *I* have with broken Italian (they don't, can't, talk Latin)? I *know* what chance. I had to go to him nine years ago,—he treated me in the same way—scolded me before he knew what I had come about; and I went on a most grave matter, sorely against my will. No—we are in a transition time and must wait patiently, though of course the tempest will last through our day.'

'May 1st, 1865.

'I inclose a post office order for 5*l*. . . . As to the rest, I wish it to go in a special kind of charity, viz. in the *instrumenta*, as I may call them, and operative methods of your own good works,—that is, not in meat, and drink, and physic, or clothing of the needy, but (if you will not be angry with me) in your charitable cabs, charitable umbrellas, charitable boots, and all the wear and tear of a charitable person who, without such wear and tear, cannot do her charity.

'As to Catholic matters, there is nothing like the logic of facts. This is what I look to—it is a sad consolation—but Catholics won't stand such standing still for ever. And then, when much mischief is done, and more is feared, something will be attempted in high quarters. . . .

'A great prelate (Dr. Ullathorne) said to me years ago, when I said that the laity needed instruction, guidance, tenderness, consideration, &c., &c.: "You do not know them, Dr. N., our laity are a peaceable body—they are peaceable." I understood him to mean: "They are grossly ignorant and unintellectual, and we need not consult, or consult for them at all." . . . And at Rome they treat them according to the tradition of the Middle Ages, as, in "Harold the Dauntless," the Abbot of Durham treated Count Witikind. Well, facts alone will slowly make them recognise the fact of what a laity must be in the 19th century if it is to cope with Protestantism.'

Further reflections of interest on the Oxford question as a whole and on the prospect for the future are contained in the following letters:

TO MISS HOLMES.

'The Oratory, Bm.: Feb. 7th, '65.

'As to Oxford and Cambridge, it is quite plain that the Church *ought* to have Schools (Universities) of her own. She can in Ireland—she can't in England, a Protestant country. How are you to prepare young Catholics for taking part in life, in filling stations in a Protestant country as England, without going to the English Universities? Impossible. Either then refuse to let Catholics avail themselves of these privileges, of going into Parliament, of taking their seat in the House of Lords, of becoming Lawyers, Commissioners etc. etc. *or* let them go *there, where alone* they will be able to put themselves on a par with Protestants. Argument the 1st.

'2. They will get more harm in London life than at Oxford or Cambridge. A boy of 19 goes to some London office, with no restraint—he goes at that age to Oxford or Cambridge, and is at least under *some* restraint.

'3. Why are you not consistent, and forbid him to go into the Army? why don't you forbid him to go to such an "Academy" at Woolwich? He may get at Woolwich as much harm in his faith and morals as at the Universities.

'4. There are *two* sets at Oxford. What Fr. B. says of the good set being *small*, is bosh. At least I have a right to know better than he. What can he know about my means of knowledge? I was Tutor (in a very rowing College, and was one of those who changed its character). I was Dean of discipline—I was Pro-proctor. The good set was not a small set—tho' it varied in number in different colleges.'

TO MR. HOPE-SCOTT.

'April 28th, 1865.

'It boots not to go through the Oxford matter, now (at least for the time) over. I believe the majority of the Bishops were against the decision, to which they have publicly committed themselves; and what is to take the place of Oxford, I know not. Our boys go on well till they get near the top of the school—but, when they are once put into the fifth or sixth form, they languish and get slovenly—i.e. for want of a *stimulus*. They have no object before them.

And then again, parents come to me and say: "What are we to do with Charlie and Richard? Is he to keep company with the gamekeeper on his leaving school? Is he to be toadied by all the idle fellows about the place? Is he to get a taste for low society? How *can* Oxford be worse than this? Is he to have a taste for anything beyond that for shooting pheasants? Is he to stagnate with no internal resources, and no power of making himself useful in life?" As to such fellows being likely to have their faith shaken at Oxford, that (at least) their *parents* think an absurdity, and so do I. Of course it is otherwise with more intellectual youths,—though at present I am credibly informed there is a singular reaction in Oxford in favour of High Church principles; and, though I can understand a Catholic turning liberal, my imagination fails as to the attempt to turn him into a Puseyite.'

With this letter should be read a sentence in another written a week earlier to St. John, which shows that, with this as with so much else, his last word was 'patience.' Oxford might be open to another generation of Catholics, though he would no longer be there to guide them:

'Rednall: April 21st, 1865.

'This morning I have made up my mind, as the only way of explaining the way in which all the Bishops but two turned round, that the extinguisher on Oxford was the Pope's *own* act. If so, we may at once reconcile ourselves to it. Another Pontiff in another generation may reverse it.'

The year 1893—three years after Newman had himself passed away—saw the realisation, under the Pontificate of Leo XIII., of the hope expressed in this letter.

The failure of the Oxford scheme was regarded by Newman as final so far as his own lifetime went. And he sold the ground he had bought. The disappointment did not, however, crush Newman as earlier ones had done. His habit of patience had grown on him, and seems to have given him more of strength and calmness. 'The obedient man shall speak of victory.' Moreover he had seen signs, in the strong support he now had among Catholics, that his own views might one day prevail. And the success of the 'Apologia' was an accomplished fact.

In the first half of 1865 came a lull in the acute discussions of the hour. In February 1865 Cardinal Wiseman passed away, and it was uncertain what ecclesiastical powers would come to the front in England. An entry in the journal records Newman's feelings at this time:

‘February 22nd, 1865.

‘I have just now looked over what I wrote on January 21st 1863. My position of mind now is so different from what it was then, that it would require many words to bring it out. First, I have got hardened against the opposition made to me, and have not the soreness at my ill-treatment on the part of certain influential Catholics which I had then,—and this simply from the natural effect of time—just as I do not feel that anxiety which I once had that we have no novices. I don't know that this recklessness is a better state of mind than that anxiety. Every year I feel less and less anxiety to please Propaganda, from a feeling that they *cannot* understand England. Next, the two chief persons whom I felt to be unjust to me are gone,—the Cardinal and Faber. Their place has been taken by Manning and Ward; but somehow, from my never having been brought as closely into contact with either of them as with the Cardinal and Faber, I have not that sense of their cruelty which I felt so much as regards the two last mentioned. Thirdly, in the last year a most wonderful deliverance has been wrought in my favour, by the controversy of which the upshot was my “Apologia.” It has been marvellously blest, for, while I have regained, or rather gained, the favour of Protestants, I have received the approbation, in formal Addresses, of good part of the [Catholic] clerical body. They have been highly pleased with me, as doing them a service, and I stand with them as I never did before. Then again, it has pleased Protestants, and of all parties, as much or more. When I wrote those sharp letters, as I did very deliberately, in June 1862, in consequence of the reports circulated to the effect that I was turning Protestant, I at once brought myself down to my lowest point as regards popularity, yet, by the very force of my descent, I prepared the way for a rebound. It was my lowest point, yet the turning point. When A.B. wrote to remonstrate with me on the part of my Protestant friends, I answered him by showing how unkindly they had treated me for 17 years,—so much so that they had no right to remonstrate. This touched Keble. Moreover, it happened just then that,

independent of this, Copeland, having met me accidentally in London, came to see us here, and he spread such a kind report of me that Keble wrote to me, Rogers visited me (August 30th, 1863) and Church proposed to do so. Williams too wished to come and see me,—but *he* had never lost sight of me. The kind feeling was growing, when (Copeland accidentally being here) I began the Kingsley controversy, the effect of which I need not enlarge on. I have pleasant proofs of it every day. And thus I am in a totally different position now to what I was in January 1863. And my temptation at this moment is, to value the praise of men too highly, especially of Protestants—and to lose some portion of that sensitiveness towards God's praise which is so elementary a duty.

'On all these accounts, though I still feel keenly the way in which I am kept doing nothing, I am not so much pained at it,—both because by means of my "Apologia" I am (as I feel) *indirectly* doing a work, and because its success has put me in spirits to look out for other means of doing good, whether Propaganda cares about it or no. Yet still it is very singular that the same effective opposition to me *does* go on, thwarting my attempts to *act*, and what is very singular, also "avulso uno non deficit alter." Faber being taken away, Ward and Manning take his place. Through them, especially Manning, acting on the poor Cardinal (who is to be buried to-morrow), the Oxford scheme has been for the present thwarted—for me probably for good—and this morning I have been signing the agreement by which I shall sell my land to the University. Bellasis told me that, from what he saw at Rome, he felt that Manning was more set against *my* going to Oxford, than merely against Catholic youths going there. And now I am thrown back again on my do-nothing life here—how marvellous! yet, as I have drawn out above, from habit, from recklessness, and from my late success, my feeling of despondency and irritation seems to have gone.'

The 'do-nothing life,' as he termed it, meant occupation with slight literary tasks—among them the editing of an expurgated edition of Terence's 'Phormio' for the Edgbaston boys to act. His leisure also led to more frequent correspondence with old friends. He often wrote to R. W. Church and Rogers. Rogers pressed him to come on a visit and meet Church, but Newman could not at once bring himself to make the effort. In writing to Rogers he based his refusal

on the trials and troubles of advancing life, but in a subsequent letter to Church we see a stronger reason at work.

TO SIR FREDERICK ROGERS.

'The Oratory, Birm.: Dec. 20, 1864.

'Your offer is very tempting. I should like to be with you and Lady Rogers, I should like to meet Church—and, not the least pleasure would be to see your Mother and Sisters. But I am an old man, oppressed with reasonable and unreasonable difficulties, in confronting such a proposition. How do I know but I shall have a cold, which will prostrate me? Five years ago I had a slight attack in the bronchia—and, when it has once occurred, it never quite goes; and if I had ever so little return of it, I should have great difficulty in shaking it off. I go on expecting it all through the winter, and never get through without a touch, sooner or later. I begin to understand old Routh's excessive care of himself; for if I neglected myself an hour or two I might be in for it. Then again in other ways, though my health is ordinarily good, nay tough, I am prostrated for half a day; after a quiet evening and good night I am right again. Then I am a sort of savage who has lost manners. Except once at Hope-Scott's, and once at Henry Bowden's, and a day or two at W. Wilberforce's last year, I have not been in a friend's house these 20 years—and I should not know how to behave. If I made an engagement with you, I should go on fidgetting myself till the time comes, lest I should be unable to keep it—and if I don't make one, then I am sure not to go to you. And thus you have the measure of me.'

TO R. W. CHURCH.

'The Oratory, Bm.: Dec. 21/64.

'I wrote to Rogers yesterday, in more than doubt whether I could accept his offer. Of course I should like extremely to meet whether you or him, and much more both of you together—but I am an old man—and subject to colds and slight ailments which make me slow in committing myself to engagements. And then a profound melancholy might come on me to find myself in the presence of friends so dear to me, and so divided from me. And therefore, like a coward, I have declined. I could bear one, better than two.

'I want very much to see you, and think it most kind in you to think of going the long way whether to London or to Birmingham for my sake—but here again I should prefer the

summer to the winter for your visit, for Brummagem is a dirty, unattractive place—and we have no indoor amusements. In the summer I should ask you to go over to our cottage at Rednal—but in winter, unless I went out with you shooting, or mounted you for the hunt, or went sliding or skating with you, what could I do? so that I have the same reluctance to ask you in winter, as you seem to have in asking me in the same season to Whatley.’

Newman did pay a visit on April 26, 1865, to another old friend, Isaac Williams. ‘I had not seen him for twenty-two years,’ he wrote to R. W. Church. ‘Of course I did not know him at all, as I daresay you would not know me. Pattison did not know me a year or two ago, though I knew him. If all is well I shall come and see you some time or other, and take Williams again on my way.’ A week later Isaac Williams was dead.

In the summer Church and Rogers combined to give Newman a violin. The prospect of its arrival greatly excited Newman and made him almost scrupulous.

‘I only fear,’ he writes to Rogers on June 25, ‘that I may give time to it more than I ought to spare. I could find solace in music from week to week’s end. It will be curious, if I get a qualm of conscience for indulging in it, and, as a set off, write a book. I declare I think it is more likely to [make me] do so than anything else—I am so lazy. It is likely that a note I have written upon Liberalism in my 2nd Edition of the “Apologia” will bring criticisms on me, which I ought to answer. Now I am so desperately lazy that I shall not be able to get myself to do so; and then it strikes me that, in penance for the violin, I suddenly may rush into work in a fit of contrition.’

The instrument arrived early in July, and Newman was fairly overcome by the music he loved so intensely, and which for many years he had set aside lest it should interfere with the graver duties of life.¹ He writes to Dean Church his grateful thanks on July 11:

‘My dear Church,—I have delayed thanking you for your great kindness in uniting with Rogers in giving me a fiddle,

¹ He told my father that he did not believe he had really gained any benefit from this self-denial. Music was so great a joy that it intensified his powers of work.

till I could report upon the fiddle itself. The Warehouse sent me three to choose out of—and I chose with trepidation, as fearing I was hardly up to choosing well. And then my fingers have been in such a state, as being cut by the strings, that up to Saturday last I had sticking plaster upon their ends—and therefore was in no condition to bring out a good tune from the strings and so to return good for evil. But on Saturday I had a good bout at Beethoven's Quartetts—which I used to play with poor Blanco White—and thought them more exquisite than ever—so that I was obliged to lay down the instrument and literally cry out with delight. However, what is more to the point, I was able to ascertain that I had got a very beautiful fiddle—such as I never had before. Think of my not having a good one till I was between sixty and seventy—and beginning to learn it when I was ten! However, I really think it will add to my power of working, and the length of my life. I never wrote more than when I played the fiddle. I always sleep better after music. There must be some electric current passing from the strings through the fingers into the brain and down the spinal marrow. Perhaps thought is music.

'I hope to send you the "Phormio" almost at once.

'Ever yrs. affly., JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

A more serious occupation of this time was the writing of the 'Dream of Gerontius.' Newman had, in the middle of the Kingsley controversy, been seized with a very vivid apprehension of immediately impending death, apparently derived from a medical opinion—so vivid as to lead him to write the following memorandum headed, 'written in prospect of death,' and dated Passion Sunday, 1864, 7 o'clock A.M.:

'I write in the direct view of death as in prospect. No one in the house, I suppose, suspects anything of the kind. Nor anyone anywhere, unless it be the medical men.

'I write at once—because, on my own feelings of mind and body, it is as if nothing at all were the matter with me, just now; but because I do not know how long this perfect possession of my sensible and available health and strength may last.

'I die in the faith of the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. I trust I shall die prepared and protected by her Sacraments, which our Lord Jesus Christ has committed to her, and in that communion of Saints which He inaugurated

when He ascended on high, and which will have no end. I hope to die in that Church which Our Lord founded on Peter, and which will continue till His second coming.

‘I commit my soul and body to the Most Holy Trinity, and to the merits and grace of our Lord Jesus, God Incarnate, to the intercession and compassion of our dear Mother Mary; to St. Joseph; and St. Philip Neri, my father, the father of an unworthy son; to St. John the Evangelist; St. John the Baptist; St. Henry; St. Athanasius, and St. Gregory Nazianzen; to St. Chrysostom, and St. Ambrose.

‘Also to St. Peter, St. Gregory I. and St. Leo. Also to the great Apostle, St. Paul.

‘Also to my tender Guardian Angel, and to all Angels, and to all Saints.

‘And I pray to God to bring us all together again in heaven, under the feet of the Saints. And, after the pattern of Him, who seeks so diligently for those who are astray, I would ask Him especially to have mercy on those who are external to the True Fold, and to bring them into it before they die.

‘J. H. N.’

A letter to Father Coleridge written later in the same year¹ shows him still dwelling on the thought of his own death, and suggests that the fear of paralysis which he had expressed in a letter to W. G. Ward seven years earlier, had come upon him once again on receiving the intelligence that Keble had had a stroke.

‘Paralysis,’ he writes, ‘has this of awfulness, that it is so sudden. I wonder, when those anticipations came on Keble in past time, whether they were founded on symptoms, or antecedent probability; for I have long feared paralysis myself. I have asked medical men, and they have been unable to assign any necessary premonitory symptoms; nay, the very vigorousness and self-possession (as they seem) of mind and body, which ought to argue health, are often the proper precursors of an attack. This makes one suspicious of one’s own freedom from ailments. Whately died of paralysis—so did Walter Scott—so (I think) Southey—and, though I cannot recollect, I observe the like in other cases of literary men. Was not Swift’s end of that nature? I wonder, in old times, what people died of. We read, “After this, it was told Joseph that his father was sick.” “And the

¹ On December 30, 1864.

days of David drew nigh that he should die." What were they sick—what did they die of? And so of the great Fathers. St. Athanasius died past 70—was his a paralytic seizure? We cannot imitate the martyrs in their deaths, but I sometimes feel it would be a comfort if we could associate ourselves with the great Confessor Saints in their illness and decline. Pope St. Gregory had the gout. St. Basil had a liver complaint, but St. Gregory Nazianzen? St. Ambrose? St. Augustine and St. Martin died of fevers proper to old age. But my paper is out.'

Now, after the abandonment of the Oxford scheme gave him leisure for it, he set down in dramatic form the vision of a Christian's death on which his imagination had been dwelling. The writing of it was a sudden inspiration, and his work was begun in January and completed in February 1865. 'On the 17th of January last,' he writes to Mr. Allies in October, 'it came into my head to write it, I really can't tell how. And I wrote on till it was finished on small bits of paper, and I could no more write anything else by willing it than I could fly.' To another correspondent¹ also, who was fascinated by the Dream, and longed to have the picture it gave still further filled in, he wrote:

'You do me too much honour if you think I am to see in a dream everything that is to be seen in the subject dreamed about. I have said what I saw. Various spiritual writers see various aspects of it; and under their protection and pattern I have set down the dream as it came before the sleeper. It is not my fault if the sleeper did not dream more. Perhaps something woke him. Dreams are generally fragmentary. I have nothing more to tell.'

The poem appeared in the Jesuit periodical, the *Month*, then edited by his friend, Father Coleridge, in the numbers for April and May. When it was republished in November it was dedicated to the memory of Father Joseph Gordon in the following words, dated on All Souls' Day:

'Fatri desideratissimo
Joanni Joseph Gordon,
Oratorii S.P.N. Presbytero
Cujus animam in refrigerio.

'J. H. N.'

¹ The Rev. John Telford, priest at Ryde.

CHAPTER XXII

A NEW ARCHBISHOP (1865-1866)

THE unbending opposition of Manning and Ward to the Oxford scheme was marked, no doubt, by the special characteristics of these two men. But the general policy they enforced was that of Rome. The opposition to mixed education was, as we have already seen, a part of the general opposition of Rome to anything that might infect Catholics with the principles and maxims of a civilisation which threatened to become more and more hostile to the Church's claims. Pius IX. had for years been emphasising and reprobating the divorce of modern civilisation from the Catholic Church, in a series of public utterances. He was the first Pope who reigned after Gallicanism was practically defunct, and the spirit represented in De Maistre's great work 'Du Pape' had triumphed. In former Pontificates an Encyclical letter had been a rare event called for by some exceptional crisis. But under Pius IX. came a new departure, which has since been pursued by his successors, of issuing frequent Allocutions and Encyclical letters on questions of the day. Louis Veuillot and his friends had long pressed for a yet more emphatic condemnation of the offences of the modern world, and in December 1864 Pius IX. issued the famous 'Syllabus' and the Encyclical *Quanta Cura*. The *Quanta Cura* renewed the Papal protests of fifteen years. The *Syllabus Errorum* was a list of the propositions condemned as erroneous in earlier Encyclicals and Allocutions. The fresh emphasis given to the Papal protests by their collection and republication and the vehement tone of the Encyclical created a great sensation. There was an outcry in England, and the Holy Father was said to have declared war against modern civilisation. The more

moderate Catholics, like Bishop Dupanloup, regretted the appearance of the *Syllabus Errorum*.¹ They held that its general purport was sure to be interpreted by the public as being in accord with the views of the extreme party which had pressed for its issue. Dupanloup published a comment on its text, in which he contended that interpretation according to the rules of technical theology would reduce the scope of its condemnations to little or nothing more than a statement of Christian principles in the face of a non-Christian civilisation. Nevertheless it was the party of Louis Veuillot whose interpretation was, in fact—as Dupanloup had feared beforehand—regarded by the world at large as the authoritative one; and people quoted the ‘Syllabus’ as ruling to be unorthodox the aims and views of ‘Liberal’ Catholics—a term which had been applied to such devoted sons of the Church as Montalembert and Lacordaire as well as to free lances like Lord Acton and Professor Friedrich. For the *Univers* and the *Monde* all Liberal Catholics had one head, and the Encyclical cut it off. ‘Every Liberal,’ we read in the *Monde* of January 10, 1865, ‘falls necessarily under the reprobation of the Encyclical. In vain is equivocation attempted by distinguishing the true Liberal and the false Liberal.’ Newman had from the first, as we have seen, largely sympathised with the policy of moderate Liberal Catholics (so called) like Lacordaire and Montalembert. And he shared their anxiety as to the effect of the ‘Syllabus’ on the public mind, especially in England. He of course received the Encyclical with the submission due to all that came from the Holy See; but his general feeling as to its effect on the position of English Catholics is sufficiently apparent in the following letter to Father Ambrose St. John, who was staying at Oxford soon after its publication.

‘I am glad you are seeing the Puseyites. I suppose they will be asking you questions about the Encyclical. There are some very curious peculiarities about it, which make it difficult to speak about it, till one hears what theologians say. Condemned propositions are (so far as I know, or as Henry or Stanislas know), propositions taken out of some book, the statements “libri cujusdam auctoris.” These are *not* such,

¹ See *infra*, p. 101.

nor do they pretend to be,—they are abstract propositions. Again, the Pope in condemning propositions condemns the books or statements of *Catholics*,—not of heathen or unbaptized, for what has he to do in judging “those that are without”? Now these propositions are mostly the propositions of “*Acatholici*.” Moreover, it is rather a Syllabus of passages from his former allocutions, &c., than a Syllabus of erroneous utterances. And accordingly he does not affix the epithets, “*haeresi proxima*, *scandalosae*, &c.” but merely heads the list as a “Syllabus of errors.” Therefore it is difficult to know *what he means* by his condemnation. The words “myth,” “non-interference,” “progress,” “toleration,” “new civilisation,” are undefined. If taken from a book, the book interprets them, but what interpretation is there of popular slang terms? “Progress,” e.g., is a slang term. Now you must not say all this to your good friends, but I think you will like to know what seems to be the state of the case. First, so much they ought to know, that we are bound to receive what the Pope says, and not to speak about it. Secondly, there is little that he says but would have been said by all high churchmen thirty years ago, or by the *Record* or by Keble now. These two points your friends ought to take and digest. For the rest, all I can say (*entre nous*) is that the advisers of the Holy Father seem determined to make our position in England as difficult as ever they can. I see *this* issue of the Encyclical,—others I am not in a position to see. If, in addition to this, the matter and form of it are unprecedented, I do not know how we can rejoice in its publication.’

The extreme party took action at this time in another matter besides the ‘Syllabus’ and the Oxford question. The Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom had been vigorously denounced in Rome by Faber and by Manning and Ward, and was condemned by the Holy Office in a letter ‘to the English Bishops’ in the autumn of 1864. Catholics were forbidden to belong to the Association. Manning held that the efforts of the society discouraged conversions to the Catholic Church.

Newman had declined to join the A.P.U.C. (as it was called), but other Catholics, while making clear their rejection of the Anglican theory of ‘three branches,’ had given their names to it. And Newman himself deplored the spirit that pressed for extreme measures against it.

'I cannot help,' he wrote to Father Coleridge, 'feeling sorrow at the blow struck by the Holy Office at the members of the A.P.U.C. . . . and now if they are led to suppose that all Catholics hold with Ward and Faber, we shall be in a melancholy way to seconding that blow.'

To Mr. Ambrose Philipps de Lisle he wrote in the same strain:

'February 13th, 1865.

'I feel quite as you do on the Oxford question and the other questions you introduce, but it is one's duty to submit. For myself, I did not see my way to belong to the Union Association—but I think its members have been treated cruelly. As to the Encyclical, without looking at it doctrinally, it is but stating a *fact* to say that it is a heavy blow and a great discouragement to us in England. There must be a re-action sooner or later—and we must pray God to bring it about in His good time, and meanwhile to give us patience.'

Newman's calm estimate of the Encyclical and 'Syllabus' was given ten years later in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk in which he defended these documents against Mr. Gladstone's attacks. At that time they could be read in the light of their own text and of the comments of the theological school in the intervening period. But at the moment when the above letters were penned the two documents came upon the world together with the exaggerated interpretations of militant Catholic journalists. They came to the world, he complained, through newspapers which claimed them as party utterances. His devotion to Pius IX. never wavered nor his sympathy with him in the outrages of which he was the object. But, like Dupanloup and many others, Newman seems to have regretted an event which gave the opportunity to Monsieur Veuillot and his friends of urging extreme views in the Pope's name. It was hard to contradict these men publicly without seeming, to unthinking Catholics, to take up a lower level of loyalty than theirs, to show a less intense aversion to the enemies of the Church.

The uncompromising spirit which Newman deplored was nowhere more visible than in W. G. Ward's comments in the *Dublin Review*, on the utterances of Pius IX., his Allocutions, Briefs, and Encyclical letters. Ward remarked

on their unprecedented frequency, and treated them as in consequence giving to Catholics of the nineteenth century an unprecedented degree of infallible guidance. He interpreted the documents in exactly the opposite spirit to Dupanloup, insisting that they condemned the views of Montalembert and his friends. His articles had considerable influence. The fashion spread of regarding as 'disloyal' those Catholics who were alive to the practical or intellectual difficulties attaching to extreme views. The *Dublin Review*, coining a word, nicknamed them 'minimisers.'

The character and frequency of the utterances of Pius IX. being to some extent a new phenomenon, theologians were not at once prepared to estimate their exact authority. Even W. G. Ward, who at first took the most extreme view, eventually admitted in the course of controversy that the Pontiff spoke at times, in his official utterances on doctrine, not as *Doctor Universalis* or infallibly, but as *Gubernator doctrinalis* with no claim to infallibility. But in 1864 he was making unqualified statements which distressed Newman. Ward boldly maintained¹ that Pius IX. spoke infallibly far oftener than previous Pontiffs, and he rejoiced at the fact. He pressed every doctrinal instruction, contained in a fresh Encyclical, as binding on the conscience of every Catholic under pain of mortal sin. Newman considered Ward's position to be paradoxical, and was anxious to secure careful and theological treatment of the situation.

Half a year after the publication of the 'Syllabus,' W. G. Ward wrote to the *Weekly Register* declaring that the Encyclical and 'Syllabus' were beyond question the Church's infallible utterances. Newman held that such a statement if it passed unchallenged would drive many of those who were living in the world and realised the difficulties of the situation, towards Liberalism and freethought. He knew that Ward's opinion was not that of the distinguished theologian Father O'Reilly, with whom he had formerly discussed the question, and he wrote to Father Bittleston, who was in Ireland, proposing to publish a letter, with the approval of Father O'Reilly, expressing the opposite opinion to Ward's:

¹ *Doctrinal Authority*, p. 507.

Private.

The Oratory, Bir^{ham}: July 29th, 65.

'My dear Henry,—I wish you would look at Ward's letter in the *Register* of this day. I am much tempted, almost as a matter of duty, to write to the editor as follows:

"Sir,—A sentence in a letter inserted in your paper of last Saturday (Saturday 29th) runs thus: 'The recent Encyclical and Syllabus are, beyond question, the Church's infallible utterance.' I beg to say that I do not subscribe to this proposition. "JOHN H. NEWMAN."

'My reason is, charity to a number of persons, chiefly laymen, whom such doctrine will hurry in the direction of Arnold.¹ There must be a stop put to such extravagances.

'My difficulty is, lest to do so, should bring some blow on the Oratory.

'I write to you, however, principally for this: viz. I must have a good theological opinion on my side, and whom am I to consult? It strikes Ambrose that Stanislas² is the best person—but then, if he knows it is *I* who ask, he will not give me an unbiassed judgment.

'So I want you to write to him calling his attention to the letter—and asking him whether it would be theologically safe for you or some other priest to put the above letter into the paper. If he could be got to get Fr. O'Reilly's opinion in confidence (not on the doctrine, but on the Catholic's liberty of denying Ward's proposition as it stands) so much the better, e.g. if Fr. O'Reilly could see *my* letter, and were asked simply "is that letter admissible Catholically, or is it not?"

'A more dignified way would be, if some layman wrote to me, calling my attention to the proposition, and asking what I thought of it, and my writing my letter in answer, and *his* putting it in the Paper. But this is a matter for future consideration. . . .

Ever yours affly,

J. H. N.'

The project fell through, as Father O'Reilly was not disposed to move in the matter or to repeat in writing at a critical juncture the opinion he had given earlier.

¹ The Oratory, Birmingham: Aug. 4/65.

'My dear H.,—Thank you for your and S.'s letters. Of course it puts an end to the whole scheme.

¹ Mr. Thomas Arnold left the Catholic Church for a time.

² Father Stanislas Flanagan, at one time an Oratorian, was staying in Ireland at this time. Father Flanagan was afterwards parish priest at Adare.

'1. As to my bringing out my views, it is absurd.

'2. I fully think with S., and have ever said, that we must wait patiently for a re-action.

'3. But if there are no protests, there will be no re-action.

'4. I want simply a protest; and that, as one out of a number of accumulating pebbles which at length would fill the *urna divina*.

'5. I feel *extremely* (tho' I am only conjecturing) for a number of laymen, especially converts—and for those who are approaching the Church—who find all this a grievous scandal.

'6. But further, which is a practical point, *if I am asked*, did this convert, that inquirer, or some controversialist *appeal* to me and ask me, *What am I to say?*

'7. *What then am I to say?* This might come upon me any day suddenly.

'It is best then to wait patiently and not to forestall a crisis, but it is quite certain that *any day* I may be obliged to give an answer. I really do wish I had a distinct opinion given me as my safeguard,—in confidence of course.

'But after all, priests all thro' the country will follow Ward, if he is let alone—and how much *more* difficult will a collision be ten years hence than now!

'I may not see that time—and I should care nothing for any personal obloquy which might come on me now, *so that I am sure of my ground*. How very hard a man like Father O'Reilly will not at least in confidence speak out! Unless he has changed, I *know* he could not, simply, subscribe that sentence.

Ever yours affly,

J. H. N.'

Newman felt himself powerless to act. But he did not rest until he had pressed his question home in Rome itself; and eighteen months later he had the satisfaction of learning from Ambrose St. John that the Roman theologians whom he conversed with agreed with himself in withholding from the Encyclical the character of an infallible utterance. This fact is recorded in a letter to Mr. F. R. Ward.¹

¹ 'Do I understand you to assume,' he writes to Mr. Ward on May 24, 1867, 'that the Encyclical of 1864 is Infallible? They don't say so in Rome—as Father St. John, who has returned, says distinctly.' His own final judgment is recorded in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk—that the estimate of the authority of such documents and of what, if anything, they do teach infallibly, is a matter of time and is the business of the Schola Theologorum, not

Cardinal Wiseman died in February 1865, but, as we have seen, not before he had, under Manning's influence, both put an end to the Oxford scheme and inflicted the blow already spoken of on the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom. Newman's mind went back to memories of the Cardinal's early kindness to him, and he preached a sermon on the work he had done, which made a marked impression on the Oratorian Fathers. The great funeral followed, which brought so astonishing a demonstration of interest and respect that the *Times* declared that there had been nothing like it since the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. Newman was not present at the funeral.

He wrote of Wiseman to their common friend Dr. Russell on March 2:

'The Cardinal has done a great work—and I think has finished it. It is not often that this can be said of a man. Personally I have not much to thank him for, since I was a Catholic. He always meant kindly, but his impulses, kind as they were, were evanescent, and he was naturally influenced by those who got around him—and occupied his ear. In passing through London last St. Charles's day, quite providentially (for I call it so) I called on him. He was then very ill—but he saw me for ten minutes. I have not seen him alone 6 or 7 times in the last 13 years. It was considerate in the parties, whoever they were, concerned in his funeral arrangements, that I was not asked to attend. I really should not have been able without risk, yet it would have been painful to refuse. What a wonderful fact is the reception given to his funeral by the population of London! And the newspapers remark that the son of that Lord Campbell, who talked of trampling upon his Cardinal's Hat 14 years ago, was present at the Requiem Mass.'

For a moment Newman hoped that the great predominance of Manning's influence in Rome, which meant the still more *intransigent* influence of his close ally W. G. Ward, might come to an end with the Cardinal's death.

a matter for the private judgment of individual Catholics. So little can this be in some cases securely determined with certainty at first, that doctrines may long be generally held to be condemned which are afterwards considered allowable. At the same time, while denying the dogmatic force of the *Syllabus*, Newman does not in the Letter deny that Pius IX. issued the Encyclical *Quanto Cura* as Universal Doctor. Of this I shall speak later on.

Dr. Ullathorne was spoken of as a possible successor to Wiseman, and had he been Archbishop, Newman's own influence in the Church would have been quite on a new footing. But it was not to be. Manning himself was appointed by the Holy See. With him as Archbishop, and Ward as his counsellor and editor of the *Dublin Review*, the prospect was black indeed.

Newman's language on Manning's appointment was, however, generous, though guarded.

'As to the new Archbishop,' he writes to a friend on May 15, 'the appointment at least has the effect of making Protestants see, to their surprise, that Rome is not distrustful of converts, as such. On the other hand it must be a great trial to the old Priesthood; to have a neophyte set over them all. Some will bear it very well,—I think our Bishop will—but I cannot prophesy what turn things will take on the whole. He has a great power of winning men where he chooses. Witness the fact of his appointment,—but whether he will care to win inferiors, or whether his talent extends to the case of inferiors as well as superiors, I do not know.

'One man has one talent, another another. You speak of me. I have generally got on well with juniors, but not with superiors. My going to Rome, as you wish me, would only be, as indeed it has been already, an additional instance of this.'

To Mr. Ornsby, who lamented that Manning and not Newman himself was to be placed at the head of English Catholics, he writes on May 20:

'Thank you for your notice of myself *in re Archiepiscopatus*, but such preferment is not in my line. Were it offered me I should unhesitatingly decline it, and my unsuitableness is felt by those who determine these things as fully as it is by myself. However, Manning's rise is marvellous. In fourteen years a Protestant Archdeacon is made Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, with the whole body of old Catholics,—Bishops and all—under him. At the moment he is very unpopular, but, I suppose, there will be a reaction. Protestants cannot but be pleased to see an Oxford man, a Fellow of Merton, a parson, make his way to the top of the tree in such a communion as the Roman,—and success is the goddess of an Englishman—"Te nos facimus, Fortuna, deam." Then, as to Catholics, a man in

authority has such great opportunities of recovering his ground, if he chooses to employ them. He will gradually fill the Chapter with his own men. He will make Missionary Rectors, and do private services. Then his great qualifications will overcome the laity. And he has such power of persuasion that, if he chooses it, he will be able to bring over the Bishops.'

The new Archbishop-elect began with conciliation. Indeed, the general unpopularity of his appointment made conciliation an urgent necessity. He offered to obtain for Newman a titular Bishopric, but Newman declined. 'He wants to put me in the House of Lords and muzzle me,' Newman said. Indeed, the following letters show that he made it a condition of attending the Archbishop's consecration that he should desist from any such attempt.

DR. MANNING TO DR. NEWMAN.

'St. Joseph's Retreat: May 30, 1865.

'My dear Newman,—In calling to mind the old and dear Friends who would pray for me at this moment your name arose among the first; and I cannot refrain from writing to ask you to give me the happiness and consolation of your being with me on the 8th of June next at Moorfields. No one will better know than you how much I need your prayers.

'I will give directions that places shall be reserved for you, and for Father St. John and that some one should be ready to receive you if you will call at the house, 22 Finsbury Circus, if you can kindly come.

'I was in Birmingham two months ago, and was starting to see you when I found my time too short to reach you.

'I was glad to hear the other day that you are well and strong.

Believe me, always

Yours very affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.'

DR. NEWMAN TO DR. MANNING.

'May 31, 1865.

'My dear Archbishop,—On hearing of your appointment I said Mass for you without delay. I will readily attend your consecration—on one condition which I will state presently. As I come as your friend, not as a Father of the Birmingham Oratory, I do not propose to bring any other Father with me. I am sure you will allow me to escape any

dinner or other meeting, as such public manifestations are so much out of my way. Nor do they come into the object of your asking me; which is, as you have said, to have my prayers at the function itself.

'The condition I make is this:—A year or two back I heard you were doing your best to get me made a bishop *in partibus*. I heard this from two or three quarters, and I don't see how I can be mistaken. If so, your feeling towards me is not unlikely to make you attempt the same thing now. I risk the chance of your telling me that you have no such intention, to entreat you not to entertain it. If such an honour were offered to me, I should persistently decline it, very positively, and I do not wish to pain the Holy Father, who has always been so kind to me, if such pain can be avoided. Your allowing me then to come to your consecration, I shall take as a pledge that you will have nothing to do with any such attempts.

'J. H. N.'

DR. MANNING TO DR. NEWMAN.

'June 4, 1865.

'My dear Newman,—It will be a happiness to me to know that you are with me on Thursday. And I therefore will not contest what you write. But if you have not destroyed a letter I wrote you when what you refer to was first intended many years ago, you will know my mind. I think that such an intention ought not to have been suspended. And I have for more than two years done my part to accomplish it. I do not look upon it as a mere decoration, but as having its fitness in many relations. You have known me well enough to know that decorations have no worth with either of us. But your wish must be final with me. You will be able to come and go freely by the house 22 Finsbury Circus. But I hope you will let me see you. I shall be there by a little after nine. I thank you much for your kindness in saying Mass for me. I will not fail to do so for you. And I thank you for the kind words with which I believe you have commended me to the prayers of your Flock.

'Believe me, always, my dear Newman,

Yours affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.'

Newman came to London for the Archbishop's consecration on June 7, staying for the occasion with his old

friend, Sir Frederick Rogers. He planned at the same time a farewell visit to Keble at Hursley—they had not met for twenty years. This was, however, postponed; but another old friend, R. W. Church, was invited to meet him at Rogers' house.

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: June 4th, 1865.

‘My dear Rogers,—I shall rejoice to see Church. As we have put off the Hursley expedition, I shall have Copeland alone in his nest at Farnham. I come up to town Wednesday morning, get through various jobs and see various people, and I propose to get to you by seven p.m., which, I consider, will be not later than your dinner hour. It is Ember Day, but, as I shall have had a working day, I mean to take the liberty of working men, and eat as much roast beef as you will give me.

‘The consecration is fixed as early as 10 a.m. Therefore I shall have to beg a little breakfast before nine, and must allow an hour for getting to Moorfields. I meant to have asked you the name of a coach-keeper (what is the business called?) near you, from whom I could hire a brougham for half a day. The service I expect will be very long—Dr. Ullathorne's consecration in 1846, the only one I was ever at in England, was four hours. I don't wait for the déjeuner, if there be one; but, as there will be lots of people there, I shall find it difficult to get away. I want you to keep me till Friday if you can. If so, I hope to dine with you on Thursday as well as Wednesday.

‘It is very pleasant the thought of seeing you in Devonshire,—but I don't see the way to it.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

The meeting with Rogers was probably a pleasure more free from sad associations than the ceremony at Moorfields. Newman writes of it thus to Mrs. Froude:

‘Nothing could be more easy and familiar than his manners with me now. My surmise is, that he thinks me a profoundly sceptical thinker, who, determined on not building on an abyss, have, by mere strength of will, bridged it over and built upon my bridge—but that my bridge, like Mahomet's coffin, is self suspended, by the action of the will—but I may be putting it too strong. He himself is not nearly so sceptical as I had feared. I like Lady Rogers very much.’

One of the first things which claimed the attention of the new Archbishop was the publication of Dr. Pusey's 'Eirenicon.' The action of Manning and of Rome in connection with the A.P.U.C. naturally angered Pusey, and in 1865 he was engaged in writing an attack on extravagances current among Catholics in belief and devotion. These extravagances were represented by him as barriers to reunion, but nevertheless he gave his book the name of 'Eirenicon.' He made considerable use, in illustration of his theme, of Faber's strong language on the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and of Ward's articles in the *Dublin Review* on Papal Infallibility. To this course, which he communicated to Newman in a letter before the book appeared, Newman demurred. He did not consider that either Faber's or Ward's views were representative. 'I believe,' he wrote to Pusey in reference to Faber's writings, 'that judicious people think them crude and young, perhaps extravagant. He was a poet.'

Of Ward he spoke in a letter dated September 5. Pusey had written to his friend offering the gift of his book, and wondering whether its appearance would call forth any comment from the pen of Newman himself. Newman replied as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Sept. 5th, 1865.

'For myself, I don't think I have written anything controversial for the last 14 years. Nor have I ever, as I think, replied to any controversial notice of what I have written. Certainly, I let pass without a word the various volumes that were written in answer to my Essay on Doctrinal Development, and that on the principle that Truth defends itself, and falsehood refutes itself,—and that, having said my say, time would decide for me, without my trouble, how far it was true, and how far not true. And I have quoted Crabbe's lines as to my purpose, (though I can't quote correctly):

'Leaving the case to Time, who solves all doubt
By bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out.

'This being so, I can't conceive I could feel it in any sense an imperative duty to remark on anything you said in your book. I daresay there is a great deal in which I should agree. Certainly I so dislike Ward's way of going on, that I can't get myself to read the *Dublin*. But on those points

I have said my say in my "Apologia"; and, though I can't see the future, am likely to leave them alone. A great attempt has been made in some quarters to find (censurable) mistakes in my book—but it has altogether failed, and I consider Ward's articles to be impotent attempts to put down by argument what is left safe in the domain of theological opinion.

'But, while I would maintain my own theological opinions, I don't dispute Ward the right of holding his, so that he does not attempt to impose them on me,—nor do I dispute the right of whoso will to use devotions to the Blessed Virgin which seem to me unnatural and forced. Did authority attempt to put them down while they do not infringe on the great Catholic verities, I think it would act as the Bishop of London is doing in putting down the devotional observances of the Tractarian party at St. Michael's and elsewhere. He is tender towards freethinkers, and stern towards Romanisers. "*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*" Now the Church of Rome is severe on freethinkers, and indulgent towards devotees.'

Some more letters were exchanged between Newman and Pusey. But the two men were to meet soon—even before the new book had reached Newman. And the meeting was unexpected, dramatic, and somewhat painful.

Newman's deferred visit to Keble at Hursley was at last arranged for September 13. Since August 4 they had been corresponding as to its date. It was a great event in prospect, and Newman's letters show how much it dwelt in his mind. And he particularly wished to avoid—what in the event happened—meeting Pusey at the same time. To see both the old friends at once after such long separation seemed to be more than he could bear.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: August 4, 1865.

'My dear Keble,—You must not fancy I am forgetting to avail myself of your welcome wish, because I have not yet made my way to you. I find it very difficult to leave home—just now, impossible. As it is vacation time, most of our party are away—working hard, this is their only chance of a holyday in the year. I am one of the few, who are here to keep on the duties of the Church etc. Moreover, the house, as empty of its natural inmates, is filled with plasterers, bricklayers, painters, carpenters, who are having their

innings—and it does not do to let the place be simply in the hands of Brummagem workmen.

‘I don’t like to promise anything—but it is my full intention, when relieved of all this superintendence, to move down to Hursley.

‘So Gladstone has left you.¹ He came when I had ceased to be an Oxford man—so I never had him. A very painful separation, certainly, both for him and for all of you. Yet, really, he does go great lengths—and I cannot help feeling that the anxiety to keep him, on the part of such persons as yourself, was quite as much on his own account as on account of the University. He has lost his tether, now that the Conservatives have got rid of him—and won’t he go lengths? I was pained at his “keep moving” speech. In saying all this, I am putting myself in your place, (for I suppose he will do good to *us*) but I declare, I should have been in great perplexity, had I been an Oxford man, how to vote. I suppose I should certainly in the event have voted for him—but most grudgingly. None of his friends seem to trust his politics—indeed he seems not to know himself what are his landmarks and his necessary limits.

‘Don’t fancy I am saying this without the greatest respect and liking for him (though I scarcely know him personally)—all one can say is that the great deluge is pouring in—and his boat is as good as another’s. Who *is* there to trust? . . .

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

I append three more letters—two of them mere notes—which bring before us Newman’s sense of effort in making his arrangements for the eventful meeting with his friend after so many years of separation:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: September 1, 1865.

‘My dear Keble,—I have a great shrinking from pledging myself, for sometimes I cannot fulfil, and therefore disappoint the parties to whom I have pledged myself—but, please God, if all is well, and *if it suits you*, I propose to be with you on Thursday morning next, and spend the day with you. I leave you for the H. Bowdens at Ryde.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

¹ Mr. Gladstone was defeated as candidate for Oxford University in July, 1865, being third on the poll.—*Morley’s Life*, ii. 147.

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: September 4, /65.

‘My dear Keble,—I grieve to hear your anxiety about Mrs. Keble. I will *delay*—for what I see, I need not be *fixed* here till about the 20th. Before that time your anxiety may be over and you may be back home—and then I will come to you. If not, I will wait a better time. We must take it easy.

‘Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

‘Rednal: September 7, 1865.

‘My dear Keble,—I am glad Mrs. Keble is so much better. As I have no Bradshaw here (Rednal) I can’t fix on a train—but, if all is well, I shall go straight to Southampton, on Monday afternoon—sleep there—and leave my baggage—and come over to you on Tuesday morning. But, it is so difficult to go into Birmingham without falling in [with] and being detained by people, especially as our school is just reassembling and a British Association is going on, (this has taken me out here) that I don’t like to promise.

‘There is another difficulty. *I wish you would put me off*, if Pusey is coming to you. I say so merely, as you must feel, because to meet two friends is not to meet one. Copeland is another matter, for I have seen him so often. Pusey has *told* me he is going to you next week. To put me off would only *postpone* me—for, please God, *I will come*.

‘Ever yours affectionately,
J. H. N.

‘P.S.—I consider this will get to you to-morrow noon—so you will have time to put me off. (Direct to the Oratory.) Or you might write to me “*Railroad Hotel*, Southampton.” If I found Pusey was with you, I should go on to H. Bowden’s for a day or two.’

In the event Pusey did send word to Keble that he was also going to Hursley on that day, and Keble wrote to put Newman off. Newman, however, thought his own hesitation cowardly and persevered in his plan of going to see Keble, postponing his visit only one day. The meeting between the three was related some years after the event in a well-known letter from Newman to Keble’s biographer. More interesting and graphic is the account given at the time to Ambrose St. John:

‘Buckland Grange, Ryde: September 13th, 1865.

‘Here I am, very comfortable, and if I had my dear fiddle with me, I might sing and play, “*recubans sub tegmine fagi*,” in full content. Scarcely had I left Birmingham when it struck me that, since Pusey was to be at Keble’s that evening, he would, no manner of doubt, get into my train at Oxford and travel down with me. But he did not. I determined to go to Keble’s next morning to see him.

‘So I did. I slept at the Railway Hotel at Southampton Dock, a very reasonable house, and good too, (they are building an Imperial Hotel), and yesterday morning (Tuesday) retraced my steps to Bishopstoke, left my portmanteau there, and went over to Hursley. I had forgotten the country, and was not prepared for its woodland beauty. Keble was at the door; he did not know me, nor I him. How mysterious that first sight of friends is! for, when I came to contemplate him, it was the old face and manner, but the first effect or impression was different.

‘His wife had been taken ill in the night, and at the first moment *he*, I think, and certainly *I*, wished myself away. Then he said: “Have you missed my letter?” meaning, “Pusey is here, and I wrote to stop your coming.” He then said: “I must go and prepare Pusey.” He did so, and then took me into the room where Pusey was.

‘I went in rapidly, and it is strange how action overcomes pain. Pusey, being passive, was evidently shrinking back into the corner of the room, as I should have done, had he rushed in upon me. He could not help contemplating the look of me narrowly and long. “Ah,” I thought, “you are thinking how old I am grown, and I see myself in you,—though you, I do think, are more altered than I.” Indeed, the alteration in him startled, I will add pained and grieved, me. I should have known him anywhere; his face is not changed, but it is as if you looked at him through a prodigious magnifier. I recollect him short and small, with a round head and smallish features, flaxen curly hair; huddled up together from his shoulders downward, and walking fast. This as a young man; but comparing him even as he was when I had last seen him in 1846, when he was slow in his motions and staid in his figure, there was a wonderful change in him. His head and features are half as large again; his chest is very broad, and he is altogether large, and (don’t say all this to anyone) he has a strange condescending way when he speaks. His voice is the same; were my eyes shut, I should not be sensible of any alteration.

'As we three sat together at one table, I had a painful thought, not acute pain, but heavy. There were three old men, who had worked together vigorously in their prime. This is what they have come to,—poor human nature! After twenty years they meet together round a table, but without a common cause or free outspoken thought; kind indeed, but subdued and antagonistic in their language to each other, and all of them with broken prospects, yet each viewing in his own way the world in which those prospects lay.

'Pusey is full of his book (the "Eirenicon"), which is all but published, against Manning, and full of his speech on the relations of physical science with the Bible, which he is to deliver at the Church Congress at Norwich; full of polemics and hope. Keble is quite different; he is as delightful as ever, and it *seemed* to me as if he felt a sympathy and intimacy with me which he did not show towards Pusey. I judge by the way and tone he spoke to me of him. I took an early dinner with them; and, when the bell chimed at 4 o'clock for service, I got into my gig, and so from Bishopstoke to Ryde, getting here between 7 and 8.'

A letter to Mrs. Froude adds some characteristic touches:

'When I got to Keble's door, he happened to be at it, but we did not know each other, and I was obliged to show him my card. Is not this strange? it is imagination mastering reason. He indeed thought, since Pusey was coming, I should not come that day—but I knew beyond doubt that I was at his house—yet I dared not presume it was he—but, after he began to talk, the old Keble, that is, the young, came out from his eyes and his features, and I daresay, if I saw him once or twice I should be unable to see much difference between his present face and his face of past days.¹ As Mrs. Keble was ill, we then dined together *tête-à-tête*—a thing we never perhaps had done before—there was something awful in three men meeting in old age who had worked together in their best days. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, was the sad burden of the whole—once so united, now so broken up, so counter to each other—though neither of them of course would quite allow it. Keble has since written to me, "when

¹ 'As hours went on,' he writes to Dean Church, 'the *nota facies* came out upon his countenance, as if it were the soul itself showing itself in spite of the course and change of time. He always had an expression like no one else, and that sweet pleading earnestness never showed itself to me so piercingly as then, in his eyes and in his carriage.'

shall we three meet again? soon—when the hurly burly's done."

'Keble is deaf—but, what is worse, his speech is much impaired—and I think he *thinks* more slowly. Pusey was full of plans, full of meetings. He has since made an important speech at Norwich on the interpretation of Scripture, which will do good, and of this he was full. Then, he was just on publishing his book which he calls an Eirenicon, and he was full of it, though he was cautious of letting out all that was in it. Have you seen it? It is anything but an Eirenicon—it is likely to make Catholics very angry—and justly angry.'

Keble passed away in the following year. The loss of their common friend brought a kindly exchange of letters between Newman and Archbishop Manning. Manning sent affectionate Easter greetings and expressed deep sympathy with Newman in his loss.

Newman replied as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Easter Day, April 1st, 1866.

'My dear Archbishop,—I thank you for your Easter greetings and return them with all my heart.

'I don't know how far you know the particulars of Keble's death. His wife had apparently only a few hours to live—so said the doctors about a fortnight ago. He had nursed her till then; but then he was seized with fainting fits, which turned to erysipelas in the head, and he died in the early morning of Holy Thursday. His wife is still alive, but her death is constantly expected. He is to be buried at Hursley next Thursday. His brother and brother's wife are with them at Bournemouth. I heard some months ago, that his brother too was in bad health.

'Yours affectionately in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.'

Keble's death was followed within a few weeks by that of Mrs. Keble. Newman tells the story of the end in a few words to a friend in a letter of April 16, 1866:

'Keble was told that his wife could not live many hours. He had borne up in spite of his great infirmities, longer than I had supposed possible. He was seized with fainting fits. His friends took him from her room. When he got into his

own, he fancied it a Church. He knelt down, and said the Lord's Prayer. Then he began a Latin hymn,—they could not make out what. Those were his last words. Then he ended with the prayer which he first said on his knees as a little child.'

It pained Newman to find at such a moment that his dear friend's sincerity was called in question by some of his co-religionists—and this even by converts who had been for years themselves sincere in their rejection of Rome. 'It is grievous that people are so hard,' he wrote to Father Coleridge. 'In converts it is inexcusable. It is a miserable spirit in them.'

'How strange it is,' he writes to the same correspondent, 'Keble seems to have received all doctrine except the necessity of being in communion with the Holy See. His wife, as far as I can make out, is still alive. She kept back the funeral a day, hoping to be buried with him. Her grave is made. To continue what I said the other day, it seems to me no difficulty to suppose a person in good faith on such a point as the necessity of communion with Rome. Till he saw that, (or that he was not in the Church), he was bound to remain as he was, and it was in this way that he always put it.'

Very soon Newman had an opportunity of speaking publicly on what he considered the attitude at which Catholics should aim in their relations to those outside their own Communion. The appearance of Pusey's 'Eirenicon' brought the whole question to the front, and though Newman did not at once reply to it, he did so in the end. His pamphlet, though less considerable in scope or importance than the 'Apologia,' attracted very wide attention, and greatly strengthened his influence among Catholics in England and in Rome itself. But this episode claims a separate chapter for its treatment.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE 'EIRENICON' (1865-1866)

PUSEY'S 'Eirenicon' appeared very shortly after the meeting above recorded between its author and Newman at Keble's house. Newman was disappointed at its hostile tone—at its treatment of views maintained by the more extreme Catholic writers as though they were the acknowledged teaching of the Church. He himself had never had hopes of corporate reunion. But he did regard it as of the utmost importance that difficulties in the way of an understanding should not be exaggerated. He wished any argument on the subject to be based on a calm and candid analysis of Catholic theological doctrine. He deprecated Pusey's treating as part of the Catholic faith the views of a party, or the devotional language of such a writer as Father Faber, which was often based only on 'pious opinions.' Yet Catholic apologists, who were angry at Pusey's tone, did not make the disclaimer on this point which Newman thought essential in order to place the Catholic position on a really unassailable basis. Those, on the other hand, like Father Lockhart, who wrote with sympathy for Pusey, cherished Utopian hopes as to future reunion which were not shared by any appreciable section of the Catholic body. They were indeed denounced as unorthodox by extremists. Newman deeply resented the inquisitorial spirit which was abroad, and, while not agreeing with Father Lockhart, wished him to have full liberty to urge his views. But what he accounted the true *Via Media* he gradually saw would not be set forth publicly unless he wrote himself. Even the *Month*, under the editorship of Father Coleridge, did not evince the degree of understanding sympathy with Pusey's book which Newman felt to be required in any reply which was to be at all convincing to the Puseyites

themselves. It was an opportunity in one respect similar to that afforded by Mr. Kingsley's attack. He could answer and disclaim Ward's exaggerations when Kingsley urged them as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the belief of Catholics; and so now he could disclaim Faber's *ultra* statements on devotion to Our Lady when Pusey urged them as an argument against the Church, and could perhaps repeat his protest against Ward. 'Many persons,' he wrote to Hope-Scott, 'wish me to write on the subject of Pusey's book, and it has struck me that it will be the most inoffensive way of alluding to Faber and Ward, if I can write without hurting Pusey.' To criticise Ward and Faber without such an excuse might have seemed the attack of a half-hearted Catholic, who was stingy of belief, on those who were whole-hearted and generous. He knew, moreover, that there still remained writers of the old Catholic school in England who had ever been averse to extremes both in devotion and in theology. This gave him strong support, and was a fact which ought to be brought home to Pusey. He wrote several private letters to Pusey himself before finally determining to publish anything.

' The Oratory, Birmingham: Oct. 31st, 1865.

'It is true, too true, that your book disappointed me. It does seem to me that "Eirenicon" is a misnomer; and that it is calculated to make most Catholics very angry. And that because they will consider it rhetorical and unfair.

'How is it fair to throw together Suarez, St. Bernardine, Eadmer, and Faber? As to Faber, I never read his books. I never heard of the names of de Montfort and Oswald. Thus a person like myself may be in authority and place, and know nothing at all of such extravagances as these writers put out. I venture to say the majority of Catholics in England know nothing of them. They do not colour our body. They are the opinions of a *set* of people, and not of even them permanently. A young man or woman takes them up, and abandons them in a few years. The single question is, how far ought they to be censured. Such extravagances are often censured by authority. I recollect hearing, more than twenty years ago, instances of books about the B.V.M. which Pope Gregory XVI. had censured. I think I am right in saying that every superstition about Our Lady's presence in the Holy Eucharist has been censured,—I think Rogers told me this in 1841, writing from Rome. . . .

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 17th, 1865.

'As to the Infallibility of the Pope, I see nothing against it, or to dread in it,—for I am confident that it *must* be so limited practically that it will leave things as they are. As to Ward's notions, they are preposterous,—nor do I see anything in the Pope's Encyclical to confirm them. . . .

'Then again, as to the Syllabus, it has no connexion with the Encyclical, except that of *date*. It does not come from the Pope. There was a great attempt to make it a formal ecclesiastical act, and in the *Recueil* you have it with the censures annexed to each proposition, as it was originally intended,—but the Bishops over the world interfered, and the censures were struck out—and it is not a direct act of the Pope's, but comes to the Bishops from Cardinal Antonelli, with the mere coincidence of time, and as a fact, each condemnation having only the weight which it had in the original Papal document (Allocution, Encyclical, &c., &c.) in which each is to be found. If an Allocution is of no special weight, neither is the condemnation of a proposition which it contains. Of course, nothing comes from the Pope without having weight, but there is a great difference between weight and infallibility. . . .

'Mgr. Dupanloup (*entre nous*) was gravely opposed to the issuing of the Syllabus, &c., and much disconcerted at its appearance. Don't repeat it, but he said: "If we can tide over the next ten years we are safe." Perhaps you know him already. You should have seen Père Gratry in Paris,—I mean, he was a man to see. I thought Mr. Pope could have given you the names of persons who took the same moderate view of ecclesiastical politics.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 19th, 1865.

'I am much surprised and much rejoiced to see yesterday's article on your book in the *Weekly Register*. I hope you will like it. I have not a dream who wrote it.

'If they *rat* next week, it will be very provoking. I am not easy about it, for not long ago they would not insert a review of a book *because* it was *not* according to Ward, who *is* according to Manning, who *is* according to the Pope. But this review, though not against the mind of the Pope, is certainly against Ward and Manning.

'It has surprised me so much that I said to myself: "Is it possible that Manning himself has changed? He is so close, that no one can know."'

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: Nov. 23rd, 1865.

‘I fear that Lockhart mistakes what I have said. . . . I grieve to say I could not have written exactly as he has written. . . . But I truly rejoice to find another can write in a less distant way about your book than I could myself,—and I abominate the fierce tyranny which would hinder an expression of opinion such as his, and calls to account everyone who ventures to keep clear of ultra-isms.

‘You may be sure that Manning is under the lash as well as others. There are men who would remonstrate with him, and complain of him at Rome if he did not go all lengths,—and in his position he can’t afford to get into hot water, even tho’ he were sure to get out of it.’

Newman’s final resolution to publish a reply to Pusey was conveyed to his friend in the following letter, written on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception—the day after the answer was completed:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: In fest. Concept. Immac. 1865.

‘You must not be made anxious that I am going to publish a letter on your “Eirenicon.” I wish to accept it as such, and shall write in that spirit. And I write, if not to hinder, for that is not in my power, but to balance and neutralize other things which may be written upon it. It will not be any great length. If I shall say anything which is in the way of remonstrance, it will be because, unless I were perfectly honest, I should not only do no good, but carry no one with me,—but I am taking the greatest possible pains not to say a word which I shall be sorry for afterwards.’

At starting Newman stamps his published letter to Pusey as a work of apologetic which should have its effect in leading to conversions to the Church. Pusey’s influence at that moment was at its height. His words, as Newman pointed out, affected large multitudes. Any reply which made him reconsider his position would affect his followers also.¹

¹ ‘You cannot speak merely for yourself,’ he wrote: ‘your antecedents, your existing influence, are a pledge to us that what you may determine will be the determination of a multitude. Numbers, too, for whom you cannot properly be said to speak, will be moved by your authority or your arguments; and, numbers, again, who are of a school more recent than your own, and who are only not your followers because they have outstripped you in their free speeches and demonstrative acts in our behalf, will, for the occasion, accept you as their spokesman. There is no one anywhere,—among ourselves, in your own body,

And if the hope of a large accession of Puseyites to the Catholic Church appeared quite extravagant to some Catholics, Newman was able to point to the time when Dr. Wiseman had expressed a similar hope in 1843 in respect of the old Tractarian party and Newman himself, and had been mercilessly laughed at by his fellow-Catholics. Yet the events of 1845 proved that Wiseman was right and the pessimists wrong.

Wiseman had treated the difficulties of the Tractarians with sympathy and consideration. This course had proved helpful and successful. Hence Newman appealed to Wiseman's success in justification of his own similar line on the present occasion. And he pointed out, moreover, that in disclaiming excesses in devotional language concerning the Blessed Virgin, he was making no new attempt to minimise recognised Catholic devotions, but rather following in the ancient track of Catholic practice in England, which, at the time of his own conversion, was pointed out to him by Dr. Griffiths, the Vicar-Apostolic of the London District. For Dr. Griffiths strongly objected to certain foreign 'Saints' Lives' and devotional works, as being unsuitable to England.

On the other hand, the English writers to whom Pusey appealed as representing the extravagances characteristic of the Church of Rome were not the hereditary representatives of the Catholic tradition, but Oxford converts—Faber and W. G. Ward. The former had written on devotion to Our Lady, the latter on Papal Infallibility, in language which Pusey cited as at once characteristic of the existing Catholic and Roman Church, and irrational;—as on these two points finally barring the way to the acceptance of Roman claims among English Churchmen. Of the fact that they were converts, comparatively young, and innovators on the traditions of English Catholicism, while the typical

or, I suppose, in the Greek Church, who can affect so large a circle of men, so virtuous, so able, so learned, so zealous, as come, more or less, under your influence; and I cannot pay them a greater compliment than to tell them they ought all to be Catholics, nor do them a more affectionate service than to pray that they may one day become such. Nor can I address myself to any task more pleasing, as I trust, to the Divine Lord of the Church, or more loyal or dutiful to His Vicar on earth, than to attempt, however feebly, to promote so great a consummation.'

English hereditary Catholics had ever used measured language on both points, Newman made great capital. He signalised Faber's gifts as a poet, and Ward's 'energy, acuteness and theological reading,' displayed on the vantage ground of the historic *Dublin Review*, but added —

'They are in no sense spokesmen for English Catholics, and they must not stand in the place of those who have a real title to such an office. The chief authors of the passing generation, some of them still alive, others gone to their reward, are Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Ullathorne, Dr. Lingard, Mr. Tierney, Dr. Oliver, Dr. Rock, Dr. Waterworth, Dr. Husenbeth, and Mr. Flanagan; which of these ecclesiastics has said anything extreme about the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, or the Infallibility of the Pope?'¹

Newman urged two points in his letter with special insistence: (1) that the recognised Catholic doctrine and devotion is a natural and lawful development from beliefs already visible in patristic days; (2) that the undeniable extravagances which Pusey cites from the works of some foreign divines may well be disavowed by any Catholic—as Newman himself disowns them—although he characteristically adds that he knows nothing of such extravagances as they are found in the writings of the authors he refers to, but only as they stand in Pusey's own pages.

That Pusey's idea of reunion with Rome on equal terms is Utopian Newman clearly intimated—as he had already done in his private letters. Yet he believed that a better understanding might be promoted and some approximation won by the attempt on either side to do justice to the other; and he reproached Pusey with speaking of an 'Eirenicon' and yet fixing attention on the most contentious utterances of Catholics. 'There was one of old times,' he wrote, 'who wreathed his sword in myrtle; excuse me—you discharge

¹ Some thought that their names were given partly in irony. Newman emphatically disclaimed this.

'I am in *earnest* about the names I quoted,' he writes to H. Wilberforce. 'They are *witnesses*, and it does not require to be great authors in order to witness well. Ward and Faber, as well as myself, never had a course of theology. I at least have been a year at Rome. Other writers, such as Allies, also are not theologians. The ecclesiastics I named have been in seminaries. Their literary merit may not be high, but Lingard, Rock, Wiseman, Tierney, Oliver, are the *first* in their lines. I might say more.'

your olive branch as if from a catapult. The common ground of approximation is to be found in the teaching Fathers whom both sides profess to accept. To realise the patristic teaching and sentiments concerning the Blessed Virgin is to go far on the road towards a true Eirenicon.'

After speaking of the doctrine defined at Ephesus by the term *Theotocos*, or 'mother of God,' he wrote as follows of the prevalence of the thought it expresses, which goes back to yet earlier days:

'It would be tedious to produce the passages of authors who, using or not using the term, convey the idea. "Our God was carried in the womb of Mary," says Ignatius, who was martyred A.D. 106. "The Word of God," says Hippolytus, "was carried in that Virgin frame." "The Maker of all," says Amphilochius, "is born of a Virgin." "She did compass without circumscribing the Sun of Justice,—the Everlasting is born," says Chrysostom. "God dwelt in the womb," says Proclus. "When thou hearest that God speaks from the bush," asks Theodotus, "in the bush seest thou not the Virgin?" Cassian says: "Mary bore her Author." "The One God only begotten," says Hilary, "is introduced into the womb of a Virgin." "The Everlasting," says Ambrose, "came into the Virgin." "The closed gate," says Jerome, "by which alone the Lord God of Israel enters, is the Virgin Mary." "That man from Heaven," says Capriolus, "is God conceived in the womb." "He is made in thee," says St. Augustine, "who made thee."

'This being the faith of the Fathers about the Blessed Virgin, we need not wonder that it should in no long time be transmuted into devotion. No wonder if their language should become unmeasured, when so great a term as "Mother of God" had been formally set down as the safe limit of it. . . . Little jealousy was shown of her in those times; but, when any such niggardness of affection occurred, then one Father or other fell upon the offender with zeal, not to say with fierceness. Thus St. Jerome inveighs against Helvidius; thus St. Epiphanius denounces Apollinaris, St. Cyril Nestorius, and St. Ambrose Bonosus; on the other hand, each successive insult offered to her by individual adversaries did but bring out more fully the intimate sacred affection with which Christendom regarded her.'¹

¹ Letter to Pusey, *Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii. 65, 66.

With regard to the excesses of expression among Catholic writers which had formed the most effective part of Pusey's indictment, Newman brought to bear a large weight of theological authority on the lines of St. Anselm's affirmation 'that the Church thinks it indecent that anything that admits of doubt should be said in Our Lady's praise when things that are certainly true of her supply such large materials for laudation.' And he then proceeded:

'After such explanation, and with such authorities, to clear my path, I put away from me, as you would wish, without any hesitation, as matters in which my heart and reason have no part, (when taken in their literal and absolute sense, as any Protestant would naturally take them and as the writers doubtless did not use them), such sentences and phrases as [you quote].'

After enumerating, one after another, the extreme statements quoted by Pusey,¹ he thus concluded:

'Sentiments such as these I freely surrender to your animadversion; I never knew of them till I read your book, nor, as I think, do the vast majority of English Catholics know them. They seem to me like a bad dream. I could

¹ The statements run as follows: 'That the mercy of Mary is infinite; that God has resigned into her hands His Omnipotence; that it is safer to seek her than to seek her Son; that the Blessed Virgin is superior to God; that Our Lord is subject to her command; that His present disposition towards sinners, as well as His Father's, is to reject them, while the Blessed Mary takes His place as an Advocate with Father and Son; that the Saints are more ready to intercede with Jesus than Jesus with the Father; that Mary is the only refuge of those with whom God is angry; that Mary alone can obtain a Protestant's conversion; that it would have sufficed for the salvation of men if Our Lord had died, not in order to obey His Father, but to defer to the decree of His Mother; that she rivals Our Lord in being God's daughter, not by adoption, but by a kind of nature; that Christ fulfilled the office of Saviour by imitating her virtues; that, as the Incarnate God bore the image of His Father, so He bore the image of His Mother; that redemption derived from Christ indeed its sufficiency, but from Mary its beauty and loveliness; that, as we are clothed with the merits of Christ, so we are clothed with the merits of Mary; that, as He is Priest, in a like sense is she Priestess; that His Body and Blood in the Eucharist are truly hers and appertain to her; that as He is present and received therein, so is she present and received therein; that Priests are ministers as of Christ, so of Mary; that elect souls are born of God and Mary; that the Holy Ghost brings into fruitfulness His action by her, producing in her and by her Jesus Christ in His members; that the Kingdom of God in our souls, as Our Lord speaks, is really the kingdom of Mary in the soul; that she and the Holy Ghost produce in the soul extraordinary things; and that when the Holy Ghost finds Mary in a soul He flies there' (pp. 113-14).

not have conceived them to be said. I know not to what authority to go for them; to Scripture, or to the Fathers, or to the decrees of Councils, or to the consent of schools, or to the tradition of the faithful, or to the Holy See, or to Reason. They defy all the *loci theologici*. There is nothing of them in the Missal, in the Roman Catechism, in the Roman Raccolta, in the "Imitation of Christ," in Gothe, Challoner, Milner, or Wiseman, as far as I am aware. They do but scare and confuse me. . . . I do not, however, speak of these statements, as they are found in their authors, for I know nothing of the originals, and cannot believe that they have meant what you say; but I take them as they lie in your pages. Were any of them the sayings of Saints in ecstasy, I should know they had a good meaning; still I should not repeat them myself; but I am looking at them, not as spoken by the tongues of Angels, but according to that literal sense which they bear in the mouths of English men and English women. And, as spoken by man to man, in England, in the nineteenth century, I consider them calculated to prejudice inquirers, to frighten the unlearned, to unsettle consciences, to provoke blasphemy, and to work the loss of souls.¹

On reaching the point in his letter at which W. G. Ward's views concerning Papal Infallibility would naturally have been dealt with, Newman breaks off and postpones the subject to another occasion. In later editions he speaks of Father Ryder's pamphlets in reply to Ward, published in 1867, as precluding the necessity of his saying more himself. He did return to the question ten years later in his letter to the Duke of Norfolk. But Father Neville told me that, when writing the letter to Pusey, he decided after much thought and prayer that it was not wise to deal at that moment with so delicate and burning a topic as the Papal claims. In his criticism on Faber he felt fairly certain of carrying a large proportion of English Catholic opinion with him. The other case was more difficult at a moment when the troubles of the Holy See might make many resent a dry theological analysis of the Papal claims, and deprecate a protest against views which, if not theologically accurate, were nevertheless inspired by that loyal devotion which the Holy Father so greatly needed. He therefore terminated his letter as follows:

¹ Letters to Dr. Pusey, *Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii. 115.

‘So far concerning the Blessed Virgin; the chief, but not the only subject of your Volume. And now, when I could wish to proceed, she seems to stop all controversy, for the Feast of her Immaculate Conception is upon us; and close upon its Octave, which is kept with special solemnities in the Churches of this town, come the great Antiphons, the heralds of Christmas. That joyful season,—joyful for all of us,—while it centres in Him Who then came on earth, also brings before us in peculiar prominence that Virgin Mother who bore and nursed Him. Here she is not in the background, as at Eastertide, but she brings Him to us in her arms. Two great Festivals, dedicated to her honour,—to-morrow’s and the Purification,—mark out and keep the ground, and, like the towers of David, open the way to and fro, for the high holiday season of the Prince of Peace. And all along it her image is upon it, such as we see it in the typical representation of the Catacombs. May the sacred influences of this tide bring us all together in unity. May it destroy all bitterness on your side and ours! May it quench all jealous, sour, proud, fierce, antagonism on our side; and dissipate all captious, carping, fastidious, refinements of reasoning on yours! May that bright and gentle Lady, the Blessed Virgin Mary, overcome you with her sweetness, and revenge herself on her foes by interceding effectually for their conversion.’

The letter to Pusey was published before Christmas. Newman was fully prepared for a mixed reception of it among Catholics. ‘Don’t expect much from my pamphlet,’ he wrote to Miss Bowles, ‘which is at last through the press. Pusey’s work is on too many subjects, not to allow of a dozen answers, and, since I am only giving one, every reader will be expecting one or other of the eleven which I don’t give.’

It was not to be expected, again, that Pusey’s emphatic challenge to the school of Faber and Ward, and again of Louis Veuillot, should remain unanswered. Still, W. G. Ward, Manning, and others, had necessarily to recognise in their own answers the force and value of Newman’s main argument against Pusey. The very fact of a common cause, which enabled Newman indirectly to attack the extremists, made it difficult for them to reply to him. On the other hand, the effect of the ‘Apologia’ was again visible among the English public. The Press signalled the

importance of an utterance from Newman's pen—according to the fullest attention, in marked contrast to the almost entire neglect of him shown for twenty years since the publication of the 'Essay on Development,' in 1846. The climax was reached in the long article of seven columns which appeared in the *Times* of March 31, 1866.

An article of such length in the *Times* in those days proclaimed, as a rule, a public event of first-rate national importance. That Newman's brief letter to Dr. Pusey should call forth a review nearly as long as itself, was an eloquent comment on the position Newman now held in the public mind; and to the initiated who knew that it came from the pen of R. W. Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, this fact added to its interest.

The writer in the *Times*, at starting, recognises that 'there is only one person on the Roman Catholic side whose reflections' on Pusey's pamphlet 'English readers in general would much care to know,' and that person is Dr. Newman. He notes that in substance Newman, like Manning and other Roman Catholic writers, regards Pusey's ideas as impracticable. But he notes, too, the understanding sympathy with Pusey's attitude which Newman shows. He marks the note of candour which renders Newman so singularly persuasive, 'the English habit of not letting off the blunders and follies of his own side, and of daring to think that a cause is better served by outspoken independence of judgment than by fulsome, unmitigated puffing.' He recognises in particular that there is a tendency among Roman Catholics in England, showing itself largely in the importation of 'foreign ideas and foreign usages,' with which Newman strongly disclaims all sympathy. The writer cites the impressive passage in which Newman emphasises what he calls 'fashions' in Catholic opinions, and in which he intimates that to disagree with the views prevalent within the Church at a particular time or place may be not to lack Catholic instinct, but rather to show a fuller acquaintance with the length and breadth of authorised Catholic theological opinion, and with the story of different Pontificates. If, Newman had added, authority is seen in history largely to consider, in its determinations at a particular time, the various phases of Catholic

opinion exhibited at that time, then the expression of opinion may become a duty on the part of individuals. And seeing the traditionary views of English Catholicism falling into the background in favour of foreign ideas with which he has small sympathy, he had felt called upon to express his own judgment, lest the newer habits of thought might appear to outsiders to be exclusively those which the Church sanctions. He had claimed the right 'to speak as well as to hear' for one who, like himself, had now for twenty years been a Catholic and given close attention to the different phases of Catholic opinion.

'I prefer English habits of belief and devotion to foreign,' Newman had written, 'from the same causes and by the same right, which justifies foreigners in preferring their own. In following those of my people, I show less singularity and create less disturbance than if I made a flourish with what is novel and exotic. And in this line of conduct I am but availing myself of the teaching which I fell in with on becoming a Catholic; and it is a pleasure to me to think that what I hold now, and would transmit after me if I could, is only what I received then.'

The *Times* writer questions the accuracy of Newman's account of the situation. Over against his contention that the views dominant within the Church of a particular time may be but a passing and accidental fashion, due to the character of the particular Pope or other circumstances, the *Times* sets Archbishop Manning's apparently opposite statement in his reply to Pusey, that the Church is in some sense committed to them by the very fact of their being dominant and unrepudiated. The careful reader will see that there is in reality no marked contradiction between the two. Manning had not claimed more than immunity from the censure of private Catholics for extreme views that were tolerated by authority, and Newman had only claimed toleration for those less extreme. Manning had claimed, as more than the tenets of a school, only what Pontiffs successively witnessed. Newman had claimed liberty rather where they diverged. But the tone of Manning's words told for dogmatism, of Newman's for liberty. And the writer in the *Times* went on to urge, that all the official encouragement of the Church was given to the views of Manning; that Papal censures

were reserved for 'Liberalism,' while extreme statements as to the Papal prerogatives and 'Mariolatry' were unreprieved.

'Dr. Newman has often told us,' the *Times* continued, 'that we must take the consequences of our principles and theories, and here are some of the consequences which meet him; and, as he says, they "scare and confuse him." He boldly disavows them with no doubtful indignation. But what other voice but his, of equal authority and weight, has been lifted up, to speak the plain truth about them? Why, if they are wrong, extravagant, dangerous, is his protest solitary? His communion has never been wanting in jealousy of dangerous doctrines, and it is vain to urge that these things, and things like them, have been said in a corner. The Holy Office is apt to detect mischief in small writers as well as great, even if these teachers were as insignificant as Dr. Newman would gladly make them. Taken as a whole, and in connection with notorious facts, these statements are fair examples of manifest tendencies, which certainly are not on the decline. . . .

'Allocutions and Encyclicals are not for errors of this kind. Dr. Newman says that "it is wiser for the most part to leave these excesses to the gradual operation of public opinion,—that is, to the opinion of educated and sober Catholics; and this seems to me the healthiest way of putting them down." We quite agree with him; but his own Church does not think so; and we want to see some evidence of a public opinion in it capable of putting them down. . . .

'It is very little use, then, for Dr. Newman to tell Dr. Pusey or anyone else, "You may safely trust us English Catholics as to this devotion." "English Catholics," as such,—it is the strength and the weakness of their system,—have really the least to say in the matter. The question is not about the trusting "us English Catholics," but the Pope, and the Roman congregations, and those to whom the Roman Authorities delegate their sanction and give their countenance.'

In brief, the writer claims that it is Ward and Manning who represent the effective mind of the ruling power, and that it is with them that Dr. Pusey and his friends have to reckon. Newman had pointed out that prevalent excesses were no argument against the 'grand faith and worship' which the Church had preserved. But the writer argues that the

admission that such prevalent excesses were deplorable was not effectively made among Catholics; that the tendency of Manning to justify what is unjustifiable on the sole ground that it was prevalent and not condemned, was practically the tendency of the Catholic Church in the nineteenth century.

The case had been put in this article from the standpoint of an Anglican. Yet the article was welcome to Newman not only as an advertisement of his book, but on other grounds. An answer to the writer from the Catholic standpoint was, he held, easy if the distinctions recognised by the best theologians were remembered. An answer from the standpoint of Ward or Veuillot, or even Manning, was very difficult. The definitions of Faith, and their logical consequences, could be maintained with controversial success as unalterable, with no detriment to the fact, historically incontestable, that opinions not really true might be—nay, have been—universally accepted in the Church at a given time. To hold with Ward that such prevalence makes them part of the teaching of the Church was to go in the face of history—it was to justify belief in the ‘Parousia’ or the ‘Millennium,’ on the early universal prevalence of which among Catholics Newman had so often insisted. The article in the *Times*, then, had brought out a very important issue, and had at least laid stress on the fact that opinions which Ward and his friends constantly represented as the only orthodox Catholic opinions were challenged by Newman; and his challenge remained not only without reproof, but received the assent of others well equipped to speak with authority for what was theologically sound.

At the same time messages came to Newman from the Bishop of Birmingham and the Bishop of Clifton, identifying themselves with his view; and a similar attitude was, as he heard, prevalent in the majority of the Episcopate. Ward’s party and Manning’s followers in London were, of course, dissatisfied with the letter and attacked it; but the balance of opinion was in its favour.

Newman’s faithful friends the Dominican sisters at Stone were among those who keenly appreciated the letter, and he rejoiced in their approval. He wrote to Sister Imelda on April 2:

'My dear Sister Imelda,—Thank you for your welcome letter, and for your Reverend Mother's message. And I am much rejoiced to hear so good an account of her.

'One can't do better than one's best. I have done my very best in my Pamphlet—but bad is the best I daresay. Certainly, we may say of our Lady, as we say of the mystery of the Holy Eucharist, "quia major omni laude, nec laudare sufficit." It is still more difficult at once to praise her, and to dispraise some of her imprudent votaries. On the other hand it is very easy to criticize what we should not do a bit better if we ourselves tried our hand at it. Therefore I am not surprised that I am open to criticism, and have been criticized, and in spite of that, not at all dissatisfied on the whole with what I have done, for I have had a number of letters from important quarters, all in my favour. One, which is the most gratifying is from our own Bishop.

'With my best Easter greetings to your Reverend Mother and all your Community, I am

'My dear Sister Imelda most sincerely yours in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory.'

To Pusey he writes on the general situation two days after the appearance of the *Times* article:

'Thank you for your sympathy about the attacks on me, but you have enough upon yourself to be able to understand that they have no tendency to annoy me,—and on the other hand are a proof that one is doing a work. I hail the Article in the *Times* with great satisfaction as being the widest possible advertisement of me. I never should be surprised at its comments being sent by some people to Rome, as authoritative explanations of my meaning, wherever they are favourable to me. The truth is, that certain views have been suffered without a word, till their maintainers have begun to fancy that they are *de fide*,—and they are astonished and angry beyond measure when they find that silence on the part of others was not acquiescence, indifference, or timidity, but patience. My own Bishop and Dr. Clifford, and, I believe, most of the other Bishops, are with me. And I have had letters from the most important centres of theology and of education through the country, taking part with me. London, however, has for years been oppressed with various *incubi*; though I cannot forget, with great gratitude, that two years ago as many as a hundred and ten priests of the Westminster Diocese, in-

cluding all the Canons, the Vicars General, the Jesuits, and other Orders, went out of their way (and were the first to do so), to take my part before the "Apologia" appeared.

'I am very sorry the Jesuits are so fierce against you. They have a notion that you are not exact in your facts, and it has put their backs up; but we are not so exact ourselves as to be able safely to throw stones.'

While Newman loyally defended the Jesuits in writing to Pusey, to Father Coleridge himself he very frankly indicated in an interesting letter what he regarded as unfair, or, at least, ungenerous, in the treatment of the controversy in the pages of the *Month*:

'As to Pusey, I fully think that whatever is misrepresented in facts should be brought out, as well as what is wrong in theology. But . . . I say . . . "show that Pusey's facts are wrong, but don't abuse him." Abuse is as great a mistake in controversy as panegyric in biography. Of course a man must state strongly his opinion, but that is not personal vituperation. Now I am not taking the liberty of accusing you of vituperation, but I think an Anglican would say: "This writer is fierce—" and would put you aside in consequence as a partisan. He would shrink into his prejudices instead of imbibing confidence.

'Now mind, I am not accusing you of all this *maladresse*, but bringing out what I *mean*. But I will tell you, if you will bear with me, what does seem to me to approach to it in what you have written, e.g.¹

'1. "The great name of Bossuet has been *foolishly* invoked by Dr. Pusey," p. 384.

'2. "There can be no more mistake about the fact than about the *impression which Dr. Pusey has meant to produce* on his readers," p. 387, note.

'3. "How does this . . . differ from the *artifice of an unscrupulous advocate?*" p. 388.

'4. "Great confusion of thought," p. 388.

'5. "In happy unconsciousness of the absurdity of his language," p. 389.

'6. "This language shows as much *confusion or ignorance*, &c." p. 389.

'7. "He does not *understand* that . . .," p. 389.

'8. "He *talks* of a continual flow, &c." p. 389.

'9. "This is very *childish*," p. 389.

¹ The references are to the article 'Archbishop Manning on the Reunion of Christendom,' in the *Month* for April 1866.

'10. "Dr. Pusey then must have deliberately ignored the distinction," p. 389.

'It must be recollected that your object is to convince those who respect and love Dr. Pusey that he has written hastily and rashly and gone beyond his measure. Now if even I feel pained to read such things said of him, what do you suppose is the feeling of those who look up to him as their guide? They are as indignant at finding him thus treated as you are for his treatment of Catholic doctrine. They close their ears and hearts. Yet these are the very people you write for. You don't write to convince the good Fathers at No. 9,¹ but to say a word in season to *his* followers and to *his* friends—to dispose them to look kindly on Catholics and Catholic doctrine,—to entertain the possibility that they have misjudged us, and that they are needlessly, as well as dangerously, keeping away from us,—but to mix up your irrefutable matter with a personal attack on Pusey, is as if you were to load your gun carefully, and then as deliberately to administer some drops of water at the touch-hole.

'Now excuse me for all this, but you have put me on my defence by making the point at issue whether or not the "Papers should be suffered all to assume that his statements are founded on real theological knowledge—" which is not the issue.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Loyalty to his friends called for another letter in connection with the 'Eirenicon.' Newman had expressed to Mr. Ambrose de Lisle so much sympathy with his attitude towards the Anglican movement that he felt that he ought to make it quite clear that he considered his scheme of 'corporate reunion' to be Utopian, and why he thought so.

'I find it very difficult,' he writes to de Lisle on March 3, 1866, 'to realise such an idea as a fact. As a Protestant, I never could get myself to entertain it as such, nor have I been able as a Catholic. Nothing is impossible to God, and the more we ask of Him, the more we gain—but still, His indications in Providence are often our guide, what to ask and what not to ask. We ask what is probable; we do not ask definitely that England should be converted in a day;—unless under the authority of a particular inspiration, such a prayer

¹ No. 9 Hill Street (now No. 16) then served as the residence of the Farm Street community.

would be presumptuous, as being a prayer for a miracle. Now to me, the question is whether the conversion of that corporate body, which we call the Anglican Church, would not be in the same general sense a miracle,—in the same sense in which it would be a miracle for the Thames to change its course, and run into the sea at the Wash instead of the Nore. Of course in the course of ages such a change of direction might take place without miracle—by the stopping up of a gorge or the alteration of a level. But I should not pray for it; and, if I wished to divert the stream from London, I should cut a canal at Eton or Twickenham. I should carry the innumerable drops of water my own way by forming a new bed by my own labour—and for the success of this project I *might* reasonably pray. Now the Anglican Church is *sui generis*—it is not a collection of individuals—but it is a bed, a river bed, formed in the course of ages, depending on external facts, such as political, civil, and social arrangements. Viewed in its structure, it has never been more than partially Catholic. If its ritual has been mainly such, yet its articles are the historical offspring of Luther and Calvin. And its ecclesiastical organisation has ever been, in its fundamental principles, Erastian. To make that actual and visible, tangible body Catholic, would be simply to make a new creature—it would be to turn a panther into a hind. There are very great similarities between a panther and a hind. Still they are possessed of separate natures, and a change from one to the other would be a destruction and reproduction, not a process. It could be done without a miracle in a succession of ages, but in any assignable period, no.

‘See what would be needed to bring the Anglican Church into a condition capable of union with the Catholic body. There have ever been three great parties in it. The rod of Aaron (so to call it) must swallow up the serpents of the magicians. That rod has grown of late years—doubtless—but the history of opinion, and of Anglican opinion, has ever been a course of reactions. Look at ourselves, truths *de fide* are unchangeable and indefectible, but you yourself were lately predicting, and with reason, a reaction among us from Ultramontanism. The chance is, humanly speaking, that the Catholic movement in the Anglican Church, being itself a reaction, will meet with a re-reaction—but suppose it does not. Then it has to absorb into itself the Evangelical and the Liberal parties. When it has done this, the Erastian party, which embraces all three,

and against which there is no reaction at present, which ever *has* been, which is the *foundation* of Anglicanism, must begin to change itself. I say all parties ever have been Erastian. Archbishop Whitgift, a Calvinist, was as Erastian, as much opposed to the Puritans, as Laud was. And Hoadly, the representative of the Liberals, was of course emphatically an Erastian. But let us keep to the Catholic party. They were Erastian in Laud, they are Erastian in their most advanced phase now. What is the rejection of Gladstone at Oxford, what is the glorification of that angel Disraeli, but an Erastian policy? and who are specially the promoters of it but the *Union Review* and the party it represents?

'When then I come to consider the possibility of the Established Church becoming capable of Catholicism, I must suppose its Evangelical party adding to its tenets the Puritanism of Cartwright as well as disowning at the same time its own and Cartwright's Protestantism;—I must suppose the Catholic party recalling the poor Non-jurors and accepting their anti-Erastianism, while preserving and perfecting its own orthodoxy—and the Liberal party denying that Royal supremacy which is the boast of members of it, as different from each other in opinion as Tillotson, Arnold and Colenso. I must anticipate the Catholic party, first beating two foes, each as strong as itself, and then taking the new step, never yet dreamed of except by the Non-jurors, who in consequence left it, and by the first authors of the Tracts [for the] Times, the new step of throwing off the Supremacy of the State.

'Then comes a question, involved indeed, but not brought out clearly, in what I have been saying. Who are meant by the *members* of each party, the clergy only or the laity also? It is a miracle, if the "Catholic" *clergy* in the Establishment manage to swallow up the Evangelical and Liberal—but how much more difficult an idea is it to contemplate, that they should absorb the whole laity of their communion, of whom, but a fraction is with them, a great portion Evangelical, a greater Liberal, and a still greater, alas, without any faith at all. I do not see, moreover, how it is possible to forget that the Established Church is the Church of *England*—that Dissenters are, both in their own estimation and in that of its own members, in some sense a portion of it—and that, even were its whole *proper* laity Catholic in opinions, the whole population of England, of which Dissenters are nearly half, would, as represented by Parliament, claim it as their own.

‘And of course, when it came to the point, they would have fact and power on their side. It is indeed hard to conceive that the constitution of the Church of England, as settled by Act of Parliament, can be made fit for re-union with the Catholic Church, till political parties, as such, till the great interests of the nation, the country party, the manufacturing, the trade, become Catholic, as parties. Before that takes place, and sooner than it will, as it seems to me, the Establishment will cease to be, in consequence of the Free Church and voluntary principle and movement. So that from my point of view, I cannot conceive, to end as I began, the Establishment running into Catholicism, more than I can conceive the Thames running into the Wash.

‘And now excuse me, if I have been at all free; but, since you seemed to wish to know what I think on so momentous a subject, and it seems to be a time when we shall all arrive best at what is true and expedient, and at unanimity and unity, by speaking out, I have thought I might throw myself on your indulgence, even in such respects as I fear will not commend themselves to your judgment.’

Theology was not the only matter which engaged Newman’s attention at this time. He wrote frequently to Frederick Rogers and R. W. Church on questions of current interest. Rogers sent him in April 1866 Seeley’s work entitled ‘*Ecce Homo*,’ which made a great stir on its appearance. Newman did not at first see much in the book. He found ‘little new in it but what was questionable or fanciful,’ but in view of Rogers’ estimate of its great importance as a sign of the times, he wrote an appreciative review of it in the *Month*.

From his letters on politics of the time, two may be quoted—one on the Austro-Prussian War and one, in the following year, on the murder of Emperor Maximilian. In both these letters, addressed to R. W. Church, we have his thoughts on the future of his own country. Ever since the Reform Bill of 1832 he had viewed with great misgiving the extension of the suffrage and the growth of the democracy. ‘The only defence or of consolation under Reform,’ he writes to Rogers, ‘is that power itself will have a sober and educational effect on the new voters. The other consolation is that it will only increase bribery immoderately.’ England’s international position also appeared to him at this time very

unsatisfactory. Still he had a great belief in the genius of his country and her power to recover.

TO R. W. CHURCH.

'The Oratory, Bm': Sept^r 21, 1866.

'What wonderful events have taken place lately! quite a new world is coming in; and if Louis Napoleon were to fall ill, the catastrophe would be still more wonderful. I don't quite like our being thrown so much into the background. Twenty-five years ago Rogers said one ought to go abroad to know how great England was—it is not so now—some foreign papers simply leave out the heading "Angleterre" in their foreign news. And the fate of Austria, a state in some striking points like us, though in others different, is a sort of omen of what might happen to us in the future. Then, I am quite ashamed at the past ignorance of the *Times* and other papers and at myself for having been so taken in by them. Think of the *Times* during the American civil war! And again on the breaking out, and in the course of the Danish War. Really we are simply in the dark as to what is going on beyond our four seas—even if we know what is going on within them. How dark, as even I could see, we are as to Ireland, from having been there. Some four years ago I met a man, he seemed some sort of country gentleman, at the inn of a country town—we got into conversation. I told him the hatred felt for England in all ranks in Ireland—how great friends of mine did not scruple to speak to me of the "bloody English"—the common phrase—how cautious and quiet government people simply confessed they would gladly show their teeth if they were sure of biting; but he would not believe me—and that has been the state of the mass of our people. Even now they are slow to believe that Fenianism is as deeply rooted as it is. Every Irishman is but watching his opportunity—and if he is friendly to this country, it is because he despairs.

'Don't think I am tempted to despair about *England*. I am in as little despair about England as about the Pope. I think they have both enormous latent forces; and if, as they now talk, he goes to Malta, I shall think it is caused by some hidden sympathy of position. Misery does indeed make us acquainted with strange bedfellows. And, whatever the Pope will have to do, at least England must make

some great changes, and give up many cherished ways of going on, if she is to keep her place in the world.

‘However, much all this is to an old man like me.’

TO THE SAME.

‘The Oratory, B^m : July 7, 1867.

‘Your violin improves continually; I cannot desire a better one. I have got it at Rednal, where I make a noise, without remonstrance from trees, grass, roses or cabbages. . .

‘Maximilian’s death is the deepest tragedy in our day, the deeper because it has so little romantic about it—it is the case of a lion poisoned by a ratcatcher—or “a falcon, towering in her pride of place, and by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.” There is a kind of death which seems, not a martyrdom, but a failure. Max’s course in Mexico is not a career. He has left Europe and vanished into space; and is of those “which have no memorial, who have perished as tho’ they had never been”; and his “empire” after him. And this is most tragic.

‘As to Parliamentary proceedings, it is a crucial experiment whether England is stronger in its social or its political system. If the social framework can withstand and master such political changes it is strong indeed.’

CHAPTER XXIV

OXFORD AGAIN (1866-1867)

THE renewed signs of Newman's great influence on the public mind in England, brought forth by the letter to Pusey, were not lost on the Ecclesiastical Authorities. Such signs gave his friends courage; they made his critics feel the impolicy of weakening the authority of so powerful a champion of the Catholic cause. Manning was endeavouring to strengthen his position as Archbishop by conciliatory action, and was not likely to oppose him openly. Catholic boys were still going to Oxford, and Newman bought fresh land there, with an eye to future possibilities. Then he was again offered the Oxford Mission by his Bishop in April 1866. He saw in the renewed offer a sign of God's Will for him. Yet the following letter of April 29 to Dr. Pusey shows that he viewed the prospect with mixed feelings:

'I am grieved to think it vexes you so much to hear of the chance of our going to Oxford. You may be sure we should not go to put ourselves in opposition to you, or to come in collision with the theological views which you represent. Of course we never could conceal our convictions, nor is it possible to control the action of great principles when they are thrown upon the face of society—but it would be a real advantage to the cause of truth, if our opinions were known more accurately than they are generally known by Anglicans. For instance, what surprise has been expressed at what I have said in my letter to you about our doctrine of original sin and the Immaculate Conception! even now most men think that I have not stated them fairly. And so with many other doctrines. I should come to Oxford for the sake of the Catholic youth there, who are likely to be, in the future, more numerous than they are now,—and my first object *after* that would be to soften prejudice against Catholicism by showing how much

exaggeration is used by Anglicans in speaking of it. I do trust you will take a more hopeful view of my coming, if I do come, which is not certain. Personally, it would be as painful a step as I could be called upon to make. Oxford never can be to me what it was. It and I are severed. It would be like the dead visiting the dead. I should be a stranger in my dearest home. I look forward to it with great distress—and certainly would not contemplate it except under an imperative call of duty. But I trust that God will strengthen me, when the time comes, if it is to come—and I trust He will strengthen you.'

Newman hoped that the success of the 'Apologia,' now reinforced by that of the 'Letter to Pusey,' would this time give him enough influence to carry out the Oxford plan. The sanction of Propaganda was sought for the formation of a branch house of the Oratory at Oxford. All seemed for a time to go without a hitch. There were, however, incidents in the negotiations with Rome which depressed him. Cardinal Reisach, whom Newman had known in Rome, came to England with a view to ascertaining the general feeling on the Oxford question, and Newman was never approached by him and never even acquainted with his mission. The Cardinal actually visited Oscott without letting Newman know that he was near Birmingham, or calling on him. Cardinal Reisach's informants among the clergy were carefully selected by Manning himself, and the Cardinal was sent to pay a visit to W. G. Ward, as the best representative of lay opinion. The Cardinal even inspected the new ground Newman had bought at Oxford, but without making any sign to its owner. Newman deplored the incident deeply, and felt that no opportunity was afforded him for making Rome acquainted at first hand with his views on the whole subject. His dejection was less keen at this time, however, as he expressly states in his journal, than in the years preceding the 'Apologia,' and the Oxford proposal brought with it a ray of hope. It was a hope for work within his capacity, and in the right direction. It would mean fresh anxieties. Still, it would be something practicable and useful.

As to writing he was still very cautious. Some of his friends urged him to write more, and more explicitly, on the whole ecclesiastical situation, and others pressed

him to go in person to Rome, and lay before the Holy Father his views on the Oxford question and other matters relating to the progress of the Church in England. But Newman, while loving and revering Pius IX., felt hopeless of making any great impression at headquarters while Manning was against him and while the Curia was without any first-hand knowledge of the situation. And as to writing, he was inclined to let well alone, and be content with the good results of the 'Apologia' and 'Letter to Dr. Pusey.'

He preferred not to force matters to an issue, but rather to maintain his hold on Catholic opinion and act on the public mind gradually. The logic of facts must be given time to work in the desired direction. He had the sympathy of such men as Dupanloup in France, and in England a considerable measure of agreement and support from Bishop Ullathorne, Bishop Clifford, and others. The English Jesuits, largely owing to the influence of Father Coleridge, were ever his good friends. And the 'Letter to Dr. Pusey' had brought fresh and more general manifestations of sympathy. Even as to the stringent line in matters of doctrine and philosophy, to which Rome had inclined since the Temporal Power controversy began, there were reassuring signs. The Episcopate (he learnt) had considerably modified the 'Syllabus' before its appearance. Some of the Bishops, moreover, were, he found, quite alive to the dangers attendant on checking genuine philosophical thought by stringent condemnations. His consistent reply to those who urged him to do more in the way of active expression of opinion or representations to the Holy See was 'Patience; we are in a transition time.' He trusted to the logic of facts—a slow remedy, but the only one consistent with the absolute submission which he preached and practised.

The following letters illustrate his state of mind in the years 1865 and 1866:

TO FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN.

'August 27th, 1865.

'The Bishop was here yesterday. He asked me if I still thought of Oxford. I said absolutely, no. I added that I had bought some land, but for the chances of the future, not as connected with myself. He said he had heard so. Well,

for the chance of things, he said, he should keep the matter open for a year.

‘He said the Cardinal Barnabo had told the Archbishop that there would be a great meeting next year; time and subject uncertain. The Bishop said there was a great deal to do in the way of discipline, e.g. about nuns, parishes, &c. He hoped they would be cautious about touching philosophy,—the Pope, he said, had some wish for one or two doctrinal decrees, but he spoke as if others did not share in it—said he was sure the Bishops’ voice would be heard—implied that the actual *Syllabus* was a great improvement on what it was to have been before the Bishops took it in hand a year or two previous to its publication.

‘I wonder what the Pope’s doctrinal points are. The Bishop spoke of a meeting like that for the Immaculate Conception, which would be a serious thing, as being so unusual.’

TO MISS BOWLES.

‘January 3rd, 1866.

‘. . . When I published my letter to Pusey [Manning] sent two letters praising—but a little while after he sent two Bishops an article (in print) which was to appear in the *Dublin* against portions of it, asking their sanction to it. The one replied that, so far from agreeing with the article, he heartily agreed with me,—the other that, since he was my natural judge he would not commit himself by any previous extra-judicial opinion, and on the contrary, if the article was published, he should recommend me to commence ecclesiastical proceedings against the editor, in that he, a layman, had ventured seriously to censure a priest. *This was the cause* of two episcopal letters in the *Tablet* . . .

‘Dr. F.’s letter is *most kind*, and pray return him my hearty thanks, saying that I have seen his letter. Such words as his are words to rest upon, and thank God for. It has been my lot, since I was a Catholic, to find few hearts among my own friends to shew any kindness to me. . . . Our Bishop said to me that he considered I was under a “dispensation of mortifications”—and, in truth, since the Holy Father first in his kindness called me to Rome, I don’t think I have had one single encouragement. During my stay there in 1846–7 he used some words of blame on a sermon which I preached there (much against my will) and which was reported to him as severe on Protestant visitors. In 1859 he sent me a message of serious rebuke—(you are the first person anywhere

to whom I have told this) Mgr. Barnabo told it our Bishop, our Bishop, Father St. John, and he to me, I have not told it to our own Fathers—apropos of some words I used in the *Rambler* which certainly might have been better chosen, but which had really a right meaning which I could have explained. What encouragement then have I to go to Rome or preach at Rome, being so little able to express myself in Italian, and so certain to be ill reported by those who ought to be my friends? Mgr. Talbot took part with Faber and treated me most inconsiderately, and on that occasion the Pope alone stood my friend, and I think he would always do so if he were suffered.

‘Well, quite synchronously with Faber’s death, this other opposition arose. I think this of him (Manning): he wishes me no ill, but he is determined to bend or break all opposition. He has an iron will and resolves to have his own way. On his promotion he wished to make me a Bishop *in partibus*. I declined. I wish to have my own true liberty; it would have been a very false step on my part to have accepted it. He wanted to gain me over. He has never offered me any place or office. The only one I am fit for, the only one I would accept, a place at Oxford, he is doing all he can to keep me from. I have no heart or strength to do anything at Rome as you propose. I am not better than St. Basil, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Joseph Calasanctius, or St. Alfonso Liguori. The truth will come out when I am gone hence.’

TO THE SAME.

‘April 16th, 1866.

‘As to myself, you don’t consider that I am an old man and must husband my strength. When I passed my letter (to Pusey) through the Press and wrote my notes, I was confined to my bed, or barely sitting up. I had a most serious attack—it might have been far worse. I did not know how much worse till (through God’s mercy) it was all over. It would have been very imprudent to have done more. Nor would I write now, hastily. I should have much to read for it. Recollect, to write theology is like dancing on the tight rope some hundred feet above the ground. It is hard to keep from falling, and the fall is great. Ladies can’t be in the position to try. The questions are so subtle, the distinctions so fine, and critical, jealous eyes so many. Such critics would be worth nothing, if they had not the power of writing to Rome now that communication is made so easy,—and you

may get into hot water before you know where you are. The necessity of defending myself at Rome would almost kill me with the fidget. You don't know me when you suppose I "take heed of the motley flock of fools." No,—it is authority that I fear. "*Di me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.*" I have had great work to write even what I have written, and I ought to be most deeply thankful that I have so wonderfully succeeded. Two Bishops, one my own, have spontaneously and generously come forward. Why cannot you believe that letter of mine, in which I said I did not write more because I was "tired"? This was the real reason. Then others came in. The subject I had to write upon¹ opened, and I found I had a great deal to read before I could write. Next, I felt I had irritated many good people, and I wished the waves to subside before I began to play the Aeolus a second time. Moreover, I was intending to make a great change. I thought at length my time had come. I had introduced the narrow end of the wedge, and made a split. I feared it would split fiercely and irregularly, and I thought by withdrawing the wedge the split might be left at present more naturally to increase itself. Everything I see confirms me in my view. I have various letters from all parts of the country approving of what I have already done. The less I do myself, the more others will do. It is not well to put oneself too forward. Englishmen don't like to be driven. I am sure it is good policy to be quiet just now.

'I have long said: "the night cometh," &c., but that does not make it right to act in a hurry. Better not do a thing than do it badly. I must be patient and wait on God. If it is His Will I should do more He will give me time. I am not serving Him by blundering.

'You will be glad to know, (what, at present, is a great secret) that we are likely to have a house at Oxford after all. Be patient and all will be well.'

TO THE SAME.

'May 23rd, 1866.

'I should have written to you before this to say so, but I have hoped day by day to tell you something of this Oxford scheme, but I have nothing to tell. It is just a month to-day since we sent in our remarks on the Bishop's offer, and he has not yet replied. He called and asked the meaning of some parts of the letter, and no answer has come. I do not think his hesitation arises so much from anything we have

¹ Papal Infallibility.

said, as from a vague misgiving when it comes to the point, and perhaps from what people say to him. Two years ago there was a bold assertion that I was just the last man whom Oxford men would bear to be in Oxford, and from something the Bishop said it would appear that this idea is not altogether without effect upon him. I wish it were decided one way or the other, for it keeps us in various ways in suspense. It must now be decided for good and all, for my age neither promises a future, nor is consistent with this work-impending uncertainty.

‘We are going to have a Latin Play next week in honour of St. Philip. I wish you were with us.’

TO THE SAME.

‘Nov. 11th, 1866.

‘I got your July letter before I set out, though I had not time to answer it. You were the first to give me information of Cardinal Reisach being in England. Had I had the slightest encouragement, I should have called on him, for I knew him at Rome. But, though he was at Oscott, I did not know of it till he was gone. Mr. Pope from this house went up to London and saw the Archbishop and the Cardinal. Neither of them even mentioned my name. The Cardinal was sent, I am told, for three days to W. G. Ward’s, where of course he would hear one side fairly and fully enough, but it is a one-sided way of getting at the true state of things to be content with the information of a violent partizan. It is on account of things of this kind that I view with equanimity the prospect of a thorough routing out of things at Rome,—not till some great convulsions take place (which may go on for years and years, and when I can do neither good nor harm) and religion is felt to be in the midst of trials, red-tapism will go out of Rome, and a better spirit come in, and Cardinals and Archbishops will have some of the reality they had, amid many abuses, in the Middle Ages. At present things are in appearance as effete, though in a different way, thank God, as they were in the tenth century. We are sinking into a sort of Novatianism—the heresy which the early Popes so strenuously resisted. Instead of aiming at being a world-wide power, we are shrinking into ourselves, narrowing the lines of communion, trembling at freedom of thought, and using the language of dismay and despair at the prospect before us, instead of, with the high spirit of the warrior, going out conquering and to conquer. . . . I believe the Pope’s spirit is simply that of martyrdom, and is utterly

different from that implied in these gratuitous shriekings which surround his throne. But the power of God is abroad upon the earth, and He will settle things in spite of what cliques and parties may decide.

'I am glad you like my sermon,—the one thing I wished to oppose is the coward despairing spirit of the day.'

'January 8th, 1867.

'When I heard those words of the Holy Father [criticising the *Rambler* article already referred to], I was far from silent under them. It has always seemed to me, as the Saints say, that self-defence, though not advisable ordinarily, is a duty when it is a question of faith. The Bishop too wished me to write to Rome; but the question was, to whom. He proposed Mgr. Barnabo, but I explained that I could not account him my friend. The question then was, to whom else? Cardinal Wiseman was at Rome, and I wrote to him a long letter minutely going into the matter, and saying that, if I were only told what the special points were in which I was wrong, I would explain myself and I had no doubt I could do so most satisfactorily. The Cardinal got my letter, but he never answered it, never alluded to it. But six (I think) months after he sent me a message by Dr. Manning, to say that I should not hear more of it.

'I *wished* to explain, because it is impossible I should not hear more of it,—indeed I know it created a lasting suspicion on the minds of Roman authorities. The Bishop had advised me to give up the *Rambler*, else I should have taken an opportunity of attempting to explain myself in a subsequent number. I say "attempt," for it is poor work answering when you do not know the point of the charge. The Bishop indeed had told me the paragraph, and independently of him a theologian in England had charged me with heresy on two or three counts, but I could not answer a man who had condemned before he heard me. What I have ever intended to do was to take the first opportunity of explaining myself. Last year I thought my letter to Pusey would have given me an opportunity; so it would if I had gone on to the subject of the Pope and the Church,—and if I still go on to it, I probably shall do as I intended. . . .

'I have already asked the Bishop about our collecting money [for the Oxford scheme]. You speak as if I were dawdling and losing time. So I should be if the work were one which I had chosen as God's work. But on the contrary, it has been *forced* on me against my will, and certainly, if

not against my judgment, yet not with it, or my will would not be against it. It *would* be a great inconsistency in me to let six months pass and do nothing were I convinced it was the will of Providence,—but I do not feel this. I only go because I fear to be deaf to a Divine call, but, if anything happened in the six months to prevent it, that would be to me a sign that there never had been a Divine call. It is cowardice not to fight when you feel it to be your duty to fight, but, when you do not feel it is your duty, to fight is not bravery, but self will.

‘As to defending myself, you may make yourself quite sure I never will, unless it is a simple duty. Such is a charge against my religious faith—such against my veracity—such any charge in which the cause of religion is involved. But, did I go out and battle commonly, I should lose my time, my peace, my strength, and only shew a detestable sensitiveness. I consider that Time is the great remedy and Avenger of all wrongs, as far as this world goes. If only we are patient, God works for us. He works for those who do not work for themselves. Of course an inward brooding over injuries is not patience, but a recollecting with a view to the future is prudence.’

The renewed opposition of Ward and Herbert Vaughan to the Oxford scheme, and their conviction that Newman’s presence there would prove a magnet, now as in 1864 encompassed his scheme with immense difficulties. ‘As Cardinal Barnabo has already on three distinct occasions acted uncomfortably towards me,’ Newman wrote to Canon Walker, ‘I will begin nothing and will spend nothing until I have his leave so distinctly that he cannot undo it. Nothing can be kinder or more considerate than the Bishop has been. And besides since I know that there were powerful influences from home which were especially directed against the Oratory going to Oxford in 1864, the event will alone decide whether or not those influences will remain in a quiescent state now.’

Still, to give to Newman and his Oratory the Oxford Mission was so simple a proposal, and one so obviously within the discretion of his diocesan, that it was hardly conceivable that Propaganda would refuse to allow it. It was understood from the first that no allusion to the bearing of the scheme on the interests of Catholic undergraduates at Oxford was to be made in any public announcement. A

church to be built by Newman in Oxford, as a memorial of the Oxford conversions, was an unassailable project. A fresh plot of ground in St. Aldate's Street had been bought by Newman before the end of 1865, and Father William Neville bought two adjoining plots in 1866. Negotiations were pending as to another piece of land belonging to the St. Aldate's traders; but still, the suspicions in some quarters that any fresh connection between Newman and Oxford would mean an encouragement of 'mixed education,' made him hesitate to clinch the bargain, lest his purchases might again prove useless and the land have simply to be re-sold. He was for months in most painful uncertainty as to the future. On May 17, 1866, he writes to James Hope-Scott deeply depressed and full of doubt as to the issue of events. On June 10, on the other hand, he tells Lord Blachford that his going to Oxford is all but certain. He had at this time that vivid sense of the difficulties of his task, which rendered all initiation so irksome to him. It had been the same with each work he had attempted as a Catholic—the foundation of the Oratory and of the Catholic University, the Scripture translation, the editorship of the *Rambler*. He wrote thus to W. J. Copeland at the end of May:

'You can't tell how very much down I am at the thought of going to Oxford, which is now very probable. I should not go there with any intention of catching at converts—though of course I wish to bring out clearly and fully what I feel to be the Truth—but the notion of getting into hot water, is most distasteful to me, now when I wish to be a little quiet. I cannot be in a happier position than I am. But, were I ever so sure of incurring no collisions with persons I love, still the mere publicity is a great trial to me. And even putting that aside, the very seeing Oxford again, since I am not one with it, would be a cruel thing—it is like the dead coming to the dead. O dear, dear, how I dread it—but it seems to be the will of God, and I do not know how to draw back.'

To St. John he wrote from London on June 23:

'Westminster Palace Hotel: Saturday.

'Hope-Scott has sent William [Neville] to Oxford this morning to see about buying more land. He is to return by

dinner time, and we dine with Hope-Scott at half past seven.

'We dined with Acton yesterday, and after dinner came Monteith, the O'Connor Don, Mr. Maxwell, Blennerhassett, &c. On Thursday we met at Hope-Scott's all the Kerrs. At Gladstone's breakfast I met young Lady Lothian, Lord Lyttelton, General Beauregard &c. To-morrow we lunch with the [Frank] Wards and dine with Bellasis. On Thursday I am to dine with the Simeons to meet Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Stanley and perhaps Gladstone. On Monday we shall breakfast with Badeley. So you see in my old age I am learning to be a man of fashion.'

On July 25 Newman sends Hope-Scott a letter from Bishop Ullathorne 'which seems to show that we shall not be sent to Oxford at all.'

By the end of the year, however, the permission of Propaganda was obtained, and Newman was at last enabled to issue a formal circular, which ran as follows:

'Father Newman, having been entrusted with the Mission of Oxford, is proceeding, with the sanction of Propaganda, to the establishment there of a House of the Oratory.

'Some such establishment in one of the great seats of learning seems to be demanded of English Catholics, at a time when the relaxation both of controversial animosity and of legal restriction has allowed them to appear before their countrymen in the full profession and the genuine attributes of their Holy Religion.

'And, while there is no place in England more likely than Oxford to receive a Catholic community with fairness, interest, and intelligent curiosity, so on the other hand the English Oratory has this singular encouragement in placing itself there, that it has been expressly created and blessed by the reigning Pontiff for the very purpose of bringing Catholicity before the educated classes of society, and especially those classes which represent the traditions and the teaching of Oxford.

'Moreover, since many of its priests have been educated at the Universities, it brings to its work an acquaintance and a sympathy with academical habits and sentiments, which are a guarantee of its inoffensive bearing towards the members of another communion, and which will specially enable it to discharge its sacred duties in the peaceable and conciliatory spirit which is the historical characteristic of the sons of St. Philip Neri.

'Father Newman has already secured a site for an Oratory Church and buildings in an eligible part of Oxford; and he now addresses himself to the work of collecting the sums necessary for carrying his important undertaking into effect. This he is able to do under the sanction of the following letter from the Bishop of the diocese, which it gives him great satisfaction to publish:

"My dear Dr. Newman,—Oxford is the only city in England of importance, which has a Catholic congregation without a Catholic Church. A small room, devoid of architectural pretension, built three quarters of a century ago, at the back of the priest's dwelling, and in the suburb of St. Clement's, represents the hidden and almost ignominious position of Catholic worship at Oxford. The only schoolroom for Catholic children is a sort of scullery attached to the same priest's residence, which most of the children can only reach after an hour's walk from their homes. Even the Protestants of Oxford cry shame upon this state of things; whilst the Catholics have long and earnestly desired to see it amended.

"It is then with great satisfaction that I find you disposed to answer the call, so often made upon you, to build a Church in Oxford, with the view of ultimately establishing an Oratory there of St. Philip Neri.

"Whatever exertions, and whatever sacrifices, this undertaking may call for at your hands, I believe that *your* taking up the work of building a Church and Oratory in Oxford will secure its accomplishment. You will awaken an interest in the work, and will draw forth a disposition in many persons to help and to co-operate in its success, which another might fail to do.

"If we consider it as a monument of gratitude to God for the conversions of the last thirty years; who could be so properly placed in front of this undertaking? If we look upon that Mission as the witness of Catholic Truth in the chief centre of Anglican enquiry, whose name can be so fitly associated with that Mission? If we take the generous work to our hearts in its prime intention, that of saving souls for whom Christ died, who of all good Catholics will refuse to join their generosity with yours, in building up this blessed work for the glory of God, and for peace and good will to men?

"I pray God, then, to bless you and to prosper the work He has given you to accomplish; and I pray also that He will deign to bless and to reward all those

Christian souls who shall co-operate with you in this work of benediction.

“And I remain, my dear Dr. Newman,
Your faithful and affectionate servant in Christ,
✱ W. B. ULLATHORNE.”

“To the Very Rev. Dr. Newman.”

‘It is under these circumstances, with these reasonable claims, and with this authoritative sanction, that Father Newman brings his object before the public; and he ventures to solicit all who take an interest in it for contributions upon a scale adequate to the occasion, contributions large enough and numerous enough for carrying out an important work in a manner worthy of the Catholic name, worthy of the most beautiful city and one of the great and ancient Universities of England.

‘It is considered that, on the lowest computation, the outlay for ground, house and church will not be less than from 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.*

‘Birmingham, The Octave of the Epiphany, 1867.’

The circular gave joy to the compact phalanx of the laity who had for four years been Newman’s supporters in the scheme. It struck a chord of sympathy, too, in old Oxford friends like Father Coleridge and Monsignor Patterson, who, though endorsing the anti-Oxford policy of the Bishops, cherished still the old reverence for Newman and the old love for Oxford. Patterson wrote to express his happiness at the prospect and sent 100*l.* The very fact that so intimate a friend of Cardinal Wiseman—intimate too, though in a lesser degree, with his successor—hailed the proposed plan, showed that it was regarded at this moment in high places without avowed disapproval. Patterson’s letter expressed the feeling which was in many hearts:

‘January 29th, 1867.

‘My dear Father Newman,—I can hardly tell you with what feelings I read your note and the circular. Under God I owe the opening of my mind to His Truth to Oxford—Oxford with its spirit of reverence for the past, its very walls and stones crying out of Catholic times and preaching of the City of the living God. And that they were *thus* vocal we chiefly owe to you. It was you who heard and interpreted them aright and showed to us, then youths, the beauty of Catholic conduct—I allude particularly to that act of yours,

when in the noontide of your leadership of the good cause, at the word of him whom you esteemed your Bishop you arrested the prime source and current of all your influence without a word of remonstrance or explanation. I cannot but believe that this heroic act was congruously rewarded in your submission to the faith, and now I see the Hand of God in your being brought back to preach once more in Oxford with the certainty of faith much that you taught us of old as your most earnest conviction, at the wish of your Bishop and with the sanction of Rome. The *genius loci* is so potent that I sincerely believe there is danger to the faith of young Catholics who go to Oxford, and as some I fear at any rate will study there, it is of the utmost moment that the mission should be a first-rate one in every point of view.

'Sunday was the feast of St. John Chrysostom, and I offered the Most Holy Sacrifice in his honour that, as you emulate his eloquence and his learning, you may also, by his intercession, rival him in the success of your ministry.

'I heartily wish I could make some offering less inadequate to your charitable labour, and the benefits I owe to Oxford. As it is, I must content myself with the sum of which I enclose half, and if you think my name can possibly be of any use it is entirely at your service.

'Believe me,

Ever yours,

J. L. PATTERSON.'

Newman thus replied:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: January 30th, 1867.

'My dear Patterson,—Your warm and affectionate letter has quite overpowered me. Such feelings are the earnest of efficacious prayers. I shall do well if those prayers go with me. My age is such that I ought to work fast before the night comes,—yet I never *can* work fast; I don't expect then much to come of my being at Oxford in what remains to me of life, but, if I have such good prayers as yours, what I may do will bear fruit afterwards. I cannot help having as great a devotion to St. Chrysostom as to any Saint in the Calendar. On his day I came to Birmingham to begin the Mission 18 years ago. It was very kind of you to say Mass for me under his intercession. I have said above: "I cannot help," because in most cases from circumstances one *chooses* one's Saints as patrons,—but St. Chrysostom comes upon one, whether one will or no, and by his sweetness and naturalness compels one's devotion.

‘Thank you for the cheque for 50*l.*, the moiety of your liberal contribution.

‘Yours affectionately in Christ,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

While the circular respecting the Oxford Mission was widely welcome, it raised a difficulty in the minds of those who did not know the forces at work. Many welcomed Newman’s project just because their sons would when going to Oxford have his influence and personal help to support them. Why, then, was no allusion made at all in the circular to the Catholic undergraduates? But in truth the campaign against sending Catholic boys to Oxford was so energetic that, at the very time when fathers of families were asking this question, Newman received a message from Propaganda peremptorily rebuking him for preparing boys for Oxford at the Oratory school. In his despondency he feared that the school might share the cloud which seemed to be cast over himself and all his work. Father Ambrose was deputed to go to Rome and explain matters; and to the parents of the boys he frankly told the state of the case, as in the following letter to Sir Justin Sheil:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: March 22nd, 1867.

‘My dear Sir Justin,—A diplomatist and a man of high commands as you have been will allow me, without being thought to take a liberty with you, to ask your confidence while I freely tell you my position as regards our Oratory undertaking.

‘Two or three years ago, when it was settled by our Bishop that I was to go there, it was on the strict condition that the Oratory took no part in the education of the place. I drew up a circular in which I said merely: “that I went for the sake of the religious instruction of the Catholic youth there”; and to my surprise the late Cardinal was so angry even with my recognising the fact of their being at Oxford in any way, that he sent the news of it to Rome, though I had not actually issued the paper, and it has created a prejudice against me ever since. Accordingly in the circular I sent you the other day, I could not put in a word about Catholic youth being at Oxford; and the intention of the present Archbishop is, if he can, to stamp them out from the place. However, this has not been enough,—a further step has been taken, for last Monday I got a letter from Propaganda saying that they

had heard that I had in my School here some youths preparing for Oxford, and solemnly ordering me neither directly nor indirectly to do anything to promote young men going there.

‘You are too well acquainted with a soldier’s duties, not to know that it is impossible for me to disobey the orders of my commanders in the Church Militant. So, what I must do as regards the School is, to my great sorrow, to relinquish those who go to Oxford for a short time before they go there, *if* I should find they need, in addition to the general instruction we give them here, any *special* preparation for the University.

‘Now before proceeding, I will tell you my own opinion on the matter. I differ from you decidedly in this, viz., that, if I had my will, I would have a large Catholic University, as I hoped might have been set up in Dublin when I went there. But I hold this to be a speculative perfection which cannot be carried out in practice,—and then comes the question what is to be done under the *circumstances*. Secondly then, I say that Oxford is a very dangerous place to faith and morals. This I grant, but then I say that *all places are dangerous*,—the world is dangerous. I do not believe that Oxford is more dangerous than Woolwich, than the army, than London,—and I think you cannot keep young men under glass cases. Therefore I am on the whole not against young men going to Oxford; though at the same time there are those whom, from their special circumstances, of idleness, extravagance, &c. &c., I certainly should not advise to go there.

‘Such is my opinion, and it will surprise you to hear that, be it good or be it bad, no one in authority has ever asked for it all through the discussion of the last two or three years.

‘And now let me go on to the practical question of the moment. From that and other articles in the *Westminster Gazette*, and from the letters which have come to me from Propaganda, I am sure that more stringent measures are intended, to hinder young Catholics going to Oxford, and I think they can only be prevented by the laity. What I should like you to do then is not to withdraw your name from our subscription list, but to join with other contributors, as you have a right to do, in letting me know formally your own opinion on the subject. And for myself I can only say that, if I find the sense of the contributors is against my going to Oxford without their being let alone in sending

their sons there, I will not take their money, as I should be doing so under false pretences.

‘My dear Sir Justin,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Such scruples as those expressed in the concluding words of this letter were not regarded by Newman’s friends. Contributions came in freely, and the establishment of an Oxford Oratory was spoken of as an assured prospect.

At last, then, after the three years of suspense, after all the ups and downs of the struggle, the pain caused by the opposition of old friends, the greater pain given by the charges against his loyalty as a Catholic, all seemed to promise well. The one position in which he felt he could, in the years that remained to him, do a real work for the Church seemed assured to him. He thought he saw God’s Will clearly. If any fresh enterprise was at his age anxious and hard, to support him in this he had the conviction that it was to him a most suitable task and was assigned him by lawful authority. The clinging affection he ever preserved for Oxford, moreover, must make it a labour of love.

He was now actively engaged in discussing the site of the new church. Was it to be built on the ground he had? Or should a new site of which he had heard be preferred to the old?

‘Our present piece,’ he writes to Hope-Scott, ‘is so situated as to be almost shaking a fist at Christ Church. It is ostentatious—no one can go in or out of our projected Church without being seen. Again it is not central—but New Inn Hall Street at one end of it leads into St. Ebbe’s and to St. Thomas’—at the other end it opens upon St. Mary Magdalen’s Church and Broad Street and Jesus Lane—and by George Lane upon Worcester College &c. and St. Giles’ and Park Villas—and being approached in such various ways it is approachable silently. Again the Union Debating Room is on the opposite side of the street—and opens into the street at its back through its garden. There is a good (but ugly) stone house upon the ground flush with the street, which would save building as far as it goes—whereas our houses opposite Christ Church are lath and plaster. Of course the question occurs whether we can get our present ground off

our hands. Again, though I have not asked many people yet, still as yet I hear no one in favour of the new ground. Gaisford, Pollen, and Clutton the architect, are for keeping what we have got.'

Although the formal permission—so he was told—had come from Rome, the old Oxford priest, Mr. Comberbach, whose place the Oratorians were to take, seemed to be unaccountably slow in moving, and put the new-comers off with excuse after excuse. But this was regarded at the Oratory as only a rather tiresome eccentricity. Newman, impatient to make his plans, sent Father William Neville on March 21 to ascertain definitely the date of Mr. Comberbach's departure, and he at last announced that he should be gone soon after Easter. Neville was to go to Oxford again on Saturday, April 6—the eve of Passion Sunday. In the morning he packed his portmanteau, and then, in company with Newman, went for a long-remembered walk on the Highfield Road, past St. George's Church. The memory of it was handed on by Father Neville to the present writer, in more than one conversation. Newman, sunshine on his face, talked of the prospect. 'Earlier failures do not matter now,' he said; 'I see that I have been reserved by God for this. There are signs of a religious reaction in Oxford against the Liberalism and indifferentism of ten years ago. It is evidently a moment when a strong and persuasive assertion of Christian and Catholic principles will be invaluable. Such men as Mark Pattison may conceivably be won over. Although I am not young, I feel as full of life and thought as ever I did. It may prove to be the inauguration of a second Oxford Movement.' Then he turned to the practical object of Neville's visit. 'Have a good look at the Catholic undergraduates in Church. Tell me how many they are. Try and find out *who* they are and what they are like. Let me know where they sit in the Church, that I may picture beforehand how I shall have to stand when I preach, in order to see them naturally, and address them. Tell me, too, what the Church services are at present, and we will discuss what changes may be made with advantage.' Thus happily talking they returned to the Oratory. The servant, who opened the door to admit them, at once gave Newman a long, blue envelope, and said:

'Canon Estcourt has called from the Bishop's house and asked me to be sure to give you this immediately on your return.' Newman opened and read the letter, and turned to William Neville: 'All is over. I am not allowed to go.' No word more was spoken. The Father covered his face with his hands, and left his friend, who went to his room and unpacked his portmanteau.

What the Bishop's letter told Newman was this: that, coupled with the formal permission for an Oratory at Oxford, Propaganda had sent a 'secret instruction' to Dr. Ullathorne, to the effect that, if Newman himself showed signs of intending to reside there, the Bishop was to do his best 'blandly and suavely' (*blande suaviterque*) to recall him.¹ Mr. Comberbach's delay was explained. The Bishop had purposed going to Rome and getting this instruction cancelled. He trusted, therefore, that Newman would never hear of it, for he knew that he might easily interpret it as showing a want of confidence in him on the part of Rome.

The 'instruction' was evidently the result of a compromise between the parties who were for and against the Oxford Oratory. The friends of Ward and Vaughan had urged that Newman's residence in Oxford would attract all Catholic young men to the University. Yet a strong party favoured his scheme. To grant an Oratory, provided it did not mean Newman's permanent residence at Oxford, seemed a *mezzo termine*. The Bishop had mentioned when consulting Propaganda that Newman had disclaimed, in speaking to him, any intention of residing at Oxford. This had been urged by Newman's friends as a strong argument against inhibiting the scheme. If Newman did not mean to live at Oxford there was really no case for forbidding the new Oratory. This argument proved decisive. Newman's friends prevailed. Permission was accorded. But at the last moment the Holy Father had pointed out that the decisive argument rested on the rather precarious basis of a remark of Newman to his Bishop. The Bishop should be instructed to make sure that this part of the arrangement was carried out.² But he was to

¹ Patrem Newman si forte de sua residentia in urbem Oxfordiensem transferenda cogitantem videris . . . blande suaviterque revocare studeas.'

² The Holy Father himself insisted on this point, see p. 161.

use the utmost courtesy and only to speak in case of necessity. Hence the secret instruction.

But while the Bishop had kept the affair secret, now it had leaked out in the papers. An ecclesiastical student, Mr. Martin, the Roman correspondent of the *Weekly Register*, had come to know of it privately, and had stated in a letter to that journal, published anonymously, that the Holy Father had 'inhibited' Newman's proposed Mission. He had, moreover, hinted at just that interpretation of this step which would be most painful to Newman—that it was due to suspicions at Rome in regard of his orthodoxy. The only possible plan therefore was to tell the whole story to Newman without delay, before unauthorised rumours could reach him. 'The letter in question,' Newman wrote to Canon Walker on April 14, 'is by Mr. Martin, the person whom Dr. Clifford and my own Bishop answered last year. He is of course nothing in himself—but he represents unseen and unknown persons. His interference has been most happy—for he has let the cat out of the bag—and a black cat it is. It may do a great deal of mischief—that is, the cat, not his revealing it—for, depend upon it, its owners are men of influence.' To the Oratorian community at large scarcely a word more was said. On the spur of the moment Newman wrote to the Bishop resigning the Oxford Mission. But those Fathers whom he consulted recommended delay, and the letter was kept back. A full explanation of the 'secret instruction' (these Fathers held) must be sought in Rome. Newman's own action must also be vindicated if necessary. And, for this, the coming visit of Ambrose St. John and Bittleston (in connection with the affairs of the school) offered an exceptionally good opportunity which Newman determined to utilise.

Meanwhile Newman's own sad and indignant feelings are given in the following letters to Henry Wilberforce and to Father Coleridge:

'*Private.*

The Oratory, Birmingham: April, 16th, 1867.

'My dear Henry,—Thank you for your kind letter.

'The *Weekly Register* letter has been my good friend . . . as necessitating the disclosure of some things which Cardinal Barnabo hid from me, and which would have pre-

vented me from accepting the Mission of Oxford, had I known of them. No sort of blame attaches to our Bishop, who is my good friend—He hoped to have made these crooked ways straight, which he could not prevent existing, for they were not his ways; but Mr. Martin was too much for him, and, before he could gain his point, has let the cat out of the bag. . . . Do you recollect in “Harold the Dauntless” how the Abbot of Durham gets over the fierce pagan Dane? Since that time there has been a tradition among the Italians that the lay mind is barbaric—fierce and stupid—and is destined to be outwitted, and that fine craft is the true weapon of Churchmen. When I say the lay mind, I speak too narrowly—it is the Saxon, Teuton, Scandinavian, French mind. Cardinal Barnabo has been trying his hand on my barbarism—and has given directions that if I took his leave to go to Oxford to the letter, and *did* go there, I was to be recalled “*blande et suaviter*.” Hope-Scott is so pained that he has withdrawn his 1000*l*.

‘Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

DR. NEWMAN TO FATHER COLERIDGE.

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: April 26th, 1867.

‘My dear Father Coleridge,— . . . When last Christmas I found the words “*conditionate et provisorie*” in the letter (of Cardinal Barnabo) to our Bishop, (though I had no suspicion at all of a secret instruction such as there really was contained in it) I told the Bishop formally my suspicions. . . . You may fancy how he felt what I said, being conscious, as he was, of the secret instruction—and so he said that I had better wait till he went to Rome in May, and I have waited, except that I have begun to collect the money. Also I was going to commence my *personal* work at Oxford on the second Sunday after Easter, intending to preach every Sunday through the term which, had I carried it out, would have led to a certainty to the Bishop’s “*blanda et suavis revocatio*”; and thus, as it turns out, even though Mr. Martin had not written a word, things would have come to a crisis. The reason determining me to go to Oxford at once, in spite of the Bishop’s advice at Christmas (though he fully came into the plan of the Oratory going to Oxford at Easter) when I after a while proposed it, was the delay that was likely to take place in beginning the Church, and all my friends kept saying: “You must do *something* directly to clench on your part Propaganda’s permission to go, or the Archbishop will

be getting the permission reversed." When then I found it impossible to make a demonstration in bricks and mortar (which for myself I had, in consequence of the suspicions felt, deprecated) nothing remained but to make a demonstration by actually preaching at Oxford,—and this was to my view of the matter, far more acceptable because a counter order from Propaganda would have been serious, had we begun to build, but would have been of no consequence at all, had we done nothing more than preach in the Chapel at St. Clement's.

'However, as it has turned out, I am stopped both before building and preaching.

'It is perfectly true, as you say, that both sides have not been heard at Rome. The questions you speak of circulated in December 1864, were too painful to speak about. For myself, up to this date no one has asked my opinion, and then those who might, by asking, have known it, have encouraged or suffered all sorts of reports as to what my opinion is, instead of coming to me for it.

'It is my cross to have false stories circulated about me, and to be suspected in consequence. I could not have a lighter one. I would not change it for any other. Ten years ago I was accused to the Pope of many things (nothing to do with doctrine). I went off to Rome at an enormous inconvenience, and had two interviews with the Holy Father *tête-à-tête*. He was most kind, and acquitted me. But hardly was my back turned but my enemies (for so I must call them) *practically* got the upper hand. Our Bishop seems to think no great good comes of seeing the Pope, if it is only *once* seeing him. What chance have I against persons who are day by day at his elbow? . . .

'For twenty years I have honestly and sensitively done my best to fulfil the letter and spirit of the directions of the Holy See and Propaganda, and I never have obtained the confidence of anyone at Rome. Only last year Cardinal Reisach came to England. I had known him in Rome. He never let me know he was in England. He came to Oscott, and I did not know it. He went to see my ground at Oxford, but he was committed, not to me, but to the charge of Father Coffin. . . .

'I have lost my desire to gain the good will of those who thus look on me. I have abundant consolation in the unanimous sympathy of those around me. I trust I shall ever give a hearty obedience to Rome, but I never expect in my lifetime any recognition of it.

'Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The utmost indignation was felt and "expressed by Newman's friends at the anonymous attack in the *Weekly Register*, and by many of them at the 'secret instruction' on the part of Propaganda against his residing at Oxford. This 'instruction' could not be ostensibly attacked. But it was open to those who desired to convey to Newman the feelings it aroused, to express their indignation at the anonymous letter in the newspapers, and their loyal devotion to him. And at the suggestion of Mr. Monsell this course was adopted. An address was presented to him signed by upwards of two hundred names, including nearly all the most prominent members of the English laity, and headed by Lord Edward Howard, the deputy Earl Marshal and guardian to the young Duke of Norfolk.

The signatures were obtained with great rapidity, at a meeting convened at the Stafford Club directly Mr. Monsell had learnt the state of the case, and before it was known to Newman himself, who had not seen the letter in the *Weekly Register*.¹ It was dated, indeed, as will be seen, on the very day of Newman's memorable walk with Father Neville before he received the Bishop's note. Its text ran as follows:

'TO THE VERY REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

'We, the undersigned, have been deeply pained at some anonymous attacks which have been made upon you. They may be of little importance in themselves, but we feel that every blow that touches you inflicts a wound upon the Catholic Church in this country. We hope, therefore, that you will not think it presumptuous in us to express our gratitude for all we owe you, and to assure you how heartily we appreciate the services which, under God, you have been the means of rendering to our holy religion.

'Signed The LORD EDWARD FITZALAN HOWARD,
Deputy Earl Marshal;
The EARL OF DENBIGH, etc.

'Stafford Club, 6th April 1867.'

¹ The names of Acton, Simpson, and Wetherell do not appear in the address. It was significant of the general feeling against them that Mr. Monsell had to tell Wetherell that he had abstained from asking for their names at first as their presence in the list would prevent others from signing. Mr. Wetherell replied that this was equally a reason for his declining to sign at the last moment. Acton and Simpson were away from England.

Newman's answer ran as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham : 12th April 1867.

'My dear Monsell,—I acknowledge without delay the high honour done me in the Memorial addressed to me by so many Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, which you have been the medium of conveying to me. The attacks of opponents are never hard to bear when the person who is the subject of them is conscious to himself that they are undeserved, but in the present instance I have small cause indeed for pain or regret at their occurrence, since they have at once elicited in my behalf the warm feelings of so many dear friends who know me well, and of so many others whose good opinion is the more impartial for the very reason that I am not personally known to them. Of such men, whether friends or strangers to me, I would a hundred times rather receive the generous sympathy than have escaped the misrepresentations which are the occasion of their showing it.

'I rely on you, my dear Monsell, who from long intimacy understand me so well, to make clear to them my deep and lasting gratitude in fuller terms than it is possible, within the limit of a formal acknowledgement, to express it.—I am ever your affectionate friend,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

That this address was disliked by the extreme party both in England and in Rome, we know from an interesting exchange of letters between Archbishop Manning and Monsignor Talbot. Manning had his friends among the laity who agreed with him on the Oxford question. And it appears that Mr. Monsell, who at first intended to refer directly to it in the address, had to refrain from doing so in order to gain important signatures. W. G. Ward objected to the sentence, 'any blow which touches you inflicts a wound upon the Catholic Church in this country,' as clearly referring to the blow Propaganda had struck at Newman in preventing his going to Oxford—for the *Register* letter could hardly be treated as important enough to warrant any such expression. Monsell, however, declined to change this expression, and Ward did not sign the address.

It is clear that the Archbishop was in some alarm lest so influential an address might make Propaganda waver in its policy on the Oxford question, and he wrote to Monsignor Talbot with the object of stiffening its back:

‘8 York Place, W.: 13th Ap. 1867.

‘My dear Monsignor Talbot,—You will see in the *Tablet* an address to Dr. Newman signed by most of our chief laymen.

‘The excessive and personal letter in the *W. Register* has caused it.

‘1. The address carefully omits all reference to Oxford.

‘2. It is signed also by men most opposed to our youth going there, e.g. Lord Petre.

‘3. But it will be used, and by some it is intended, as a means of pushing onward Dr. Newman’s going to Oxford, and ultimately the University scheme. I only wish you to be guarded against supposing the Address to prove that *the signers are in favour of the Oxford scheme*. Do not let Propaganda alarm itself. If it will only be *firm* and *clear* we shall get through all this and more.

‘But if it yield I cannot answer for the future.

‘It will be necessary to take care that no such letters from Rome be sent to our papers. Can you do anything?—
Always affectionately yours, H. E. M.’

A second letter written a week later gives some further particulars as to the drafting of the address:

‘8 York Place, W.: Easter Monday, 22nd April 1867.

‘My dear Monsignor Talbot,— . . . This Address of the laity is as you say a revelation of the absence of Catholic instinct, and the presence of a spirit dangerous in many.

‘1. It was got up by Mr. Monsell, always in favour of a College in Oxford, and Mr. Frank Ward, whose son is there after preparing with Walford!

‘2. In the first draft the *Oxford University question* was expressed. Many refused to sign.

‘3. It was then amended to “*Oxford Mission*.” They refused still.

‘4. It was then reduced to its present terms, and so got them, not without objection.

‘5. As it stands it implies that in Dr. Newman’s writings there is nothing open to censure, and that to touch him is to wound the Catholic Church.

‘But if Rome should touch him?

‘*The whole movement is sustained by those who wish young Catholics to go to Oxford.*

‘The Bishop of Birmingham, I must suppose unconsciously, has been used by them. It is a great crisis of

danger to him. Only do not let him alarm Propaganda by the names and number of these lay signatures.

'Many have declared to me that they are as strong against Oxford as I am.

'The moment this point is raised the Address will go to pieces.

'I have taken care to clear you of all relation to Mr. Martin, and you may rely upon my not wavering. The affair is full of pain, but even this will work for good.

'Pray place me at the feet of His Holiness, and offer my thanks for providing a home so near to his own side, and by the Apostles.

'Once more thanking you, believe me, always affectionately yours,
H. E. M.'

W. G. Ward was in correspondence with Mgr. Talbot, and both in writing to him and in a letter published in the *Weekly Register* expressed the criticism on the address to which I have already referred. Mgr. Talbot wrote something of a scolding to Manning, of whose firmness he on his side appeared to have some doubts:

'Vatican : 25th April, 1867.

'My dear Archbishop,—I cannot help writing to you again about the address of the English laity. Although I am the first to condemn the correspondent of the *Weekly Register* for touching on such a delicate matter, I look upon the address of the English laity as the most offensive production that has appeared in England since the times of Dr. Milner, and if a check be not placed on the laity of England they will be the rulers of the Catholic Church in England instead of the Holy See and the Episcopate.

'It is perfectly *true* that a cloud has been hanging over Dr. Newman in Rome ever since the Bishop of Newport delated him to Rome for heresy in his article in the *Rambler* on consulting the laity on matters of faith. None of his writings since have removed that cloud. Every one of them has created a controversy, and the spirit of them has never been approved in Rome. Now that a set of laymen with Mr. Monsell at their head should have the audacity to say that a blow that touches Dr. Newman is a wound inflicted on the Catholic Church in England, is an insult offered to the Holy See, to Your Grace and all who have opposed his Oxford scheme, in consequence of his having quietly encouraged young men going to the University, by means of

his school, and by preparing two men, a fact which he does not deny.

‘But I think that even his going to Oxford, which will induce many of the young Catholic nobility and aristocracy to follow, is of minor importance to the attitude assumed by the Stafford Club and the laity of England.

‘They are beginning to show the cloven foot, which I have seen the existence of for a long time. They are only putting into practice the doctrine taught by Dr. Newman in his article in the *Rambler*. They wish to govern the Church in England by public opinion, and Mr. Monsell is the most dangerous man amongst them.

‘What is the province of the laity? To hunt, to shoot, to entertain. These matters they understand, but to meddle with ecclesiastical matters they have no right at all, and this affair of Newman is a matter purely ecclesiastical.

‘There is, however, one layman an exception to all rule, because he is really a theologian. I mean Dr. Ward. His letter is admirable, and he has attacked the address of the laity in its most vulnerable point.

‘I was much pained to see the name of Lord Petre amongst those who subscribed their names. No doubt he did not fully see the bearings of the address, because I am told that he has the highest regard for ecclesiastical authority.

‘Dr. Newman is the most dangerous man in England, and you will see that he will make use of the laity against your Grace. You must not be afraid of him. It will require much prudence, but you must be firm, as the Holy Father still places his confidence in you; but if you yield and do not fight the battle of the Holy See against the detestable spirit growing up in England, he will begin to regret Cardinal Wiseman, who knew how to keep the laity in order. I tell you all this in confidence, because I already begin to hear some whisperings which might become serious. I am your friend and defend you every day, but you know [Cardinal Barnabo] as well as I do, and how ready he is to throw the blame of everything on others. . . .

‘Dr. Ullathorne has been the cause of the whole mischief. If he had only obeyed the letter of Propaganda and communicated to Dr. Newman the inhibition placed to his going to Oxford, he could not have sent forth a circular saying that the whole Oxford project had the approbation of the Holy See.

‘Of course your suffragans are frightened by the address of the laity. You will find yourself much in the position

of Dr. Milner. I hope the clergy will not adopt the Rev. Mr. Waterworth's suggestion of getting up an address to Dr. Newman. That would make matters worse. Adieu.—Believe me affectionately yours,

‘GEO. TALBOT.’

Archbishop Manning thus replied:

‘8 York Place: 3rd May 1867.

‘My dear Talbot,—I have not been influenced by fear or by neutrality, but by the following motives. I believe—

‘1. That my first duty and work is to restore unity and concord among the bishops; and that this is vital, and above all other things necessary.

‘2. That to get the bishops to act unanimously, as above stated, is a double gain.

‘3. That the only way to counteract the unsound opinions now rising among us is to keep the English bishops perfectly united.

‘4. That it would be fatal if the Stafford Club laymen could divide us, and get an Episcopal leader.

‘5. That towards Dr. Newman my strongest course is to act in perfect union with the bishops, so that what I do, they do.

‘6. That to this end the greatest prudence and circumspection is necessary. A word or act of mine towards Dr. Newman might divide the bishops and throw some on his side.

‘7. That the chief aim of the Anglicans has been to set Dr. Newman and myself in conflict. For five years papers, reviews, pamphlets without number, have endeavoured to do so.

‘8. That a conflict between him and me would be as great a scandal to the Church in England, and as great a victory to the Anglicans, as could be.

‘For all these reasons I am glad that Cardinal B^o lays on me the responsibility of the permission given to Dr. Newman to go to Oxford, and says that I did it “to serve an old friend.” This has given me untold strength here at this time.

‘I would ask you to make the substance of this letter known where alone I feel anxious to be understood. I have acted upon the above line with the clearest and most evident reasons. And I believe you will see when we meet that I should have acted unwisely in any other way. We shall have a trying time, but if *the bishops are united* nothing can hurt us.

‘Dr. Ullathorne has printed a statement of the Oxford affair, and sent a copy to Dr. Neve¹ for Propaganda. *Mind you see it.* It is fatal to Dr. Ullathorne’s prudence, and to Dr. Newman’s going to Oxford.

‘Father Ryder of the Edgbaston Oratory has published an attack on Ward’s book on Encyclicals. Dr. Newman sent it to Ward with a letter *adopting* it, and saying that he was glad to leave behind him young men to maintain these principles.

‘This is opportune, but very sad.—Always affectionately yours,

‘H. E. M.’

These letters reveal a state of feeling among active and influential counsellors of the Holy See in England, which made Newman’s determination to take active steps to defend himself in Rome most necessary.

Newman forthwith drew up and sent to Ambrose St. John the following *memorandum* expressing his precise views on the Oxford question, in order to make misrepresentation impossible:

‘I say in the first place that no one in authority has ever up to this time asked my opinion on the subject, and therefore I never have had formally to make up my mind on it.

‘Next, I have ever held, said, and written, that the normal and legitimate proceeding is to send youths to a Catholic University, that their religion, science, and literature may go together.

‘I have thought there were positive dangers to faith and morals in going to Oxford.

‘But I have thought there were less and fewer dangers, in an Oxford residence, to faith and morals, than there are at Woolwich, where the *standard* of moral and social duty is necessarily unchristian, as being simply secular, than there are at Sandhurst, or in London—and especially for this reason, that there is some really religious and moral superintendence at Oxford, and none at Woolwich or in London.

‘That the question then lies in a choice of difficulties, a Catholic University being impossible.

‘And that necessity has no laws.

‘That, as to the question whether Catholic youths should go to Protestant Colleges at Oxford, or that a Catholic College should be established, abstractedly a Catholic College

¹ The Rector of the English College in Rome.

would be the better plan, for in that case they would receive unmixed (Catholic) not mixed education,—but I have thought greater difficulties would in practice attend the establishment of a Catholic College.

‘That, under the circumstances, what I thought best was to leave things as they had been heretofore; that is, not to forbid Catholic youths going to Oxford, but to protect them by the presence of a strong Catholic Mission, such as a community of priests would secure.

‘That I had ever been strong against a *prohibition*, as putting too great a temptation to disobey ecclesiastical authority in the way of the laity.

‘But that this did not mean that I had ever *positively* advocated, or now advocate, Catholic youths going to Oxford, but that I wished the matter decided in each case, as it came, on its own merits; and I certainly thought that a residence in Oxford would be a great advantage to certain youths, if you could pick them.

‘I added that, as to myself, I have ever stated and avowed to our Bishop: (1) that my going would draw Catholics there, (2) if there were not Catholics there, I should be at much disadvantage as seeming to go there directly to convert Protestants. Accordingly (3) I had ever been unwilling to go there.’

Armed with this document, Fathers St. John and Bittleston arrived in Rome at the end of April as Newman’s ambassadors. Their mission and its results shall be described in another chapter.

NOTE.—Readers who desire to go further into the details of the ecclesiastical situation at this time will find much correspondence to interest them at pp. 313 *seq.* of the second volume of Purcell’s *Life of Cardinal Manning*.

CHAPTER XXV

THE APPEAL TO ROME (1867)

THE true sting of the 'secret instruction' lay in the interpretation which was being put on it by many, and not disclaimed in authoritative quarters—that Newman's residence in Oxford was feared in Rome because of the influence it would give him in disseminating his theological views. And these views were represented as more or less akin to the worldly Catholicism, the semi-Catholicism (as it was regarded) of the now extinct *Home and Foreign Review*. The impression as to his 'minimistic' theology—to use the slang phrase of the day—was being confirmed by W. G. Ward's articles in the *Dublin Review*, in which he insisted on his own analysis of the extent of Papal Infallibility as the only orthodox one. These articles were republished in 1866 in a volume entitled 'The Authority of Doctrinal Decisions.' With this volume Newman was known not to agree. He thought it unhistorical and untheological. Yet in the temper of those times there was a disposition to regard the theory which ascribed most power to the Pope, as indicating the most whole-hearted Catholic orthodoxy.¹ Manning gave his support to the *Dublin* theory; more especially to its maintenance of the infallible certainty of the teaching of the 'Syllabus,' and consequently of the necessity of the Temporal Power of the Papacy, on which that document insisted. Mr. Martin's letter in the *Weekly Register* intimated (as we have seen) that suspicion of Newman's orthodoxy was at the root of the objection entertained at Rome to his residence in Oxford. Newman from the first saw that this would at least be generally supposed, and realised the evil consequences of such a supposition. If he were under a cloud, if his

¹ See Newman's words cited in Vol. I., p. 572.

views were supposed to be seriously suspect, how could he work with any good effect as the champion of the Church in Oxford? Ever cautious in action, he did not finally decide to postpone any further step in the Oxford question, without first consulting Hope-Scott. His feelings are presented in two letters to Hope-Scott. The first was written on the very day on which he learnt the existence of the 'secret instruction':

'April 6th, 1867.

'The real difficulty is this—what is the worth of my voice at Oxford if I am under a cloud? Already the Protestant periodicals have said that I am not a sound Catholic. I am told so every day. If my opponents can succeed in getting the Pope to grant an inquiry, and keep it hanging over my head for two years, it will be enough. I am for two years unauthoritative and worthless. At the end of two years I may be past work, or anyhow I go to my work with a suspicion on me which an acquittal will not wipe off. If then I take the Oxford Mission in the second week after Easter, I am simply putting my foot into it, and entangling myself with a responsibility and a controversy without any corresponding advantage. I have several weeks yet before I need determine—and various things may happen before then—but I must be prepared with my decision by May 5th, and there is not too much time to have a view on the matter.'

'April 11th, 1867.

'I assure you the letter in the *Weekly Register* was no laughing matter—the whole Catholic public has been moved. Some friends in London are moving to get up an address to me. The Paper is to make a formal apology next Saturday. It has been a most happy letting the cat out of the bag. If you were *in the controversy*, you would see that the one answer flung in my teeth is that Manning is of one religion and I of another. If such a letter as that in the *Weekly Register* was allowed to pass, I should be in a very false position at Oxford. The Bishop at first thought the secret opposition so serious that he wanted me last Christmas to postpone any measures at Oxford for six months, and it was mainly your advice to begin immediately which made me move sooner.

'Then again you don't understand the doctrinal difficulty. There is a great attempt by W. G. Ward, Dr. Murray of Maynooth, and Father Schrader, the Jesuit of Rome and Vienna, to bring in a new theory of Papal Infallibility, which

would make it a mortal sin, to be visited by damnation, not to hold the Temporal Power necessary to the Papacy. No one answers them and multitudes are being carried away,—the Pope, I should fear, gives ear to them, and the consequence is there is a very extreme prejudice in the highest quarters at Rome against such as me. I cannot take Oxford unless I am allowed full liberty to be there or here, and unless I have an assurance that there are no secret instructions anywhere. Of course I write all this in order to get your opinion,—but I don't think you have a view of the facts.'

Hope-Scott was now more alive to the situation, and counselled at all events a suspension of operations as to the Oxford Oratory. The evil must be dealt with at its source. Newman informed him that Ambrose St. John and Bittleston were on their way to Rome. Hope-Scott was sanguine that Rome would be thoroughly satisfied with their explanations, and could even be got to approve of Newman's being sent to Oxford for the purpose of working there against the infidelity of the day. To any attempt to secure such approval, Newman, however, was opposed; the idea would not appeal to Rome, he thought, and anyhow he did not wish himself to ask to be sent to Oxford on any ground. But that his loyalty and orthodoxy should be fully vindicated in Rome he was most anxious, and the Oxford plan itself would be a matter for further consideration when the issue of St. John's mission on this head was known. Newman was indignant that his loyalty to the Holy See should be impeached by anyone. He welcomed Father Ignatius Ryder's forthcoming pamphlet in reply to W. G. Ward, now on the eve of publication, as a protest, backed by most weighty theological authority, against making loyalty synonymous with extreme theories which the most careful students of history and theology could not accept. Moreover, while the Pope and his *entourage*—what Newman called the political party in Rome—had given some encouragement to Ward, the best Roman theologians were known to have rejected many of his statements. Anyhow, Newman seems to have been anxious that his double protest—in England through Ryder, in Rome through Fr. Ambrose St. John—should come without further delay. His two letters of instruction to

Ambrose St. John (to which there is reference in their correspondence) I have not found; but their purport is apparent from St. John's own letters. That feeling ran high, and very high, is plain. To omit all the expressions of strong feeling would be to take the life and reality out of the correspondence. I therefore give it without material abridgment.

The first of Newman's letters which is extant is the following:

TO FATHER A. ST. JOHN.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 28th, 1867.

'My dear Ambrose,—We had the letter and telegram from Marseilles. I wrote to you on Tuesday a letter to the Collegio Inglese, which must have travelled in the same boat as you. You will get it with the one I sent about a week ago.

'Also, I wish you to get me a Cameo, from 10s. to 1*l.*, if possible, say a *brooch* for a present to one of the K.'s who is going to be married. I would rather have small and good than large.

'Also, I think it would be a considerable saving if you got a number of really good medals blessed by the Pope, as prizes for the boys instead of books. No one reads a prize book lest he should spoil it. Also if you could get some really good religious prints, to be blessed by the Pope, for the same purpose. I should say the subjects of medals and pictures should be St. Peter and St. Paul; St. Philip; Our Lady; Crucifixion; Madonna & Child, &c., &c. Also, I think you might get a number of Pagan things cheaper and more lasting than books—such as wolf-articles in *giallo* or *rosso antiquo*, &c. But in mentioning the idea I have said enough.

'I suppose Ignatius's pamphlet will be out to-morrow. Besides Bellasis saying it will make a row, Stanislas writes saying he hopes it will be delayed till after your return, and Pope wishes delay. But I think it had better come out—what harm can it do? I shall by it be making capital out of the signatures to the address. Of course you may have it thrown in your teeth, that an awful pamphlet has come out from the Birmingham Oratory with a great flourish of lies—but we don't want to get anything, and my monkey is up. If there is anything [unsound] in it, which I do not think there is, we must withdraw it. As to clamour and slander, whoever opposes the three Tailors of Tooley Street, [Manning,

Ward, and Vaughan] *must* incur a great deal, must suffer,—but it is worth the suffering if we effectually oppose them. . . .

‘As to Hope-Scott’s notion of your trying to get me to Oxford to oppose infidelity, it won’t hold; (1) because if I ask to go to Oxford for any purpose, I take up a new position—I never have asked to go there, the Bishop has asked *me*; nor have I any dealings with Propaganda, but the Bishop with it. (2) As if they cared a jot to keep Protestant Oxford from becoming infidel! As if they did not think Protestantism and Infidelity synonymous!’

TO THE SAME.

‘May 3rd, 1867.

‘Your welcome letter, notifying your arrival at Rome, got here on Wednesday at noon.

‘I have just had a letter from Father Perrone, so very kind that you must call on him and thank him. He says he always defends me. Also Father Cardella said Mass for me on St. Leo’s day. Thank him too.

‘Ignatius’s Pamphlet is just out, but we do not hear anything about it yet.

‘If it ever comes to this, that you can venture to speak to Barnabo on the secret instruction, you must say that people gave money to the Church on the *express condition*, as the main point, that I should reside a great deal in Oxford. Hence his precious instruction made me unwittingly collect money on false pretences. Far as it was from the intentions of the Most Eminent Prince, he co-operated in a fraud. Distil this “*blande suaviterque*” into his ears.

‘A. B. has been here. He says I should have had an Address from the clergy, but Manning and Patterson stopped it on the plea that it would be thought at Rome to be dictating. He speaks of the clique having had two blows,—(1) my leave to found an Oxford Oratory; (2) Mr. Martin’s letter. Heavy blows both. C. D. reeling under the first, went to Oakeley and blew up Propaganda. Ward writes to Dr. Ives that what they have to oppose in England, as their great mischief, is Father Newman. He has written to Monsell that there are “vital” differences between us. Is not this the Evangelical “vital religion” all over? and is he not dividing Catholics into nominal Christians and vital Christians as much as an Evangelical could do in the Church of England? A. B. says that Vaughan is sent by Ward to Rome,—he has now got back. . . . Ward says that he loves me so, that he should like to pass an eternity

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with me, but that whenever he sees Manning he makes him creep—(I have not his exact words)—yet that Manning has the truth and I have not. A. B. thinks that Manning will throw Ward over—that is, next time.

‘Ward has answered my present of Ignatius’ pamphlet. He complains of its personalities—of its referring to the “Ideal.” [His letter] is very mild and kind, and has melted Ignatius somewhat—but it says that, in spite of his personal liking for me, we must regard each other in a public point of view with “the greatest aversion”; and we belong to “different religions”! Finally he invokes an ecclesiastical decision. No decision can make us “of different religions.” Is it not vital Christianity all over?’¹

How Father St. John and Father Bittleston prospered with their task in Rome is best shown in their own letters. Their reception was cordial on all hands. The Holy Father had been apprised of their mission and its object, and had passed his all-powerful word that the greatest kindness must be shown in all that regarded Newman. The letters make it clear that the atmosphere in Rome was far more favourable

¹ Newman adds the following postscriptum:

‘May 4. The Bishop has just sent me the opening words of the Letter of the Episcopal Meeting to Propaganda. “The Bishops have strenuously laboured to give effect to the principles which they themselves have inculcated as to the perils of mixed education—and although some twelve youths from Ireland, the Colonies, or England, have entered the University from our Colleges, yet of the whole, one only of the number had been educated in the Oratory School of Birmingham,—and it is to be trusted that all of them have remained firm and strong in their faith. It is not, however, the less certain that the arguments which the late eminent Archbishop and the Bishops laid before Propaganda, Dec. 13th, 1864, continue in all their strength, and have received new force from subsequent experience.” Observe (1) it almost seems, judging from this extract, as if the Bishops were not *prohibiting* Oxford,—but perhaps the “Declarations” from Rome will be published forbidding. (2) they are too fair to us in saying that only one Oxford man has been educated by us—for R. Ward has been. (3) I shall answer the Bishop saying that I suppose *now* Propaganda will not take an exceptional course with us—but will apply the “directe vel indirecte” to all the Colleges or none. (4) Dean brings a report that the Jesuits are to have a sort of “Collegium Romanum” in London. This may be intended to justify a prohibition.

‘May 5th. I have answered the Bishop thus: “I trust Cardinal Barnabo will no longer think it necessary to make my case an exceptional one, and to impose on me personally an obligation which he has imposed on no other priest in England, viz. to be careful to have nothing to do directly or indirectly with preparing youths for Oxford. To avoid indirectly preparing them for Oxford I must either shut up the School or teach the boys Latin and Greek badly.”’

to Newman than that in the extremist circles in England. Indeed, the Roman officials were evidently disposed to regard the Englishmen on both sides as quarrelsome 'cranks' who made much ado about nothing. All that was insisted on was that the Roman decrees against mixed education should be attended to, and no encouragement given to Catholics to go to Oxford. These decrees formed part of a large policy on which Rome had decided for English-speaking Catholics at the time of the foundation of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. Indeed, this policy had been the *raison d'être* of the Catholic University at Dublin. It was being pursued throughout Christendom (as we have already seen) in primary and secondary education alike. Its object was to make sure of a thoroughly Catholic education for all the faithful in a day of indifferentism. The Church was becoming once more, as in Apostolic times, only a 'little flock,' and Catholics must make up in whole-hearted zeal and *esprit de corps* for what they lacked in numbers. Cardinal Barnabo appeared ready to take the most favourable view of all Newman's actions past and present, provided that the opposition of the Holy See to mixed education was respected; and he considerably mollified St. John by his friendly language. Newman, however, declined to share in any such gentler sentiments. Monsignor Talbot, after some meetings in which he betrayed embarrassment, became in the end wholly friendly. William Palmer, brother of Roundell Palmer (afterwards Lord Selborne), a convert and a friend of Newman, was in Rome, and helped the Oratory Fathers in various ways.

The only substantial charge against Newman was that he had declined to explain or retract his *Rambler* article on 'Consulting the Faithful on matters of Doctrine,' which had 'given pain' to the Pope. The article had been regarded as maintaining that the 'teaching Church' had in the fifth century in some way failed in performing its functions: and such a contention was unorthodox. Against the above charge Newman's defence was quite conclusive: he had formally written to Cardinal Wiseman, who was in Rome when the charge was made, offering to explain the passages objected to if the accusation was formulated, and not left as a vague charge of 'error' without specification as to what orthodox

doctrines the article had impugned. But Manning had afterwards given him a semi-official notification that no further explanation was required. It looked, on the other hand, as if the original objection to the article had been an instance of what tried Newman so much, making the vague impression produced by it on the casual reader—whose knowledge of theology, or even of English, might be imperfect—the test of its orthodoxy. These were the ways of diplomats, not of theologians. ‘It created a bad impression’ was the phrase current at Rome. Newman was supposed to have preferred a serious charge against the *Ecclesia Docens*; and to do so argued at least a want of loyalty to the Holy See. Serious historical studies could not be carried on if the accuracy of their conclusions was measured by such a test. Any treatment of history which made for the power of the Popes, however unscientific or false to fact it might be, created in this sense a ‘good impression’; all, however undeniably true, which showed that Popes or Bishops had made mistakes, made a ‘bad impression.’ In such an atmosphere the most immediately effective retort to his accusers was the one chosen by Ambrose St. John, that such a highly approved historian as Baronius had recognised as historical facts certain deficiencies in the action of the members of the Teaching Church in the past. If the busy practical officials were perhaps no more familiar with Baronius than with Newman, such long-acknowledged authority as that of the great Roman Oratorian and Cardinal sufficed as a guarantee of orthodoxy.

The following letters narrate the proceedings of the Fathers in Rome from the first interview with Cardinal Barnabo on April 30, to the audience with the Holy Father on May 4:

FATHER HENRY BITTLESTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

‘Hotel Minerva, Rome: April 30th, 1867.

‘My dear Father,—I don’t know how much Ambrose has told you of his talks with Neve, Bishop Brown, and Palmer, but having learnt that Cardinal Barnabo would be at Propaganda this morning at ten o’clock, thither he proceeded, carrying a book for Monsignor Capalti from the Nunziatura at Paris, and, before finding the Secretary, he stumbled (I am copying from Ambrose’s journal) on the Cardinal himself who said, laughing: “Oh! so you are come from Newman: *e così*,

così ideato" (I could not make out his meaning) "we will talk about it this evening." "Shall we come this morning?" "No!" (The Cardinal was going to *congresso*.) "Come to-night at the Ave Maria." He seemed in good temper and laughed, and intended evidently to be very courteous. Ambrose then found Monsignor Capalti, introduced the subject of his journey to Rome by saying that he had come to explain Father Newman's real sentiments in regard to the Oxford question, and also to answer any questions that might be put to him concerning his obedience to the Holy See, &c., all of which he understood had been called in question,—that he had come for no favour, but simply to explain. "Well," he said, talking very fast the whole time and wishing to throw the *onus* of the whole matter on somebody else's shoulders, "have you seen the Cardinal?" "No! I am to see him to-night, but I thought it would be well to see you, Monsignor, and to explain matters to you." "Well then," he said, civilly enough, but thinking me a great bore, "Father Newman has not been attacked at all in his own person (*nella sua propria persona*)," and this he repeated several times, for he was very well up with the line of argument, and he knew the whole state of things, although he pretended it was not his business. "No," he said, "it is only for the sake of Catholic parents. The Holy See has had but one idea (*unica idea*) throughout, to discourage parents from sending their sons to Oxford—this it will never depart from. It wishes for a better Mission at Oxford for the sake of the Catholics there, but it does not wish to have Father Newman residing there; for this would be to give too much importance to Oxford. Let them have there a good priest to make their confessions to, but not a man like Newman—that would be to encourage them." Again and again he repeated this. He said: "the Bishop of Birmingham '*pover*' uomo' had made some *equivoco* about the terms of the concession of the Oratory foundation,—but that the Holy See had one view, and he hoped Father Newman would fall in with it, and act in the spirit of it, viz. not to allow himself to be persuaded to go and fix his residence there,—that would be giving so decided an encouragement that it could not be done." Then I tried to get in a word. "Father Newman, I can assure you, has always acted in the spirit of obedience to the Holy See in this matter. He himself does not, and has not wished to go to Oxford. I can show you exactly what his opinion is on the subject, for he has written it down for me, and I will read it to you if you like." "Well,

thank you, no—thank you—shall I keep it?” “No,” I said, “I would prefer letting the Cardinal Prefect to-night know Father Newman’s real sentiments, but I can assure you he has not himself wished to go to Oxford, nor does he now wish it.” “Then we are all agreed,” said he, “and the whole thing can be settled in two words—good-bye—there is a Patriarch waiting for me—*basta*—you will see the Cardinal to-night.”

‘So far the journal. Ambrose said he tried, after saying *you* had no wish to go to Oxford, to put in a word for the other view, and what your friends wished, and the great work for Protestants, &c., and the scandal of stopping it, &c., &c., but he would not hear a word of it. . . .

‘Ever yours affectionately in St. Philip,

HENRY BITTLESTON.’

Further particulars of the conversation are given in a letter written on the following day by Ambrose St. John himself:

‘One very good thing is that Cardinal Barnabo has made a clean breast of all that can really be said here against you. He was very patient, spoke at great length, and gave me time to say all I could think of. I suppose I was an hour and a half with him. As soon as he read your letter he said: “Ah! ‘*vanissimae calumniae*,’ just so”; I said I was ready to explain, on your part, anything he had to say. Then he began: “Father Newman has good reason to complain of the treatment, but it is not my doing. He ought to have been told at once that the Sacred Congregation did not wish him to go himself to Oxford. The Bishop has made a great mistake; he ought to have told him our instructions and not have allowed him to compromise himself with the laity by collecting subscriptions when he was left in the dark as to conditions. The Holy See has had but one view all along. Since the question of the mixed colleges was raised in Ireland, the Holy See would never sanction mixed education; nor can it do so now indirectly by permitting so important a man as Newman to go to Oxford.” He did not use the word “residence” throughout. . . . Father Newman had very properly suppressed his circular and sold his ground, and there the matter ought to have ended; but then he bought other ground and the Bishop gave him the Mission and this brought up the matter again; then the Holy See though maintaining always its one view had granted a conditional leave for the Oratory just that the way might be tried whether it was possible to do some good to Oxford

without undoing all that had been consistently done against mixed education. So, though he was against it, a majority carried the vote for leave on condition that Father Newman did not go to live there—(so I understood him to say). In all this there had been nothing against Father Newman. I have always upheld him, he said. . . . It was the Pope himself who had insisted on the special condition being put in against Newman going to live at Oxford, as his going to Oxford would give too much weight to the position of Catholics there, and inevitably encourage Catholic students to go. This the Holy Father could not make himself a party to. In all this there was nothing personal to you. Then he went on confidentially to say in what he did think you wrong. You stuck to your own way. He gave as his authority for this the late Cardinal, and he brought up the matter of the London Oratory. He said you had then stood on your rights. You had said to him (Barnabo): “Io sono Fondatore.” Here I interrupted, though he tried to go on. Your Eminence must allow me to speak. I was the speaker on that occasion, and I remember no such words, certainly not in the sense of implying that you had any rights over their house; you had come to Rome solely to defend your own house; we were told what Rome did for them would bind us. “Ah, well,” he said, “that is over now. Faber is dead; then there was Manning’s being made Archbishop, that had hurt you.” “You really don’t know the Father at all,” I said, “if you think so.” “Well,” he said, “I hear things said. At Manning’s consecration Father Newman just came there, but he wouldn’t come to the breakfast and went away. This was very much felt by all present. This was a want of conformity to the Pope’s mind.” There was however one more important matter on which you had shown yourself very unyielding. It was on the matter of the *Rambler*, of which you were editor. Some passages in it had displeased the Pope greatly, and he had insisted on their being explained. He had written to Dr. Ullathorne and he had answered that he had called on you and found you ill in bed; that he could not get more out of you than that you would give up the *Rambler*, which you had immediately done, giving it into the hands of “that *Birbonaccio* Acton, who, by the bye, is here!” but though you were told to write an explanation you had not done so. Then I said: This I was sure was untrue, whoever said it. You had to my certain knowledge, for I had been always at your side, never been asked authoritatively to explain any

special passage, that you had expressed your readiness if required to withdraw or explain anything that might be objected to; but I was sure you could give his Eminence proofs of what you had done if you were asked; and that I would write to you about it. I said I was sure on my conscience these things would never be said of you by anyone who knew you. Then he spoke again very angrily of the Bishop, saying that this was another instance of his misinstructing them; and that we would see him in Rome in June and talk to him on the subject. He seemed pleased by what I said on the subject. I spoke warmly, and said it was a pity the Bishop had been afraid to speak out to you, that you were not to be feared in such a matter, &c. He then said: "Now, pray tell Father Newman that in all this matter about Oxford he has not lost the smallest fraction of the estimation in which he is held in Rome." I thanked him warmly for this, for he spoke with much feeling. Then I said: "Your Eminence's frankness and kindness in what you have just said, makes me desire that you should know his real sentiments on the Oxford matter. He has never been urgent for it, but has always pointed out the difficulties to parents. It is true he thinks, and others think more than himself, that Oxford would be a very great field for meeting the great difficulties of the day; you cannot imagine, I said, how much his opinion is valued in England. In Oxford all could come to hear him. It presents such a field." Then I told him the state of parties in Oxford; how much you were valued and the conversions that might be expected. "Ah," he said, "Father Newman must write and work in Birmingham. If he cannot gain a hundredfold, he must be content to gain thirty fold,—he may do a great deal yet." Then I spoke of our school, said it had been founded expressly to feed the Catholic University in Ireland. "Ah," he said, "we ought to have a Catholic University in England." Upon this I read in Italian the passage you sent me from your letter of your opinions concerning Oxford Education. That a Catholic University was the true education, but necessity had no laws. He said he quite agreed with that. I asked "should I read him your whole sentiments." "Not now," he said, "but if you wish prepare a memorial and it shall be considered when we meet to speak together on the Bishops' memorial." Then he spoke of scandal given by Catholics at Oxford. Talbot had told him. Why didn't I go to Talbot? Didn't I know him? Then I flared up: "How can I go to him; he has said most monstrous things about Father

Newman. He said he subscribed to Garibaldi." "Oh! come, not that," he said, "you had better go and see him and talk with him. Well, you must see the Pope. Come to-morrow and I will give you a letter to Pacca for an audience." So for that we wait, and I do not know what more we have to do. I have told Palmer and Neve, and they both think good has been done. I wonder whether you will think so. I have done my best, dear Father. I wish it was in better hands. Good-bye. All well, I will write again soon.

'Yours affectionately,
A. ST. JOHN.'

FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Rome, Albergo della Minerva: May 2nd, 1867.

'Dearest Father,—Buona Festa on this your day to you. I said Mass for you in St. Philip's room at St. Girolamo this morning. . . .

'I have been with Palmer all the morning, who, good fellow, has been employed on the Bishop's notes which I borrowed from Neve, making out a paper which I am to send you and which he strongly advises me to leave with Barnabo and bring home with me to show the Bishop. He says it will never do in after times to let the Cardinal white-wash you at the expense of the Bishop. Whatever faults the Bishop may have committed, he has been your friend, and it won't do to leave him in the lurch. . . . We have not yet received our time for an audience with the Pope, but I expect the audience this week. Talbot is entirely (so Neve says) Manning's tool, and hears from him three times a week everything great and small. He is *not* all powerful with the Pope, and the Pope snubs him. The Pope declares he won't have you dealt with, with anything but the greatest *carità*, and I believe really the Italian Prelates in authority, as Cardinal Barnabo, Cardinal de Luca, and others, are not at all to be counted with the English Manning faction. Dr. Reisach also is said to be moved towards you. Nardi is a humbug,—praises you and blames you according to his company. Father Smith is your most powerful enemy,—says everything you write is satirical, &c. He or Talbot sent your Sermon¹ to the Index. The English "readers," as they are called, examined it, and Father Modena, the chief, declared there was nothing whatever in it that could be

¹ The Sermon on the 'Pope and the Revolution,' preached in response to a Pastoral by Bishop Ullathorne on the trials of Pius IX.

objected to, upon which Talbot said: "I told you so," and Smith cried out: "Well, but it is a satire on his own Bishop from beginning to end," on which Palmer told the said Smith: "Either Dr. Newman then must be an ass to satirize his Bishop who has nothing to do with the Temporal Power, or the man that says so is an ass. Now nobody says Newman is an ass; ergo, he who says Newman satirizes his Bishop is an ass." Smith became more cautious on this. He is a great big, mouthy, good-natured (so they say) Irishman who blusters about, a popular lecturer in Theology at Propaganda, and who sees a great many English whom he takes to the Catacombs. This is what I gather from Neve and Palmer.

'Palmer says that he has no doubt that, whilst the Pope and Barnabo only want to carry out their *unica questione* how to prevent a system of mixed education gradually getting a footing in England, the English party, of which Ward is the brains, are determined to prevent *your* going to Oxford on Theological grounds. Ward told Palmer himself that he should oppose it with all his might, for it would give you influence and enable you to propagate your views. The two parties are quite distinct. Neve said he thought Father Ryder's pamphlet would be hailed by Roman Theologians, who are by no means Wardites. He likes the pamphlet very much. I told him to keep it very quiet. Only fancy, Talbot came to him and said, spluttering out as he does: "So Neve they tell me you are a Newmanite," upon which Neve gave him a good jobation. . . . I think the Italians think us all—Manning, Talbot, you, Ward, &c.,—a lot of queer, quarrelsome Inglesi, and just now the Pope thinks his Sejanus (this is Palmer's profanity) has had his own way too much. Well, we shall see. I told you Barnabo said to me: "I am sure Newman is really 'un sant' uomo,'"—he listened with great interest to what I told him of your influence in England. Well, I shall know more when I have seen the Pope.

Ever yours affectionately,

AMBROSE ST. JOHN.'

'Father Perrone was most warm to me,' St. John writes on May 3. 'I met him at the Sapienza where Monsignor Nardi took me. He said he had written to you and he told me he was your warm friend. "So tutto tutto, e ne parleremo." He is a consultor of Propaganda and has a vote. I called on Reisach and am to see him to-morrow. I am now going to Talbot, who cut me this morning at the *Collegio Inglese*.

However I shall go and call, for Barnabo told me to do so. The principal matter now is the article in the *Rambler* years ago.

FATHER H. BITTLESTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'May 3rd, 1867.

'We had caught sight of Talbot at St. Peter's one day; he was sitting down talking with A. B. and we got out of his way. On Friday morning we were just standing at Neve's door, on the point of going in, when Talbot came by. We bowed and he bowed and passed on into Neve's room and kept us waiting no end of time. In the afternoon we called. He came up to us, shook hands as if wishing to be friendly, said how time altered people, and there was some little pleasantry about growing fat, as if to excuse himself, I thought, for not having taken notice of Father Ambrose in the morning at Neve's. Ambrose broke in by saying he came by desire of Cardinal Barnabo, to give to Monsignor Talbot any information he wished touching Father Newman's conduct in the Oxford matter, &c. Then Talbot said he would give a history of the whole affair—condemned Manning, yet said there were some things against Newman. The Holy See was always against youths going to Oxford. The Pope *proprio motu* wished everything to be done to dissuade parents. About three years ago, there were two youths here who wished to have an audience of the Holy Father, which Talbot procured for them. The Holy Father asked them what they were going to do; when they said they were going to Oxford, he jumped up and said vehemently: "I entirely disapprove of it. . . . The Bishops of England, in obedience to the Holy See, admonished the clergy to dissuade parents, &c.,—still Father Newman went on at Edgbaston preparing boys for Oxford—he referred to Towneley and another, and besides he had seen a letter to a lady here from one of the Professors, which said that Newman made no difficulty of boys going to Oxford and that it was his work to prepare for it." . . . Ambrose said that our school was commenced to feed the Catholic University of Dublin—that there was no *special* preparation for Oxford—and that they went from other schools as much as from ours. . . .

'He spoke of the *Rambler*. The article "On consulting the faithful" had been delated by the Bishop of Newport, for heresy. The passage he complained of was (he was quoting from memory) "that for sixty years, the *Ecclesia docens* was in suspension, and the faith was preserved by *consensus fidelium*."

Talbot said, speaking for himself, that "the passage, as it stood, was no doubt heretical." Still, out of consideration for Newman the Holy See would not condemn it, or call on him for an explanation. He did not know exactly what had been done, but he saw a letter of Father Newman to the Bishop of Birmingham in which he said that he hoped at any rate they would not send for him to Rome. So out of mercy (and I think Talbot said he had himself pleaded for him) the matter was dropped—only Newman knew from his Bishop that they wanted an explanation or retraction of that passage. Consequently he was under a cloud, and he felt it himself; for for three years he had not opened his mouth until he was called out by the "Apologia." Ambrose said warmly and more than once, it was a very cruel kindness. The Father felt keenly any impeachment of his faith—to touch him in that point was to touch the apple of his eye—but it would never hurt him in the least if he was told plainly if any exception was taken to his expressions or statements, and was always ready in obedience to competent authority to retract or explain, &c., &c.'

FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Rome: May 4th, 1867.

'Dearest Father,—Well, we have had our audience with the Pope, and it has passed off very well and pleasantly indeed. The Holy Father was not at all cold or angry, quite the contrary. He began by saying with a very kind smile: "Well, so you are come from Father Newman as my dear sons. I do not in the least doubt Father Newman's obedience, but now in this matter of mixed education my mind is made up not to give it any encouragement, so I have always said as to improving the Mission at Oxford, . . . that I greatly desire, but I cannot encourage anything which would lead Catholics to go there. Years ago when a certain Signor Corbally (I think) wished to get my approbation for the Cork Colleges, I refused, and I have not changed." Then I began: "Holy Father, no one more than Father Newman has spoken of the dangers surrounding a young man going to Oxford, and he has always himself been loth to go there, as he knew his name would attract Catholic students there, but Father Newman is a man of great charity to whom many persons apply, fathers of families and others, and he was greatly desirous to assist those poor souls who might find themselves

(by their fathers' doing, not theirs) at Oxford, because circumstances are such in England that there being no Catholic University parents are driven into a great difficulty for the education of their sons—there are dangers everywhere, and it was to meet those dangers Father Newman at last consented to go to take the mission." "Yes," he said, "the Bishops are meeting about it, and then we shall decide." Then or before, I forget which, he spoke of those who were not Catholics *di cuore*, and I am sorry to say he mentioned Acton (*che sta adesso in Londra*,—he meant *Roma*) as a type of those people. He called him no names like Barnabo, but he coupled him with those Signori di Torino, who were bringing in a semi-Catholicism. I forget what name he used. He looked upon mixed education as a part of that. Then he turned the subject, asked how many we were. I answered, nine, novices included. . . . "How old are you? you are Father St. John are you not? I know you well, but you are grown a *vecchione*, lost your freshness, how old are you? How long an Oratorian? Ah! you must increase your numbers." . . . Then I reminded him of *Santa Croce* and of his coming into our refectory, &c. He evidently warmed towards us. Then I spoke of Father A. B. and of the Government having given a salary. "How much, 100*l.*?" "No, 50*l.*" "Ah, that is half." Then he made some joke about the other half which I did not catch. Then we took our leave. As I knelt I said: "Holy Father, you must give your Benediction to Father Newman." "Oh yes," he said, "I give it with all my heart, and to all of you" . . . Then we went.

'Something else I brought in. When I began to speak about your having been so pained by the reports sent from Rome, he answered you were not to mind, that it was enough for you to know that he, the Pope, knew you were *tutto ubbediente*. I am sure he avoided details purposely. He never mentioned the *Rambler* or Manning, or anyone except Acton, and he evidently to my mind brought him in as hoping you would not connect yourself with him. . . .

'I brought in here that we had a school founded expressly to prepare young men for the Dublin University, but Englishmen would not go to Dublin. "Ah," he said, "there is always that racial *antipatia*, but we must think when the Bishops have met what can be done." This is all I recollect of the conversation.

'Talbot came up to us whilst waiting [before our audience] with all appearance of a great desire to be friendly. He said: "I could be of the greatest service to you if Father Newman

would let me. Would I come to him? or better, let him come to me and have some long talks with him?" I said I was at his service for any information he might require as consultor of Propaganda. I throughout spoke to him as in his official capacity and I then in that capacity told him how all the coldness he complained of your showing authorities at Rome, and himself in particular, had arisen from the unwarrantable things which had been said against you; that people would not understand that you had always consistently held that there was to be *in dubiis libertas*. Then he brought out, (this was after the audience when he took us to his room) the *Rambler* with the Article and read with some hesitation some passages. They seemed to him, I think, not so strong as he expected. He has evidently never thought of them himself. I said, Father Newman was writing history and showing, however strong the historical difficulties were, the Faith was always in the Church. "I am not however here," I said, "to defend Father Newman's faith, that he must do himself; but I know he thought he was only saying what Baronius had said." I said, "I am confident Baronius has said as much." "Well, Baronius," he admitted, (knowing nothing about it evidently) "has said some very strong things doubtless." Altogether he looked puzzled, and repeated his wish for a long talk. Then I said, rising to go: "Monsignor, as long as you say Father Newman is a heretic, there must be a line between us." Then he answered in a deprecatory manner: "Oh, no, I never said that; there is a great difference between stating an heretical proposition and being a heretic." "Well, but you said he was called upon to retract and would not." "No, not that, I only heard the other day what I said yesterday, that Father Newman had been written to." Here I ought to have come down upon and clenched him with: "Why did you say it then? Charity thinketh no evil," but I was softened by his manner and let him make an engagement to come to my room. When he comes I won't let him off, you may trust me, but I am such a bad hand at clenching anything. I gain my point and don't know how to use it. I hope you will not think me unduly courteous. I have said stronger things to him than I ever said to anyone, and he bears it all, quite amicably. He said: "I am sure a great deal of good will come out of this. I wish to be a good friend; no one was more so when we were at Rome together, but Father Newman has seemed of late to speak as if one religion was for the

English and another for Catholics on the Continent." "How can you say so?" said Henry; "the Father says he accepts everything in the *Raccolta*." Then I said: "Were you, Monsignor, when you became a Catholic, ready to say all that is said in Grignon de Montfort's book? And for Popery proper, who has spread it as much as I have with the *Raccolta*. They are reprinting the 5th thousand and as many have been sold in America." He seemed in all this like a man whose eyes were beginning to open. Mind I am not trusting him. I know he is under Manning's thumb. But, if appearances go for anything, he is clumsily repenting. Henry is sanguine we have done a great deal, not speaking of Talbot but generally, with the Pope and Barnabo. I don't know what I think. Everybody I have seen speaks of you most kindly.

‘Nine o'clock.

‘Your letter just come. Well, I suppose you will, with your monkey up, be angry with us for talking to Talbot at all. But what can we do? We must go on when we are in a groove. It has all followed inevitably from going to Barnabo. Pray for us hard that we may make no mistakes.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

A. ST. JOHN.’

Newman, immediately on receipt of Ambrose St. John's information that the *Rambler* article had been the main cause of suspicion in Rome, forwarded to him the text of his letter to Cardinal Wiseman written in 1860, in which he had offered to make all necessary explanations. He forwarded at the same time the documents relating to the separation between the two Oratories.

He was not dissatisfied with the course of events as described by his friends, but remained, however, far from sharing Father St. John's benevolent impressions as to Cardinal Barnabo's supposed amiable dispositions in regard to himself.

He wrote as follows to Father Ambrose:

‘May 7th, 1867.

‘I think you have managed very well. I am quite prepared for the Roman people thinking my going to Oxford will encourage mixed education, and the Manning-Ward party thinking it will give me an open door for my theology.

‘It seems to me that our going to Oxford is quite at an end.

‘I send a copy of the letter which I sent to Cardinal Wiseman, (at the Bishop’s suggestion,) about the *Rambler*—and which *the Cardinal never answered*. At the end of six months Manning said to me in conversation: “By the bye, that matter of the *Rambler* is settled”—or he wrote me a line to that effect. I have nothing more to say about it.

‘As to Father Faber, I cautiously abstained from claiming any power over the London House when I went to Rome with you. *Barnabo* introduced the subject of the “Deputato” and puzzled us. If I find any notes of the subject I will send them.’

‘Wednesday night, May 8th, 1867.

‘I am *not a bit* softened about *Barnabo*. He has not at all explained the “*blanda et suavis revocatio*” which was to be *concealed* from me *till* I attempted to go to Oxford—*not at all*. And to plead the Bishop’s cause before him is an indignity both *in* you and *to* the Bishop. But I don’t see how it can be helped,—I have allowed your defence of the Bishop and do allow it. There is nothing else that *can* be done, Neve and Palmer wishing it, but the judge is the culprit.

‘I doubt not *Barnabo* and *Capalti* call you and me “pover’ uomo” behind our backs, as they do the Bishop. The idea of a Diocesan Bishop having toiled . . . as he has, to be so treated! As for me, I am not a Bishop, and I have not aimed at pleasing them except as a duty to God,—at least for many years.

‘As I am writing I recapitulate the *Rambler* affair. I won’t write a *defence* of the passage in the *Rambler* till I know more clearly what I am accused of, either in Catholic doctrine injured, or sentences and phrases used by me. But *you* can write to *Barnabo* the *facts*—viz. that the Bishop told me that *Barnabo* was hurt at the passage, and (I *suppose* getting it translated!) showed it the Pope and said to the Bishop that the *Pope* too was hurt, but that *neither you nor I at the time could make out with what*. That at the Bishop’s wish I wrote to Cardinal Wiseman, *then in Rome*, the letter I sent you yesterday, to say that I would make any statement *they wished* and explain my passage *according* to it, if they would but tell me what they wanted—that both the Bishop and I expected an answer to that letter, that no answer ever came; that, at the end of six months or so, Manning said or wrote to me to say: “By the bye that matter of the *Rambler* is all at an end,”—which I thought, and think now, came from Cardinal Wiseman and was meant to convey to me that I need do no more in the matter. I think I have said all

this yesterday, but as I wrote quickly to save the post, lest I should have omitted anything, I repeat it here. Don't offer for me that I *now* will make explanations, *unless* they wish to revive an old matter.'¹

Dr. Ullathorne at Newman's request wrote an account of the interview with Cardinal Barnabo at which the Cardinal had communicated to him the original charges against the article by Bishop Brown, and of the events which followed. This document, which was also sent to St. John, ran as follows:

'Birmingham: May 9, 1867.

'Cardinal Barnabo asked me if I would do nothing to help them through their difficulty. I asked what he wished me to do? He said, that he wished me to bring the matter home to you. He produced the Bishop's [Dr. Brown's] letters, addressed in English to the Secretary, Monsignor Badini. I asked for the passages. He exhibited them marked in pencil; and pointing to them with his pen he said: "Ce n'est pas Sanscrit," whereby I understood him to mean that

¹ The letter to Cardinal Wiseman which Newman enclosed ran as follows:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: January 19th, 1860.

'My dear Lord Cardinal,—Our Bishop tells me that my name has been mentioned at Rome in connection with an article in the *Rambler*, which has by an English Bishop been formerly brought before Propaganda as containing unsound doctrine. And our Bishop says that your Eminence has spoken so kindly about me as to encourage me to write to you on the subject.

'I have not yet been asked from Propaganda whether I am the author of the article, or otherwise responsible for it; and, though I am ready to answer the question when it is put to me I do not consider it a duty to volunteer the information till your Eminence advises it.

'However, I am ready, with the question being asked of me, to explain the article as if it were mine.

'I will request then of your Eminence's kindness three things:—

'1. The passages of the article on which the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda desires an explanation.

'2. A copy of the translations in which his Eminence has read them.

'3. The dogmatic propositions which they have been represented as infringing or otherwise impairing.

'If your Eminence does this for me, I will engage, with the blessing of God, in the course of a month from the receipt of the information:

'1. To accept and profess *ex animo* in their fulness and integrity the dogmatic propositions implicated.

'2. To explain the animus and argument of the writer of the article in strict accordance with those propositions.

'3. To show that the English text and context of the article itself are absolutely consistent with them. . . .

'Kissing your sacred purple, I am, my dear Lord Cardinal,

'Your faithful & affectionate servant in Christ,

'JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory.'

he perfectly understood the passages he was talking about; he added — "*Le Pape est beaucoup peiné.*" I then at his earnest request undertook to bring the matter before your attention.

'Cardinal Wiseman was then at the English College at Rome. I told him all that had passed, and spoke to him gravely about the annoyances to which from time to time you had been subjected. . . . Also [I went] into the question about your treatment in the question of the Bible translation, &c. At last the Cardinal burst into tears, and said "Tell Newman I will do anything I can for him."

'So soon as I returned to Birmingham I wrote to you and asked you if you could call on me, as I had a communication for you from Propaganda of some gravity. Father St. John came in your stead, and told me you were ill in bed. I communicated the case to him, and no sooner had you heard it than you got out of bed and came up to me in a cab. You proposed, as I had repeated to Father St. John what Cardinal Wiseman had said of his readiness to serve you, that you would write to him, and put your readiness to comply with the requirements of Propaganda into his hands. You asked if this course would satisfy me. I said, perfectly. I then wrote to Cardinal Barnabo, and mentioned all that had passed, describing how you had got out of your sick bed and come up to me as soon as you heard the case and commission with which I was charged.

'It is not correct that Cardinal Barnabo wrote to me. But it is correct that I wrote to him and mentioned every detail of your conduct above stated. And I concluded with the statement that the case had now passed into the hands of Cardinal Wiseman, who would represent you, I presumed, with Propaganda after he had received your letter.'

That the Wiseman and Ullathorne letters and the documents relating to the process concerning Father Faber and the London Oratory at once produced the best effect, both in reassuring Newman's friends as to the strength of his position and in propitiating the Roman authorities themselves, is clear from the following letters:

FATHER HENRY BITTLESTON TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Rome: May 11th, 1867.

'My dear Father, — Your telegram came last night at bed time. This morning your letter enclosing important documents,

‘How very strange that neither Ambrose nor I should have remembered your letter to the late Cardinal (Wiseman). Palmer’s document, which Ambrose asked in the telegram, he has ready in Italian, and he is now putting your letter to Cardinal Wiseman, and also the “supplica” into Italian, and intends taking them to Cardinal Barnabo this evening at the Ave, the best time to see him. We must finish all our business, and all our sight seeing very soon if we are to be home for St. Philip’s Day. . . . On the other hand Neve (and I think Sir John Acton) have said that we ought not to go without getting a decision—and Palmer thinks certainly it would be much better not to go without entirely disabusing the mind (or minds) of Propaganda, as to your orthodoxy, and *obtaining a statement of authority*, to be published, clearing you after they have passed the Essay assailed, either with or without an explanation from you.

‘Father Ambrose is also preparing a “supplica” embodying your proposition about the school. . . .

‘Ambrose says there is only just time to catch the post.

‘HENRY BITTLESTON.

‘P.S.—We both think your letter to the Cardinal (Wiseman) a complete success—in fact, a stunner.’

THE SAME TO DR. NEWMAN.

‘Rome: May 12th, 1867.

‘Last night [Ambrose] took the three documents to Cardinal Barnabo, who was very kind and friendly. Ambrose is beginning to be almost won by him. He knows that he has treated you badly in some things, but he thinks he has been abused and that he is white in comparison of some who ought to know better. Your letter to the late Cardinal Wiseman quite thunderstruck him. “Why,” he said, “Cardinal Wiseman was in Propaganda, and we never heard of this.” He said it quite cleared you (morally, I suppose), but for Cardinal Wiseman he seemed not to know what to say; all he could say was: “Well, he is dead now,—*requiescat in pace*.” He said Ambrose must take it to the Pope. He must go and show it to Monsignor Talbot and get another audience. He seemed equally flabbergasted by your statement on the Faber matter, and his having called you “Deputato Apostolico,” &c., but Ambrose must give you a more full account of the interview. Ambrose left with his Eminence the three papers (Palmer’s statement, your letter to Cardinal Wiseman, the document with the three propositions

about our school). This morning he went to Cardinal de Luca, from whom I think he got nothing new,—and to Monsignor Talbot who confessed to having seen the letter to the late Cardinal Wiseman, and who was against taking it to the Pope. Of course, he said, he would show it to His Holiness if he wished, but he would not advise it. He said that the Pope had forgotten all about it. This must do till to-morrow. Ambrose is gone to dine with Monsignor Nardi, a bore which he could not escape.’

It transpired, however, soon afterwards that the accusations against the *Rambler* article had been put in definite theological form by no less eminent a person than Franzelin, the great Jesuit theologian, afterwards a Cardinal, in a lecture at the Roman College. Father Bittleston urged the importance of a reply.

‘It seems to us,’ he wrote, ‘that the only thing to do and that very important, is for you to be preparing an explanation of those passages in the *Rambler* article, and I think it might be very useful to give an historical account of your connection with the *Rambler*. We both think that our coming here has been of the greatest use in bringing out this rankling sore. I don’t think you would have any difficulty in explaining quite satisfactorily, and we really think there is no unwillingness on the part of authorities to be satisfied. Perhaps we can hear what Father Perrone thinks.’

Perrone, whom Father Ambrose consulted, held that Newman should take occasion, in writing of something else, to explain fully the passages to which exception had been taken. He added that he was prepared to say to objectors that he guaranteed the soundness of Newman’s doctrine on the matter in question. Newman adopted his suggestion, and answered Franzelin’s points one by one in his next edition of the ‘Arians.’

Father Cardella, so Father St. John now discovered, had already replied to Franzelin, and strongly upheld the orthodoxy of the incriminated passages. Father Perrone spoke of them with more reserve, as admitting a true sense and a false. There was every disposition to be satisfied with any explanation which Newman might give, and in fact no more was heard of the matter, so far as I can learn, after this year.

Cardinal de Luca was especially warm in his language concerning Newman. He urged that on the Oxford question Newman must come to an understanding with Manning, as the Holy See could not oppose the Archbishop and the English episcopate. And now Monsignor Talbot came forward and expressed an earnest wish to resume friendly relations with Newman.

FATHER ST. JOHN TO DR. NEWMAN.

'Albergo della Minerva, Rome: May 16th, 1867.

' . . . Here is a turn up. At half past seven o'clock last night down comes Monsignor Talbot. He seemed very nervous. Asked for a private interview,—would not have anybody with me. He was hard upon two hours in my room, it is impossible to remember all that passed. But the upshot was he was excessively sorry for the estrangement,—he desired your friendship very much,—could be of the greatest service to you in letting you know how things were felt at Rome. He had shown his friendship in the Achilli matter. He had kept the witnesses at his own expense, got the Pope to do things he had never done before, &c. He had had nothing to do with the Faber row. Nor with the Cardinal's treatment of you in the first Oxford circular matter, nor with Dr. Brown's accusation of your doctrine in the first instance. "What had he done?" When he found you were under a cloud he had come out of his way to find you—he had asked you to come and preach in the best intentions. You had written the coldest letter in reply. Could nothing be done to set matters right, &c. "Monsignor," I said, "you have been frank with me, and I will be frank with you. You said he had preached a sermon in favour of Garibaldi; nay, had even subscribed to Garibaldi (this last he emphatically denied) and there were various other hostile sayings of yours reported in England. Father Newman thought that it was taking a liberty with him to say: 'Come and whitewash yourself by preaching.' How did he know but he would (with this cloud which, as you say, was hanging over his head) do himself more harm than good. Besides (I said), you ought not to have asked him. See (I said) what I find when I come here now; everybody lays the information of Martin's letter to you." "It is a great shame," he said; "I never saw the man for a year,—I don't like him. I never saw him but twice in my life." "Well, but," I said, "he got his information from Propaganda, and knew what we in England did not

know." "Well, he (Talbot) knew nothing of this, but people laid everything to him." "Well, then," I said, "you told a person of high consideration in Rome you were sorry he was a Newmanite." This was taking a line giving effect to what he had said to me about Father Newman's doctrine. "Well," he said, "Dr. Brown had only just now again attacked your doctrine in the old *Rambler*, and do you know what Doctor Brown says of Newman's treatment of him?" "Well, no, but of late he (Brown) has acted like a friend." Talbot then said there were always parties; he had only meant that he had not agreed with you in your late way of going on; I forget exactly what he said. He spoke against Manning's sermons, said he had said many queer things, it was not only you who had stated one wrong proposition, &c. Then he asked in a very friendly way if you would come to Rome next year and preach, you would do so much good. Why, even Manning had done a great deal. I said you had an illness which gave me little hope of your being able to come. He said he had felt so much your being treated so badly by Dr. Cullen about the Bishopric. . . . Then he said, (now don't laugh, Father): "Did I think you would let yourself be made a Protonotary Apostolic,—you would have nothing to do but wear purple if you came to Rome?" "Well," I said, "Father Newman would accept whatever came from the Holy See with the greatest respect, but I really cannot say what he would do now." Then he asked me with hesitation to dine with him. As you will see, I weakly accepted at first, and Henry acquiesced. Then this morning we talked with Palmer, and after he went I wrote the enclosed letter [declining to dine with him]. Palmer wanted us to go under a protest. I thought that a half measure. This is all. Oh! I am so tired of writing and jabbering. I hope I have made no mistake.'

On receiving this letter Dr. Newman wrote as follows to Monsignor Talbot:

'St. Philip's Day, 1867 (May 26th).

'Dear Monsignor Talbot,—I have received with much satisfaction the report which Father St. John has given me of your conversations with him.

'I know you have a good heart; and I know you did me good service in the Achilli matter,—and you got me a relic of St. Athanasius from Venice, which I account a great treasure; and for these reasons I have been the more bewildered at your having of late years taken so strong a part against me, without (I may say) any real ground

whatever; or rather, I *should* have been bewildered were it not that, for now as many as thirty-four years, it has been my lot to be misrepresented and opposed without any intermission by one set of persons or another. Certainly, I have desiderated in you, as in many others, that charity which thinketh no evil, and have looked in vain for that consideration and sympathy which is due to a man who has passed his life in attempting to subserve the cause and interests of religion, and who, for the very reason that he has written so much, must, from the frailty of our common nature, have said things which had better not have been said, or left out complements and explanations of what he *has* said, which had better have been added.

‘I am now an old man, perhaps within a few years of my death, and you can now neither do me good nor harm. I have never been otherwise than well-disposed towards you. When you first entered the Holy Father’s immediate service, I used to say Mass for you the first day of every month, that you might be prospered at your important post; and now I shall say Mass for you seven times, beginning with this week, when we are keeping the Feast of St. Philip, begging him at the same time to gain for you a more equitable judgment of us and a kinder feeling towards us on the part of our friends, than we have of late years experienced.

‘I am, dear Monsignor Talbot,

Yours very sincerely in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.’

Monsignor Talbot’s reply ran as follows:

‘My dear Father Newman,—Many thanks for your kind letter, dated on the Feast of St. Philip. Many thanks also for your promise to say seven Masses for me, as in my delicate position near the sacred person of the Holy Father, I need as many prayers as I can get.

‘I hope that now we may resume a correspondence which has been intermitted for so long a period of time.

‘Nevertheless, I must say that you have been misinformed if you have been told that I have “of late years taken so strong a part against you without any real ground whatever.”

‘I do not know who may have been your informants, but there are certain mischief-makers in the world, whose chief occupation seems to be to make feuds amongst

friends, by reporting to one what the other may have said of him.

'I do not deny that certain expressions in your later writings have not pleased me, and that I could not approve of certain acts of yours which had the appearance of being opposed to the wishes of the Holy See.

'Besides, a certain school in England have done you much harm by making many believe that you sympathized with their detestable views. You have also been more injured by your friends than your enemies. When I was in England three years ago, I heard some of them quoting your name in opposition to the Authority of the Holy See. I remarked that there was a party forming of what are called "Liberal Catholics," who wished to place you at their head, in preference of professing a filial devotion to the Vicar of Christ, and a due veneration for the Chair of St. Peter.

'There is a saying: "God defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies."

'Such is your case. For twenty years I was your warm admirer and defender, and should be delighted to be so still, but when I found that there was a dangerous party rising in England, who quoted your name, I was obliged to modify my views, and stand up for Ecclesiastical Authority in preference of worshipping great intellectual gifts.

'As for yourself personally, my love and affection has never varied. I may have lately criticised some of your public acts, as I have done those of many others of my friends, but this is no reason why any coldness should exist between priests who are all working for the same great end, the greater glory of God, and salvation of souls.

'Believe me,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

GEO. TALBOT.'

Ambrose St. John, before leaving Rome, wrote a last word about the *Rambler* article, and described his farewell interviews with Cardinals Barnabo and Reisach.

FATHER AMBROSE ST. JOHN TO DR. NEWMAN.

'May, 1867.

'Dearest Father,—Your letter of the 7th is just come, and also your telegram No. 2.

'I have *persisted* about the *Rambler*,—because our friends (Palmer especially) say it must be the result of our coming to Rome,—that they have quite given up your disobedience

(the Pope saying "Newman has been 'tutto ubbediente'") so now they must give up your heterodoxy. Here you have Franzelin's article. What you eventually do about this cannot be determined while we are here. Your most happy letter to the Cardinal enables me to say positively that "so far from appealing *ad misericordiam* (as Talbot said to me), you courted examination." To my amazement yesterday Talbot told me coolly, he had seen *the letter*; yet he forgot or ignored *that*, and has declared to me: "Poor Newman, when he was asked for an explanation only begged off being called to Rome"; it was quite consistent with this that he should advise me not to show your letter to Cardinal Wiseman to the Pope. Perrone and Cardella say: "show it." Palmer says: "show it"; so I am going to Barnabo, (who as Henry told you also said "show it") to ask for a letter for an audience. De Luca, to whom I showed it, was cautious as he is the Head of the Index, said I must get the passages of the *Rambler* which were marked and their translation into Italian. He was very friendly but more cautious than on the first meeting. Barnabo was very warm, downright hearty, said he loved you; that you were a saint, saints were persecuted, like Palotti, people made use of your name, and pretended to have your protection—this was because you had such a charitable heart. Poor old man, he is really a very good-hearted man. He said to me: "I know both men,—Manning and Newman. I know Manning best, but I love Newman." He did not say, but the contrast led me to think he liked your unassuming way in keeping to yourself and doing your work. I know this is rather in contradiction with what he said on our first meeting, but you must recollect he has only heard one side before. I asked as it has chanced apropos of your to-day's letter, I suppose nothing said about Father Newman's too great influence at Oxford affects the Oratory at Oxford. No, he said, *the leave is granted* for the Oratory. Only Father Newman is not to *change his residence*; if he went for a month this or that time it would not be making his residence there of course. He spoke this cautiously, but I can answer for his words; and I am sure with you we must on no account give up what we have got. I presented the "supplica" with the three propositions and left it with him, and the memorial about the Bishop. I said I hoped he would not treat our school exceptionally. How could I think so? Of course not. I said we had felt as if it had been treated

as dangerous. He would not allow this. . . . The truth is those who have the gift of the gab (just as now) get their way for a time. I have gabbed now so much with everybody that I am getting confused. The general impression of friends is that I have gabbed to some effect for the present. I called on Cardinal Reisach to-day—very bland and courteous—apologized for not calling on you—talked of Oxford, said it was different from German Universities where men lived in Catholic families, e.g. Bonn. He wanted a high school of studies as they have at Stonyhurst. He is no good to us, and I left him gladly; but we must be on good terms with him—he spoke highly of you. I dined with Nardi yesterday and talked a great deal very freely. He blames the *Civiltà* for puffing Manning. I hope we shall get off by Monday, next,—this day week. . . .

‘A. ST. JOHN.’

It now became clear that all was gained that could be hoped for from the visit to Rome. The disposition to speak well of Newman was universal. It was desirable that a full statement in writing should be handed in to Propaganda on the Oxford question. It would be well also if Newman took some opportunity of explaining the *Rambler* article. It was quite certain that the explanation would be received as satisfactory. A full statement on the Oxford episode was drawn up by Mr. Palmer and handed in on May 16. The *Rambler* matter had of course to wait until Newman found or made his own opportunity for an explanation; and St. John and his companion were therefore free to depart. They reached the Oratory in time for St. Philip’s feast on May 26.

Newman, after talking things over with Ambrose St. John, soon came to the conclusion that he must be satisfied with completely clearing his reputation for orthodoxy in Rome. His own reply to Franzelin’s strictures on the *Rambler* article must be careful and thorough. As to the Oxford scheme, his original impression, formed after the appearance of Mr. Martin’s letter, returned—that it must be dropped; but this step was not finally resolved upon until August, much correspondence taking place with Hope-Scott in the interval. This view was clearly the Bishop’s. Bishop Ullathorne discussed the matter fully with Propaganda in the course of a visit to

Rome in June. Newman saw him for the first time after his return on August 1, and learned that in Rome they considered the Oxford matter at an end. The Bishop, however, did not actually say what he evidently meant, that the entire Oxford Oratory plan had better be abandoned. Dr. Newman's conversation with Bishop Ullathorne is recorded in the following memorandum:

‘August 1st, 1867.

‘I have just come from calling on the Bishop. It is the first conversation I have had with him since his return from Rome.

‘I began by talking about his examination before the Parliamentary Commission on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill,—nothing else.

‘But after a time he got loose from it, and said that both at Rome and since his return Dr. Manning had wished to make it up with me. I said that I was just now in correspondence with Oakeley on the subject, and told the Bishop what I had said:

‘He then talked of Cardinal Luca, [who had] said that the Church (or the Archbishop, I forget which) must embrace all opinions in the one faith, stretching out his arms.

‘And Cardinal Barnabo had recommended the Bishops through him to put out some declaration against controversy, especially by laymen and in periodicals.

‘He had freely spoken to Cardinal Reisach on his not having taken any notice of me in England last year.

‘He said Monsignor Capalti, Secretary of Propaganda, was very strong about my going to Rome—implored me—the Bishop in speaking to me evidently acquiesced, perhaps he had suggested it to Capalti. He said I ought to stay a whole season there—i.e. what he said came to this.

‘Then he said abruptly, very grave, and looking straight at me: “I find that at Rome they consider the Oxford matter quite at an end.” I answered: “I suppose they mean they have said their last word.” He answered, apparently not seeing the drift of my question: “Yes.” What I meant was that we had got leave to extend our Birmingham Oratory into Oxford, provided I did not change my residence.

‘As to educating for Oxford, he said that the Bishops’ Declaration had not yet returned from Rome. He could not quite tell what it would be. As sent to Rome, it said, apropos of a priest having in the confessional said to a penitent that there was no sin in a father sending his son to Oxford, that

such a father acted against the will of the Bishops and of the Holy See.

‘J. H. N.’

For a few days the future remained still uncertain, as is evident from some words in a letter of August 13 from Newman to Hope-Scott. In the course of this letter we find the following reference to Manning:

‘Manning has written to me wishing that we should meet and give him an opportunity of explanation. Of course I seem to put myself in the wrong by declining—but I seriously think it would do more harm than good. I do not trust him, and his new words would be the cause of fresh distrust. This, as far as I could do delicately, I have suggested to him. I have said that the whole world thought him difficult to understand, that I should be glad to think it was my own fault that I had not been prepared by his general bearing and talk for his acts; that friendly acts would be the best preparation for a friendly meeting—and that I should hail that day, when the past had been so far reversed, that explanations would be natural and effectual. At present I should not in my heart accept his explanations.’¹

In point of fact Manning had been urging Propaganda to renew in a yet stronger form than hitherto the dissuasion to English Catholic parents from sending their sons to Oxford. And a fresh rescript arrived in this very month. Newman had in the meantime written to Cardinal Barnabo protesting against his action, which has been already alluded to in reference to Edgbaston School. The text of this correspondence I have been unable to find. But from a note by Newman it is clear that it became angry, and that Newman declared that he left his cause with God, using the words ‘viderit Deus.’ In view of this state of things the Oratory at Oxford was finally abandoned. It would mean a false position, and one which was not likely to be made tenable by any special sympathy in high quarters.

Newman communicated his views to Hope-Scott:

‘August 16th, 1867.

‘My dear Hope-Scott,—The Rescript has just come from Propaganda to the Bishops, *from which* they will draw up

¹ These words refer to the correspondence in the *Life of Cardinal Manning*, pp. 327-42.

their Pastoral Letters to Priests and People on the subject of University Education.

'I suppose this Rescript will not be brought forward; and the *immediate* authority will be the Pastoral. . . .

'In the printed Documents (*re* Bishop's Pamphlet) which I sent you the other day, I have said two things:

'1. That I go to Oxford *solely* because there are Catholic Undergraduates there. . . .

'2. That my going there *must* tend to *bring* Catholics there.

'And now those two avowals are confronted by the declaration from Propaganda: "A youth can scarcely, or not scarcely even, go to Oxford without throwing himself into a proximate occasion of mortal sin."

'Does it not follow as an inevitable sequence in logic, that if I go there I contemplate youths (or their parents) throwing themselves into such proximate occasions and moreover distinctly disobeying their Bishops who warn them against it, and secondly that I *co-operate* in their act by encouraging it?

'All along I have professed and felt indifference, reluctance, to go to Oxford. If I do go still after the Bishop's Pastoral, shall I not fairly be considered to have made a profession which I did not feel or mean to carry out?

'It seems to me that I am simply in a false position if I consent to go on with the Oxford undertaking after the Rescript.

'The question is *what* I must do, and *when*, to bring the matter to an end.

'I do not see any difficulty in waiting till the Bishop speaks to me, for the reasons which I shall give for my decision, he has already heard, and they are quite independent of those which arise out of the Rescript. The simple reason of my not going on with the business is, that to my surprise I found I was not allowed free liberty to go to Oxford. This was *the* reason assigned in the letter which I wrote to him on receipt of the news, and, though I was prevented by our Fathers from sending that letter, I showed it him a week or two after.

'I would rather give this reason than make it seem that I withdrew in consequence of the Rescript. In the one case I shall be withdrawing because I have been unfairly treated; in the other, because I have been detected in an animus and foiled by a distinct message from Rome.

'The two grounds are so distinct that if I bring out my own ground strongly in my letter, it will not matter whether or not in matter of fact it is given to the public *after* the expected Pastoral Letter. Is not this so? . . .

'Ever yours affly,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Acting on this opinion, in which Hope-Scott concurred, Newman wrote as follows to the Bishop:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: August 18th, 1867.

'My dear Lord,—I do not think you will feel any surprise if I at length act on the resolve which I formed on the very day that I heard of the restriction placed on my presence in Oxford, which I have cherished ever since, and only not carried out because of the dissuasion of friends here and elsewhere.

'That dissuasion has now ceased; and, accordingly, I now ask your permission to withdraw from my engagement to undertake the Mission of Oxford, on the ground that I am not allowed by Propaganda the freedom to discharge its duties with effect.

'Thanking you for all your kindness, and with much regret for the trouble I have caused you,

'I am, &c., &c.

J. H. N.'

Bishop Ullathorne's reply was as follows:

'Birmingham: Aug. 19th, 1867.

'My dear Dr. Newman,—Your letter reached me this morning from Stone. I am not at all surprised that you have renounced the project of the Oxford Mission. Were I in the same position, I should do the same. And yet I receive the announcement of your decision with a sense of pain both acute and deep.

'I have no hesitation in saying it, as my complete conviction, that you have been shamefully misrepresented at Rome, and that by countrymen of our own.

'When I went thither I had some hope of being able to put this affair more straight. But when I got there I plainly saw that the time had not come for an impartial hearing. Preoccupations in the quarters where alone representation is effectual were still too strong, and minds were too much occupied with the vast multitude of affairs brought to Rome by so many Bishops there assembled.

‘On the other hand, the closing sentence of your letter to Cardinal Barnabo, which, the moment I read it, I felt would be interpreted in a much stronger sense than you would have intended, made so unpleasant an impression that I believe that sentence stood as a considerable obstacle in the way of those explanations which were proffered by your own representatives.¹ Indeed, I have good evidence that it was so, from those who took your part with cordiality. You will quite understand that I am not making a reflection, but pointing out a fact.

‘I still trust that the time will come when the facts of the case will be better understood at Rome, and when justice will be done to you.

‘Wishing you every blessing,

I remain, my dear Dr. Newman,

Your faithful & affectionate servant in Christ,

W. B. ULLATHORNE.’

¹ This is probably the letter referred to at page 182. Newman’s own view of the whole episode is naturally that which I have set forth in the text. But here, as in the Irish University Question, the attitude of the ecclesiastical authorities will be very intelligible to the careful reader. The ‘secret instruction’ which made so painful an impression on Newman, coming to his knowledge as it did coupled with Mr. Martin’s unfriendly interpretation of its real import, was, as has been explained at p. 139, not (as Newman thought it) in intention unfriendly to him. Cardinal Barnabo (see p. 160) considered that it ought to have been communicated to Newman when the danger was apparent that he might collect money from those who, when subscribing, considered that he was free to reside at Oxford. The leave for an Oxford Oratory had, as we have seen, been granted by Propaganda on the strength of Dr. Ullathorne’s explanation that Newman did not mean actually to reside there (p. 179). Propaganda held that such residence would militate against Pius IX.’s policy of opposition to ‘mixed’ education and therefore could not sanction it. But Dr. Ullathorne had been afraid of communicating to Newman this condition lest he should misunderstand its true significance, and had not informed him that he (the Bishop) had received instructions to make sure that the condition was observed. The true facts eventually came to Newman’s knowledge together with an extremely painful and untrue suggestion as to the reason for the *proviso* in question. And Newman’s correspondence with Cardinal Barnabo had afterwards assumed a tone so unfavourable to the successful negotiation of a difficult matter, that the whole scheme was necessarily dropped. This appears to be the outcome of the whole story.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DEADLOCK IN HIGHER EDUCATION (1867)

THE final relinquishment of the Oxford scheme left the extreme party triumphant; but it left the practical problem of higher education for English Catholics unsolved. The Catholic University in Ireland had originally been designed to solve it, but it had failed. Catholics were now authoritatively warned against Oxford and Cambridge; but where else were they to go for University training? It was part of what Newman afterwards called the policy of 'Nihilism' pursued by the authorities.¹ Actual difficulties were not faced; practicable remedies were not found. It had been the same with his work for Christian thought in the *Rambler*. Defects had been censured; the work was crushed and not carried out on lines free from objection.

Newman could not but feel that to persevere now in an endeavour of which the utility was so little appreciated was but to waste his time. An opportunity would soon be found for the *coup de grâce* if he did not now of his own accord retire. It only remained to resign himself to uselessness in a matter in which his antecedents seemed to mark him out as so supremely useful, and to do faithfully his duty to all concerned—the Pope, the Bishops, and the Catholic parents.

His feeling at the time of finally abandoning the scheme, is given in a letter—very grave, very measured, very sad—to Father Coleridge:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: August 30th, 1867.’

‘My dear Father Coleridge,—Thank you for your affectionate letter. There are a hundred reasons why I was bound to bring the Oxford matter to an end.

‘For three years complete it has involved me in endless correspondence, conversation, controversy, and bother, taking

¹ See p. 486.

up my time and thoughts. I felt it was *wrong* thus to fritter away any longer such remaining time as God gives me. It has been my Cross for years and years that I have gone on "operose nihil agendo."

'There was the *Rambler* matter. The Cardinal and our Bishop urged me to interfere with the conductors—and thanked me when I consented. It involved me in endless trouble and work. The correspondence is a huge heap. I have been obliged to arrange and complete it with notes and collateral papers, that I may ultimately be shown to have acted a good part. This was the work of four or five years, and what came of it?

'I seem to be similarly circumstanced as regards the Dublin University matters from 1852 to 1858. Letters and papers without end and about nothing—and those not yet sorted and arranged.

'I do believe my first thought has ever been "what does God wish me to do?" so I can't really be sorry or repine—but I have very few persons on earth to thank—and I have felt no call, after so many rebuffs, to go on with this Oxford undertaking, and I am come to the conclusion that, if Propaganda wants me for any purpose, it must be so good as to ask me—and I shall wait to be asked—i.e. (as I anticipate) "ad Graecas calendas."

'See what a time it has taken to tell you reason one. I will mention only one other, which is abundantly clear, (if it ever were doubtful) from the answers I have had to my late circular. The money was given to *me* personally—the subscribers wanted to see *me* in Oxford (I am talking of the majority of them)—they would not give their money for an Oxford mission merely. When the Propaganda decided that I was not personally to be there, it would have been a misappropriation of their money to spend it merely on an Oxford Church. . . .

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman's letters during the remainder of this year show constantly his great anxiety both to clear completely his reputation for orthodoxy and loyalty at Rome and to act in strict conformity with his duty towards the Bishops. Hope-Scott had put down his solicitude as to Roman opinion to undue sensitiveness. Early in the year he had ascribed to the same cause Newman's fears lest the suspicions of his orthodoxy on the part of such men as Mr. Martin, and certain

rumours on the same subject which had found currency in the *Chronicle*, might do him further harm. When the existence of the 'secret instruction' became known Newman had written to him claiming that his suspicions were justified.

DR. NEWMAN TO MR. HOPE-SCOTT.

'April 13, 1867.

'I think it is now proved that what you called my "sensitiveness" was not timidity, or particularity, or touchiness, but a true instinct of the state of the ecclesiastical atmosphere—nor is it wonderful that I should know more than you of what threatened and what did not, as you (I suspect) would know more than I could know about the temper of Parliamentary committees, and Gladstone more than myself about political parties. That neophyte, Mr. Martin, is an index of the state of the weather at Rome, as the insects swarming near the earth is a sign of rain;—and rash sayings in the *Chronicle* may be of as much danger indirectly to my influence in England, as an open window may avail to give me a cold. . . . No one but myself knows how intensely anxious I have been, since I have been a Catholic, never to say anything without good theological authority for saying it, and, though of course with the greatest care the *humana incuria* is at fault, yet I have no reason to suppose that my mistakes are more than those which all writers incur;—yet there is no doubt that I am looked at with suspicion at Rome, because I will not go the whole hog in all the extravagancies of the school of the day, and I cannot move my finger without giving offence.'

The report brought by Ambrose St. John from Rome in May had done something towards allaying Newman's fears as to Roman suspicions of his orthodoxy. And the more favourable impression was confirmed by a visit in August from Monsignor Nardi, which is recorded with a good deal of dry humour in a memorandum written by Newman at the time. That Italian prelate's words went to show that it was in England, rather than in Rome, that he had active enemies who impugned the soundness of his theology.

'August 24, 1867.

'Monsignor Nardi came here for an hour or two yesterday. I will set down some of the things he said in a long conversation.

'I was a great man—no denying it—a great writer—good style—good strong logic—my style went very easily into Italian—it was a classical style. Of course I had my enemies—they are in England or Englishmen—but all Catholics, to speak as a whole, were my friends. He did not speak from flattery—no—he always spoke his mind, even to the Pope. He was one of the consultors of the Index. There were things in what I had written which he did not like—that about original sin (here I set him right, and he *seemed* to give in—he had forgotten “deprivation and the *consequences of deprivation*”—he could hardly believe I had made this addition) and that about a people's religion being a corrupt religion.¹ But perhaps the vehemence of writing could not be helped. I had very good friends. Father St. John was a good friend of mine, very—and a great gentleman. Cardinal Cullen was a good friend, yes—a very good friend. I understood him to mean by “good friends” persons who had been a real service to me. I ought to send persons from time to time to explain things and keep authorities at Rome *au courant*. I ought to go to Rome myself. It would rejoice the Holy Father—I ought to be a Bishop, Archbishop—yes yes—I ought, I ought,—yes, a very good Bishop—it *is* your line, it *is*, it *is*—it was no good my saying it was not.

'I ought to take the part of the Pope. “We have *very* few friends,” he said—“very few”—he spoke in a very grave earnest mournful tone—no one could tell what was to take place in Rome, the next, not year but, month. All through Italy the upper class was infidel—and the lower was getting profane and blasphemous. This was for want of education—the fault of Austria. Infidels were put over its education—the churches turned into granaries and stables. The next generation would be infidels, far worse than the present. There was no chance of a reaction. All this was no fault of the Priests—perhaps there were 1,000 Priests in Italy who had turned out bad—but what were they out of 160,000?

'What we wanted in England for Catholics was education—how could youths whose education ended at 17 or 18 compete with those whose education went on to 22? There was no chance of a Catholic University. He seemed to agree with me that London was as bad as Oxford—worse, he had been in the neighbourhood of (I think) Charing Cross

¹ In his Letter to Pusey he had written as follows: 'A people's religion is ever a corrupt religion in spite of the provisions of Holy Church.'—*Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii. 81.

lately in the evening, no priest could walk there—no—he was obliged to call a cab.

‘He wanted to see Father Ryder’s pamphlet—William gave him a copy—he wanted my photograph. I gave him two.’

Although, however, both Ambrose St. John’s report and the visit of the Roman Monsignor had somewhat encouraged Newman as to the friendliness of Rome, his anxiety was by no means at an end. The Oratory School was still gossiped about as preparing boys for Oxford against the wishes of the Holy See. His interchange of letters with Cardinal Barnabo showed that that prelate looked at the school with suspicion. With the memory still green of his two crushing rebuffs in the Oxford matter, it is not surprising that he became anxious lest some pretext might be found for bringing to an end the Oratory School. These fears he communicated to Hope-Scott on September 9:

‘It seems to me certain, that, if we go on just as we are going on now, our school will be stopped. We shall have endless trouble, correspondence, inquiries, false reports, explanations, letters to Propaganda, journeys to Rome, ending, after some years and a languishing concern, in an order from Rome, or a recommendation from our Bishop, to wind up.

‘The simplest way of all is to stop now, and on the ground of [Cardinal Barnabo’s] letter, stating how we practically interpret it, and the result which it foreshadows;—but then, 1. I doubt whether we should carry our friends with us; friends and enemies would say it was “sensitiveness” in me, and enemies would have the double pleasure of blaming me and rejoicing in my act. 2. It would be a loss of perhaps as much as 50*l.* a year, the interest of the money which the Oratory or individual Fathers have lent to the school. 3. Better times may come; if we once stop the school, we cannot recommence it; it is gone for ever. 4. We are doing the Birmingham Oratory a great service in rooting it in the minds and affections of the next generation by setting up an educational system such as ours, and indirectly by our action in other Catholic schools.

‘But then, on the other hand, look at this last reason. In proportion as we are doing good, we are offending the Catholic school interest throughout the country, and Ushaw and Stonyhurst neither like a new establishment to take their boys from them nor to put them on their mettle. That we

are something new tells with great force at Rome, where the defects of English Catholic secular education are not understood. I think there is a determination not to let *me* have anything to do with education. W. G. Ward openly confesses this; Manning does not, but then four years ago, in an enumeration in the *Dublin Review* of the English Catholic Schools, he pointedly left ours out; and about the same time his head Oblate at Bayswater, writing to me on another matter, let drop in the course of his letter that our school was only a temporary concern.

‘What is the good of spending an additional penny on our school? is it not flinging away good money after bad?’

‘Suppose we limited our boys to the age of fourteen or sixteen, which is in principle what we originally intended;—and to this day no other school can boast, as we can, of our care of young boys. We could in our Prospectus and Advertisement enlarge on this. Or again, without committing ourselves to a limit, suppose we in our own minds prepared for it, made up our minds to it as a result of Cardinal Barnabo’s letter to me. Suppose we left everything alone, but this, viz. to add to our Prospectus and Advertisement: “In consequence of special instructions received from the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, and to carry out the wishes of our Bishops, as expressed in their united letter, Father Newman wishes it to be known (to his friends) that no boy is received at the Oratory School, who is intended by his parents for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and that he hopes for their friendly aid to enable him to observe *bona fide* this rule.”’

‘You will let me have your thoughts on the whole subject. Ambrose is going to consult Bishop Clifford.’

While Newman was deliberating as to his best course with a view to preserving the school, he felt that his only safe plan when conversing with the parents of boys was to avoid the question of Oxford altogether. He definitely declined to speak of it in letters to parents who consulted him as to the future of their boys.

The Bishop of Birmingham issued a Pastoral in October discouraging Catholics from going to Oxford. Newman hastened to intimate his obedience. He at once inserted the following passage in the Oratory School prospectus:

‘In accordance with the instructions contained in the Pastoral of the Bishop of Birmingham of October 13th, 1867,

there is no preparation provided for the examinations at Oxford and Cambridge.'

Newman's anxious conscientiousness did not go without its reward. Dr. Ullathorne and other friends were instant and indignant in their representations at Rome both as to his whole-hearted loyalty and his orthodoxy. On the other hand, the party which accused his writings of being unsound were active in making their views known at headquarters. In the end their busy gossip defeated its object. Pius IX., who had ever shown for Newman both regard and consideration, determined to bring matters to a head, and applied to Dr. Cullen, as a responsible authority who knew Newman's writings well, for an opinion as to their orthodoxy. The result was so entirely favourable that Newman was, with the Pope's approval, invited later on both to help in preparing matter for the Vatican Council and to assist at the Council itself as one of the official theologians.

Dr. Cullen's report was made known to Newman in the autumn of 1867 at the Pope's express desire. The news was a ray of sunshine in gloomy weather.

'I consider,' Newman writes in a note dated 1872, 'that the Pope having sent to Dr. Cullen to ask about the character and drift of my writings, and Dr. Cullen having reported to him most favourably, and he (the Pope) having wished this distinctly to be told me, and then two years after having invited me as a theologian to the Ecumenical Council, altogether wipes off Mr. Martin, Zulueta, &c., &c.'

It was perhaps the fresh courage which the good news from Rome gave which made him ready now to speak his mind more openly as to the Oxford question. A very full letter to a friend reviews the situation with great care:

'The Oratory, Novr. 10, 1867.

'My dear Lady Simeon,—Your letter came yesterday. I answer at once to the best of my ability, it being my matter as well as it is yours, and perhaps a greater difficulty to me than to you.

'Let me begin by saying plainly that after the Propaganda Rescript, only under very peculiar, extraordinary circumstances could I make myself responsible for a youth's going to Oxford. If he turned out ill, it would not satisfy my

mind to say "There are greater dangers in periodical literature than in Oxford, he would have gone wrong wheresoever he was." I should have before me a result which I had directly caused, not an hypothesis.

'Having said this at starting, let me now state the case as it really lies.

'1. I say with Cardinal Bellarmine whether the Pope be infallible or not in any pronouncement, anyhow he is to be obeyed. No good can come from disobedience. His facts and his warnings may be all wrong; his deliberations may have been biassed. He may have been misled. Imperiousness and craft, tyranny and cruelty, may be patent in the conduct of his advisers and instruments. But when he speaks formally and authoritatively he speaks as our Lord would have him speak, and all those imperfections and sins of individuals are overruled for that result which our Lord intends (just as the action of the wicked and of enemies to the Church are overruled) and therefore the Pope's word stands, and a blessing goes with obedience to it, and no blessing with disobedience.

'2. But next, I say, there is no command, no prohibition in the Propaganda Rescript which is the subject of your letter: And this, on purpose. The Pope might have prohibited youth from going to Oxford had he been so minded, but he has not done so. For three years past it has been declared by the Bishops in England, that there should be no prohibition. At the Episcopal meeting in December 1864 two, and two only, of the Bishops were for a prohibition. In the spring Cardinal Barnabo told Father St. John that there would be no prohibition. He said "We shall do as we did in Ireland twenty years ago. Archbishop McHale wished a prohibition but we only dissuaded. This we shall do now."

'3. What then is the message if *not* a prohibition? It is the greatest of dissuasions. It throws all the responsibility of the act upon those who send a youth to Oxford. It is an authoritative solemn warning.

'4. Is not this equivalent to a prohibition? No. A prohibition must be obeyed implicitly—but when the Pope condescends not to command, but to reason, he puts the case as it were into our hands and makes us the ultimate judge, he taking the place of a witness of preponderating authority.

'5. What follows from this? That all the responsibility falls on the parent who sends his son to Oxford, that he must in his own conscience make out a case strong enough to overcome in his particular case the general dissuasion of

the Vicar of Christ. Every rule has its exceptions. He has to prove to the satisfaction of his conscience on his death-bed, to the satisfaction of the priest who hears his confession, that the case of his own boy is an exceptional one.

'6. And such exceptions there are. Let me illustrate what I mean. *We* must take care of the young one by one, as a mother does, and as an Archbishop does not. *We* know our own, one by one (if we are priests with the pastoral charge) as our ecclesiastical rulers cannot know them. It were well indeed if some high prelates recollected more than they seem to do the words of the Apostle: "Fathers provoke not your children to anger lest they become pusillanimous," depressed, disgusted, disappointed, unsettled, reckless. Youth is the time of generous and enthusiastic impulses; young men are imprudent, and get into scrapes. Perhaps they fall in love imprudently. To carry out an engagement on which they have set their hearts may seem to their parents a madness; most truly, yet it may be a greater madness to prohibit it. All of us must recollect instances when to suffer what is bad in itself is the lesser of great evils, as the event has shown. When there has been a successful prohibition it has resulted in a life-long ruin to the person who is so dear to us, for whose welfare we have been mistakenly zealous. It does not do to beat the life out of a youth—the life of aspirations, excitement and enthusiasm. Older men live by reason, habit and self-control, but the young live by visions. I can fancy cases in which Oxford would be the salvation of a youth; when he would be far more likely to rise up against authority, murmur against his superiors, and (more) to become an unbeliever, if he is kept from Oxford than if he is sent there.

'7. Now as to — I am far from making such dreadful vaticinations about him. I will but say that he, being a boy, must be treated with the greatest care. It is certain that the prospect of going to Oxford roused him into an activity which he had not before. Also I am told that he was considerably excited on hearing in Church our Bishop's Pastoral read.

'8. This then is what I recommend, viz.: He is only seventeen. Youths do not go to Oxford till they are nineteen. Do nothing at present. His name is already down at —. Wait for a year and a half; many things may turn up in that time. For instance there is a talk of Oxford Examinations and degrees being opened to those who have not resided, and Father Weld said the other day to

me that he should prefer such an opening for his students to their taking their degrees at the London University. This is one outlet from the difficulty, others may show themselves. Therefore I recommend waiting and temporizing.

'9. I don't see there is any call upon you to *initiate* anything, though you are bound to speak when questions are asked for. But this is a matter for your confessor. One thing I am strong upon;—boys are ticklish animals and I think you had better not write to —.

'Excuse, my dear Lady Simeon, the freedom of this letter and believe me, &c., &c.

'J. H. N.'

Although there was no positive and universal prohibition from Rome on the Oxford question, it was clear that the Catholic young men as a body would now keep away from the Universities. There was naturally a strong feeling among the laity that their sons were left with no provision for their education. And many thought the objection to Oxford quite ungrounded. 'The only foundation,' wrote Newman himself, 'for the statement that Catholics at Oxford have made shipwreck of the faith that the Bishop and we could make out was that Weld Blundell ducked a Puseyite in Mercury, and Redington has been talking loosely about the Temporal Power in Rome.' The Jesuits and Archbishop Manning now discussed the formation of a Catholic University College, and Father Weld, a Jesuit father, sought Newman's co-operation. Newman felt, however, that such a scheme had little chance of success. It was not likely to be in the hands of a really representative committee, but rather in those of Manning's friends. The laity would not be fairly represented. And he had come, after his Irish experience, to think a Catholic University not practicable. There is little heart or hope in his letter to Hope-Scott on the subject:

TO MR. HOPE-SCOTT.

'Rednal: Sept. 25, 1867.

'My dear Hope-Scott,—The Archbishop is going to set up a House of higher studies—report says it is to be near Reading and that he has got large sums of money. I suppose he has been urged on by the Pope, or by Propaganda—for I don't think he will like this additional and most anxious work on his hands. I know it from Father Weld,

who has sent me word that he is going to call on me about it.

‘This concerns both you and me, for your influence as a layman cannot be overlooked; and I wish to act with you, though our lines are separate; for they will come to *you* with the desire of finding means; and as to me I don’t suppose they want my advice or co-operation, but only my name.

‘Now suppose he comes to say that there is to be a Committee, and the Archbishop wishes me to be on it; what shall I answer? Are there laymen on it? “Yes. As to Hope-Scott he is so full of work, we could not hope to get him; as to Monsell he is Irish”—and so “our laymen are W. G. Ward, Allies, H. Wilberforce, Lord Petre, Lewis, and Sir G. Bowyer,” &c. . . . Is not the upshot, that I must know who constitute the Committee, and what they are going definitely to do, before I say anything to the proposal?

‘As to the plan itself, I cannot of course object to it, except on the ground of its impracticability, for I have written several volumes in support of it, as Father Weld indirectly reminded me. Nor are you likely to object to it, for it is not so long since you talked of our setting up a House of Higher Studies—that is, about four years ago, before the Oxford projects came up. If you thought it practicable *then*, why should you not think so *now*? If then you have difficulties, it must be in the particular scheme put forward.

‘I have been trying to recollect our Dublin difficulties, in order to profit by my experience. As far as I can recollect, they were these: 1. division among the Bishops, which is not likely to be the case in England. 2. the want of power to give degrees. 3. the exclusion of laymen from influence in the management, not only of the University, but even of the accounts. For this reason, I think even to this day, More O’Ferrall is not a subscriber to it. Of these the second is the best in argument, and as good as any. It seems to me almost fatal. If it be said, “We will affiliate ourselves to London,” should not I answer, “Why not to Oxford?” which they will be able to do shortly, I believe—but *they won’t*.

‘As to the third reason, it concerns you. I should add to it the prospective difficulty of securing the appointment of *lay* Professors. . . . Father Weld being sent to me seems to show that some at least of the Professors are to be Jesuits. I won’t say anything to offend them, but this at least I am resolved on, I think, that I will have nothing to do with the plan, unless the Professors are lay. But if so, and if they are

not to be lay, had not I better have nothing to do with the scheme from the first?

‘I have written as my thoughts came, that you may have something to think about, and when you have anything to say, let me hear from you.

‘J. H. N.’

When the plan was made known to Newman in detail by Father Weld, it did not prove to be in the direction of the kind of University College in which he was disposed to feel any confidence.

‘Rednal: Oct. 10, 1867.

‘My dear Hope-Scott,—Father Weld called on me on Monday. He was making a round, apparently, of the Catholic Schools. He went from us to Oscott.

‘His plan is simply a Jesuit one, as you said. He proposes to transplant the philosophy and theology classes from Stonyhurst and St. Beuno’s to some place on the banks of the Thames. This will give it sixty youths as a nucleus. Then he will invite lay youths generally to join them, having a good array of Professors from the two Colleges I have named.

‘He had not a *doubt*, but he made a question, whether it would do to put Jesuit Novices and lay youths together; *but* he said he thought it would succeed, *for* their novices were too well cared for to be hurt by the contact of lay youths,—though students for the secular priesthood *might* in such a case suffer. I ventured to say that I thought the difficulty would lie on the other side, in the prospect of getting parents to send their sons to a sort of Jesuit Noviceship; and, if they did, of getting the youths themselves to acquiesce in it. I am not sure he entered into my meaning, for he passed the difficulty over.

‘When I mentioned it to Father St. John, he reminded me that good Father Bresciani S.J. at Propaganda, twenty years ago, detailed to us with what great success they had pursued this plan in Piedmont—and how pious the young laymen were in consequence. I wonder whether Cavour, Minghetti, &c., &c., were in the number of these lay youths.

‘Then he said he thought it would be a great thing to indoctrinate the lay youths in *Philosophy*, as an antidote to Mill and Bain. I tried myself to fancy some of our late scholars, . . . sitting down steadily to Dmowski, Liberatore, &c. &c.

'I said, that, if I had the opportunity, I certainly would do my part in sending him youths, though I did not expect I should be able to do much. And I sincerely wish him all success—for it is fair he should have his innings.

'It will amuse you to hear that I contemplate publishing in one volume my verses; and still more that I think of dedicating them to Badeley.

Yours affectly.,

'J. H. N.'

The proposed Catholic University found such small support that it could not at this time even be brought into existence. A few years later it was attempted in the Catholic University College founded by Cardinal Manning at Kensington: and it proved a ludicrous failure.¹ Newman's views received the sad justification of experience both in Ireland and in England—that to act on ideal principles with little or no attempt to forecast accurately what was practicable, was to court failure.

In view of this state of things it would not have been surprising if Newman had allowed all who applied to him for his opinion to know how keenly he felt on the whole subject. It is well therefore to place here on record the chivalrous loyalty with which he did his best to defend to outsiders the action of Propaganda and the Bishops which he deplored. He wrote thus on the subject to Canon Jenkins of Lyminge:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Dec. 12, 1867.

'My dear Mr. Jenkins,—Thank you for your kind letter. The Oxford Scheme has been at an end since April last when I ceased to collect contributions for it.

'The cause is very intelligible. It was most natural for authorities at Rome to take the advice of Oxford converts as to whether youths should be allowed to go to Oxford. Accordingly the late Cardinal applied to various among the Oxford men. Every one of name who was applied to, dissuaded Propaganda from allowing Catholic youths that liberty. Among these were Dr. Manning, Mr. Ward,

¹ So unwilling, however, was Manning to own to failure that the name 'Catholic University College' was for years retained, when the only corresponding reality was a group of three or four boys taught by that very able Professor and man of science, the late Dr. R. F. Clarke, at St. Charles' College, Bayswater.

Dr. Northcote, Mr. Coffin, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Dalgairns; and Cambridge men, such as Mr. Knox, and Mr. Marshall, supported them. It is not wonderful, then, that, deferring to the opinion of such men, Propaganda has resolved on putting strong obstacles in the way of youths going to the Universities. And if it did this, it could not help hindering my going to Oxford—for many parents would consider that the presence of any Priest who knew Oxford well, was a pledge that their children would be protected against the scepticism and infidelity which too notoriously prevail there just now.

‘Yours very sincerely,
J. H. NEWMAN.’

CHAPTER XXVII

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY

(1867-1868)

THE abandonment of the Oxford scheme was, in Newman's eyes, the final relinquishment of all hope of further active work before his death. He was sixty-six years old; and though his health was good, this was not an age for vigorous initiation. He was deeply pained at the action of the authorities in the Oxford matter. The powerful party headed by Manning had prevailed, without any opportunity being given to those who thought differently from them for stating their views. Cardinal Reisach had reported to Rome on the subject without even hearing Newman's case. Cardinal Barnabo was responsible for the 'secret instruction' and for the slur cast on the Oratory School by exceptional treatment. An entry in the journal on October 30, 1867, recalls the famous letter of St. Thomas à Becket to Cardinal Albert, in which he protests against the action of the Roman courts. To this protest Newman expressly refers in one of his letters. And, like St. Thomas, he appeals for the vindication of his own loyalty to the Church from the judgment of ecclesiastical superiors to that of God.¹

'What I have written in the foregoing pages has been written as a sort of relief to my mind; if that were the only reason for writing, I should not write now, for I have no trouble within me to be relieved of. I will put myself under the image of the Patriarch Job, without intending to liken myself to him. He first strenuously resisted the charges of his friends, then he made a long protest of his innocence, and then we read: "The words of Job are ended." Mine are

¹ *Scripta Rer. Francic.* tom. xvi. pp. 416, 417. Cardinal Cullen's favourable report to the Pope concerning the orthodoxy of Newman's writings was probably not made known to him until after this entry had been written.

ended too—I have said to Cardinal Barnabo: “Viderit Deus.” I have lodged my cause with Him—and, while I hope ever by His grace to be obedient, I have now as little desire as I have hope to gain the praise of such as him in anything I shall do henceforth. A. B. and others have been too much for me. They have too deeply impressed the minds of authorities at Rome against me to let the truth about me have fair play while I live; and when one ceases to hope, one ceases to fear. They have done their worst—and, as Almighty God in 1864 cleared up my conduct in the sight of Protestants at the end of twenty years, so as regards my Catholic course, at length, after I am gone hence, “Deus viderit!”

‘I did not use the words lightly, though they seem to have rested most unfavourably on his mind—nor do I dream of retracting them. For many years I tried to approve myself to such as him, but it is now more than ten years that, from failing to do so, I have been gradually weaned from any such expectation or longing. I have recorded the change in the words of my Dublin Sermon of November 23rd, 1856, though covertly and only to my own consciousness. “There are those who . . . think we mean to spend our devotion upon a human cause, and that we toil for an object of human ambition. They think that we should acknowledge, if cross-examined, that our ultimate purpose was the success of persons and parties, to whom we are bound in honour, or in interest, or in gratitude; and that, &c. . . . They fancy, as the largest concession of their liberality, that we are working *from the desire*, generous but still human, *of the praise of earthly superiors*, and that, after all, we are living on the breath, and basking in the smile, of man,” &c., &c.

‘And now, alas, I fear that in one sense the iron has entered into my soul. I mean that confidence in any superiors whatever never can blossom again within me. I never shall feel easy with them. I shall, I feel, always think they will be taking some advantage of me,—that at length their way will lie across mine, and that my efforts will be displeasing to them. I shall ever be suspicious that they or theirs have secret unkind thoughts of me, and that they deal with me with some *arrière pensée*. And, as it is my happiness so to be placed as not to have much intercourse with them, therefore, while I hope ever loyally to fulfil their orders, it is my highest gain and most earnest request to them, that they would let me alone—and, since I do not want to initiate any new plan of any kind, that, if they can,

they would keep their hands off me. Whether or not they will consent to this is more than I can say, for they seem to wish to ostracise me. But, in saying this, I repeat what I said when I began to write, I am now in a state of quiescence, and fear as little as I hope. And I do not expect this state of mind to be reversed. God forbid I should liken them to the "Scribes and Pharisees"—but still I obey them, as Scribes and Pharisees were to be obeyed, as God's representatives, not from devotion to *them*.

'Nor does anything that has happened to me interfere with, rather these external matters have all wonderfully promoted, my inward happiness. I never was in such simply happy circumstances as now, and I do not know how I can fancy I shall continue without some or other real cross. I am my own master,—I have my time my own—I am surrounded with comforts and conveniences—I am in easy circumstances, I have no cares, I have good health—I have no pain of mind or body. I enjoy life only too well. The weight of years falls on me as snow, gently though surely, but I do not feel it yet. I am surrounded with dear friends—my reputation has been cleared by the "Apologia." What can I want but greater gratitude and love towards the Giver of all these good things? There is no state of life I prefer to my own—I would not change my position for that of anyone I know—I am simply content—there is nothing I desire—I should be puzzled to know what to ask, if I were free to ask. I should say perhaps that I wished the financial matters of the Oratory and School to be in a better state—but for myself I am as covered with blessings and as full of God's gifts, as is conceivable. And I have nothing to ask for but pardon and grace, and a happy death.'

Things were, as this last paragraph intimates, far better with him than in the sad years before the 'Apologia.' His hold on the minds of men was re-established. Yet the next entry shows some misgiving lest he may not be turning his renewed influence to good account. But as to taking further part in the controversies of the day he decided to let well alone.

To go too fast might irritate people. To pause awhile, on the contrary, gave time for principles he had laid down in his writings to take deeper hold on men's minds. To keep his name and influence secure from the onslaughts incidental to controversy might be the best means of enabling others,

when the suitable time should come, to use that name in the task of applying and emphasising his views.

On January 29, 1868, he writes thus:

‘Our Lord has said: “*Vae cum benedixerint vobis homines*” (Luc. vi. 26), *καλῶς ὑμᾶς εἰπωσι*, and I seem to be in this danger as regards the Protestant world. A reaction has set in, nor does one know what will be its limits. Just now, my Verses, which I have collected and published, have both stimulated and manifested it. I feel as if a Nemesis would come, if I am not careful and am reminded of the ring of Polycrates. Friends and well-wishers out of kindness are writing favourable reviews of my small book, and I am obliged to read out of gratitude what they say of me so generously. I have said: “the Protestant world”—but it extends to the great mass of (English speaking) Catholics also; till the “Apologia” I was thought “passé” and forgotten. The controversy which occasioned it, and then the Oxford matter and the “Dream of Gerontius” have brought me out, and now I should be hard indeed to please, and very ungrateful to them, and to God, if I did not duly appreciate this thought of me.

‘Then comes the question: what use can I make of these fresh mercies? Not from any supernatural principle, but from mere natural temper, I keep saying, what is the good of all this? what comes of it? “*Vanitas Vanitatum*,” if it is but empty praise. What use can I make of it? for what is it given me? And then, too, on the other hand, when I am well thought of, and the world is in good humour with me, I am led to say to myself: “Let well alone; do not hazard by any fresh act the loss of that, which you have been so long without, and found such difficulty in getting. Enjoy the “*otium cum dignitate*.”

““*Otium cum dignitate*” reminds me of “*Otium cum in dignitate*”; yes, as far as Propaganda goes, and that English party of which Archbishop Manning and Ward are the support, I have been dismissed not simply as “inglorious,” but to “dishonoured ease.” And this would certainly serve as the ring of Polycrates, did I feel it—but I don’t feel it. And, as I had said on some former page, I should be so out of my element if I were without that cold shade on the side of ecclesiastical authority, in which I have dwelt nearly all my life, my eyes would be so dazed, and my limbs so relaxed, were I brought out to bask in the full sun of ecclesiastical favour, that I should not know how to act and should make a fool of myself.

‘As my Lord had some purpose in letting me be so long forgotten and calumniated, as He has had some purpose in leaving me, as regards ecclesiastical authorities, under that cloud which He has lately removed from me as regards Catholics and Protestants generally, so now He has some purpose in that late removal—if I could know what it is. Perhaps He wishes me to do nothing new, but He is creating an opportunity for what I have already written to work. Perhaps my duty is, what is only too pleasant, to sit still, do nothing, and enjoy myself. Perhaps my name is to be turned to account as a sanction and outset by which others, who agree with me in opinion, should write and publish instead of me, and thus begin the transmission of views in religious and intellectual matters congenial with my own, to the generation after me.’

Newman gave himself for a time to slighter tasks, which did not need great labour. He coached the Edgbaston boys for Terence’s ‘Phormio,’ which he had arranged for them in 1865, and which was to be performed again in May 1868. He arranged (as we have seen) to publish a complete edition of his verses, which he dedicated to Edward Badeley. The preparation of this volume was congenial labour. He once described his feeling about verse-making in a letter to R. H. Hutton.

‘If I had my way,’ he wrote, ‘I should give myself up to verse-making; it is nearly the only kind of composition which is not a trouble to me, but I have never had time. As to my prose volumes, I have scarcely written any one without an external stimulus; their composition has been to me, in point of pain, a mental childbearing, and I have been accustomed to say to myself: “In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children.”’

‘But to return to the verses, I am surprised at the high terms in which you speak of them. I wrote those in the *Lyra* just before the commencement of the Oxford Movement, while travelling, and during convalescence after fever, and while crossing the Mediterranean home[wards]. I have never had practice enough to have words and metres at my command. And besides, at the time I had a theory, one of the extreme theories of the incipient Movement, that it was not right “*agere poetam*” but merely “*ecclesiasticum agere*”; that the one thing called for was to bring out an idea; that the harsher the better, like weaving sackcloth, if only it would serve as an evidence that I was not making an *ἀγώνισμα*.’

The volume appeared in January, and in its pages the 'Dream of Gerontius' took its place for the first time among his collected poems. The book was received with a chorus of praise, Mr. Hutton leading the way in the *Spectator*. Newman was touched and cheered at its favourable reception. He writes on February 6 to Father Coleridge, who had reviewed the volume in the *Month*:

' . . . I have not written to you since the critique of my Verses in the *Month*. I think I must find some ring of Polycrates to make a sacrifice to fortune, else, some Nemesis will come on me. I am bound to read the various critiques on me, for they are written by kind persons, who wish to do a thing pleasing to me, and whom I should be very ungrateful not to respond to, and they do please me—but I have been so little used to praise in my life, that I feel like the good woman in the song, "O, cried the little woman, sure it is not I." '

A peaceful spring and summer followed: 'four months,' he notes in his diary, 'of beautiful weather'; and in June he resolved to execute a task of love and pain which he had long had in mind—to pay a farewell visit to Littlemore. The visit is chronicled in a letter to Henry Wilberforce, who had written in the same month to urge Newman to pay him a visit at Farnham:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: June 18/68.

'Thank you for your affectionate letter and invitation—but I can't accept it. It is not much more than a week since I refused one from my sister. I have real duties here which make it difficult to get away; I am on a strict régime, which I don't like to omit for a day—and I have an old man's reluctance to move. I have promised R. W. Church a visit for several years, and it must be my first.

'I am gradually knocking off some purposes of the kind. When your letter came, I was at Littlemore: I had always hoped to see it once before I died. Ambrose and I went by the 7 a.m. train to Abingdon, then across to Littlemore—then direct from Littlemore by rail to Birmingham where we arrived by 7—just 12 hours. . . . Littlemore is now *green*.

'Crawley's cottage and garden (upon my 10 acres which I sold him) are beautiful. The Church too is now what they call a gem. And the parsonage is very pretty. I saw various of my people, now getting on in life. It was 40

years the beginning of this year since I became Vicar. Alas, their memory of me was in some cases stronger than my memory of them.

‘They have a great affection for my mother and sisters—tho’ it is 32 years since they went away. There is a large Lunatic Asylum—separated, however from the Village by the railroad—so it is no annoyance—rather it adds green to the place—nor is the railroad an annoyance, for it is a cutting. It is 22 years since I was there. I left February 22—1846. I do not expect ever to see it again—nor do I wish it.’

Little is said in this letter of the feelings which overcame him at the sight of his old home with its sacred memories. Fortunately there are extant the written impressions of one who accidentally met him there, which help to fill in the picture. I owe them to the kindness of Canon Irvine.

‘I was passing by the Church at Littlemore when I observed a man very poorly dressed leaning over the lych gate crying. He was to all appearance in great trouble. He was dressed in an old gray coat with the collar turned up and his hat pulled down over his face as if he wished to hide his features. As he turned towards me I thought it was a face I had seen before. The thought instantly flashed through my mind it was Dr. Newman. I had never seen him, but I remember Mr. Crawley had got a photo of Dr. Newman. I went and told Mr. Crawley I thought Dr. Newman was in the village, but he said I must be mistaken, it could not be. I asked him to let me see the photo, which he did. I then told him I felt sure it was [he]. Mr. Crawley wished me to have another look at him. I went and met him in the churchyard. He was walking with Mr. St. John. I made bold to ask him if he was not an old friend of Mr. Crawley’s, because if he was I felt sure Mr. Crawley would be very pleased to see him; as he was a great invalid and not able to get out himself, would he please to go and see Mr. Crawley. He instantly burst out crying and said, “Oh no, oh no!” Mr. St. John begged him to go, but he said, “I cannot.” Mr. St. John asked him then to send his name, but he said “Oh no!” At last Mr. St. John said, “You may tell Mr. Crawley Dr. Newman is here.” I did so, and Mr. Crawley sent his compliments, begged him to come and see him, which he did and had a long chat with him. After that he went and saw several of the old people in the village.’

Newman returned to the Oratory that night, and resumed the little tasks of daily life. Old friends were now passing away, however, and he had it in his mind to pay some visits which might, he felt, prove visits of farewell to those who were left. In reply to a letter from Henry Wilberforce in which he announced the death of an old Oxford friend, he wrote thus on July 7:

‘It rejoices me to think that you are at last in harbour in a quiet home and with a pleasant garden. My time is fully occupied here even with daily matters. Lately I have had all the Sacristy matters on my hands—have had to analyse all the details of the work—apportion it among four or five helps, and write out and post up the duties of each. The School always takes up time—and now the Orphanage is becoming in size a second school. And, during the vacation now coming on us, I must be at home, for everyone else is going away. When I go to R. W. Church, (I say “R. W.” for did I say to “Church” it would be like Birnam Wood going to Dunsinane) I hope to take you in my way, if you will receive me.

‘When I saw A. B.’s death in the paper I wrote to Rogers for some intelligence about it. He wrote to some person near A. B. From both their letters I could see that they had no very near sympathy with his fortunes—and I really think I lamented him more than any one in his immediate neighbourhood. . . . Alas, alas—perhaps it is that my sympathy is in my being old like him, and in going the way he has gone. “Omnes eodem cogimur,” and one’s old friends are falling on every side.’

A little later in the same year another old friend, Sir John Harding, passed away after a lingering illness.

‘I don’t suppose I ought to grieve,’ Newman wrote to their common friend, William Froude, ‘but I do grieve. Strange to say either last night or this morning I was thinking of him in church—I think I said a “Hail Mary” for him.

‘I know it must sadden you, even though it be a relief, and I can’t help sending you a line to say how I sympathise with you.

‘I recollect thinking in chapel, “He was nearly the only person who was kind to me on my conversion”—(you were another). I met him in the street in London soon after it. He stopped me, shook hands with me, and said to me some very friendly and comforting words. It is the last time I saw him.’

Still, in spite of the sad thoughts which the death of his contemporaries and his own advancing years brought, his own powers were quite unimpaired, and his interest in the subjects which had so long absorbed his mind was as keen as ever. He was conscious that he still had it in him to help to solve the great problem of the hour (as he viewed it)—to promote the influence of Catholic Christianity on modern civilisation. And he felt deeply that the jealous criticisms of his theological opponents tied his hands.

‘Are they not doing the Holy See a grave disservice,’ he wrote in a memorandum dated August 1867, ‘who will not let a zealous man defend it *in his own way*, but insist on his doing it in *their way* or not at all—or rather only at the price of being considered heterodox or disaffected if his opinions do not run in a groove?’

The same thought often reappears in his letters at this time; but he submitted to these inevitable limitations, and he confined himself to work which could, he believed, be done without incurring the risk of censure. In the summer of 1866, while in Switzerland, he had begun systematic notes for the work on Faith and Reason which he had for years been contemplating. Henceforward he made this his chief occupation.

It did not directly touch any burning controversy. And he was satisfied that if he was allowed time and space he could develop his view without running counter to the best scholastic thought on the subject; although a brief treatment must of necessity be open to misrepresentation. Of the work which resulted, the ‘Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent,’ which he accounted one of the most important of his life, we must speak in a separate chapter.

His work, however, was destined not to go forward without interruptions, and serious ones. The times were stirring. The destruction of the civil principedom which the Papacy had held in one form or another for a thousand years was going forward with ominous thoroughness. And it was a symbol of the final dethronement of Christian civilisation, so long imminent, but now on the eve of accomplishment. The French Revolution had nearly done the work. But there had been since then the kind of rally in a hopeless case

which at times deceives the watchers by a bed of sickness. The Romantic Movement, the Catholic Revival in France and Germany, associated with so many great names, had given Rome new hope. Then, again, the political world had shown a sense of the value of the Papacy as a principle of order—an antidote to constant revolutionary movements, eruptions due to the volcanic element the French Revolution had left behind it. Not only did the Powers restore the Pontifical dominions in 1814, but they did so again in 1849. Now, however, such reactions had ceased. The Papal sovereignty was clearly doomed. Napoleon III., from whose support of the Church so much had once been hoped, was no longer to be relied on. The Powers were, at the present crisis, with the Sardinians, or, at best, too indifferent to interfere again, as in 1849, on the Pope's behalf. Pius IX., the reforming Pope of 1846, became the bitter enemy of the modern movement which meant his overthrow. He continued year after year to protest indignantly against the apostasy of Christendom and to denounce the false principles of modern 'Liberalism.' The militant party represented in France by M. Louis Veuillot, the editor of the *Univers*, claimed that their view had been justified. They had been right in proclaiming war on 'Liberalism.' Montalembert and Lacordaire had proved utterly wrong in believing that the Church could find a *modus vivendi* with it.

The policy of this determined group of neo-Ultramontanes became more and more one of extreme centralisation. It had been opposed from the first by leading French Bishops. In its first phase, when the editor of the *Univers* had been the henchman of Napoleon III., Archbishop Sibour of Paris had written to Montalembert a weighty letter on the grave dangers attending the line that journal was advocating. It was not Ultramontanism in its time-honoured sense, but an ecclesiastico-political movement practically abrogating the normal constitution of Church and State alike.

'When you formerly, like ourselves, M. le Comte,' wrote the Archbishop, 'made loud professions of Ultramontanism you did not understand things thus. We defended the independence of the spiritual power against the pretensions and encroachments of the temporal power, but we respected the

constitution of the State and the constitution of the Church. We did not do away with all intermediate power, all hierarchy, all reasonable discussion, all legitimate resistance, all individuality, all spontaneity. The Pope and the Emperor were not the one the whole Church and the other the whole State. Doubtless there are times when the Pope may set himself above all the rules which are only for ordinary times, and when his power is as extensive as the necessities of the Church. The old Ultramontanes kept this in mind, but they did not make of the exception a rule. The new Ultramontanes have pushed everything to extremes, and have abounded in hostile arguments against all liberties—those of the State as well as those of the Church. If such systems were not calculated to compromise the most serious religious interests at the present time, and especially at a future day, one might be content with despising them; but when one has a presentiment of the evils they are preparing for us, it is difficult to be silent and resigned. You have, therefore, done well, M. le Comte, to stigmatise them.'

These were the words of a wise prelate written in 1853. And now the misfortunes of the Papacy and the protests of Pius IX. gave a fresh impetus to the neo-Ultramontane campaign. M. Veuillot and his friends urged that the Infallibility of the Pontiff should be made an article of faith. They seemed to conceive of such a definition as a protest against an apostate world, and a crown of honour for the persecuted Pontiff. This way of looking at things was to be found in England also, and in Germany. Archbishop Manning told the present writer that he and the Bishop of Ratisbon, after assisting at the Pontifical Vespers in St. Peter's Basilica on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul in 1867, as an act of devotion jointly made a vow that they would not rest until they had secured the great definition which was to give new glory to Christ's outraged Vicar. And very many shared such sentiments.

In that very year the Vatican Council was finally determined on. Pius IX. had first spoken of it shortly after the appearance of the Syllabus of 1864. It was designed to discuss and meet the evils of an age of apostasy. Its approach was formally announced on June 26, 1867, to the Bishops who were keeping in Rome the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom. The announcement was a signal for

renewed outbursts of militant loyalty. The years 1867, 1868, and 1869 were years of great controversial stress. Such men as Mgr. Darboy, who had succeeded Mgr. Sibour as Archbishop of Paris, and Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, were indignant at M. Veuillot's unceasing attacks on his fellow-Catholics, whom he accused of 'Liberalism,' and on members of the Episcopate. They were conscious of being as loyally devoted to the Holy See as M. Veuillot himself. Veuillot claimed the sanction of Pius IX. for his attitude. But the Bishops denied his contention. He had made the same claim in 1863 for his denunciations of Montalembert's Malines address, and Montalembert's great friend Mr. Monsell had found it to be without foundation. Mr. Monsell had asked Pius IX. himself if the address was condemned, and the Pope with characteristic *bonhomie* had pointed to a copy of the address on his table, and said as he took his pinch of snuff, 'I have not yet read it, so it cannot be condemned. For I am the captain of the ship.'¹ Dupanloup accused Louis Veuillot of representing his own narrow and untheological views on the Papal claims and his own hostility to modern science and all forms of the modern liberties as necessary conditions of orthodoxy. He published an *Avertissement* addressed to Veuillot himself, in which pain and indignation speak audibly. 'The moment has come,' he wrote, 'to defend ourselves against you. I raise then, in my turn, my voice . . . I charge you with usurpations on the Episcopate, with perpetual intrusion in the most delicate matters, I charge you above all with your excesses in doctrine, your deplorable taste for irritating questions, and for violent and dangerous solutions. I charge you with accusing, insulting, and calumniating your brethren in the Faith. None have merited more than you that severe word of the Sacred Books,—"Accusator fratrum." Above all I reproach you with making the Church participate in your violences, by giving as its doctrines, with rare audacity (*par une rare audace*), your most personal ideas.'

M. Veuillot, who was in no sense a trained theologian, had used language in the *Univers* which must be recalled, as it is otherwise quite impossible to understand either the

¹ This anecdote was related to the present writer by Mr. Monsell himself.

strenuous opposition of men like Archbishop Sibour, Montalembert, Newman, and Dupanloup, or the extraordinary exaggerations still current among men of the world as to the meaning of the dogma of Infallibility. In defiance of the common-place of theology that the protection of the Pope from error in formal definitions is not 'Inspiration,' but only Providential 'assistance,' and that the ordinary means used by the Pope in forming his judgments are, correlatively, the regular scientific processes of theology and consultation with the Episcopate, whether in Council or otherwise, he boldly used the following words in a pamphlet called 'L'illusion Libérale': 'We all know certainly only one thing, that is that no man knows anything except the Man with whom God is for ever, the Man who carries the thought of God. We must . . . unswervingly follow his *inspired* directions' (*ses directions inspirées*). Pursuing this same line the *Univers* laughed at the *Correspondant* for dwelling on the careful and prolonged discussions which were in point of fact so marked a feature in the Vatican Council. 'The *Correspondant* wants them to discuss,' wrote Veuillot, 'and wishes the Holy Ghost to take time in forming an opinion. It has a hundred arguments to prove how much time for reflection is indispensable to the Holy Ghost.'

In October 1869 the *Univers* printed in a hymn addressed to Pius IX. words almost identical with those addressed by the Church to the Holy Ghost on Whitsunday:

'Pater pauperum,
Dator munerum,
Lumen cordium,
Emitte coelitus
Lucis tue radium.'

In the following month came a version of the hymn beginning

'Rerum Deus tenax vigor,'

with the word 'Pius' substituted for 'Deus' (*Univers*, October 21 and 28 and November 8).

W. G. Ward was carrying on in the *Dublin Review* a more carefully reasoned exposition of the new Ultramon-

tanism, maintaining the frequency and wide scope of infallible utterances. While theoretically recognising the theological distinctions which Veillot neglected, his practical conclusion as to the significance of the constant Briefs, Allocutions, and Encyclicals of the existing Pontificate was (to use his own words) that 'in a figurative sense Pius IX. may be said never to have ceased from one continuous *ex Cathedra* pronouncement.'¹

W. G. Ward was, moreover, an active talker. 'I should like a new Papal Bull every morning with my *Times* at breakfast,' was one of his sayings which gained currency as literally meant. His articles in the *Dublin* were, as I have already said, republished in a volume in 1866.

Newman followed the utterances of the *Univers* and the *Dublin* alike with profound and ever-deepening distress. His distress was the greater because of the noble elements in the Ultramontane movement, which were, he considered, being disfigured by exaggeration and party spirit. He had himself ever been an Ultramontane in the sense that Mgr. Sibour and Montalembert were Ultramontanes. He had held that the Pontiff's definitions of faith were infallible. But he felt deeply, as did Mgr. Dupanloup, the unchristian animosity displayed by M. Veillot in the name of Ultramontanism against such admirable Catholics as Montalembert and his friends of the *Correspondant*. From W. G. Ward's writings personal animosity was absent. But his extreme theories touched more closely Newman's own field of action in England. And the blending of what Newman felt to be valuable with what he felt to be impossible to hold, in the face of obvious historical facts and recognised theological principles, was even more marked in the case of the English writer. To follow the lead of Pius IX. with loyalty was one thing. To commit Catholic theologians to an entirely new view (as Newman considered) ascribing infallibility to a Pope's public utterances which were not definitions of faith or morals was quite another matter. The immense value, for the effectiveness of Catholicism as a power in the world, of a hearty union of Catholics under the Pope as their general in the war waged by the new age against the Church, had been impressed upon

¹ *Essays on the Church's Doctrinal Authority*, p. 510.

the Catholics of the nineteenth century by de Maistre in his great work 'Du Pape.' The gradual extinction of Gallicanism was the result of a movement which had in it very valuable elements. It was a simple and inspiring programme to listen to the voice of the reigning Pontiff as ever witnessing to the unerring faith of Peter. No one felt all this in his heart more deeply than did Newman. His whole sympathy was ever with obedience and loyalty. But he could not shut his eyes to the terrible revenges which time would bring on an attempt to identify the Catholic faith with views which ignored patent facts of history, including the human defects of Popes themselves, visible at times even in their official pronouncements. He could not forget such Popes as Liberius and Honorius. The action of these Pontiffs could, no doubt, in his opinion, be defended as consistent with Papal Infallibility, but only by those careful distinctions as to what official utterances were and were not infallible which were now branded as 'Liberalism' by Veuillot, as 'minimism' by W. G. Ward. Had the faithful at large felt bound, under pain of mortal sin or disloyalty to the Church, to be guided by the famous official letter of Pope Honorius to the Patriarch Sergius which encouraged the Monothelite heresy, they would have fallen under the censure of Popes Agatho and Leo II., who anathematised Pope Honorius for that very letter. Had the letter been accepted as the teaching of the Church, had a critical examination of its exact authority been treated as disloyal, the Catholic Communion might have become largely Monothelite. Even as it was, the letter proved, in the words of a distinguished theologian, 'a tower of strength' to heretics until it had, later on, been authoritatively declared by Rome itself to be no embodiment of her Apostolic tradition.¹ Meanwhile the orthodox had resolutely to oppose the Pope's verdict. 'Though a Pope do all that Honorius did,' Newman had to insist in replying to a letter from Dr. Pusey, in which current Ultramontane excesses were treated as Catholic doctrine, 'he is not speaking infallibly.' All this was practically ignored by M. Veuillot.²

¹ *Dublin Review*, No. 280, p. 79.

² Mr. Ward dealt with the Honorius question eventually, see p. 237.

Able historians such as Lord Acton, whose attitude towards the Papacy was hostile, noted in triumph the unhistorical impossibilities which were being advanced as indispensable to whole-hearted orthodoxy. Yet the trend of events, the war of modern civilisation on the Church, the iniquitous spoliation of the Holy See, had in fact made loyalty so hot and indiscriminating, as in some quarters to put the interests of intellectual accuracy and candour in these matters almost out of sight. This temper of mind was prevalent within the memory of many of us. To qualify and distinguish as to the claims of the Holy Father's official utterances on our mental allegiance, seemed to many Catholics at that moment to be unworthy and half-hearted.

Newman had, then, the most painful and thankless work before him, of pointing out the dangers of a movement which was inspired largely by devotion to Rome; thus seeming, to those who were blind to the real peril of the situation, to side to some extent with the cold and persecuting world, and with half-hearted Catholics who were really disaffected and disloyal; to be, in his jealous protection of the interests of theological truth, guilty of intellectualism or intellectual pride.

Scrupulously anxious to keep his action within such limits as would secure its being, so far as it went, effectual, Newman took two significant steps—one in 1867, the other in 1868. It was characteristic of him that he carefully confined himself to English controversies—which came in the direct path of his own duty. And in each case, what he ultimately did was less than what he first planned. He had planned, as we have seen, to write in 1866 on Papal Infallibility in answer to W. G. Ward. He ended by encouraging Father Ignatius Ryder to write in 1867, and doing his best to support him by the weight of his name and by his acknowledged sympathy. In 1868 he encouraged Mr. Peter le Page Renouf to write on the Honorius case with a view to showing the difficulties it raised in connection with the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. He proposed to make Renouf's pamphlet an excuse for writing himself on the subject, but in the end only did his best privately to urge the importance of the question being fully ventilated.

In connection with Father Ryder's pamphlet there were two points which he was specially desirous of emphasising. The first (referred to in a letter to Ryder himself) was the degree of freedom which a Catholic might lawfully claim for his internal belief except when that freedom was barred by a definition of faith. He claimed freedom to differ from the generally received view, not universally, but in this or that case where the individual had access to urgent reasons for so doing. The second point was the necessity that the doctrinal effect of each fresh official Papal utterance should be interpreted not by the private judgment of the ordinary reader exercised on the text of the particular utterance alone, but by the gradual sifting of theological experts whose business it is to determine the authority of the fresh utterance and to collate it with other *loci theologici*. He believed that such scientific thoroughness gave far greater liberty of opinion to Catholics than Mr. Ward allowed them. His anxiety seems to have been, in view of possible future discoveries in science and criticism, to make it clear that the road was not finally barred to such reconsideration of some received views as might eventually prove necessary, but at the same time to leave the presumption on the side of what was generally accepted.

This line of thought was expressed in the first instance in the course of a correspondence with Pusey. Pusey treated Newman's repudiation of the excesses of Ward and Faber as an assertion of that principle of 'minimism' which W. G. Ward was constantly denouncing. Newman repudiated the charge. How hearty and thorough was Newman's own obedience to the Papacy, how ungrudging his recognition of the wide sphere of its authority, is apparent in two remarkable letters to Pusey written in response to a request from Bishop Forbes of Brechin for further information.¹

¹ It may be pointed out that Newman analyses in these letters, in the field of dogma, a principle which is more popularly recognised in the field of morals—that 'extrinsic' probability, that is the *consensus* of competent theologians as to a particular conclusion, holds the field in the first instance, and claims our allegiance *primâ facie*; yet, in the case of those competent to weigh the *pros* and *cons* in a special case, the 'intrinsic' probability, that is the value of the actual reasons alleged, may lawfully be estimated and acted on by the individual, in opposition to a generally accepted view. The peculiarity of speculative dogmatic theology,

'The Oratory: March 22nd 1867.

'My dear Pusey,—I understand that you and Bishop Forbes (who I hope will allow me to answer him through you) ask simply the question of fact, what is held and must be held by members of our communion about the powers of the Pope.

'Any categorical answer would be unsatisfactory—but if I *must* so speak, I should say that his jurisdiction, (for that I conceive you to mean by "powers") is unlimited and despotic. And I think this is the general opinion among us. I am not a deep theologian,—but, as far as I understand the question, it is my own opinion. There is nothing which any other authority in the Church can do, which he cannot do at once—and he can do things which they cannot do, such as destroy a whole hierarchy, as well as create one. As to the question of property, whether he could simply confiscate the funds of a whole diocese, I do not know—but I suspect he can. Speaking generally, I think he can do anything, but break the divine law.

'If you will have a categorical answer, this is it—and I do not see how I can modify it. But such a jurisdiction is (1) not so much a *practice* as a *doctrine*—and (2) not so much a *doctrine* as a *principle* of our system. Now I will attempt, at the risk of making a very long matter of it, to explain what I mean.

'1. It must not be supposed that the Pope does or can exercise at will or any moment those powers that he has. You know the story of the King of Spain who was scorched to death because the right officer was not at hand to wheel his chair from the fire—and so practically the Pope's jurisdiction requires a great effort to put it into motion. Pius VII. swept away a good part of the French hierarchy, but this is not an act of every day. Two things happened while we

as distinguished from moral theology, is of course this—that new scientific discoveries or probabilities on its borderland may create a new intrinsic probability, and such scientific probabilities are at first only appreciated by a few. This fact he illustrates by the far-reaching though well-worn facts of the Galileo case, in its bearing on the conclusions of the theologians of the Inquisition who censured his views as heretical. In moral theology the premisses of a received conclusion have no such changing element, for they consist solely in the nature of the case hypothetically stated. In the mixed problems of theology and historical criticism it is otherwise. Their conclusions rest on premisses partly supplied by the ordinary *loci theologici* and partly by the *data* of an advancing science. Moreover, such new *data* not only affect 'intrinsic' probability for those who know them, but destroy extrinsic probability for conclusions drawn before they were known.

were at Rome to illustrate what I mean. The Pope gave us the Oratory of Malta, and this, mind, not by any claim of general jurisdiction over the Oratory and other religious bodies, which are his own creation. We were *talking* of taking possession, (not that we had ever really made up our minds) when an experienced Jesuit at Propaganda said to us: "It is your interest to go to the *Bishop* of Malta. It is all very fine your having the Oratory there as a present from the Pope, but you will find, when you get there, that, in spite of the Pope's act, the Bishop is the greater man of the two." And since then I have always been struck with the great power of Bishops in their respective dioceses, even in England where (as being under Propaganda) they have not the power they possess in Catholic countries. Indeed, one of the great causes of the bad state of things in Italy is (I do believe) because the Pope cannot effect reforms in particular dioceses from the traditional usages and the personal resistance of Bishops and clergy. And again as to Rome, they say the Pope has practically hardly any power at all in his own city. The second instance which came before us when we were in Rome was this:—the Pope told the Jesuit Father that he had appointed Dr. Wiseman Vicar Apostolic of London. It got about Rome, and at length was told by a lady in all simplicity to Cardinal Franzoni, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. He at once drew up and abruptly denied there was an appointment. He said the appointment belonged to Propaganda, to him, and the Pope could not interfere—and the Pope was obliged to give way—and Dr. Walsh was appointed instead. His abstract power is not a practical fact.

'2. And now secondly I observe that it is not so much even an abstract doctrine as it is a principle; by which I mean something far more subtle and intimately connected with our system itself than a doctrine, so as not to be contained in the written law, but to be, like the common law of the land, or rather the principles of the Constitution, contained in the very idea of our being what we are.

'I hope you will let me go a good way back to show this, though I fear you may think me dissertating; but it will lead me to remark on a *previous* question to the one you ask me, and which I really ought to handle, lest in answering your question at all, I lead you to think I am able to follow you in a view of it which I cannot take.

'I must then deliver a sort of Sermon against Minimism and Minimists.

‘The words then of Councils, &c., on the subject of the Pope’s powers are (to a certain degree) vague, as you say, and indefinite; even for this reason, viz.—from the strong reluctance which has ever been felt, to restrict the liberty of thinking and judging more than was absolutely necessary, is a matter of sacred duty, in order to the maintenance of the revealed *depositum*. It has always been trusted that the received belief of the faithful and the obligations of piety would cover a larger circuit of doctrinal matter than was formally claimed, and secure a more generous faith than was imperative on the conscience. Hence there has never been a wish on the part of the Church to cut clean between doctrine revealed and doctrine not revealed; first indeed, because she actually *cannot* do so at any given moment, but is illuminated from time to time as to what was revealed in the beginning on this or that portion of the whole mass of teaching which is now received; but secondly, because for that very reason she would be misrepresenting the real character of the dispensation, as God has given it, and would be abdicating her function, and misleading her children into the notion that she was something obsolete and *passé*, considered as a divine oracle, and would be transferring their faith from resting on herself as the organ of revelation (and in some sense *improprié*) as its formal object, simply to a code of certain definite articles or a written creed (or material object) if she authoritatively said that so much, and no more, is “*de fide Catholica*” and binding on our inward assent. Accordingly, the act of faith, as we consider, must now be partly explicit, partly implicit; viz. “I believe whatever has been and whatever shall be defined as revelation by the Church who is the origin of revelation”; or again, “I believe in the Church’s teaching, whether explicit or implicit,” i.e. “*Ecclesiae docenti et explicite et implicite*.” This rule applies both to learned and to ignorant; for, as the ignorant, who does not understand theological terms, must say, “I believe the Athanasian Creed in that sense in which the Church puts it forward,” or, “I believe that the Church is veracious,” so the learned, though they do understand the theological wording of that Creed, and can say intelligently what the ignorant cannot say, viz., “I believe that there are not Three *Aeterni*, but one *Aeternus*,” still have need to add, “I believe it because the Church has declared it,” and, “I believe all that the Church has defined or shall define as revealed,” and “I absolutely submit my mind with

an inward assent to the Church, as the teacher of the whole faith."

'Accordingly the use of such books as Veron's and Chrissman's (which contain that "Minimum" which Dr. Forbes asks about) is mainly to ascertain the matter of fact, viz. what at present is defined by the Church as "de fide"; and with whatever difference in the way of putting it, they would not deny that it is in the power of the Church to define points hitherto open, and that the faithful are bound to accept these with an inward assent when they are defined.

'But post time has come,—and perhaps I ought to let it bring what I have to say to an end—yet, if you will let me, I should like to run out what I have begun—though it will give you trouble to read.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: March 23rd, 1867.

'My dear Pusey,—I do hope you will not think I am preaching—but to answer you, without showing you that the answer is given from a different basis from that on which the question is asked, would be to mislead you and the Bishop—it would in fact be an equivocation—for "Minimism" in my mouth does not mean the same thing as in yours.

'I ended yesterday by saying that such writers as Veron and Chrissman and Denzinger, in laying down what was "de fide," never pretended to exclude the principle that it was "de fide" because the Church taught it as such, and that she could teach other things as "de fide" by the same right as she taught what she now teaches as such. This is our broad principle, held by all of whatever shade of theological opinion. While it would be illogical not to give an inward assent to what she has already declared to be revealed, so it is pious and religious to believe, or at least not to doubt, what, though in fact not defined, still it is *probable* she might define as revealed, or that she *will* define, or seems to *consider* to be revealed.

'To illustrate the difference between simply faith and religiousness:—it is as great a sin against *faith* to deny that there is a Purgatory as to deny that there is the Beatific Vision; but it is a sin against religiousness as well as against faith to deny the latter. And so, as to the Church's teaching about the Holy See, before the Council of Florence, about which you ask (supposing the following point was not already defined, which I do not know) it might be pious to believe, and a defect in piety (in educated men) not to believe that the Pope was "totius Ecclesiae Doctor," because it was

clear the Church held it, and probable that she might and would define it; and it is this spirit of piety which holds together the whole Church. We embrace and believe what we find universally received, till a question arises about any particular point. Thus, as to our Lord's perfect knowledge in His Human Nature, we might always have admitted it without a question through *piety* to the general voice—then, when the controversy arose, we might ask ourselves if it *had* been defined, examine the question for ourselves and end the examination by (wrongly but allowably) doubting of it; but then *when* the definition was published in its favour, we should submit our minds to the obedience of faith. So again Galileo, *supposing* he began (I have no reason for implying or thinking he did, but *supposing* he began) with doubting the received doctrine about the centrality of the earth, I think he would have been defective in religiousness; but not defective in faith, (unless indeed by chance he erroneously thought that the centrality had been defined). On the other hand, when he saw good reasons for doubting it, it was very fair to ask, and implied no irreligiousness,—“After all, is it defined?” and then, on inquiry, he would have found his liberty of thought “in possession,” and would both by right and with piety doubt of the earth's centrality.

‘Applying this principle to the Pope's Infallibility, (N.B. this of course is mine own opinion only, *meo periculo*) a man will find it a religious duty to *believe* it or may safely *disbelieve* it, in *proportion* as he thinks it probable or improbable that the Church might or will define it, or does hold it, and that it is the doctrine of the Apostles. For myself, (still to illustrate what I mean, not as arguing) I think that the Church *may* define it (i.e. it possibly may turn out to belong to the original *depositum*), but that she will not ever define it; and again I do not see that she can be said to hold it. She never can simply *act* upon it, (being undefined, as it is) and I believe never has;—moreover, on the other hand, I think there is a good deal of evidence, on the very surface of history and the Fathers in its favour. On the whole then I hold it; but I should account it no sin if, on the grounds of reason, I doubted it.

‘I have made this long talk by way of protest against the principle of the “Minimum” which both you and Dr. Forbes stand upon, and which we never can accept as a principle, or as a basis of an Eirenicon. It seems to us false, and we must ever hold, on the contrary, that the object of faith is *not*

simply certain articles, A. B. C. D. contained in dumb documents, but the whole word of God, explicit, and implicit, as dispensed by His living Church. On this point I am sure there can be no Eirenicon; for it marks a fundamental, elementary difference between the Anglican view and ours, and every attempt to bridge it over will but be met in the keen and stern temper of Cardinal Patrizzi's letter.¹

'Nor is the point which is the direct subject of your question much or at all less an elementary difference of principle between us; viz. the Pope's jurisdiction:—it is a difference of principle even more than of doctrine. That that jurisdiction is universal is involved in the very idea of a Pope at all. I can easily understand that it was only partially apprehended in the early ages of the Church, and that, as Judah in the Old Covenant was not duly recognised and obeyed as the ruling tribe except gradually, so St. Cyprian or St. Augustine in Africa (if so) or St. Basil in Asia Minor (if so) may have fretted under the imperiousness of Rome, and not found a means of resignation in their trouble ready at hand in a clear view (which they had not) that Rome was one of the powers that be, which are ordained of God. It required time for Christians to enter into the full truth, so as always on all points to think and act aright; and in saying this, I do not mean to admit the force of Mr. Bright's historical arguments against our view of the matter;—but I admit them for argument's sake, and am appealing to the nature and necessity of the case, and to the common-sense view of the case. For to this day a dormant jurisdiction is far from uncommon among us. Bishops for some reason or other allow priests sometimes to go on their own way, and to act by usage in certain things, as if they (the priests) had power of their own; and then some new Bishop comes perhaps, like a new broom, and pulls them up sharply, and shows that such usage was mere matter of allowance; and the priests for a time resist through ignorance. And parallel interpretations may be given *mutatis mutandis* even to the acts of Councils, taking those acts on our opponents' showing. Putting aside then, as in our feeling it may be put aside, the historical question, our feeling as a *fact* (for so alone I am speaking of it) is this:—that there is no use in a Pope at all, except to bind the whole of Christendom into one polity; and that to ask us to give up his universal jurisdiction is to invite us to commit

¹ On the A.P.U.C.

suicide. To do so is not the act of an Eirenicon. . . . 'Dissolutionem facis, pacem appellas!' Whatever be the extent of "State rights," some jurisdiction the President must have over the American Union, as a whole, if he is to be of any use or meaning at all. He cannot be a mere Patriarch of the Yankees, or Exarch of the West country squatters, or "primus inter pares" with the Governors of Kentucky and Vermont. An honorary head, call him primate or premier duke, does not affect the real force or enter into the essence of a political body, and it is not worth contending about. We do not want a man of straw, but a bond of unity.

'This shows that, as a matter of principle, the Pope must have universal jurisdiction; and then comes the question to what extent? Now the Church is a Church Militant, and, as the commander of an army is despotic, so must the visible head of the Church be; and therefore in its idea the Pope's jurisdiction can hardly be limited.

'I am not arguing with antecedent arguments; I am accounting for a fact. It is Whately's "a" not "A." I have proposed to draw out the facts as a matter of principle, not of doctrine. Doctrine is the *voice* of a religious body; its principles are of its *substance*. The principles may be turned into doctrines by being defined; but they live as necessities before definition, and are the less likely to be defined, *because* they are so essential to life.

'I end by again apologising for so long a letter; but I could not answer you in any other way; and perhaps you will say I have not answered you at all.

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Having thus unreservedly defended the fullest extent of the Pope's jurisdiction as well as the *pietas fidei*, against the 'minimisers' of whom Pusey would fain have extracted from him some approval or countenance, Newman was in a position with a safe conscience to send him a month later Father Ryder's criticism on W. G. Ward's attempt to make almost equally unrestricted, the binding force of Papal utterances on the thoughts of Catholics as well as on their actions. He enclosed with the pamphlet the following letter:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: May 1st, 1867.

'My dear Pusey,—I send you a pamphlet by this post, not that you will agree with it, but because you may like to

know what men of moderate opinion amongst us at this day hold. In substance I agree with it. The *extreme* view (of laxity) is Muratori's.

'The subject is the province of ecclesiastical infallibility.

'With best Easter wishes, I am,

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To W. G. Ward himself he had written on the previous day:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 30th, 1867.

'My dear Ward,—I send you by this post Fr. Ryder's pamphlet in criticism of some theological views of yours. Though I frankly own that in substance I agree with it heartily, it was written simply and entirely on his own idea, without any suggestion (as far as I know) from anyone here or elsewhere, and on his own choice of topics, his own reading, and his own mode of composition.

'I think he is but a specimen of a number of young Catholics who have a right to an opinion on the momentous subject in question, and who feel keenly that you are desirous to rule views of doctrine to be vital which the Church does not call or consider vital. And certainly, without any unkindness towards you, or any thought whatever that you have been at all wanting in kindness to me personally, I rejoice in believing that, now that my own time is drawing to an end, the new generation will not forget the spirit of the old maxim in which I have ever wished to speak and act myself: "In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus charitas."

Yours affectly. in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Father Ryder's pamphlet was entitled 'Idealism in Theology.' It was a very brilliant and witty piece of writing. Its motto on the title-page was taken from 'Timon of Athens': 'The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends.' He traces W. G. Ward's extremes on the side of authority to those very extremes on the side of scepticism which were to him the alternative;—to the cast of mind which made him a sympathetic reader of the works of J. S. Mill. The reaction from one extreme led to another. A watertight compartment for faith, sealed by authority, in which all religious beliefs should be safely locked up, was the alternative to scepticism. Falling back upon Ward's 'Ideal

of a Christian Church' as the truest representation of his mind and method, Ryder traced his theory of Infallibility to his passion for ideal completeness. He regards it as a theory based on *à priori* needs, and constructed without any adequate regard to the caution of true theology or the facts of history. Moreover, as Papal utterances were now becoming so numerous, to intimate that the Pope could scarcely speak publicly without speaking infallibly was, as Ryder maintains in a witty passage, to ascribe to him a gift 'like that of Midas's touch of gold,' very wonderful, but very inconvenient.

W. G. Ward, so Ryder maintained, imposed as obligatory upon all Catholics, under pain of mortal sin, deductions of his own which were not shared by many theologians of weight.

Ryder further protested against the damaging assumption that the theological moderation which comes of thought and wide reading implies a lower level of loyalty to the Church and Holy See than an unthinking acceptance of extreme claims on their behalf. To flatter the authorities by exaggerating their powers, as Canute's courtiers flattered him, was not to be specially loyal; still less was such an attitude desirable, if it involved assertions which prevented effective reply to the charges of extravagance brought against Catholic doctrine by its critics. Moderation due to a perception of real difficulties was not lukewarmness. Sir Thomas More was at once a hero and a moderate. Moderate Catholics were often stigmatised as 'Gallicans'; but Ryder, in a passage full of dignity, justifies their position as often implying deeper loyalty than that of extremists, although their views may differ from those of the 'Roman party.' And when extremists urged that to accept the prevailing view of the time is the course marked out by 'Catholic instincts,' they needed to be reminded of the changes time had wrought in the views prevailing in different epochs—for instance, de Lugo records the fact that nearly all theologians at one time denied the Immaculate Conception.

Three points noted by Ryder, as instances of excessive claims advanced on behalf of the Papacy by Mr. Ward, were: (1) the claim that the Pope's doctrinal instructions in Encyclicals were infallible; (2) the claim that the Holy See by its philosophical condemnations helps directly in de-

termining philosophical truth as such; and (3) the claim for interior assent on the part of men of science to the decrees of the Roman Congregations admitted not to be infallible.

On the first point, Ryder cites great theologians, as Ballerini, Amort, Capellari (afterwards Gregory XVI.), as to the careful tests which are necessary to determine what a Pope does define *ex cathedra*. He notes also that the doctrinal instructions of Encyclical Letters are never used by classical theologians as decisive. He quotes Father Tanner, the Jesuit, as invoking the general opinion of the faithful and of theologians, in order to determine precisely what *is* authoritatively determined in such documents.

On the second point, Ryder held that censures passed by Rome on philosophical writings merely prove the censured system to have on some point run counter to orthodox theology.¹

¹ 'The Church, in her philosophical condemnations,' he writes, 'cares nothing for philosophical truth as such. She represents a higher interest, to which every other must give way. Two rival systems of philosophy are struggling for pre-eminence. The one that is the truest, the one that bears within it the true germ of all philosophic growth and movement, and which is one day to prevail—from the very fact that it is living, and not mechanical—is the more open to dangerous error, in that portion of the intellectual field which philosophy and theology have in common. Although its chariot wheel does but graze the car upon which the Church sits enthroned; although its theological error is so slight viewed as men view it, and the philosophic truth it carries so great and so important; yet the erring wheel is broken and the chariot overthrown; while the rival system, shallow and safe, glides smoothly on upon the other side, triumphant. What matters it to the Church, that the hopes of philosophy are for the time checked! Her office is to preserve, at any cost, each particle of religious truth entrusted to her. Between her truth and other truth, so far as it is truth, God, in his own good time, will effect reconciliation, giving to each its complement. Even as regards her own theology it has been remarked that the Church has frequently smitten the forerunners and heralds of a new development of dogma or discipline, men of keen minds, with the genius of anticipation, but whose zeal was not according to knowledge; and who, in their impatient worship of the new, forgot their reverence for the old. And some of these have wholly fallen away and become heretics, leaving the work for which they were not worthy to other hands. So cautious ever is the Church, so jealous of the wild intellect of man, which she addresses with blows rather than with words. She will not condescend to argue or to explain; she will not clothe herself with the philosopher's pallium; or, if she does, it straightway becomes a cope broidered with mystic characters, which has a new significance, of which the old was but a type and shadow.

'I am not saying that the philosopher can never gain anything from his condemnations; and that, not merely as a man with a supernatural end identical with that of the Church, but even *qua* philosopher. But he must have nerve enough to set himself to analyse precisely the extent of the Church's condemnation, so as to preserve his original system, to the full extent that the Church will allow him.

Such a warning, however emphatic, could not be said to be tantamount to imparting important positive truth.

'Let me take an example,' Fr. Ryder wrote. 'A boy has a long sum to do; when finished, as he thinks, he takes it up to his master; it is wrong, he receives a tremendous cut across the shoulders, and his slate is thrown at his head. Now would it not be rather hyperbolical—nay, would it not be simply untrue, even if the sum represented the whole of arithmetic—to say that a vast mass of arithmetical truth had been taught?'

Mr. Ward's exhortation to men of science to assent interiorly to the decisions of the Roman Congregations, though he admitted that the further advance of science might eventually prove Rome to have been mistaken, is rejected by Father Ryder in the following words:

'What sort of an internal assent would that be which could co-exist with the feeling, that, though the Church was right, they must really see whether she was not wrong? If, on the other hand, their interior assent was firm, and their doubt purely methodical, imagine the shock to the poor orthodox men of science, when they should find the Church wrong after all; either reason or faith must give way.'¹

But indeed the fundamental assumption of Mr. Ward's reasoning, that what is desirable for the effective preservation

If, however, he falls into the mistake of supposing that the Church is teaching philosophy, the danger will be, that, if a good Catholic, he will throw himself into the opposite system, and so embrace a vast mass of tenets which, whilst theologically safe, are, some of them, philosophically false.

'As to the condemnations of Hermes and Gunther by the Congregations of the Inquisition and Index, I have no doubt that they were in all respects true and just. I simply do not know whether they were infallible. Pius IX. in the "Eximiam," does indeed characterize the decree of the Index condemning Gunther as "*Decretum nostra auctoritate sancitum, nostroque jussu vulgatum*"; but the decree of the Index condemning Copernicanism as *contrary to Scripture*, is qualified by Bellarmine, Fromond, and you, as "*a Declaration of His Holiness*," a decree "*examined, ratified, authorized by the Pope*," and, by you at least, as "*doctrinal*." I would submit, although with great deference, as knowing very little of the subject, whether the *immediate* scope of the decrees of the Roman Congregations is not always rather *disciplinary* than *doctrinal*, and the doctrinal statements are not, however solemn and important, still *technically* preambles and *obiter dicta*. If so, the Pope's identifying himself with the decree would not alter its essential character.'

¹ On the other hand it must not be forgotten that Dr. Ryder, like Newman himself, maintained that the *pietas fidei* should prompt to internal submission beyond the sphere covered by strictly infallible decisions of Rome.

of the Faith is, therefore, true, is attacked by Father Ryder. It is, he holds, this utilitarian method which leads him to conclusions which theologians whose methods are more historical have rejected. In treating this point in his first pamphlet Ryder falls back on the tone of banter to which his unfailing sense of humour constantly tempted him.

‘After taunting his opponents with their unwillingness to meet him Mr. Ward proceeds in a masterful and lion-taming manner to pin the reluctant but yielding monsters, as he thinks, in a corner, in this wise,—Has not the Church her gift of infallibility in order to maintain the *depositum*? Yes. Can you deny that certain philosophical tenets logically, and certain others practically, lead to heresy? No. Must not the Church have power to expel such errors from the minds of believers, if she is to maintain the *depositum*? Yes. Can she expel such errors unless she can certainly decide which these are? No. Triumphant conclusion: Then the Church is infallible in all condemnations of such tenets as erroneous and unsound! Howls of baffled rage from the minimizing Catholics. . . .

‘I will, with Dr. Ward’s leave, substitute for the above, the following:—If the Church cannot expel from the minds of the faithful the tenet that the Pope and many of the Bishops are actuated by ambition and other unworthy motives, which tenet has certainly in many cases led, not logically, God forbid! but practically, to both schism and heresy, she cannot securely guard the *depositum*; but she could only expel such a tenet, by infallibly declaring such a case to be impossible: *therefore*, she may infallibly make such a pronouncement. So much for the elasticity of the *a priori* argument.’

The net result of Father Ryder’s argument was to establish only this—that Ward’s extreme view of the authority of Papal pronouncements, which was becoming so prevalent, was not the only orthodox one.

Newman’s share in the production of Father Ryder’s first pamphlet is set forth in the following letter to Canon Walker:

‘May 11, 1867. . . .

‘You are mistaken,—not indeed in thinking that I substantially approve of and agree with Fr. Ryder’s Pamphlet, but in treating it as mine. The idea of writing is solely his

—"Facit indignatio versus." So were the topics, the line of thought, the illustrations, and the tone and temper. I agree with your criticism on it—indeed, I had made the same when I saw it in manuscript. He is ever in deep Devonshire lanes—you never know the lie of the country from him—he never takes his reader up to an eminence, whence he could make a map of it. This is partly my fault—partly his, if it *is* a fault. A fault it certainly is in the *composition*—but it is not strictly a fault in *determining* on committing such a fault of composition. My own share in it is this—that I thought it was good generalship for various reasons directly to attack Ward, not in the first place his opinions. I wanted him to show from Ward's character of mind how untrustworthy he was—also I thought he would enlist the feelings of oppressed and groaning Catholics, if he presented himself in the character of a young, chivalrous rebel. Then on his side, since he was proposing, not primarily to teach his betters theology, but to answer Ward, he felt himself obliged to follow Ward's lead and to take the very points for consideration which Ward's publication suggested.

'As to his professing himself, not in any *true* sense, but in the sense people sometimes injuriously use the word, a Gallican, he *wished* to say what he has said—and I confess I have a great impatience at being obliged to trim my language by any conventional rule, to purse up my mouth, and mince my words, because it's the fashion. And as to the *Home and Foreign* I detest the persecuting spirit which has pursued it.'

An acute controversy arose on the appearance of Father Ryder's 'Idealism in Theology.' It raged in the columns of the *Tablet*, and Newman's views were attacked by some of W. G. Ward's supporters. Mr. Wallis, the editor of the *Tablet*, published an article in support of Father Ryder and his great chief. Newman's letter to Mr. Wallis on the occasion shows how deeply he felt on the attempt to stifle the lawful liberty of thought among Catholics:

TO MR. WALLIS.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: April 23/1867.

'My dear Mr. Wallis,— . . . I believe the attack on me on the part of a clique is, not simply against me as me, but, on the part of those who are the springs of action in that clique, it is made on the principle "*Fiat experimentum in*

corpore sano." I have a clear conscience that, in the works of mine they profess to criticize, I have said nothing which a Catholic might not say, though I am not of their way of thinking. If then they are strong enough to put down me, simply on the ground of my not succumbing to the clique, no one else has a chance of not being put down, and a reign of terror has begun, a reign of denunciation, secret tribunals, and moral assassination. The latter part of your article was directed against this danger—and it rejoiced me to find you were alive to it. As to the attack on me I shall outlive it, as I have outlived other attacks—but it is not at all easy to break that formidable conspiracy, which is in action against the theological liberty of Catholics.

‘J. H. N.’

W. G. Ward's reply to Father Ryder appeared in May. Newman wrote his impressions of the state of the controversy to Canon Walker:

‘June 5, 1867.

‘I agree in what you say about Ward's answer. He picks out from Fr. Ryder's just what he chooses to answer—says that, as to the rest, part is irrelevant, and part he will answer at his leisure, and then goes to work on two theses, only one of which represents any of the four headings into which Fr. Ryder divided his pamphlet, and he meets him as regards that one, not with theologians or theological arguments, but by an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, drawn from the Pope's words. Fr. Ryder has said “the Pope's words always need interpretation”—and has given authorities in proof of this. Ward answers merely by repeating the Pope's words.

‘I thought the end of the *Tablet* review of both pamphlets capital, as appealing to the commonsense of the world. Here is Ward to his “extreme surprise” discovering the very truth after having been for years a Lecturer in theology, and now imposing it on all under pain of mortal sin.

‘Ward's superiority lies in his clearness, and his skill in stating what he considers his case.’

The root of the controversy was reached in another letter from Newman to Canon Walker. W. G. Ward was attempting to ascribe to the official letters of the actual reigning Pope an import so clear even to the man in the street, and such decisive authority, as instantly to oblige internal belief. His method made light of or dispensed with technical theological

interpretation by the light of pronouncements of other Popes and Councils equally authoritative, which might limit the apparent scope even of what was most weighty. Ward had proposed to clinch the matters in dispute at once, by asking the Pope both as to his meaning and his authority in recent utterances. Newman thus comments on Ward's general view and on this particular proposal:

'June 17, 1867.

'As to your question, the definitions &c. of Popes and Councils are matter of *theology*. Who could ever guess *what* is condemned, what not, in a Thesis Damnata, without such a work as Viva? But *now*, a proposition which the Pope has animadverted on (he does not seem formally to have censured any or many in his time) comes to us from Rome, *not* through Bishops and Theologians, but through the public prints, in the own correspondence of the *Times* (that is where I first saw the Syllabus, and you too.) and *private judgment* is to give the proposition and the Pope's act, its true interpretation. Can anything be more preposterous? and then, if we remonstrate, we are answered, "O the words are too plain for interpretation!" On the same principle we might say when St. Paul says that concupiscence is *sin*, that the words need no interpretation from theologians. Look through the propositions condemned in the Bull Unigenitus, and say, if a common man can understand their *point* better than many in St. Paul.

'Then, as to "writing to know" *whether* the Pope speaks *ex cathedra*, and *what* he says, surely this is like asking a Judge out of court to declare the meaning of his decision. Great authorities cannot be had up again, like witnesses in a jury box, to be further questioned or cross examined. They often *do* speak again, but in their own time and way.'

Newman's most urgent protest was throughout against Ward's contention that his view was of obligation for a Catholic. Such narrowing of the terms of communion appeared to him fatal to all intellectual life within the Church, and seemed to reduce the Church Catholic to the position of a sect. Strongly as he held certain views on intellectual grounds, it was for freedom among Catholics to hold them rather than for their truth that he chiefly fought. W. G. Ward, on the other hand, taking the view that the Pope himself desired a full and not a minimistic interpretation,

and looking on a Catholic writer as bound in loyalty to second the Pope's wishes, maintained that if a writer thought it clear that a decree did in the Pope's intention impose a certain obligation, he was right in saying so, even although grave theologians thought otherwise. Thus the ultimate point at which such different lines of policy began to diverge was that Newman said: "Say if you like 'I think this is the true interpretation,' but do not impose it on others as obligatory, if grave theologians think differently"; while Ward replied: "If I think it is infallibly true, and part of the Church's teaching, I think it is obligatory; and I say so as the Pope wishes me to. I do not impose it on my own *ipse dixit*, or assuming any authority, but I give the reasons which convince me."

Two letters at this time—one to W. G. Ward himself, and one to Henry Wilberforce—express with some fulness Newman's state of mind:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: 9th May, 1867.

‘My dear Ward,—Father Ryder has shown me your letter in which you speak of me, and though I know that to remark on what you say will be as ineffectual now in making you understand me as so many times in the last fifteen years, yet, at least as a protest *in memoriam*, I will, on occasion of this letter and of your letter to myself, make a fresh attempt to explain myself. Let me observe then that in former years, *and now*, I have considered the theological differences between us as unimportant in themselves; that is, such as to be simply compatible with a reception both by you and by me of the whole theological teaching of the Church in the widest sense of the word teaching; and again now, and in former years too, I have considered one phenomenon in you to be “momentous,” nay, portentous, that you will persist in calling the said unimportant, allowable, inevitable differences, which must occur between mind and mind, not unimportant, but of great moment. In this utterly uncatholic, not so much opinion as feeling and sentiment, you have grown in the course of years, whereas I consider that I remain myself in the same temper of forbearance and sobriety which I have ever wished to cultivate. Years ago you wrote me a letter in answer to one of mine, in which you made so much of such natural difference of opinion as exists, that I endorsed it with the words: “See how this man seeketh a quarrel against me.” . . .

'Pardon me if I say that you are making a Church within a Church, as the Novatians of old did within the Catholic pale, and as, outside the Catholic pale, the Evangelicals of the Establishment. As they talk of "vital religion" and vital "doctrines," and will not allow that their brethren "know the Gospel," or are Gospel preachers, unless they profess the small shibboleths of their own sect, so you are doing your best to make a party in the Catholic Church, and in St. Paul's words are dividing Christ by exalting your opinions into dogmas. . . . I protest then again, not against your tenets, but against what I must call your schismatical spirit. I disown your intended praise of me, viz. that I hold your theological opinions in "the greatest aversion," and I pray God that I may never denounce, as you do, what the Church has not denounced. Bear with me.

'Yours affectionately in Christ,
J. H. NEWMAN.'

To Henry Wilberforce he wrote thus in July:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 21st, 1867.

'My dear H. W.,—In all times the debates in the Schools have been furious, and it is in this way, of the collision of flint and steel, that the light of truth has been struck and elicited. Controversialists have ever accused each other of heresy—and at times Popes have interfered, and put forth Bulls to the effect that, if anyone called another a heretic out of his own head, he should lie under the censure of the Church.

'All this is ordinary—what is extraordinary is that the battle should pass from the Schools (which, alas, are not) to Newspapers and Reviews, and to lay combatants, with an appeal to the private judgment of all readers. This is a deplorable evil—and from all I have heard Ward has hindered various people from becoming Catholics by his extreme views, and I believe is unsettling the minds of I can't tell how many Catholics. He is free to have his own opinion, but, when he makes it part of the faith, when he stigmatises those who do not follow him as bad Catholics, when he saves them only on the plea of invincible ignorance, when he declines to meet those Catholics who differ from him and prefers the company of infidels to theirs, when he withdraws promised subscriptions from missions on the plea that the new missionary to whom the money has to be paid has not correct views of doctrine, when the spontaneous instinct of his mind is rather that Protestants should not be converted than converted by

certain Catholics who differ from him, what is he (as I have told him) but a Novatian, making a Church within a Church, or an Evangelical preacher, deciding that the Gospel is preached here, and is not there?

‘Why, it destroys our very argument with Anglicans: “There is nothing but confusion,” we say, “in your Church, you don’t know what to believe,—but with us all is clear and there is no difference of view about the Faith.” Now he is overturning this aboriginal, unanswerable note in favour of Catholicism,—and its consequences, were others to follow him, would be tremendous. I say: “Were others to follow him,” because he is almost alone in such miserable exclusiveness. The Jesuits, who agree with him, do not insist on their view as the only allowable view in the Catholic Church. They say it is the right view—of course they do—everyone thinks his own view right—but they do not dream of calling everyone who differ from them material heretics. The only parallel I can find, like it in its *effects*, I do not say in its controversial circumstances, is the rise of Arianism. How it must have perplexed converts when they saw the fury of the heretical party, and the persistent opposition of the Catholic believers, the eloquent plausibility of the one, the silence and perplexity of the other! how must it have unsettled those who sought the Church for peace and strength amid secular commotions like Constantine, or for truth and eternal life as the young Basil! It is a comfort to us under our present sad trial, to be able to believe that, though a novel phenomenon in its present shape, still it is not altogether strange in the history of the Church.

‘For myself I have never taken any great interest in the question of the limits and seat of infallibility. I was converted simply because the Church was to last to the end, and that no communion answered to the Church of the first ages but the Roman Communion, both in substantial likeness and in actual descent. And as to faith, my great principle was: “*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*” So I say now—and in all these questions of detail I say to myself, I believe whatever the Church teaches as the voice of God—and this or that particular inclusively, *if* she teaches this—it is this *fides implicita* which is our comfort in these irritating times. And I cannot go beyond this—I see arguments here, arguments there—I incline one way to-day another to-morrow—on the whole I more than incline in one direction—but I do not dogmatise—and I detest any dogmatism where the

Church has not clearly spoken. And if I am told: "The Church has spoken," then I ask when? and if, instead of having anything plain shown me, I am put off with a string of arguments, or some strong words of the Pope himself, I consider this a sophistical evasion, I have only an opinion at best (not faith) that the Pope *is* infallible, and a string of arguments can only end in an opinion—and I comfort myself with the principle: "*Lex dubia non obligat*"—what is not taught universally, what is not believed universally, has no claim on me—and, if it be true after all and divine, my faith in it is included in the *implicita fides* which I have in the Church.'

In 1869 Mr. Ward withdrew a portion of his previous theory—which had claimed infallibility for all the pronouncements from which the Syllabus drew its list of condemned errors. 'I freely confess,' he wrote, 'that when I set forth this thesis in some of my writings I extended it too far.'¹ And he cites the opinion of grave theologians as his reason for retracting. But this change only confirmed Newman in his objection to Ward's course in branding at the outset as guilty of 'minimism' and of mortal sin, those who held a view with which he himself ultimately concurred.

It was in October 1867 that Mr. Peter le Page Renouf consulted Newman as to the advisability of writing on the Honorius case. Newman's counsel was in the affirmative, and he did not keep his opinion secret. He wrote of it to Mr. Walker. He wrote of it also to Father Harper, the Jesuit. His object was to gain that free discussion of its bearing on the proposed definition which he felt to be so necessary.

'A friend of mine tells me,' he wrote to Father Harper, 'that he got up the case of Honorius years ago, and that he believes it to be inconsistent with the Pope's infallibility—and he is not unlikely to publish on the subject. I cannot be sorry he should do so, for it is right that all the facts should be brought together. I believe they will turn out *not* inconsistent with his infallibility—but I don't profess to have made a study of Honorius.'

A letter to Mr. Renouf himself, after the publication of the pamphlet, indicates the line of thought on which Newman afterwards laid so much stress in the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk,' that an individual utterance of an individual Pope

¹ *Doctrinal Authority*, p. 462.

must be interpreted in harmony with universally accepted Catholic theology, and so interpreted as not to run counter to its received principles.

'I read your pamphlet yesterday,' he writes on June 21 1868, 'and found it to have the completeness and force which I had expected in it.

'It is very powerful as an argument and complete as a composition. I certainly did not know how strong a case could be made out against Pope Honorius. But with all its power, I do not find that it seriously interferes with my own view of Papal Infallibility: and its completeness is in part due to your narrowing the compass of your thesis and is in part compromised by your devious attacks on writers who differ from you. . . .

'I will tell you why you do not touch, or very slightly touch, my own view of the subject; and I suppose what I hold is in fact what many others hold also.

'I hold the Pope's Infallibility, not as a dogma, but as theological opinion; that is, not as a certainty, but as a probability. You have brought out a grave difficulty in the way of the doctrine; that is, you have diminished its probability; but you have only diminished it. To my mind the balance of probabilities is still in favour of it. There are vast difficulties, taking facts as they are, in the way of denying it. In a question which is anyhow surrounded with difficulties, it is the least of difficulties to maintain that, if we knew *all about* Honorius's case, something would be found to turn up to make it compatible with the doctrine. I recollect Dr. Johnson's saying, "there are unanswerable objections to a plenum, and unanswerable objections to a vacuum, yet one or the other must be true." . . .

'Anyhow the doctrine of Papal Infallibility must be fenced round and limited by *conditions*. . . .

'Mgr. Sarra in his book on Indulgences, which Fr. St. John has lately translated, asserts in like manner that, when the Pope in certain forms of Indulgence distinctly declares that he remits guilt, he really does not mean to do so, for such doctrine would be against the Catholic Faith. This then is one large condition, which all Ultramontanes acquiesce in and exercise, whether they will or no, viz. that, when the Pope uses words which, taken in their obvious meaning, are uncatholic, he either must not be intending to speak *ex cathedra* or must not mean what he seems to mean.'

W. G. Ward was far too frank and honest a controversialist not to face the facts of the Honorius case when they were brought before him by Mr. Renouf's pamphlet. But it was significant that he had formulated his theory without expressly allowing for them. He now wrote in the *Dublin Review* dealing with the case fully, and maintaining that though Honorius did teach, and teach officially in his letter to Sergius, and though his teaching did undoubtedly countenance heresy, he was speaking not *ex cathedra* as Universal doctor, but only as the official Doctrinal ruler (*Gubernator Doctrinalis*). This admission, however, raised the question, How can it be at once determined in which of these two capacities a Pope's official pronouncement on doctrinal matters is made? Here was a matter which called for very careful investigation on the part of theologians.

It was easy to decide after the event that an official letter from a Pope purporting to give doctrinal guidance, which was condemned by at least three subsequent Popes in Council as countenancing heresy, could not have been a decision *ex cathedra*. But how about its determination by those who lived at the time? How would Mr. Ward's advocacy of an uncritical following of the Pope's guidance have operated? As it was, one of the ablest defenders of Honorius has left it on record that 'the continual resistance to the true doctrine had been built on the authority of Honorius,' and that 'without his important letters in all probability no Monothelite troubles would have disturbed the pages of history.'¹ Pope Agatho distinguished the indefectible faith of Peter from the erroneous teaching which had been countenanced by the reigning Pope Honorius. Unless theologians vigilantly kept guard on this distinction, what absolute guarantee was there against a repetition of the prevalence of false doctrine under Pontifical guidance? How was it consistent to brand as 'minimising' Catholics those who held that the Papal letter of 1863 to the Archbishop of Munich was sent by the Pope as doctrinal ruler, and not as an infallible utterance, when in the case of the letter to the Patriarch Sergius such a verdict had been passed by the Roman See itself?

The events and controversies of the succeeding years—

¹ Dom Chapman, O.S.B., in the *Dublin Review*, No. 280, p. 69

from 1867 to 1870—showed more and more clearly that the root question at issue between Father Ryder and Mr. Ward was not the ‘extent of infallibility’—the initial subject of the discussion—but rather the functions of active theological thought in appraising precisely what was infallibly determined.

The differences between the school of Newman, Ryder, and Dupanloup, and the school represented by the *Dublin Review* and the *Univers*, had been manifest at the time of the appearance of the Syllabus two years earlier. They were also apparent later on when the opportuneness of the definition of Papal Infallibility was debated.

Newman had already in the ‘Apologia’ forestalled a good many of the questions which W. G. Ward discussed in the *Dublin Review*. There, as also in the letter to Mr. Ornsby on the same subject, already cited, he had pointed out that, in the palmy days of the Church’s theology, the difficult intellectual problems which arose, as the University professors attempted to reconcile the truths of Revelation with the claims of newly emerging speculations or conclusions of the reason, had been thoroughly and exhaustively debated in the schools; and that when the Holy See in the end perhaps intervened it was to ratify as orthodox the conclusion already reached by reason. The Holy See was using the ‘means supplied by Providence,’ of which the Vatican Decree *Pastor Aeternus* did eventually speak, to assist it in making its decisions accurate, and in so expressing them as to accord with the many existing theological authorities and past decisions of Councils and Popes. Some such means of ascertaining the truth was, of course, necessary for the Holy See in the absence of direct inspiration. The third alternative was that very arbitrariness and absolutism in its decisions, with which Protestants charge the Papacy, and which Catholics have ever repudiated as inconsistent with the traditions of the Church. What Newman evidently dreaded was, lest the destruction of the theological schools, which he constantly deplored, coupled with the spread of Ward’s theory which made light of even the theological *auxilia* which were still available, might lead to decisions of authority not at all adequate to the complexity and difficulty of the questions raised, nor taking full account of the already existing theological decisions and authoritative

dicta bearing on the same subjects. He remembered that even in infallible decisions, while immunity from error was guaranteed by Providence, their adequacy and luminousness was held by theologians to vary according to the quality of the minds engaged in their preparation.¹ Then there were in addition weighty decisions of Popes or Roman Congregations in which there was not held to be any guarantee of immunity from error. If the 'political and ultra-devotional party' of Louis Veuillot and his friends were reinforced by theologians like Ward and Father Schrader, and if Rome, even without formally sanctioning their theory, so far gave ear to its promoters as to issue decisions without adequate theological preparation, disastrous consequences would ensue. Authority might be identified in the public mind with the 'violent ultra party which exalts opinions into dogmas and has at heart principally the destruction of every school of thought but its own.'² The absence of sufficient regard for intellectual interests—not unnatural in measures instigated by men like M. Veuillot, for whom these interests had practically no existence—might make faith and loyalty excessively difficult for thinking minds. Really effective apologetic might become almost impossible. The ablest Catholics indeed would make privately the necessary qualifications. But to express them publicly might be to incur charges of unorthodoxy from the *Univers* from which they might naturally shrink. All this would, no doubt, be entirely outside the intention of the Holy See, but nevertheless the forces at work might bring about these unfortunate consequences. The destruction of the theological schools had diminished the normal influence of intellectual interest in the Church. The 'political and ultra-devotional party' was unduly powerful. This party had won its influence by loyalty to the Holy See—devoted as well as militant—yet that influence might be most unfortunate in matters whose nature and importance its members failed to understand. Newman's great fear, in the years 1866-70, during which the proposed definition was canvassed, seems to have been that by its terms it might appear to the world at large to sanction such excesses as those of M. Louis Veuillot, novelties which were at variance with traditional Catholic theology.

¹ See *Letter to Duke of Norfolk*, p. 307.

² *Apologia*, p. 260.

He wrote to Canon Walker urging him, as a hereditary Catholic, to testify publicly to the theology he had learnt in his boyhood, as contrasted with the innovations of M. Veuillot and Father Schrader:

‘November 10, 1867.

‘Thank you for your letters, which I was very glad to receive. I will tell you what they brought home to my mind, what indeed I have once or twice thought of before—that you should really write a pamphlet *bearing witness* to the views taught to Catholics when you were young. No one can do it but one who can speak as an authoritative witness, and such you would be. There are very few who could do it but you,—and it is really most necessary. Here is the Archbishop in a Pastoral or Pamphlet putting out extreme views—getting it read to the Pope, and circulating that the Pope approved of it—all with a view of anticipating and practising upon the judgments of the Bishops, when they meet for a General Council. Of course what the General Council speaks is the word of God—but still we may well feel indignant at the intrigue, trickery, and imperiousness which is the human side of its history—and it seems a dereliction of duty not to do one’s part to meet them. You are one of the few persons who can give an effective testimony, and I hope you will. And now having “liberated my mind,” and feeling relieved by having done so, I have nothing to do but to subscribe myself Very sincerely yours,

‘J. H. N.’

However, while these anxieties weighed heavily and increasingly on Newman until after the Vatican Council, he had in 1868, as we have already seen, a great encouragement in two things. First, the Pope, after having his works examined and approved, had directed that he should be asked to help in preparing the material for the Council. This was a vindication of his orthodoxy, and it gave him a clear *locus standi* in writing his opinion freely as to the difficulties attaching to some of the proposed canons and definitions. Secondly, he had at this time constant and widespread testimony to his influence, which he now felt to be such that it might greatly help in the objects he had at heart. The entry in his journal in November 1868 opens with a note almost of triumph:

‘Nov. 30th, 1868.

‘*Hæc mutatio dextræ Excelsi.* I am too old to feel much pleasure or at least to realise that I do—but certainly I have

abundant cause to bless and praise God for the wonderful change that has taken place in men's estimation of me, that is, if I can make that change subservient to any good purpose. An Anglican correspondent writes to me "You occupy a very unique position in England. There is no other man whose mere word would be more readily taken without the necessity of having it confirmed by any other testimony. I do not know any revolution of public feeling so complete as this."

'As far as this is a correct statement, I think the fact arises from the feeling in the public mind that for many, for 20 years, I have been unfairly dealt with. It is a generous feeling desirous of making amends. Thus I account for the great considerateness which the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, nay the *Pall Mall*, and the Anglican *Guardian* and other Anglican newspapers show me. But it is showing itself still more in facts—Copeland has lately heard from Rivingtons that the first volume of the new Edition of my Parochial Sermons, published in May, has already, in half a year, sold to the number of 3500 copies—and that this number includes an "extensive sale" among Dissenters.—Another remarkable fact is that Sir F. Doyle, Poetry Professor at Oxford, is paying me the extraordinary compliment of giving a Public Lecture on my "Dream of Gerontius."

'Then on the other hand, whereas the Pope directed that I should be asked to go to Rome to take part in preparing matters for the Council, the Catholic papers, which have not hitherto spoken well of me, say that it has been a special invitation, the first and hitherto only one made to any Priest in England, Scotland, or Ireland &c. &c.

'*Per contra*—I shall be selling out my newly acquired stock of credit in these Catholic circles, if I publish this letter on Renouf's pamphlet upon Honorius, as I am thinking of doing.

'I have nothing particular to remark on the above—but record it, as I would the risings and fallings of the weather glass. I am too old not to feel keenly that unless I can do something for God by means of the good words which men give me, such praise is mere chaff, and will be whirled away by the wind some fine morning, leaving nothing behind it.

'Another very encouraging fact is, that, in spite of opposition and criticism, Ignatius's pamphlets certainly have done a work, and have thrown back the ἵβρις ὀρθίων κνωδάλων, the arrogant *ipse dixit*s of various persons who would crush every opinion in theology which is not theirs.'

CHAPTER XXVIII

‘THE GRAMMAR OF ASSENT’ (1870)

DURING the period we have been reviewing, from 1866 to 1868, in which the contest on the Infallibility of the Papacy was so keen, Newman was engaged in writing his ‘Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent.’ For years, as we have seen, he had been urged by W. G. Ward to write on Faith and Reason—a work which should be in some sense a sequel to the Oxford University Sermons ‘On the Theory of Religious Belief.’ He had again and again taken notes for it; and the subject was to have been dealt with in the ‘Prolegomena’ to the ill-fated translation of the Scriptures. His keen realisation of the sceptical standpoint, and of the fallacy of Catholic faith in the eyes of the sceptic, is vividly presented in the following memorandum of 1860 on ‘The Fluctuations of Human Opinion’:

‘(1) We cannot get beyond a judgment such that it denies itself soon and melts away into another—nothing fixed and stable.

‘(2) Hence what does Catholicism do but arbitrarily fix what is not fixed, and perpetuate by an unnatural and strained force what else would be transitory? It assumes and wills that this or that should be true which is not true to the mind except for a time or more than something else.

‘(3) We cannot get beyond a certain degree of probability about anything, but Catholicism enforces a certainty greater than Mathematics,

‘(4) and making it a sin to doubt, artificially prolongs an opinion. It is but an opinion that the Church is infallible, but we commit a man to it and make it a sin to doubt it. If he argued himself into it, why may he not argue himself out of it? If it is a conclusion from premisses at first why not always?

‘(5) How can there be a revelation; for the certainty of it must depend on uncertain premisses? Such seems the state of human nature. In this state of things what does Catholicism

do but unnaturally prolong a particular state of opinion and pretend to a certainty which is impossible?'

This plausible view of the inherent uncertainty of religious opinions had been considered by him both at Oxford (in the University Sermons) and at Dublin in a lecture already cited in these pages.¹ But he felt that he had more to say on the subject, and had several times turned his mind to it.

After the abandonment of the 'Prolegomena' he had again contemplated a book on the same theme, but on somewhat different lines—more distinctly as an account of the basis on which minds unacquainted with scientific theology or philosophy could and did rest their religious belief. This particular plan had been mentioned in 1860 in a letter to Dr. Meynell, Professor of Philosophy at Oscott. Dr. Meynell had read Newman's University Sermons and referred in a letter to his keen appreciation of their value. Newman thus replied to him:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Jan. 23rd, '60.

'My dear Dr. Meynell,—Your letter has given me most exceeding pleasure. First, because you really have taken the trouble to read my book through, when I could not have fancied you would have done more than read parts. Next, because you corroborate my own impression, that what Mr. Mansel has said I have said before him. And thirdly because you think I have avoided many of his errors.

'Since I sent it you I have had some correspondence with a dear old Protestant friend, who wished me to write a book, on what would really be the same subject expanded—so now I am more inclined to do something or other on the subject, but less certain whether or not to re-issue the Sermons. If I wrote a new work, it would be on "the popular, practical, and personal evidence of Christianity"—i.e. as contrasted to the scientific, and its object would be to show that a given individual, high or low, has as much right (has as real rational grounds) to be certain, as a learned theologian who knows the scientific evidence.

'Your opinion of my sermons is the second favourable judgment that I have had—some years ago some priests in France translated nine of them into French.

'Yours very sincerely JOHN H. NEWMAN,
of the Oratory.'

¹ See Vol. I., p. 393.

Let it be remembered that the ordinary reply in the current school treatises to the question, 'How can the uneducated man have sufficient reason for belief in Christianity?' was that such a one has reasons sufficient to satisfy his own limited intellect. This clearly left a difficulty unsolved. For a fallacious argument might satisfy an uncritical and uneducated mind. In the University Sermon on 'Wisdom as contrasted with Faith and Bigotry' Newman had met the difficulty by the suggestion that the Faith of the simple involved a semi-conscious share in the Wisdom of the Church as a whole. The single-hearted love of truth secured some participation in a deeper intellectual and philosophical system and process of proof than the individual mind could explicitly formulate or appreciate. In the 'Essay on Assent' he developed a part only of this line of thought. He analysed the large part played in the formation of convictions by 'implicit'—or 'subconscious' reasoning, as it afterwards came to be called. An uneducated man 'with a heart and an eye for truth' might reason well—though the process could not be formally and consciously analysed by him. He would come to a right conclusion, though his expressed arguments might be inadequate or faulty. There were, moreover, grounds of conviction too personal to be adequately expressed. These played a large part in the religious convictions of educated and uneducated alike. Yet from their nature they could not be fully set forth in formal treatises. This line of thought had been already sketched in the University Sermon, 'Explicit and Implicit Reason.' The 'Essay on Assent' in the end did not, then, confine itself to an examination of the grounds for faith accessible to the uneducated. It dealt rather with those personal grounds of belief which the educated and uneducated may have in common—grounds largely independent of technical studies and arguments which could be appreciated only by the learned few. And it dwelt on the depth and importance of these informal and personal proofs.

Newman found a difficulty in some quarters in making the necessity of his work—or its very object—understood. Even among educated Catholics there were many who learnt more or less mechanically the recognised credentials of the Church

as well as its doctrines. They did not really weigh the adequacy of the proofs, which they accepted on the word of that Church whose authority the proofs themselves professed to establish. To reflect on the vicious circle which this involved was in their eyes to admit a doubt against Faith. This was an attitude quite at variance with the teaching of the best theologians, but in fact it was widely prevalent. And W. G. Ward and Newman, who were on this subject in close sympathy, had found even so able a man as Cardinal Wiseman not wholly free from the confusion of thought which it involved. This became apparent in a conversation between the three men in 1859, and Newman clinched the matter and somewhat staggered the Cardinal with the question, 'Then pray, your Eminence, what is the difference between Faith and Prejudice?'

As Catholics came to be more and more in contact with the modern world and with able men who did not accept Christianity, and learnt thus to realise the force of objections to their belief, such a way of looking at the matter must clearly afford a very insecure basis for its defence.

While the subject had, as we have seen, been in Newman's mind for years, the decisive influence leading him to write on the lines finally chosen came with dramatic suddenness, and is described in a letter to Mr. Aubrey de Vere, written in August 1870, immediately after the publication of his 'Essay':

'As to my Essay on Assent,' he wrote, 'it is on a subject which has teased me for these twenty or thirty years. I felt I had something to say upon it, yet, whenever I attempted, the sight I saw vanished, plunged into a thicket, curled itself up like a hedgehog, or changed colours like a chameleon. I have a succession of commencements, perhaps a dozen, each different from the other, and in a different year, which came to nothing. At last, four years ago, when I was up at Glion over the Lake of Geneva, a thought came into my head as the clue, the "Open Sesame," of the whole subject, and I at once wrote it down, and I pursued it about the Lake of Lucerne. Then when I came home I began in earnest, and have slowly got through it.'

The thought that came to him at Glion was, as he says in a 'Memorandum' to be cited shortly, that Certitude is a form of Assent, and that to treat of the psychology of Assent as

distinguished from inference was the key to his book. The exposition of this view of the case proved to be an important part of his work, but perhaps not the most important. Assent is treated in his book as being in its nature unconditional. The act of assent to a new conclusion is a definite step taken by the mind in response to many rational influences, latent as well as conscious, and not as the mere mechanical or passive recognition then and there of an inference from premisses. This is perhaps his newest and subtlest contribution to the problem. But it was not probably that which was most helpful to the average reader. The doctrine of the 'illative sense' has become by general consent the most characteristic lesson taught by the 'Essay.' This doctrine it was that met one special philosophical difficulty which prompted him to write.

I have said above that one avowed object of the 'Essay on Assent' was to show that simple and uneducated minds could have rational grounds for belief in Christianity without knowledge of its scientific evidences. But the other *lacuna* in Christian apologetic, to fill which the book was written, was that expressed in the letter to Mr. Capes already cited.¹ He desired to view the unbeliever's attitude truly. He treated it as being due to the assumption of false first principles. This account did not get rid of the unbeliever's responsibility, but it left intact his sincerity. Both his own cast of mind and his familiar intimacy with such earnest doubters as William Froude, made him feel how little cogent for the age to come, when believer and doubter must be in daily intercourse, was a line of apologetic which implied that there must be conscious insincerity in the doubter or Agnostic.

The supposition that the case for Christianity could be drawn up with the completeness of a barrister's brief, and that as so stated it was in itself conclusive to any honest mind, was false to obvious facts. Unbelievers were not as a rule *hic et nunc* dishonest men whose bad dispositions held them back from recognising a clearly convincing proof of Christianity. And one reason why this fact was not adequately recognised among Catholic theologians was that

¹ See Vol. I. pp. 244, 247.

believer and unbeliever lived very largely apart and the unbeliever's mind was not familiarly known by the believer. The position maintained by Christian apologists stamped them in the eyes of the mass of strenuous and able thinkers on religion as sectarian and bigoted. While not disputing the recognised teaching in the Catholic schools that the reasons ascertainable on behalf of the Christian revelation were such as should lead 'a prudent man' to believe, and to exclude a 'prudent' doubt, Newman set himself to examine the nature of the evidence and the conditions for its apprehension: and unbelief appears in his pages not as due to conscious dishonesty, but as resulting from an attitude which precludes full knowledge of the evidence. His work included an analysis of the mind of believer and unbeliever and of the differences between them. He drew attention to the subtle personal appreciation on the part of the religious mind, which made it find so much more evidence for Christianity in the acknowledged facts of its history than the irreligious mind could see. The general outcome of this portion of the book was to show the important place held by antecedent conditions among the reasons convincing the believer. And among these conditions were the experiences and action of the individual mind. The religious mind instinctively and by degrees accumulated evidences of which the irreligious mind—reasoning on different principles—remained wholly or partially unaware. The action of the will and of moral dispositions was gradual. Moral defect must in the long run lead the mind to miss the deepest grounds of belief. But this was something very different from insincerity. To quote a sentence written by Newman on the subject to the present writer, 'The religious mind sees much which is invisible to the irreligious mind. They have not the same evidence before them.'

Newman did not deny that one reasoned rightly, the other wrongly. He did not deny that there might be responsibility for the false principles which led to unbelief—for the failure of the unbeliever to recognise the deeper principles which a Christian thinker adopts (as he phrased it a little later) 'under the happy guidance of the moral sense.' But he did away with the old contrast, to which Protestants as well as Catholics had long been accustomed, between

believer and unbeliever as two men looking at and apprehending precisely the same evidence, which was so obviously cogent that only a man whose will was here and now perverse could disbelieve. He substituted a far subtler analysis in which circumstances and education played their part in the power of mental vision on the particular subject; in which the appreciation of reasons was personal, and gradual; religious earnestness and true principles being necessary not only to the acceptance of the reasoning for Christianity, but to its adequate apprehension.

The book was actually begun amid the hills of Switzerland, where he was travelling with Ambrose St. John in August 1866.

The negotiations concerning Oxford interrupted his work. But it was resumed in the summer of 1867. In the summer of 1868 the first draft was nearly finished. Henry Wilberforce at this time consulted him on a controversy between two of his acquaintance, a Catholic and a Freethinker, on the grounds of religious belief. This led Newman, who was full of his subject, to write at length to his friend upon his forthcoming work:

‘As to what I have done, I cannot tell if it is a Truism, a Paradox, or a Mare’s nest. Since it certainly *may* be any one of the three, the chance of its being anything better is not encouraging. I consider there is no such thing as a perfect logical demonstration; there is always a margin of objection even in Mathematics, except in the case of short proofs, as the propositions of Euclid. Yet on the other hand it is a paradox to say there is not such a state of mind as certitude. It is as well ascertained a state of mind, as doubt—to say that such a phenomenon in the human mind is a mere extravagance or weakness is a monstrous assertion which I cannot swallow. Of course there may be abuses and mistakes in particular cases of certitude, but that is another matter. *It is a law of our nature*, then, that we are certain on premisses which do not reach demonstration. This seems to me undeniable. Then what is the faculty (since it is not the logical *Dictum de omni et nullo*) which enables us to be certain, to have the state of mind called certitude, though the syllogism before us is not according to the strict rules of Barbara? I think it is *φρόνησις* which tells when to

discard the logical imperfection and to assent to the conclusion which ought to be drawn in order to demonstration but is not *quite*. No syllogism can prove to me that Nature is uniform—but the argument is so strong, though not demonstrative, that I should not be *φρόνιμος* but a fool, to doubt. Now the *φρόνησις* may be easily biassed by our wishes, by our will. This is even the case in Mathematics and Physico-mathematics; as the Dominican opposition even to this day to the Copernican system may be taken to illustrate. So again in history &c. a cumulative argument, though not demonstrative, may claim of us, i.e. by the law of our nature, by our duty to our nature, i.e. by our duty to God, an act of certitude. Paper logic, syllogisms, and states of mind are incommensurables. It is obvious what room there is for the interference of the will here. None are so deaf as those who won’t hear.

‘Now I know that to say all this and no more, is to open the door to endless disputes. The only thing to be done is to rest the whole on certain first principles, and to say if you can’t take my first principles, I can’t help it. But to find the first principles is the difficulty.

‘St. John says “he that believeth in the Son hath life—and he that believeth not the Son hath not life.” I say I see no difficulty here, *another* says the idea is absurd. What are we to do when we thus differ in first principles? “Qui vult salvus esse, ita de Trinitate sentiat.” No *man*, certainly, has a right to say this—but why may not God say it? And if my *φρόνησις* assures me that there is such evidence for God having said it (evidence *qualis et quanta*) that I am *bound in duty* to believe it, why must I not believe both the doctrine and the fearful sanction of it? If a person tells me that his *φρόνησις* does *not see* the existence of such evidence, as is sufficient, that is another matter; but I am arguing against the *principle* that *φρόνησις* is a higher sort of logic—whereas even mathematical conclusions, i.e. the issues of *extended calculations*, require to be believed in by the action of *φρόνησις*; for how can I be sure, I tease myself by saying again and again—how can I be sure, that here or there my logical vigilance has not failed me? I have not got every step in every course of mathematical reasoning necessary for the conclusion, clearly before my eyes at once. And we know what command nervous persons are obliged to exert over themselves lest they should doubt whether even they see or feel; or whether they know anything at all. Should not I be an ass if I did not believe in the existence of India?

Yet are there not scores of persons who have had evidence of a quality and quantity indefinitely higher than mine? for I have not been there and they have. I should think myself a fool, if I said "I have some doubt about the existence of India," or "I am not certain about it," or "I *reserve* the point." I *am* certain; you, my good Sir, are certain too—you confuse two things quite distinct from each other—want of completeness in Barbara &c., which is a scientific rule of the game, and a habit of mind;—a calculating machine and a prerogative of human nature. An objection is not a doubt—ten thousand objections as little make one doubt, as ten thousand ponies make one horse; though of course a *certain amount* of objection *ought*, as my *φρόνησις* tells me, to weigh upon my decision, and to affect my existing belief. A great deal of confusion arises from the *double* sense of a lot of cognate words—e.g. "conclusion" means both the proposition drawn from two premisses, and the state of mind in which I find myself after reviewing the argument, the relation of my mind to a thing expressed in a certain proposition; and this *helps* the real intellectual mistake made by sceptical thinkers.

'The key, however, of the position, in the controversy which is before us, is this—and to gain that on either side is the victory—whether you may or may not rationally keep your mind *open* to change on a point on which your *φρόνησις* has already told you to decide one way. Here I say there is a difference between science and religion, between religion of nature and the Catholic religion—but it would take too long a time to explain and indeed I have not yet fully worked the whole matter out in my *mind* to my satisfaction. I should ask, does not nature, duty and affection teach us that a difference is to be made between things and persons? Ought I to be as open to listen to objections brought to me against the honour, fidelity, love towards me of a friend, as against the received belief that the earth is 95 million miles from the Sun? Again there is a truth which no natural reason can gain, *revealed*. God may put His own *conditions* on the development of that truth—and, (though at first sight paradoxical) He may make one of those conditions [thus foreseen] to be a slowness to receive more truth—(I don't mean of course a slowness to be taught, but a slowness to see that He is teaching). This condition may be necessary on conservative reasons, from the extreme difficulty to human nature of retaining what is supernatural, so that, if we took in new truths too quickly, we might lose the old. Thus it might have been injurious to the thorough reception,

the accurate complete mapping out of the doctrine of the Incarnation, if the Immaculate Conception B.V.M. and her other prerogatives had been too readily received—or again the doctrine of Man's free will and responsibility, one of the characteristic doctrines of Christianity, might never have made its way against the fatalism and recklessness of heathen times, if St. Austin's doctrines of Grace and original sin had been taught too early. And thus I resign myself to many things said and done by good men, which, though they have in them the leaven of prejudice and uncharitableness, are based on a wish to keep simply to what they have received. However this is one of those subjects which in the beginning of this letter I said were too large for a letter. One thing I must add, as having omitted. When I am asked why I *cautiously and promptly* exclude doubts, I answer I do so because they *are* doubts; I don't see the need of excluding objections. The mind is very likely to be carried away to doubt *without* a basis of objections sufficient in the judgment of the *φρόνησις* to justify it. The imagination, not the reason, is appealed to. How could God exist without beginning? In reason this is no objection, for reason tells us that *something* must have been without beginning. But to the imagination it is an overpowering difficulty. To a half educated man I should say, strangle the doubt—don't read the book which so affects you. This is not bidding him not to listen to reasons, but to insufficient reasons, to false reasons, which are a temptation to him. The rule "strangle doubts" is a rule of the Confessional, not a point of dogmatic theology. . . . And as to prayer, *usum non tollit abusum*. God has given His friends a privilege—that of gaining favours from Him—A father says to his child going to school, "Now mind you write to me once a week." And he rewards him in various ways, if he is obedient in this respect—We are God's children—we are not grown men—Saints would worship God solely because He is God—We all love Him for Himself, but, considering what we are, it is merciful that He has made hope as well as faith and love, a theological virtue. But this is but a poor and scanty exposure of a wonderful paradox.

'As there are things in this letter, which I have not till now put on paper, please keep it. I am sure I don't know what others will think of it. I only know, it is only plain common sense to me. If you have anything to say upon it, write.'

While thus full of his subject, Newman showed his first draft to some friends familiar with the theology of the schools,

and was, as often before, discouraged to find how little they appreciated the urgency of the difficulty he was endeavouring to meet, and how ready they were to find matter for censure in those modes of expression which gave individuality and originality to his work. Here was a sadly sufficient answer to the remonstrance made by Wilberforce himself for the comparatively small amount he had published of late years:

‘The Oratory: Aug. 12th, 1868.

‘My dear H. W.,—Thank you for the trouble you have taken in copying my letter, and for the encouragement you give me, which I sorely need. I know any how, that, however honest are my thoughts, & earnest my endeavours to keep rigidly within the lines of Catholic doctrine, every word I publish will be malevolently scrutinized, and every expression which can possibly be perverted sent straight to Rome—that I shall be fighting *under the lash*, which does not tend to produce vigorous efforts in the battle, or to inspire either courage or presence of mind. And if from those who ought to be friends, I cannot look for sympathy—if, did I do my work ever so well, they will take no interest in it, or see the use of it, where can I look for that moral aid which carries one through difficulties? where for any token that Providence means me to go on with my work?

‘I don’t think my various occupations here are the cause of my doing so little. I was full of household work when I wrote my Anglican difficulties and Catholicism in England—but I was not encompassed then by a host of ill wishers, and I was younger. Now it tires me to be a long time at one matter, and from fatigue I cannot write things *off*. Also my present subject is one which can only gradually be thought out.

‘As to my engagements here, a Superior must have them. We are very few Fathers, and each has his work—one has the jail—another the orphanage—two have the school—another has the parish—another the Poor Schools. The great *domestic* works, the care of the Library, the Sacristy, the Accounts, necessarily in great measure fall to me, at least at intervals. Now I am at the Library. The Oxford matter, correspondence & accounts, took up an untold mass of time,—and tired me, so that they wasted more. And now that I am getting so old, I wanted to go through all my correspondence &c. &c. which will be close employment for some years.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

He persevered with his work, but somewhat sadly. He writes of it on September 3 to Ambrose St. John:

'I am getting on with my *Opus* (*Essay of Assent*) but ungratefully. I have got downhearted about it, as if "*cui bono?*" Wallis has been looking at it, and though he is complimentary, what he really thinks I cannot tell. I have not touched the violin since I saw you except last Sunday, when I drew such doleful sounds from it, that I at once left off.'

Newman's haunting fear—as we see in subsequent letters—was of the men who knew much and understood little; who could bring to bear a large array of expressions stamped 'orthodox' against him, yet had not such perception of the real problems in question as to enable them to distinguish between contradictions mainly or merely verbal, and fundamental contrarieties. His unceasing protest, moreover, was against the 'nihilism' of condemning able works of apologetic on technical grounds, without appreciating the urgent difficulties which made them necessary, and without supplying anything in their place to meet those difficulties. The work of a writer who has true insight into the sources of contemporary unbelief may be indispensable, even though it may contain incidental error. Some words in a Dublin lecture expressed a feeling on this subject which was habitual with him. 'Perhaps the errors of an author are those which are inseparable accidents of his system or of his mind, and are spontaneously evolved, not pertinaciously defended. Every human system, every human writer is open to just criticism. Make him shut up his portfolio, good! and then perhaps you lose what, on the whole and in spite of incidental mistakes, would have been one of the ablest defences of Revealed Truth ever given to the world.'¹

Newman was far too uncertain of his own work to place it confidently in the category named in this passage. But it represented the thoughts of a whole life. Such thoughts had been invaluable to him, and they might help others. They should be given their full chance. And he feared lest on the contrary they might be censured by those who neither understood them nor needed them, simply because his phrases did not run in the accustomed groove. His fears were to

¹ See *Idea of a University*, p. 477.

some extent fulfilled when he showed his work in proof to a theological friend, as we see from the following letter to Henry Wilberforce:

‘August 20, 1869.

‘It is sad to hear anyone speak as if his work was done, and he was but waiting to go—not sad—as if it were not *good to go*; but [it is] not good to be in the world still, with one’s work done—for what does one live for except to work? And then my thoughts glanced off from you and came down on myself with dismal effect—for what am I doing, what have I been doing for years, but nothing at all? I have wished earnestly to do some good work, and continually asked myself whether I am one of those who are “*fruges consumere nati*”—and have, to the best of my lights, taken what I thought God would have me do—but again and again, plan after plan has crumbled under my hands and come to nought. As to the Oxford matter my heart sank under the greatness of the task and I think it would have shortened my life, still it was work and service—and, when it was shut up, though I felt for the moment a great relief, yet it came upon me sorrowfully as a fresh balk and failure. Upon its settlement, I took up to write a book upon some questions of the day, (you know the sort of questions, about faith &c.) and now (in confidence) I think this will be stopped after my infinite pains about it. Our theological philosophers are like the old nurses who wrap the unhappy infant in swaddling bands or boards—put a lot of blankets over him—and shut the windows that not a breath of fresh air may come to his skin as if he were not healthy enough to bear wind and water in due measure. They move in a groove, and will not tolerate anyone who does not move in the same. So it breaks upon me, that I shall be doing more harm than good in publishing. What influence should I have with Protestants and Infidels, if a pack of Catholic critics opened at my back fiercely, saying that this remark was illogical, that unheard of, a third realistic, a fourth idealistic, a fifth sceptical, and a sixth temerarious, or shocking to pious ears? This is the prospect which I begin to fear lies before me—and thus I am but fulfilling on trial what I said in my “*Apologia*” had hitherto kept me from writing, viz. the risk of “complicating matters further.” There was a caricature in *Punch* some years ago so good that I cut it out and kept it. An artist is showing to a friend his great picture just going

to the Exhibition—the friend says “Very good, but could you not make the Duke sitting and the Duchess standing, whereas the Duchess sits and the Duke stands?” I cannot make a table stand on two or three legs—I cannot cut off one of the wings of my butterfly or moth (whatever its value) and keep it from buzzing round itself. One thing is not another thing. My one thing may be worth nothing at the best—but at least it is not made worth something by being cut in half.

‘You must not for an instant suppose that I am alluding to the acts of anyone whose *opinion* I have wished to have upon what I have written—but *through* a kind friend I come more to see than I did, what an *irritabile genus* Catholic philosophers are—they think they do the free Church of God service, by subjecting it to an etiquette as grievous as that which led to the King of Spain being burned to cinders.’

Dr. Meynell—the friend above alluded to in Newman’s letter to Mr. Wilberforce—had, as we have seen, expressed great admiration of the Oxford University Sermons on Faith and Reason, and he was at the same time a trained scholastic philosopher and theologian. To him, then, Newman appealed to read the proof sheets of his work, sending the first instalment on July 2, 1869. The text of Dr. Meynell’s criticisms I have not found, but Newman’s own part of the correspondence, though not wholly intelligible without the criticisms to which his letters refer, is characteristic. We see in his letters his general desire to avoid even forms of expression which have been for good reasons discouraged by high theological authority. One noteworthy point of debate is Newman’s use of the word ‘instinct,’ which is so generally associated with impulses below the rational nature that Dr. Meynell naturally demurred to it as applied to rational knowledge. But in Newman’s own use of the term it includes the spontaneous inferences of the ‘illative sense’—processes of subconscious reasoning—as well as the lower instincts; and he suggested that to express the instinct of brutes which has no rational character some other phrase ought to be devised. Newman’s work was primarily psychological, and the distinction between the spontaneous act of the mind and the mind’s subsequent reflection on its own spontaneous act, was so important a psychological fact that he desired to make no change of expression which would obscure it.

Where, however, a change of words will not obscure his meaning he readily consents to it. He shows in this correspondence, as in many other cases, a strong consciousness of his own want of familiarity with the literature of metaphysics, and at the same time a keen confidence in his own thoughts, as distinguished from the wisdom of his expressions. The latter must, he recognises, be affected by the use of phrases both in the history of philosophy and in the Catholic Schools. He is quite prepared to correct expressions, and to think out his view again with such an object. But if it should prove that he could not bring out his thought without showing 'an irreconcilable difference' between 'its conditions and what the Church teaches or has sanctioned' he feels that he must drop his work altogether. There were some bad half-hours, when he feared that he must give over his work—as the letters to Wilberforce have already shown. But in the end the correspondence makes it clear that Dr. Meynell, though he regarded Newman's book as treading often on new and unfamiliar ground, passed it entirely on the score of orthodoxy.

'Your experienced eye,' Newman writes in sending the proofs, 'will see if I have run into any language which offends against doctrinal propriety or common sense. I am not certain that you will not suddenly light on a wasp-nest, though I have no suspicion of it—but when a matter has not been one's study it is difficult to have confidence in oneself.'

Dr. Meynell's criticisms arrived before the end of the month, and I make some extracts from Newman's share in the correspondence which ensued.

'July 25th.

'I thank you very much for your criticisms which will be very useful to me. . . .

'However the next sheet will be my great difficulty—and I shall not wonder if it was decisive one way or the other. You will find I there consider that the dictate of conscience is particular—not general—and that from the multiplication of particulars I infer the general—so that the moral sense, as a knowledge generally of the moral law, is a deduction from particulars.

'Next, that this dictate of conscience, which is natural and the voice of God, is a moral instinct, and its own

evidence—as the belief in an external world is an instinct on the apprehension of sensible phenomena.

‘That to deny these instincts is an absurdity, because they are the voice of nature.

‘That it is a duty to trust or rather to use our nature—and not to do so is an absurdity.

‘That to recognize our nature is really to recognize God.

‘Hence those instincts come from God—and as the moral law is an inference or generalisation from those instincts, the moral law is ultimately taught us from God, whose nature it is.

‘Now if this is a wasp-nest tell me. If the Church has said otherwise, I give it all up—but somehow it is so mixed up with my whole book, that, if it is not safe, I shall not go on.’

‘July 27.

‘I am extremely obliged to you for the trouble you are taking with me—and I hope my shying, as I do, will not keep you from speaking out. Pray bring out always what you have to say. I am quite conscious that metaphysics is a subject on which one cannot hope to agree with those with whom in other matters one agrees most heartily, from the extreme subtlety—but I am also deeply conscious of my own ignorance on the whole matter, and it sometimes amazes me that I have ventured to write on a subject which is even accidentally connected with it. And this makes me so very fearful lest I should be saying anything temerarious or dangerous—the ultimate angles being so small from which lines diverge to truth and error.

‘Be sure I should never hastily give over what I am doing, because I should have trouble in correcting or thinking out again what I have said—but if I found some irreconcilable difference, running through my view, between its conditions and what the Church teaches or has sanctioned, of course I should have no hesitation of stopping at once.

‘So please to bear with me if I start or plunge.’

‘Aug. 12.

‘I send you with much trepidation my Asses’ Bridge. Not that I have not many skeleton bridges to pass and pontoons to construct in what is to come, but, if I get over the present, I shall despair of nothing. Recollect, all your kindness and considerateness cannot alter facts; if I am wrong, I’m wrong—if I am rash, I’m rash,—yet certainly I do wish to get at King Theodore over the tops of the mountains if I can.’

‘Aug. 17.

‘I only do hope I am not spoiling your holiday. You are doing me great service.

‘To bring matters to a point, I propose to send you my chapter on the apprehension and assent to the doctrine of a Supreme Being. If you find principles in that chapter, which cannot be allowed, *res finita est*. As to your remarks on the printed slips, let me trouble you with the following questions.

‘1. You mean that it is dangerous to hold that we believe in matter as a conclusion from our sensations—for our belief in matter is in consequence of our consciousness of resistance, which is not a sensation. Will it mend matters to observe that I don’t use the word “sensations”—but experiences? and surely resistance is an experience—but if we infer matter from resistance, therefore we infer it from experience.

‘2. By instinct I mean a realization of a *particular*; by intuition, of a *general* fact—in both cases without *assignable* or *recognizable* media of realization. Is there any word I could use instead of instinct to denote the realization of particulars? Still, I do not see how you solve my difficulty of instinct leading brutes to the realization of something external to themselves? Perhaps it ought not to be called instinct in brutes—but by some other name.

‘3. Am I right in thinking that you wish me to infer matter as a *cause* from phenomena as an *effect*, from *my own view* of cause and effect. But in *my own view* cause is *Will*; how can matter be Will?

‘4. “*Hypothetical realism*,” yes—if conclusions are necessarily conditional. But I consider Ratiocination far higher, more subtle, wider, more certain than logical Inference—and its principle of action is the “*Illative Sense*,” which I treat of towards the end of the volume. If I say that Ratiocination leads to absolute truth, am I still an hypothetical realist?’

‘Aug. 18, 1869.

‘I send you by this post the MSS. which I spoke of in my last.

‘On second thoughts I don’t see how I can change the word “instinct”—I have not indeed any where used it for the *perception of God* from our experiences, but in later chapters I speak of Catholic instincts,—Mother Margaret’s instincts, the instinct of calculating boys, in all cases using the word “instinct” to mean a spontaneous impulse, physical or intelligent, in the individual, leading to a result without assignable or recognisable intellectual media.

‘Would it do, if I kept the passage and put a note to this effect,—“I speak thus under correction, and withdraw it prospectively, if it is contrary to the teaching of the theological Schola”?’

‘Aug. 20, 1869.

‘Pray forgive me if unknown to myself and unintentionally I have led you to think, quite contrary to *my* thoughts, that you wrote dogmatically. Just the contrary, and you are doing me a great service in letting me see *how* matters stand in the philosophical school.

‘Forgive too the treacherousness of my memory, though by “composition” I meant the composition of my matter, the drawing out of my argument, etc.

‘Nothing can be clearer than your remarks. Now let me say I had no intention at all of saying that I know, e.g. that I have a sheet of paper before me, by an *argument* from the impression on my senses—“that impression *must* have a cause—” but it is a *perception* (that is, a kind of instinct). I have used the word “perception” again and again; that perception comes to me *through* my senses—therefore I cannot call it *immediate*. If it were not for my senses, nothing would excite me to perceive—but as soon as I see the white paper, I perceive by instinct (as I call it) without *argumentative* media, *through* my senses, but not logically *by* my senses, that there is a *thing*, of which the white paper is the outward token. Then, when I have this experience again and again, I go on from the one, two, three etc. accompanying perceptions of one, two, three etc. external objects, to make an induction “There is a vast external world.” This induction leads to a conclusion much larger than the particular perceptions—because it includes in it that the earth has an inside, and that the moon has a further side, though I don’t see it.

‘Therefore I hold that we do not *prove* external individual objects, but *perceive* them—I cannot say that we *immediately* perceive them, because it is through the *experience* as an instrument that we are led to them—and though we do not prove the particular, we *do* prove the *general*, i.e. by induction from the particular. I am sanguine in thinking this is in substance what you say yourself.’

The office of informal censor did not prove entirely easy. Considering the intellectual eminence of the writer and the rigid principles of scholastic philosophy, to sanction or to check the new and subtle arguments submitted for censorship

was a difficult alternative; and in August Dr. Meynell spoke of giving up his task. This was a great blow to Newman:

‘The Oratory: Aug. 21st, 1869.

‘My dear Dr. Meynell,—Your intention to give up has shocked and dismayed me more than I can say—*shocked* me because I fear I must have said something or other in writing which has scared you, and *dismayed* me, for what am I to do?

‘I quite understand that you must feel it a *most* unpleasant responsibility (though, of course, I shall not tell anyone) and an endless work, for when will it be finished? It is enough to spoil your holiday, and to bother your professional work, and I really have not a word to say besides thanking you for what you have already done for me, and begging you to forgive me if, like a camel when they are loading it, I have uttered dismal cries.

‘Well, now I am in a most forlorn condition, and, like Adam, I feel “the world is all before me.” Whom am I to ask to do the work which you have so kindly begun? I shall not get anyone so patient as you, and, alas, alas, what is to come is, for what I know, more ticklish even than what you have seen.

‘I have availed myself of all your remarks in some way or other, though I have not always taken them pure and simple.

‘Thank you for saying you will say Mass for me. It is a great kindness.

Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

‘P.S. I have not said what I feel most sadly, your language about your own littleness. If you are little, I must be less, because you are *really* teaching me. I should be a fool if I did not avail myself most thankfully of your remarks.

‘You know, anyhow, you have promised me some remarks on the MS.’

Dr. Meynell, however, in the end resumed his work, and all went peacefully thenceforward. One interesting point was raised in connection with the ‘illative sense.’ Dr. Meynell apparently desired to treat as really identical the spontaneous judgments of the mind and their subsequent reasoned analysis. Newman’s candid psychology made him demur to this.

‘You are ten times more likely to be right on such a point than I am,’ he wrote; ‘however, at present I don’t

follow you, though I will think about it. My reason is this, that consciousness or reflection on one's acts is an act different in kind from those acts themselves. Its *object* is distinct. If I walk, my eyes may watch my walking. If I sing, my ears listen to my voice and tell me if I am in tune. These are acts of reflection on my walking and singing, are they not? but the original act is bodily, and the reflex act is mental. I assure you I most deeply feel that I may be out of my depth. . . . I am not sure, from what you said, whether you read the enclosed bits of theology. Please to cast your eye over them. I must have a theological eye upon them, and one of your eyes is theological though the other is philosophical.’

‘I am quite ashamed to think what I have cost you in paper, pens, ink, stamps and time,’ Newman writes to his censor as the revision approaches completion.

When the book was published its author wrote his formal thanks.

‘The Oratory: Feb. 20/70.

‘My dear Dr. Meynell,—I ought before now to have written you a letter both of congratulation and thanks on the termination of the long and teasing task which you have so valiantly performed in my behalf. All I can say is that whatever be the amount of trouble you have had from your charitable undertaking, my amount of gain from it has been greater. What the positive value of my volume is I do not know; but this I do know, that, many as are its imperfections and faults, they would have been many more and much worse but for you.

‘Now I want you to accept some keepsake in token of my gratitude and as a memorial for after years. I don't care what it is, so that it is something you would like. This is why I don't send you something without asking, for it might be as unwelcome to you, when it came, as the elephant in Leech's picture. But give me two or three sets of books to choose out of, or picture-books, or astronomical instruments, or images or what you please.

‘Believe me, my dear Dr. Meynell,

Most sincerely yours in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Newman wrote of the book shortly before its completion to his friend Mr. Serjeant Bellasis, to whom it was to be dedicated:

‘Tell me your style and title “Edward Bellasis Esqr, Serjeant-at-Law”?’ You will still let me put your name, won’t you, to the beginning of my book? I suppose it will be my last. I have not finished it. I have written in all (good and bad) 5 constructive books. My Prophetic Office (which has come to pieces)—Essay on Justification—Development of Doctrine—University Lectures (Dublin) and this. Each took me a great deal of time and tried me very much. This, I think, has tried me most of all. I have written and rewritten it more times than I can count. I have now got up to my highest point—I mean, I could not do better, did I spend a century on it, but then, it may be “bad is the best.”’

Newman chose for the full title of his book, ‘An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent,’ as if to disclaim as emphatically as possible any pretension to a final treatment of his subject. His aim was simply to rouse in men’s minds certain perceptions as to their mental processes, rooted in the experience of mankind, but dormant, or apt to be dormant, because their practical importance is not directly obvious. And he trusted that these perceptions, once properly roused, would account for and justify important beliefs which could not adequately be proved by explicit logical arguments. The method of the book is predominantly empirical, not theoretical. Its author does not begin by laying down the law as to how people ought to think, but studies rather to show them how they do think. The greater part of the work consists in an elaborate study of the mental operations which we find underlying the processes of Apprehension, Inference (whether Formal or Informal), Assent, and Certitude; and here, besides the contrast already noticed between Inference and Assent, appears another, equally new and striking, between ‘Real’ and ‘Notional’ Apprehension or Assent. All this is illustrated by numberless examples, touched with a force and poetic beauty, or sometimes a pungent humour, which is scarcely paralleled in any of Newman’s other works, and which make the book well worth reading for its literary merit alone. To give any adequate idea of the beauty of the work by extracts, in this place, would be quite impossible.

The philosophical value of the ‘Essay on Assent’ does not at all depend on its being regarded as completely meeting the difficulty it contemplates. Nor does it depend on

Newman's general theory being accepted in its entirety. Its reasoning and illustrations have a value for students of psychology far beyond its definite conclusions, which are to some extent tentative. To the power of spontaneous action in the human reason, whereby it draws its conclusions from premisses of which it is only in part explicitly conscious, and judges those conclusions to be warranted, he gives the name of ‘illative sense.’ The mind is, he says, ‘unequal to a complete analysis of the motives which carry it on to a particular conclusion, and is swayed and determined by a body of proof which it recognises only as a body and not in its constituent parts.’ He instances the reasons possessed by most of us for believing that England is an island. We have learnt the belief among the other indubitable facts of geography. But if anyone attempts to state his reasons for regarding the facts as certain, whether he will in the end justify it successfully or not, the very effort will at least show that his existing belief has been as a fact determined by a body of proof recognised in the mass as amply sufficient, but not hitherto put into logical form. A few plausible reasons for the belief at once occur to the mind, but falling far short of demonstration. And similarly, religious belief actually rests for most men, he holds, not on scientific demonstrations, but on arguments which are in their more obvious statement and when reduced to formal propositions only probable arguments, the reasons being informal in character, and the verbal arguments only symbols of those subtler grounds which make belief as deep as it is, and justify its depth.

‘I am suspicious then of scientific demonstrations in a question of concrete fact, in a discussion between fallible men. However let those demonstrate who have the gift; “*unus quisque in suo sensu abundet.*” For me, it is more congenial to my own judgment to attempt to prove Christianity in the same informal way in which I can prove for certain that I have been born into this world, and that I shall die out of it. It is pleasant to my own feelings to follow a theological writer, such as Amort, who has dedicated to the great Pope, Benedict XIV., what he calls “a new, modest, and easy way of demonstrating the Catholic religion.” In this work he adopts the argument merely of the *greater* probability; I prefer to rely on that of an *accumulation* of

various probabilities; but we both hold (that is, I hold with him), that from probabilities we may construct legitimate proof, sufficient for certitude. I follow him in holding, that, since a good Providence watches over us, He blesses such means of argument as it has pleased Him to give us, in the nature of man and of the world, if we use them duly for those ends for which He has given them; and that, as in mathematics we are justified by the dictate of nature in withholding our assent from a conclusion of which we have not yet a strict logical demonstration, so by a like dictate we are not justified, in the case of concrete reasoning and especially of religious inquiry, in waiting till such logical demonstration is ours, but on the contrary are bound in conscience to seek truth and to look for certainty by modes of proof, which, when reduced to the shape of formal propositions, fail to satisfy the severe requisitions of science.

‘Here then at once is one momentous doctrine or principle, which enters into my own reasoning, and which another ignores, viz. the providence and intention of God; and of course there are other principles, explicit or implicit, which are in like circumstances. It is not wonderful then, that, while I can prove Christianity divine to my own satisfaction, I shall not be able to force it upon anyone else. Multitudes indeed I ought to succeed in persuading of its truth without any force at all, because they and I start from the same principles, and what is a proof to me is a proof to them; but if anyone starts from any other principles but ours, I have not the power to change his principles, or the conclusion which he draws from them, any more than I can make a crooked man straight. Whether his mind will ever grow straight, whether I can do anything towards its becoming straight, whether he is not responsible, responsible to his Maker, for being mentally crooked, is another matter; still the fact remains, that, in any inquiry about things in the concrete, men differ from each other, not so much in the soundness of their reasoning as in the principles which govern its exercise, that those principles are of a personal character, that where there is no common measure of minds, there is no common measure of arguments, and that the validity of proof is determined, not by any scientific test, but by the illative sense.’

Newman applies his theory to Natural Religion as well as to Revealed. In the case of Natural Religion, while accepting the argument from ‘Order’ as having a valid place in the con-

structive proof of Theism, he lays far more stress on the argument from Conscience. Few pages in the book are more characteristic than the following, which describes the functions of Conscience in impressing on the imagination our personal relations with the living God:

'Conscience too, considered as a moral sense, an intellectual sentiment, is a sense of admiration and disgust, of approbation and blame: but it is something more than a moral sense; it is always, what the sense of the beautiful is in certain cases; it is always emotional. No wonder then that it always implies what that sense only sometimes implies; that it always involves the recognition of a living object, towards which it is directed. Inanimate things cannot stir our affections; these are correlative with persons. If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear. If, on doing wrong, we feel the same tearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right, we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing, satisfactory delight which follows on our receiving praise from a father, we certainly have within us the image of some person, to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as require for their exciting cause an intelligent being: we are not affectionate towards a stone, nor do we feel shame before a horse or a dog; we have no remorse or compunction in breaking mere human law: yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding, self-condemnation; and on the other hand it sheds upon us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation, and a hope, which there is no sensible, no earthly object to elicit. "The wicked flees, when no one pursueth"; then why does he flee? whence his terror? Who is it that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart? If the cause of these emotions does not belong to this visible world, the Object to which his perception is directed must be Supernatural and Divine.'

Let it be noted that in several letters Newman distinctly intimates his opinion that portions of his theory need revision.

He believed he had hit on an important line of thought. To ventilate it some one must take the first step—and was not likely to break fresh ground without saying what might need some modification in its expression. Moreover its style was popular rather than scientific.

‘As to my book,’ he wrote to the Jesuit Father Walford, ‘it is always most difficult to be exact in one’s language, nor is it necessary to be exactissimus in a work which is a conversational essay, not a didactic treatise. It is like a military reconnaissance, or a party in undress, or a house in Committee; it is in English, not in Latin; it is a preliminary opening of the ground, which must be done at one’s ease, if it is done at all.’

Newman’s feelings when he had finished his last chapter are given in a letter to Sister Imelda Poole:

‘In fest. SS. Nominis Jesu.

‘My dear Rev. Mother,—I said Mass this morning for all your intentions.

‘I have just written the last sentence of my book. A good day to finish it on, especially considering the subject of the last few pages.

‘But I have not *finished* it really: I have but brought it to an end. I have to correct, re-write, retranscribe, sixty or seventy pages of (what will be) print. It will be a month or six weeks before it is out.

‘Oh! what a toil it has been to me—for three years—how many times I have written it—but so I have most of the books I have published, and since last April I have been at work almost incessantly. I wonder what it will turn out to be; for I never was so ignorant before, of the practical good and use of anything I have written. Its use will be a matter of fact which can only be ascertained by experience.

‘I have at times been quite frightened lest the labour of thought might inflict on me some terrible retribution at my age. It is my last work. I say work because “work” implies effort—and there are many things I can do without an effort. This is the fifth constructive work which I have done—two as a Protestant, three as a Catholic.

‘Pray for me and believe me

Yours most sincerely in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

It soon became known that the book was practically ready, and friends became eager to learn the day of publication. But

the work of final correction was anxious and laborious. He writes to Hope-Scott on January 2, 1870:

'I am engaged, as Bellasis knows, in cutting across the isthmus of Suez; though I have got so far as to let the water in to the canal, there is an awkward rock in mid channel near the mouth which takes a deal of picking and blasting. And no man of war will be able to pass through, till I get rid of it. Thus I can't name a day for the opening.'

The book was ready in February; it was dedicated to Mr. Serjeant Bellasis 'in memory of a long, equable, and sunny friendship.'¹ Newman received the specimen bound copy on February 21st—his sixty-ninth birthday. On the following day he wrote to Henry Wilberforce:

'The Oratory: Feb. 22nd, 1870.

'My dear Henry,—Thank you for your affectionate letter. I am now in my 70th year; wonderful!

'I shall say Mass for you all on the 24th. It is singular how many deaths of friends group round the 21st. On the 21st is Miss Roberts', Johnson's and Bowden's aunt, whom I knew from 1818. On the 22nd Henry Bowden's first wife, and my great friend Mr. Mayers. On the 23rd Archdeacon Froude, and on the 24th dear John. Besides on the 28th are Hurrell Froude and Manuel Johnson, and on the 13th Father Joseph Gordon. Then on the 3rd is Robert.

'I sent up the last corrections of my book on the evening of the 20th, and a specimen of it bound came down on the 21st. So I date it the 21st.

'Agnes shall have it, as soon as it is out. It has run to 100 pages more than it ought. I hoped it would be 380—it is 487—and a fat book. People will say, much cry and little wool—so, all this labour has issued in this dry, humdrum concern. Tell Agnes she is bound not to begin at the end, not to skip, but to get it up from the first page on. And she will have a profitable Lent exercise of mortification.

'Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To Miss Holmes he wrote on March 2:

¹ One of the most ludicrous misprints ever recorded appeared in the first proof of this dedication, which ran thus "In memory of a long squabble and funny friendship." Mr. J. Scott Stokes, who saw the proof, writes "I never saw the Father laugh as he did the morning the first proof arrived. And Father Ignatius Ryder simply roared. But Father William Neville was very angry and ran many times up and down the corkscrew staircase in the library—his way of relieving his pent up feelings."

'You will be disappointed with my Grammar, and so will every one be. It is what it is, and it is not what it isn't—and what it isn't most people will expect that it is. It won't be out for 10 days or a fortnight yet. It is my last work—I say "work," for though I may fiddle-faddle henceforth, a real piece of labour will be beyond me. This is what old men cannot do—and when they attempt it, they kill themselves. An old horse, or an old piece of furniture, will last a long time, if you take care of it,—so will the brain—but if you forget that it is old, it soon reminds you of the fact by ceasing to be.'

To Father Coleridge he wrote after the publication of his book:

'The Oratory: March 13, 1870.

' . . . I have tried to be as exact as I possibly can theologically in what I have written, and hope I have observed all the landmarks which theologians have laid down, but I know, even if I succeed in having the consciousness of this so far, still the main question is, whether I have added anything to the difficult subject of which I have treated, or have left it more confused than I found it.

'However, anyhow I have got a great burden off my mind—for 20 or 30 years I have felt it a sort of duty to write upon it, and I have begun again and again but never could get on, and again and again I have in consequence stopped. Now, whether I have done it well or ill, still I have done it. I have no further call on me. I have done my best, and given my all, and I leave it to Him to prosper or not, as He thinks fit, for Whom I have done it. I say the incubus is off my mind and it is hardly too much to say that I look forward to death more happily, as if I had less to keep me here. I suppose it will be my last work—meaning by "work" anxiety and toil. Myself, I don't think it my worst—but then I recollect it is often said that an author thinks his worst work his best.'

The book did not pass without criticism, and the criticisms led to interesting letters. Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Fitz-James Stephen both attacked it in *Fraser's Magazine*. Others criticised it from the scholastic standpoint. It was of course contrary to scholastic precedent to dwell almost exclusively as he had done on Conscience as the argument for the existence of God. Mr. Brownlow wrote to him as though he had recognised no argument for Theism from the visible creation; but Newman pointed out that this was an

exaggeration. It is interesting that he had been suspicious of Paley's argument from 'Design,' even before the evolution theory suggested a weak point in it. But the argument from 'Order' was recognised in the 'Grammar of Assent.' He writes thus to Mr. Brownlow¹ on the subject:

'The Oratory: April 13th, 1870.

'My dear Brownlow,—It is very pleasant to me to hear what you say about my new book—which has given me great anxiety. I *have* spoken of the argument for the being of a God from the visible Creation at page 70 paragraph 1. "Order implies purpose" &c. I have not insisted on the argument from *design*, because I am writing for the 19th Century, by which, as represented by its philosophers, design is not admitted as proved. And to tell the truth, though I should not wish to preach on the subject, for 40 years I have been unable to see the logical force of the argument myself. I believe in design because I believe in God; not in a God because I see design. You will say that the 19th Century does not believe in conscience either—true—but then it does not believe in a God at all. Something I must assume, and in assuming conscience I assume what is least to assume, and what most will admit. Half the world knows nothing of the argument from design—and, when you have got it, you do not prove by it the moral attributes of God—except very faintly. Design teaches me power, skill, and goodness, not sanctity, not mercy, not a future judgment, which three are of the essence of religion.'

Before the end of the year Father Harper, the Jesuit, had written an elaborate attack on the book from the standpoint of a thoroughgoing scholastic.

Of this criticism, which appeared in successive articles in the *Month*, Newman wrote thus to Father Coleridge:

'The Oratory: Febr'y. 5, 1871.

'My dear Fr. Coleridge,—I began to read Fr. Harper's papers, but they were (to my ignorance of theology and philosophy) so obscure, and (to my own knowledge of my real meaning) so hopelessly misrepresentations of the book, that I soon gave it over. As to my answering, I think I never answered any critique on any writing of mine, in my life. My "Essay on Development" was assailed by Dr. Brownson on one side, and Mr. Archer Butler on the other, at great length. Brownson, I believe, thought me a Pantheist

¹ Afterwards Bishop of Clifton.

—and sent me his work to Rome, by some American Bishop. Mr. Butler has been lauded by his people as having smashed me. Now at the end of twenty years, I am told from Rome that I am guilty of the late Definition by my work on Development, so orthodox has it been found in principle, and on the other side Bampton Lectures have been preached, I believe, allowing that principle. The *Guardian* acknowledges the principle as necessary, and the Scotch Editors of Dorner's great work on our Lord's Person, cautioning of course the world against *me*, admit that development of doctrine is an historical fact. I shall not live another 20 years, but, as I waited patiently, as regards my former work, for "Time to be the Father of Truth," so now I leave the judgment between Fr. Harper and me to the sure future.

'Father Mazio said of my "Development," "I do not know how it is, but so it is, that all these startling things, Mr. Newman brings them round at the end to a good conclusion," and so now the *Quarterly* (if I recollect) talks in a kind sense of my surprises, and the *Edinburgh* of my audacity. I do not mean myself to surprise people or to be audacious, but somehow, now at the end of life, I have from experience a confidence in myself, and, (though with little of St. Cyprian's sanctity, but with more of truth, as I trust, in my cause) I am led to take to myself some portion of the praise given him in Keble's line, and to "trust the lore of my own loyal heart." I trust to having some portion of an "inductive sense," founded in right instincts.

'My book is to show that a right moral state of mind germinates or even generates good intellectual principles. This proposition rejoices the *Quarterly*, as if it was a true principle—it shocks the *Edinburgh*, as if Pascal and others were much more philosophical in saying that religion or religiousness is not ultimately based on reason. And the *Guardian* says that whether this view will or will not hold is the problem now before the intellectual world, which coming years is to decide. Let those, who think I ought to be answered, those Catholics, first master the great difficulty, the great problem, and then, if they don't like my way of meeting it find another. Syllogizing won't meet it.

'You see then I have not the very shadow of a reason *against* Fr. Harper's future papers, as I think they will all go ultimately, after I am gone, to the credit of my work.

'While I say this, of course I am sensible it may be full of defects, and certainly characterized by incompleteness and

crudeness, but it is something to have started a problem, and mapped in part a country, if I have done nothing more.

'Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

It was a fact of great importance at the moment that W. G. Ward, who had opposed Newman so strongly on the question of Papal claims, welcomed the 'Grammar' enthusiastically in an article in the *Dublin Review*. W. G. Ward's reputation for staunch orthodoxy made this fact largely outweigh in the general Catholic mind the opposition to it on the part of Father Harper, the Jesuit, in the *Month*, on the lines of scholastic philosophy.

W. G. Ward helped the immediate acceptance of the book both by intimating his concurrence with its general line of thought, and by pointing out that some of the views set forth by Newman and criticised by such modern scholastics as Father Harper, had been already urged by the best thinkers among the schoolmen. Moreover, Mr. Ward wrote the following statement—vivid if slightly paradoxical—of the general difficulty which Newman's book was designed to answer, a difficulty which its hostile Catholic critics appeared not to apprehend, and to which they certainly did not offer any alternative solution.

'Catholics are taught (so the non-Christian philosopher objects) to regard it as a sacred duty that they shall hold, most firmly and without a shadow of doubt, the truth of certain marvels which are alleged to have taken place nineteen centuries ago. As to examining the *evidence* for those truths, the great mass of Catholics are of course philosophically uncultured and simply incompetent to such a task. But even were they competent thereto, they are prevented from attempting it. Except a select few of them, they are all forbidden to read or knowingly to hear one syllable of argument on the other side. Under such circumstances, *proof* for their creed they can have none; any more than a *judge* can have proof who has only heard witnesses on one side, and them not cross-examined. So far from proportioning their assent to the evidence on which their doctrine rests, the assent claimed from them is the very highest, while the evidence afforded them is less than the least.

'But take even any one of the select few who are permitted to study both sides of the question. He will tell you

quite frankly that his belief was as firm before his examination as it is now; nay, and that he regards it as a sin, which unrepented would involve him in eternal misery, if he allowed himself so much as one deliberate doubt on the truth of Catholicity. I place before him some serious difficulty, which tells against the most central facts of his religion: he had never heard of the difficulty before, and he is not now at all sure that he will be able to answer it. I should have expected, were it not for my knowledge of Catholics, that the confidence of his conviction would be *diminished* by this circumstance; for, plainly, an unanswered difficulty is no slight abatement from the body of proof on which his creed reposes. But he says unblushingly that if he were to study for ten years without seeing how to meet the point I have suggested, his belief in his Church, whose claim of authority he recognizes as divinely authorized, would be in no respect or degree affected by the circumstance.

‘Nor is it for themselves alone, but for all mankind, that Catholics prescribe this rebellion against reason. They maintain that every human being, to whom their Gospel is preached, is under an obligation of accepting with firmest faith the whole mass of Catholic facts—the miraculous Conception, Resurrection, Ascension, etc.; while it is simply undeniable that 999 out of every 1000 are absolutely incapable of appreciating ever so distantly the evidence on which these facts are alleged to repose.

‘Nor, to do them justice, do they show the slightest disposition to conceal or veil their maxims. The Vatican Council itself has openly anathematized all those who shall allege that Catholics may lawfully suspend their judgment on the truth of Catholicity, until they have obtained for themselves scientific proof of its truth.¹

‘I have no general prejudice against Catholics; on the contrary, I think many of them possess some first-rate qualities. But while their avowed intellectual maxims are those above recited, I must regard them as external to the pale of intellectual civilization. I have no more ground on which I can argue with a Catholic than I have ground on which I can argue with a savage.’

¹ ‘Si quis dixerit parem esse conditionem fidelium, etc., ita ut Catholici iustam causam habere possint fidem, quam sub Ecclesiae magisterio jam susceperunt, assensu suspensio in dubium vocandi donec demonstrationem scientificam credibilitatis et veritatis fidei suae absolverint, anathema sit.’—*Dei Filius*, c. 3, canon 6.

In private, as well as in public, W. G. Ward expressed his admiration of the work, and spoke of it as forming the basis of a new and important Catholic philosophy. He wrote his congratulations to the author, and Newman replied to him as follows:

'My dear Ward,—It is a very great pleasure to me to receive your letter, both as expressing a favourable opinion of my book and as recording a point of agreement between us on an important subject. It would be strange indeed if I were not quite aware, as I am, that there are portions of my theory which require finishing or revising. I expect it to be my last work, meaning by work labour and toil.

'Yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To Aubrey de Vere he wrote to much the same effect:

'You must not think that I am sure myself that I have done any great thing—for I have felt very little confidence in it—though words like yours, and you are not the only person who has used such, are a very great encouragement to me—but I could not help feeling that I had something to give out whatever its worth, and I felt haunted with a sort of responsibility, and almost a weight on my conscience, if I did not speak it, and yet I could not. So that it is the greatest possible relief at length to have got it off my mind—as if I heard the words "he has done what he could." And, while I say this, I really am not taking for granted that your favourable criticism is the true one—and I recollect that what a man thinks his best work is often his worst. But then I think, too, that sometimes a man's failures do more good to the world or to his cause than his best successes—and then I feel as if I could die happier now that I have no Essay on Assent to write, and I think I shall never write another work, meaning by work a something which is an anxiety and a labour. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labours until the evening," and my evening is surely come—though not my night.'

W. G. Ward pursued the subject in the *Dublin Review* in several articles. He owned to certain minor differences with Newman's book. But, as I have said, he insisted not only upon its value, but on the consistency of its most characteristic positions with views held by the greater schoolmen of

earlier and more recent times. He chose Father Kleutgen to represent the latter and de Lugo the former. On the knowledge of God through Conscience, and on the quasi-instinctive apprehension by the religious mind 'with a heart and an eye for truth' of the reasons both for Theism and for Christianity his citations were equally effective.¹

This article in the *Dublin* told strongly in favour of the view that there was nothing in Newman's treatment different in kind from that of the really great Catholic thinkers, scholastic or other; that the opposition to his book came mainly from those who were not thinkers—who judged only by traditional modes of expression which were current in the text-books, without realising the ideas which were involved.

The book had a wide circulation, and was read in the families which specially loved its author, by those who did not understand it as well as by those who did.

'I am glad you like my Grammar of Assent,' Newman writes to a friend, 'and am amused that you should turn it to the purposes of educating Margaret. "Thirty days hath

¹Against those who objected to Newman's speaking of our knowledge of God through Conscience as though it were a heterodox doctrine of Divine immanence he could quote with effect the words of Kleutgen that God 'makes Himself felt within us by his moral law as an August Power to which we are subject.' Against those who objected that Newman's 'illative sense' placed reason on a level with irrational instinct he quoted the words of the same writer: 'how many truths there are concerning duty, concerning nature and art, which a man of good judgment knows with perfect accuracy without being distinctly cognisant how he passes in successive judgments from one truth to another.' Kleutgen goes so far as to use the very word 'instinct' of the spontaneous knowledge of God of which Newman had spoken as coming to us through our Conscience. He represents the object of a philosophy of Theism as being to show that the instinct is rational. 'Why,' he writes, 'should not science take as the object of its researches that knowledge of God which we instinctively possess . . . philosophy is able and is bound to show that that method of reasoning from the world's existence to God's to which our intellect is spontaneously impelled, is conformable to the clearly known laws of our thought.'

De Lugo speaks expressly of the illative sense as 'virtus intellectus et voluntatis, ut uno actu brevissimo et subtilissimo attingant compendiose totam illam seriem motivorum,' etc.

W. G. Ward himself goes a step further in Newman's direction, maintaining that even after philosophy has done its best, the still unanalysed motives for belief—its 'implicit grounds' as he calls them—remain the strongest in the evidences for Christianity and Catholicity, as the Conscience presents the strongest argument for Theism.

September" and the Multiplication Table will do no harm. Reading itself is only a trick of artificial memory.'

He had, as we have seen, been especially anxious to help those who, from their own lack of technical knowledge, were tried by the popular arguments of the day against religious belief. He was gratified to find that the chapter on Certitude had had just the effect he desired in the case of his friend Miss Holmes:

'It will please me much,' he writes to her on March 26, 'if you say of the last 100 pages what you say for the chapter on certitude—for they were written especially for those who can't go into questions of the inspiration of Scripture, authenticity of books, passages in the Fathers, &c. &c.—especially for such ladies as are bullied by infidels and do not know how to answer them—a misfortune which I fear is not rare in this day. I wanted to show that, keeping to broad facts of history, which everyone knows and no one can doubt, there is evidence and reason enough for an honest inquirer to believe in revelation.'

He sent the book also to those who felt the deficiencies of current apologetic—who desiderated a more candid observation of facts, in dealing with the mixed subjects covered by apologetic and theology. Many Catholic writers seemed to him to apply exclusively the deductive method, belonging to theology proper, to fields in which historical evidence is both weighty and relevant. The appositeness and value of the Baconian method appeared to be ignored by them. The 'Grammar of Assent,' with its minute psychological observations, was a step in the desired direction, and Newman sent it to one who had expressed to him the above criticism. In reply to his enthusiastic letter of thanks Newman wrote as follows:

'My dear Sir,—I thank you for the very kind way in which you have received my book.

'The only drawback to my satisfaction is that you expect much more from it than you will find. You have truly said that we need a *Novum Organum* for theology, and I shall be truly glad if I shall be found to have made any suggestion which will aid the formation of such a *calculus*. But it must be the strong conception and the one work of a great genius,

not the *obiter* attempt of a person like myself who has already attempted many things and is at the end of his days.

‘I am, my dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

The author had opportunities of learning the effect of his book on persons in doubt. One such reader expressed her objections to its line of argument in a letter to Mr. Brownlow, forwarded by him to Newman, who thus replied:

‘The Oratory: April 29, 1871.

‘ . . . As you will see, she confuses the *conclusion* from *evidence*, with the act of *assent* which depends on the *will*. No one on earth can have evidence strictly *sufficient* for an *absolute* conclusion, but I may have evidence so strong that I may see it is my duty to give my absolute assent to it. I have not absolute demonstration that my father was not a murderer, or my intimate friend a sharper, but it would not only be heartless, but irrational, not to disbelieve these hypotheses or possibilities *utterly*—and, anyhow, in matter of fact men generally *do* disbelieve them absolutely—and therefore the Church, as the Minister of God, asks us for nothing more in things supernatural than common sense, than nature asks of us in matters of this world. I believe absolutely that there is a North America—and that the United States is a Republic with a President—why then do I not absolutely believe, though I see it not, that there is a Heaven and that God is there? If you say that there is *more* evidence for the United States than for Heaven, that is intelligible—but it is not a question of more or less; since the *utmost* evidence only leads to probability and *yet* you believe absolutely in the United States, it is no reason against believing in heaven absolutely, though you have not “experience” of it. But you have said all this to her.

‘She says there are persons who are *certain* of the Christian religion *because* they have strictly proved it—no one is certain for this reason. Every one believes by an act of will, more or less ruling his intellect (as a matter of duty) to believe absolutely *beyond* the evidence.

‘She says “acts of certitude are always made about things of which our senses or our reasons do, or can take cognizance”—our senses do not tell us that there is a “United States” and our reason does not *demonstrate* it, only makes it probable. Try to analyze the reasons *why* one

believes in the United States. We not only *do* not, but we *could* not make a demonstration; yet we assent absolutely.

"How can any human testimony make me *quite certain* that I am hearing a message from God?" None can, but human testimony may be such as to make me see it is my *duty* to be certain. *Action* is distinct [from] a conclusion—yet a conclusion may be such as to make me see that action is a *duty*—and so *belief* is not a conclusion—yet [a conclusion] may be such as to make me see that belief is a duty—And, as I cannot act merely because I ought to act, so I cannot believe merely because I ought to believe.

'I may wish both to act and to believe—though I can do neither—and, as I ask God for grace to enable me to act, so I ask Him for grace to enable me to believe.

"It is the gift of God—why does He not give it me?" Because you do not perseveringly come to Him for the gift, and do your part by putting aside all those untrue and unreal and superfluous arguings.

"To see and touch the supernatural with the eye of my soul, with its *own experience*, this is what I want to do." Yes, it is—You wish to "Walk, *not* by faith, *but* by sight." If you had *experience*, how would it be *faith*?

'Of course every one must begin with reason. If your friend cannot bring herself to feel that what I have said above, which is what our theologians say, is so far rational that she is bound to act on it, I do not see what can be said. But I think it plain that she is no fit recipient of the Sacraments, unless she feels that faith is ever *more* than, ever *distinct* from, an inference from premisses, and tries and prays and desires with all her heart to exercise it. But, while she persists in saying that it is irrational, or unreasonable, or unphilosophical, or unjustifiable, because it *is more than* reason, that is, more *than an* inference, while she thinks that in order to be true to the law of her mind, to nature, to herself, she *must not aim* at any belief stronger than the premisses, whereas human nature, human sense, and the laws of the mind, just say the reverse, I don't think she can be absolved.

'I have answered you to the best of my ability, and praying the Giver of all grace to guide you and to disenchant her, for she is like a fly in a spider's web.

'JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Six months after the 'Grammar' was published, Newman wrote as follows in his journal:

'Oct. 30, 1870. How unpleasant it is to read former memoranda—I can't quite tell why. They read affected, unreal, egotistical, petty, fussy. There is much in the above, which I should tear out and burn, if I did as I wished. One writes in particular humours—Perhaps if I looked over it six months hence, I should like what now I don't like. I wonder whether I shall burn it all when I am going to die. Perhaps I shall leave it for what is valuable in it.

'Since I published my Essay on Assent last March, I have meant to make a memorandum on the subject of it. It is the upshot of a very long desire and effort—I don't know the worth of it, but I am happier to have at length done it and got it off my hands. Authors (or at least I) can as little foretell what their books will be before they are written, as fathers can foretell whether their children will be boys or girls, dark or fair, gentle or fiery, clever or stupid. The book itself I have aimed at writing these twenty years;—and now that it is written I do not quite recognise it for what it was meant to be, though I suppose it is such. I have made more attempts at writing it than I can enumerate. . . .

'These attempts, though some of them close upon others, were, I think, all distinct. They were like attempts to get into a labyrinth, or to find the weak point in the defences of a fortified place. I could not get on, and found myself turned back, utterly baffled. Yet I felt I ought to bring out what my mind saw, but could not grasp, whatever it was worth. I don't say it is worth much, now that it has come out, but I felt as if I did not like to die before I had said it. It may suggest something better and truer than it to another, though worth little in itself. Thus I went on year after year. At last, when I was up at Glion over the Lake of Geneva, it struck me: "You are wrong in beginning with certitude—certitude is only a kind of assent—you should begin with contrasting assent and inference." On that hint I spoke, finding it a key to my own ideas.'

CHAPTER XXIX

THE VATICAN COUNCIL (1869-1870)

It is sometimes suggested that Newman's line of action in 1869 and 1870 in connection with the Vatican Council was an episode in his life which showed a certain deficiency in whole-hearted loyalty to the Holy See, and were best forgotten by his admirers. His letters show that he himself took a very different view from this even after all the excitement of controversy had subsided. If ever he acted against his inclinations and from a stern sense of duty it was at this crisis. He had a full consciousness that many good but not far-seeing people, whom he respected, would condemn his attitude. He was opposing what was put forward as being the wish of a Pontiff whom he especially loved and revered for his personal qualities even apart from his sacred office. But throughout he believed himself to be defending the interests of Catholic theology against extremists who were—without realising the effects of their action—setting it aside. Like Archbishop Sibour, he was pleading the cause of the immemorial constitution of the Church against the innovations of advocates of a new absolutism. An Ecumenical Council, according to Catholic theology, involves genuine deliberation. He had been invited by the Pontiff himself to contribute material towards this deliberation. He was constantly consulted by Bishop Ullathorne, Bishop Clifford, Bishop Dupanloup, and other prelates. He had then the call, in his own sphere, to make a real contribution to the process of deliberation—that is to say, to declare what his own judgment was, but with the full intention of submitting to the Church when it had decided the matter. The Pope was constantly approached with representations on behalf of one view of the question: was it not only fair, reasonable,

and loyal to bring before him and the Council the full force of another view held by many of the Bishops themselves?

As we have seen, there were men of influence who were speaking as though truth was to be directly revealed by the Holy Spirit to the Council, and scientific theology, and deliberation with a view to exactness of expression, were unimportant. Against this growing tendency he entered his earnest protest by word and by deed. No doubt his protest was regarded by men whose education was not equal to their piety as showing a want of confidence in the Holy Spirit's guidance. So, too, Silas Marner deemed it a want of faith to doubt that the Holy Spirit would interfere by preternatural agencies to guide the decision by lot. And when that decision turned out to be false he lost his faith in God. Such is the Nemesis which follows the identification of God's guidance with the beliefs of the superstitious as to its nature and degree. The very fact that Newman's protest was objected to showed how necessary it was, and how the commonplaces of theology were being practically disregarded. He was but acting on the words he had himself written five years earlier, in the 'Apologia,' on the determining factors in the proceedings of Ecumenical Councils. The Fathers, he wrote, 'have been guided in their decisions by the commanding genius of individuals, sometimes young and of inferior rank. Not,' he added, 'that uninspired intellect overruled the superhuman gift which was committed to the Council, which would be a self-contradictory assertion, but that in that process of enquiry and deliberation which ended in an infallible enunciation individual effort was paramount.' He gave the instances of Malchion, a mere presbyter, at the Council of Antioch; of Athanasius, a deacon, at Nicea; of Salmeron, a priest, at Trent. That he himself, though a mere priest, should, when invited to contribute to the theological deliberations preliminary to the Vatican Council, do his best to make them real—that he should do something very different from merely uncritically acquiescing in the treatment of a definition of doctrine which involved a statement of historical fact, as though it were, in his own words, 'a luxury of devotion'—was, then, to be true to Catholic practice in the past in the face of dangerous innovation.

And, moreover, while the principle of full deliberation was the tradition in possession, it was also more than ever necessary now when historical criticism was so rapidly gaining in accuracy, and so many acute and jealous eyes would test and criticise the proceedings of the Council.

For a moment he had hesitated whether he should not accept the invitation of the Holy Father and Monsignor Dupanloup to attend at Rome in person for the theological conferences in which the *schemata* of the Council were to be prepared. But in the event he had declined.

‘Don’t be annoyed,’ he wrote to Sister Maria Pia¹ on February 10, 1869. ‘I am more happy as I am, than in any other way. I can’t bear the kind of trouble which I should have, if I were brought forward in any public way. Recollect, I could not be *in* the Council, unless I were a Bishop—and really and truly I am *not* a theologian. A theologian is one who has mastered theology—who can say how many opinions there are on every point, what authors have taken which, and which is the best—who can discriminate exactly between proposition and proposition, argument and argument, who can pronounce which are safe, which allowable, which dangerous—who can trace the history of doctrines in successive centuries, and apply the principles of former times to the conditions of the present. This it is to be a theologian—this and a hundred things besides—which I am not, and never shall be. Like St. Gregory Nazianzen, I like going on my own way, and having my time my own, living without pomp or state, or pressing engagements. Put me into official garb, and I am worth nothing; leave me to myself, and every now and then I shall do something. Dress me up, and you will soon have to make my shroud—leave me alone, and I shall live the appointed time.

‘Now do take this in, as a sensible nun.’

However, while declining an official position, such aid as he could give by correspondence with individual Bishops he was ready and anxious to afford.

There were two doctrines of the utmost delicacy which the Council proposed to treat—the Inspiration of Scripture and Papal Infallibility. To treat them with a full knowledge of the facts relevant to their accurate interpretation and exposition, so that the world should see that the definitions

¹ A Miss Maria Rosina Giberne.

were entirely consistent with the historical and physical science of the day, needed full and careful deliberation.

His greatest anxiety, of course, related to the proposed definition of Papal Infallibility. It appeared to him that the untheological school were trying to force a strong definition secretly, without due discussion, without facing the historical facts with which it must be reconciled—seeking mainly to express their devotional beliefs, and in doing so perhaps rendering an effective defence of the doctrine most difficult for Catholics in the future. His cry was in effect ‘Stop this post-haste movement and give us time.’ He considered that imperiousness and unfairness marked the proceedings of some of the most energetic promoters of the definition. To write at length on so wide a subject would need on his part long and laborious scientific investigation. For this no time was given. He could only cry out, and try and arouse the Bishops to a sense of the danger. He communicated with many of them privately. This was within the clear limit of his *locus standi*, for they asked his opinion. He seems to have hesitated as to the allowableness of writing publicly. But anyhow there was no time to write with any effect.

Before taking in order the events of the months preceding the definition, it may be well to give a few extracts from letters written in their course which illustrate the above account of his habitual feeling. When portions of a letter to Bishop Ullathorne in which he strongly criticised some of the promoters of the definition afterwards found their way into the newspapers, Father Coleridge urged him to write a pamphlet designed for the public. Newman thus replied:

‘Of course a pamphlet would have been far better than such a letter, but I was distinctly dissuaded from publishing; and then I asked myself this question—“Can anything I say move a single Bishop? And if not, what is the good of writing?” And this is the great charge which I bring against the immediate authors of this movement, *that they have not given us time*. Why must we be hurried all of a sudden, to write or not to write? Why is a *coup de main* to settle the matter before we know where we are? What could such as I do, *but* cry out, bawl, make violent gestures, as you would do, if you saw a railway engine running over some unhappy workman on the line? What time was there

for being scientific? What could you do but collar a Bishop, if you could get up to one? The beginning and end of my thoughts about the Council is: "You are going too fast, you are going too fast."

The extreme party were, Newman held, playing into the hands of the Church's enemies, who desired a definition which should be a *reductio ad absurdum* of Papal claims. The gradual spread of Catholic doctrines in England, of late years so promising, would, he feared, inevitably be checked if it should be passed. He wrote to Mr. Brownlow, contrasting the circumstances of this impending definition with those of the definition of 1854:

'As to the Immaculate Conception, by contrast there was nothing sudden, or secret, in the proposal of definition in that case. It had been talked about years out of mind—and was approached, every one knowing it, by step after step. This has taken us all by surprise.

'The Protestant and Infidel Press, so far from taking part with Mgr. Dupanloup, have backed up all along the extreme party—and now all through the country are taking an argumentative position against me.

'The existing Ritualists may or may not be put back—but the leavening of the country will be checked.'

'It is very pleasant to me,' he wrote to Canon Walker, 'to find you have hopes of the Council abstaining in a matter on which, I fear, the Pope has set his heart. What I dread is *haste*—if full time is given for the Synodal Fathers to learn and reflect on the state of the case, I have little doubt they will keep clear of the dangerous points.'

To Mrs. F. Ward he wrote thus:

'This is certainly a most anxious time of suspense. . . . Councils have ever been times of great trial—and this seems likely to be no exception. It was always held that the conduct of individuals who composed them was no measure of the authority of their result. We are sure, as in the case of the administration of the Sacraments, that the holiness of actors in them is not a necessary condition of God's working by means of them. Nothing can be worse than the conduct of many in and out of the Council who are taking the side which is likely to prevail.'

Two more extracts bring before us another side of his view. He regarded Archbishop Manning's unceasing

advocacy of the definition as a kind of fixed idea, characteristic of his occasionally mystical and apocalyptic way of writing and thinking. Such a manner of looking at things did not inspire Newman with confidence.

‘I don’t think Dr. Manning has put on any “spectacles,”’ he wrote to Canon Jenkins. ‘He says what he thinks, and knows what he is about. I cannot help thinking he holds that the world is soon coming to an end—and that he is in consequence careless about the souls of future generations which will never be brought into being. I can fancy a person thinking it a grand termination (I don’t mean that he so thinks) to destroy every ecclesiastical power but the Pope and let Protestants shift for themselves.’

On the other hand, while the enforcement of strict views was in such a one as Manning a congenial indulgence, Newman foresaw results of the general policy which was being pursued quite opposite to the intention of those who pursued it. Their object was to bring free-lances into line. Newman held that the general policy of narrowing the terms of communion would have in many cases—and indeed had actually had—just the opposite effect. Acute minds which if allowed a reasonable freedom might be kept within due limits, would run to really unallowable excesses in their angry reaction against what they held to be tyranny. Mr. Ffoulkes was writing indignantly against the Council. Acton and Wetherell were using language in the *North British Review* of which Newman could not approve. People were saying to Newman—‘Here are your friends of the *Home and Foreign*—see what they are writing! Were we not indeed justified in checking them and in censuring the Review?’ Newman held just the opposite—that excesses were not necessarily the index of an attitude which existed from the first, but embodied a reaction and protest, indefensible but natural, against tyrannous repression. And, while disapproving of the actors in this protest, their excesses had or might prove to have (he seems to have thought) good consequences in bringing home to those in authority the danger of drawing the reins too tight.

‘There are those,’ he wrote to Mrs. Froude, ‘who have been taking matters with a very high hand and with much of silent intrigue for a considerable time, and such ways of going

on bring with them their retribution. This does not defend the actors in that retribution. Ffoulkes is behaving very ill—but he is the “Nemesis,” as they call it, of a policy, which I cannot admire. Nor do I like the new *North British*—but it too is the retributive consequence of tyranny. All will work for good; and, if we keep quiet, Providence will fight for us, and set things right.’¹

Early in the year 1869 Newman received some confirmation of his fears that an exaggerated and untheological view of the nature of Papal Infallibility was current in highest quarters. Sir John Simeon forwarded to Newman some notes received from Mr. Odo Russell, at that time British Minister in Rome, of a conversation with Cardinal Antonelli on April 23, in which the Cardinal was represented as taking the exaggerated view in question. Would the Council (Newman asked himself), if it passed the

¹ It is to be observed that in writing to Anglican friends he emphasised the good which the Council was likely to effect. He wrote thus to J. R. Bloxam:

‘The Oratory: Feb. 22, 1870.

‘My dear Bloxam,—My best thanks for your very affectionate letter. I shall rejoice to find you in this neighbourhood, and I hope it will be when the leaves are out that I may show you our Retreat at Rednal, as you have shown me yours at Beeding. There is but one drawback. I wish you could obliterate it, that at length, at length Birnam Wood would come to Dunsinane.

‘As to this Council, about *facts*, I know little more than you do, but as to my expectations, I think untold good will come of it—first, as is obvious, in bringing into personal acquaintance men from the most distant parts. The moral power of the Church (of Rome) will be almost squared by this fact alone—next each part will know the state of things in other parts of Christendom; and the minds of all the Prelates will be enlarged as well as their hearts. They will learn sympathy and reliance on each other. Further, the authorities at Rome will learn a great deal which they did not know of, and since the Italian apprehension is most imaginative and vivid, this will be a wonderful gain. It must have a great influence on the election of the next Pope, when that takes place. Then further the religious influence of so great an occasion, of so rare and wonderful a situation, of such a realization of things unseen, must, through God’s mercy, leave a permanent deep impression on the minds of all assembled. Nor can I believe that so awful a visitation, in the supernatural order, as a renewal of the day of Pentecost, when it is granted to them, will not make them all new men for the rest of their lives.

‘They have come to Rome with antagonistic feelings, they will depart in the peace of God. I don’t think much will come of the movement for Papal Infallibility, though something very mild may be passed.

Ever yours affectionately,

(Signed) JOHN H. NEWMAN.

‘P.S. You must not suppose from anything I have said that I do not sympathize with the Bishop of Orleans; for I do.’

definition, appear to the world to endorse such an extravagant view? Here was a matter for most grave anxiety.

Bishop Dupanloup and very many French and German prelates shared Newman's anxiety. Archbishop Manning, on the other hand, issued pastoral after pastoral in favour of the definition, and W. G. Ward in the course of the year published his pamphlet '*De Infallibilitatis Extensione*,' which, being in Latin, was widely read by foreign theologians as well as English. Dupanloup, in a letter to his clergy issued in November, attacked both Manning and Ward. Echoing the complaint of the Jesuit Père Daniel in France, and of Father Ryder in England, he deprecated the fact that 'intemperate journalists' insisted on 'opening debates on one of the most delicate subjects and answering beforehand in what sense the Council would decide and should decide.' The public mind thus became filled with an extravagant idea of what Papal Infallibility meant; and the definition was inopportune because it would be misunderstood.

In respect of Mr. Ward's special share in the controversy, the Bishop strongly censured his contention that the Pontiff may speak infallibly in letters addressed, not to the whole Church, but to an individual Bishop.

Again, Ward had ascribed infallibility to a number of documents on the ground that they contained condemnations reproduced by the Syllabus, and he maintained that all Catholics were bound to believe this. Afterwards, in deference to the opinion of Roman theologians, as we have already seen, he retracted this assertion. Dupanloup at once seized on the retraction. If even a theological expert like Ward could make such a mistake, how much more could others! What an argument for leaving so subtle a question to time, and to the safer process of discussion among theologians, whose ultimate decision would have the advantage of the fullest consideration of pros and cons! What a proof that a true view of Papal Infallibility was inseparable from the constitutional methods habitually employed! The Pope was indeed infallible; but the exact knowledge of what he taught infallibly, and when he taught infallibly, came to the faithful, in the cases which his own words might well leave doubtful,

not through the rapid private judgment of an individual, however able, or of a single public writer for his readers, but through the gradual operation of the learning and knowledge of the Church as a whole.

Here, then, Dupanloup¹ noted, what Cardinal Newman has so constantly pointed out, the functions of the Church, as represented by the Bishops and the theological school, in determining the force and interpreting the meaning of Papal declarations, as well as in assisting the Pope in the deliberations preparatory to definitions—functions so strangely ignored or minimised by the extreme party. Many of the Infallibilists appeared to be in the same position as some supporters of the majority at the Council of Ephesus. These men, in their zeal against the Nestorians, who denied that Jesus Christ was a Divine Person, fell into the opposite error of denying that He had a human soul and human nature. They became the founders of the Monophysite heresy.

Newman's fears persisted up to the time of the definition itself. The accredited organs of Rome, the *Civiltà Cattolica* at their head, used language which foreshadowed some such definition as could seem called for only to satisfy the extravagant devotional feeling towards the Papacy, of which some exhibitions have been cited above from the columns of the *Univers*. Newman was in frequent correspondence with Bishop Ullathorne, and wrote him a letter in January 1870, in which he expressed fully his feelings of dismay and indignation. The letter ran as follows:

'Private.

January 28th, 1870.

'My dear Lord,—I thank your Lordship very heartily for your most interesting and seasonable letter. Such letters (if they could be circulated) would do much to re-assure the many minds which are at present disturbed when they look towards Rome. Rome ought to be a name to lighten the heart at all times, and a Council's proper office is, when some great heresy or other evil impends, to inspire the faithful with hope and confidence. But now we have the greatest meeting which has ever been, and that in Rome, infusing into us by the accredited organs of Rome (such as the *Civiltà*, the *Armonia*, the *Univers*, and the *Tablet*) little else than fear

¹ The text of Dupanloup's remarks is given in *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, pp. 256 seq.

and dismay. Where we are all at rest and have no doubts, and, at least practically, not to say doctrinally, hold the Holy Father to be infallible, suddenly there is thunder in the clear sky, and we are told to prepare for something, we know not what, to try our faith, we know not how. No impending danger is to be averted, but a great difficulty is to be created. Is this the proper work for an Ecumenical Council? As to myself personally, please God, I do not expect any trial at all, but I cannot help suffering with the various souls that are suffering. I look with anxiety at the prospect of having to defend decisions which may not be difficult to my private judgment, but may be most difficult to defend logically in the face of historical facts. What have we done to be treated as the Faithful never were treated before? When has definition of doctrine *de fide* been a luxury of devotion and not a stern painful necessity? Why should an aggressive and insolent faction be allowed to make the hearts of the just to mourn whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful? Why can't we be let alone when we have pursued peace and thought no evil? I assure you, my dear Lord, some of the truest minds are driven one way and another, and do not know where to rest their feet; one day determining to give up all theology as a bad job and recklessly to believe henceforth almost that the Pope is impeccable; at another tempted to believe all the worst that a book like Janus says; at another doubting about the capacity possessed by Bishops drawn from all corners of the earth to judge what is fitting for European society, and then again angry with the Holy See for listening to the flattery of a clique of Jesuits, Redemptorists and Converts. Then again think of the score of Pontifical scandals in the history of eighteen centuries which have partly been poured out, and partly are still to come out. What Murphy inflicted upon us in one way, M. Veuillot is indirectly bringing on us in another. And then again the blight which is falling upon the multitude of Anglican ritualists, who themselves perhaps, or at least their leaders, may never become Catholics, but who are leavening the various English parties and denominations (far beyond their own range) with principles and sentiments tending towards their ultimate adoption into the Catholic Church.

'With these thoughts before me, I am continually asking myself whether I ought not to make my feelings public; but all I do is to pray those great early Doctors of the Church, whose intercession would decide the matter,—Augustine and the rest,—to avert so great a calamity. If it is God's Will

that the Pope's Infallibility should be defined, then it is His Blessed Will to throw back the times and the moments of that triumph He has destined for His Kingdom; and I shall feel I have but to bow my head to His Adorable Inscrutable Providence. You have not touched on the subject yourself, but I think you will allow me to express to you feelings which for the most part I keep to myself. . . .

'JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

In the course of March, extracts from this letter found their way into the *Standard* newspaper—how they became public is not known. The passage in which the words 'aggressive and insolent faction' occur was printed. Newman wrote to the *Standard* denying that he had used the words, insisting that the letter was a private one, yet not disclaiming its sentiments.

He wrote at the same time to Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, an active opponent of the definition, in much the same sense as he had written to Dr. Ullathorne:

'The Oratory: March 20th, 1870.

'My dear Lord,—I am continually thinking of you and your cause. I look upon you as the special band of confessors, who are doing God's work at this time in a grave crisis; who, I trust, will succeed in your effort, but who cannot really fail—both because you are at the very least diminishing the nature and weight of the blow which is intended by those whom you oppose, and also because your resistance must bear fruit afterwards, even though it fails at the moment. If it be God's will that some definition in favour of the Pope's infallibility is passed, I then should at once submit—but up to that very moment I shall pray most heartily and earnestly against it. Any how, I cannot bear to think of the tyrannousness and cruelty of its advocates—for tyrannousness and cruelty it will be, though it is successful. . . .

'The *Standard* has been saying that I have written to Bp. of Birmingham at Rome, speaking of the advocates of Papal Infallibility as an "insolent aggressive faction"—this I certainly have not done—though I do in my heart think *some* advocates, e.g. the *Univers*, insolent and aggressive. Certainly I do. Think of the way in which the French Bishops have been treated. I wrote to Dr. Ullathorne last Monday, feeling, that, though I had not used those words, yet the person who wrote the *Standard* word about me certainly

had seen my letter to him. *Here* no one knew anything of what I said to the Bishop but Fr. St. John—and both he and I have kept a dead silence about it all along.

‘I don’t give up hope, till the very end, the bitter end; and am always praying about it to the great doctors of the Church. Anyhow, we shall owe you and others a great debt.

‘My dear Lord

Ever yours affecly in Xt,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Sir John Simeon had seen a copy of the letter to Dr. Ullathorne in which the words ‘aggressive and insolent faction’ did occur, and wrote to Newman at once to say so.

On receiving his letter, Newman again looked at the rough copy of his letter to Dr. Ullathorne, and found that the words in question, which he had overlooked, were really there. He at once wrote to Simeon:

‘The Oratory: March 22nd, 1870.

‘My dear Sir John,—I kept a copy of my letter to the Bishop.

‘Before writing to the *Standard* I referred to it, and could not find the words in question then.

‘Since your letter has come, I have referred again to it, and I have found them.

‘I can only account for my not having seen them the first time, by the letter being written very badly and interlined.

‘Of course I must write to the *Standard*, but I must take care how I pick my way or I shall tumble into the mud.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

The following letter from Dr. Newman appeared in the *Standard* of the following day:

‘Sir,—In answer to the letter of “The Writer of ‘the Progress of the Council,’” I am obliged to say that he is right, and I am wrong as to my using the words “insolent and aggressive faction” in a letter which I wrote to Bishop Ullathorne. I write to make my apologies to him for contradicting him.

‘I kept the rough copy of this private letter of mine to the Bishop, and on reading the writer’s original statement I referred to it and did not find there the words in question.

‘This morning a friend has written to tell me that there are copies of the letter in London, and that the words

certainly are in it. On this I have looked at my copy a second time, and I must confess that I have found them.

'I can only account for my not seeing them the first time by my very strong impression that I had not used them in my letter, confidential as it was, and from the circumstance that the rough copy is badly written and interlined.

'I learn this morning from Rome that Dr. Ullathorne was no party to its circulation.

'I will only add that when I spoke of a faction I neither meant that great body of Bishops who are said to be in favour of the definition of the doctrine nor any ecclesiastical order or society external to the Council. As to the Jesuits, I wish distinctly to state that I have all along separated them in my mind, as a body, from the movement which I so much deplore. What I meant by a faction, as the letter itself shows, was a collection of persons drawn together from various ranks and conditions in the Church.

'I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'March 22nd.'

The following letter to Sir John Simeon shows that Newman was on the whole glad that his sentiments had been made public without any responsibility on his own part for the fact:

'The Oratory: March 27th, 1870.

'My dear Sir John,—As my confidential letter to the Bishop shows, I have been anxious for some time that an opportunity of speaking out, which I could not make myself, should be made for me.

'I could not make it myself, for, as I said to you before, I am bound to act in my own place as a priest under authority, and there was no call for my going out of it.

'One thing I could do without impropriety—*liberare animam meam*—to my Bishop, and that I did. I did so with great deliberation in one of the most private and confidential letters I ever wrote in my life.

'I am glad I have done it, and moreover, I am not sorry that, without any responsibility of my own, which I could not lawfully bring on me, the general drift of what I wrote has been published.'

'Everything hitherto has happened well. It was very lucky that I was so firmly persuaded I did not use in the letter the words imputed to me. My persuasion being such, I felt it to be a simple duty to disown them; and I could

not in fairness disown them, without avowing at the same time, as I did in my letter to the *Standard*, that, though I did not use the words, I thought them in my heart. If I had recognised my own words from the first, I should have had no opportunity of explaining their meaning, or against whom they were directed. My two letters to the *Standard* have given me two such opportunities.

'Now, however, this is done; and I feel quite easy, and need do nothing more.

'There were two reasons which might be urged upon me for making my views known, viz.—in order that they might act as a means of influencing some of the Bishops in the Council, and as a protest against the action of a certain party. What I have already done, is all that I can, all that I need do. Would anything more on my part move a single Bishop? Would anything more make my mind on the matter more intelligible to the world? I think not.

'I will add one thing. I do not at all anticipate any ultimate dissension. Like a jury, they will sit till they agree. I have full confidence in the French and German Bishops.

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—Certainly I rejoice to hear from you that an Address protesting against the definition of Infallibility would, if started, be largely signed: but what have I to do with such measures, beyond giving my opinion, which I have done?'

Newman did, however, take one further step, and published the whole of the letter of which the *Standard* had printed extracts. He refers to its publication in a letter to Mr. de Lisle:

'My dear Mr. de Lisle,—... I am in somewhat of a mess as you may see from the papers. I sent to our Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, at Rome, one of the most confidential letters that I ever wrote in my life—and, without his fault, it got out and was shown about Rome. Then, I still unconscious of the mishap, it travelled to London, and, after circulating pretty freely, bits of it got into the papers. Meanwhile, it got to Germany, and there again other bits were published, and not fairly given, though without bad intention, but from the natural inaccuracy which attends on reports, when they have passed through several minds in succession. And then at length the whole of it, in its length and breadth, has got published at last.

‘I trust it has thus wriggled into public knowledge, for some good purpose—though I cannot tell how this will be. If it leads to some counter demonstration, it will be very sad. I wish there was a chance of a strong lay petition to our Bishops to beg them to use their influence at Rome to let matters alone. But this, I fear, you will pronounce to be impossible.

‘Anxious as I am, I will not believe that the Pope’s Infallibility can be defined at the Council till I see it actually done. Seeing is believing. We are in God’s Hands—not in the hands of men, however high-exalted. Man proposes, God disposes. When it is actually done, I will accept it as His act; but, till then, I will believe it impossible. One can but act according to one’s best light. Certainly, we at least have no claim to call ourselves infallible; still it is our duty to act as if we were, to act as strongly and vigorously in the matter, as if it were impossible we could be wrong, to be full of hope and of peace, and to leave the event to God. This is right, isn’t it?

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

The end of May saw the Canons of the Council on the first of the two subjects which caused Newman anxiety—the inspiration of Scripture. From a letter to Father Coleridge it would seem that these Canons realised Newman’s anticipations. He had no difficulty in accepting them. But he felt that they were drawn up with no adequate regard to the urgent questions which were being raised by contemporary Biblical criticism. This he evidently deeply regretted. The consequence was that difficulties which the theologians had not anticipated in framing the Canons would have to be taken into account in their interpretation. Eventually no doubt theological explanation would give them an interpretation in some respects different from what appeared to him their *prima facie* sense. But this must be a matter of time. And meanwhile he anticipated great difficulties. The Fathers of the Council had not—so he was credibly informed—intended to make untenable the views of certain approved theologians which had not apparently been taken into account in the wording of the Canons. If this were the case the fact would have to be made clear to hostile critics. It is worth while to remark that the chief point which Newman in his first letter wishes to see expressly

allowed for—the use by Moses of pre-existing documents—is in our own day fully admitted by most theologians. But Newman evidently wished that at this critical moment such considerations should have been dealt with by full theological discussion. A freer and more open debate would have forestalled objections which, as things were, the keener-sighted Catholic thinkers might have to answer by qualifying the apparent meaning of the words of the Canons.

The very important letter of which I speak ran as follows:

‘The Oratory: June 7, 1870.

‘I have my doubts whether, humanly speaking, those Canons &c. would ever have been pressed in their actual wording, if things had not been kept so strangely snug from first to last. The Pope and the Bishops seem to have left everything to the Holy Ghost.

‘Speaking under correction, there are two new dogmas in what has been defined about Scripture—1st that Scripture is *inspired*. In the decree of Trent the *Apostles* are declared to be inspired, and they, thus inspired, are the fountain head both of tradition and of Scripture. Bouvier, I think, says that the inspiration in Scripture is not defined, though it is *certissimum*. 2nd that by the Testaments is meant, not the Covenants, but the *collection of books* constituting the Bible; of which in consequence as well as of the Covenants, God becomes the “Auctor.”

‘St. Irenæus, writing against the Gnostics, who denied the *Jewish Dispensation* to be the work of God, says that God was the Auctor Testamenti Veteris, of which testaments he numbers in one place (I think) five. When the Priscillians made a row in Spain, the Spanish Bishops against them read the same formula. Then in the Middle Ages, against the Manichean Gnostics, Albigenses &c.—the same formula was used. Thence it came to Florence. Mind, I am writing from memory, but thus my memory runs.

‘When I heard the Canons had been passed—no, it was when I saw from the Papers that they were *threatened*,—I, *at once*, wrote to a Bishop at Berne, saying what I have said above—but it was too late. One says God’s will be done. He is wiser than man—but I cannot think that full deliberation has been had upon the subject—which is necessary, not for the validity of the decree but for the relief of the responsibility of those who so passed it. On such important questions why should not all sides be considered and reviewed?

'My friend wrote me back word that he was sure that the Fathers of the Council never *meant* to *exclude* the views of Lessius, but their words are very like exclusion. Can I now hold that Moses by inspiration selected and put together the various pre-existing documents which constitute the book of Genesis? Are the genealogies all of them inspired? for are they not "*partes*" of Scripture?

'It seems to me that a perfectly new platform of doctrine is created, as regards our view of Scripture, by these new Canons—so far as this, that, if their primary and surface meaning is to be evaded, it must be by a set of explanations heretofore not necessary.

'Indeed the whole Church platform seems to me likely to be off its ancient moorings, it is like a ship which has swung round or taken up a new position. . . .

'Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The question of Inspiration having been dealt with, there remained the all-important one of Papal Infallibility. And Newman continued to pray and hope that the definition might be averted. The late Lord Emly, who often conversed with him on the subject, told the present writer that Newman's main objection throughout was not to *a* definition on the subject, but to such a definition as was likely to be passed in the haste in which matters were proceeding and to exaggerations of its import which extremists were likely to propagate. It was this anxiety which led him to pray earnestly that for the present at least no definition should be passed. Newman wrote in April to Dr. Whitty, who was in Rome:

'*Confidential.*

April 12th, 1870.

'My dear Fr. Whitty,—Thank you for your letter, which I was very glad to have. I will write to you as frankly as you have written to me; and tho' the letter is "*confidential*," still you are the judge, should you wish to extend that confidence beyond yourself.

'One can but go by one's best light. Whoever is infallible, I am not; but I am bound to argue out the matter and to act as if I were, till the Council decides; and then, if God's Infallibility is against me, to submit at once, still not repenting of having taken the part which I felt to be right, any more than a lawyer in Court may repent of believing in a cause and advocating a point of law, which the Bench of Judges ultimately give against him. We can but do our best.

'Well, then, my thesis is this:—*you are going too fast at Rome*;—on this I shall insist.

'It is enough for one Pope to have passed one doctrine (on the Immac. Concept.) into the list of dogmata. We do not move at railroad pace in theological matters, even in the 19th century. We must be patient, and that for two reasons:—first, in order to get at the truth ourselves, and next in order to carry others with us.

'1. The Church moves as a whole; it is not a mere philosophy, it is a communion; it not only discovers, but it teaches; it is bound to consult for charity as well as for faith. You must prepare men's minds for the doctrine, and you must not flout and insult the existing tradition of countries. The tradition of Ireland, the tradition of England, is not on the side of Papal Infallibility. You know how recent Ultramontane views are in both countries; so too of France; so of Germany. The time may come when it will be seen how those traditions are compatible with additions, that is, with true developments, which those traditions indeed in themselves do not explicitly teach; but you have no right rudely to wipe out the history of centuries, and to substitute a brand new view of the doctrine imported from Rome and the South. Think how slowly and cautiously you proceeded in the definition of the Immac. Concept., how many steps were made, how many centuries passed, before the dogma was ripe;—we are not ripe yet for the Pope's Infallibility. Hardly anyone even murmured at the act of 1854; half the Catholic world is in a fright at the proposed act of 1870.

'When indeed I think of the contrast presented to us by what is done now and what was done then, and what, as I have said, ought always to be done, I declare, unless I were too old to be angry, I should be very angry. The Bull convening the Council was issued with its definite objects stated, dogma being only slightly mentioned as among those objects, but not a word about the Pope's Infallibility. Through the interval, up to the meeting of the Council, not a word was said to enlighten the Bishops as to what they were to meet about. The Irish Bishops, as I heard at the time, felt surprised at this; so did all, I doubt not. Many or most had thought they were to meet to set right the Canon Law. Then suddenly, just as they are meeting, it is let out that the Pope's Infallibility is the great subject of definition, and the *Civiltà*, and other well-informed prints, say that it is to be carried by acclamation! Then Archbishop Manning tells

(I believe) Mr. Odo Russell that, unless the opposition can cut the throats of 500 Bishops, the definition certainly will be carried; and, moreover, that *it has long been intended!* Long intended, and yet kept secret! Is this the way the faithful ever were treated before? is this in any sort of sense going by tradition? On hearing this, my memory went back to an old saying, imputed to Monsignor Talbot, that what made the definition of the Immac. Concept. so desirable and important was that it opened the way to the definition of the Pope's Infallibility. Is it wonderful that we should all be shocked? For myself, after meditating on such crooked ways, I cannot help turning to Our Lord's terrible warning: "Væ mundo a scandalis! Quisquis scandalizaverit unum ex his pusillis credentibus in me, bonum est ei magis si circumdaretur mola asinaria collo ejus, et in mare mitteretur."

'2. I say then you must take your time about a definition *de fide*, for the sake of charity;—and now I say so again for the sake of truth; for the very same caution, which is necessary for the sake of others, is surely the divinely appointed human means of an infallible decision. Consider how carefully the Immaculate Conception was worked out. Those two words have been analysed, examined in their parts, and then carefully explained;—the declarations and the intentions of Fathers, Popes, and ecclesiastical writers on the point have been clearly made out. It was this process that brought Catholic Schools into union about it, while it secured the accuracy of each. Each had its own extreme points eliminated, and they became one, because the truth to which they converged was one. But now what is done as regards the seriously practical doctrine at present in discussion? What we require, first of all, and it is a work of years, is a careful consideration of the acts of Councils, the deeds of Popes, the Bullarium. We need to try the doctrine by facts, to see what it may mean, what it cannot mean, what it must mean. We must try its future working by the past. And we need that this should be done in the face of day, in course, in quiet, in various schools and centres of thought, in controversy. This is a work of years. This is the true way in which those who differ sift out the truth. On the other hand, what do we actually see? Suddenly one or two works made to order—(excuse me, I must speak out). Fr. Botalla writes a book—and, when he finds a layman like Renouf speaks intemperately, then, instead of

setting him an example of cool and careful investigation, he speaks intemperately too, and answers him sharply, some say angrily. "*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis!*" Is this the way to gain a blessing on a most momentous undertaking?

'3. One word more. To outsiders like me it would seem as if a grave dogmatic question was being treated merely as a move in ecclesiastical politics. Indeed, what you say about its relation to the Syllabus justifies me in so thinking. So grave a doctrine is but an accidental means to an object of the particular year, 1864! a dogma is, so to say, *dated*, as St. Athanasius says of the Arian creeds. I say "an accidental means," for you surmise that, if the Syllabus had not been negative in its form, the definition of the Pope's Infallibility would not have been needed at present. I could say much, not about the Syllabus, but on the unworthy way in which it has been treated by its professed champions. But let us allow that it is right to sink the solemn character of a dogma in a question of ecclesiastical expedience, *regnante Pio nono*:—next, if so, I naturally ask whether such a degradation answers its purpose. Am I bound to take my view of expedience from what is thought expedient at Rome? May I not judge about expedience for Catholics in England by what we see in England? Now the effect upon the English people of the very attempt at definition hitherto does but confirm one's worst apprehensions about it, for 1st. the ministry is decidedly pro-Catholic. Gladstone would help the Irish Catholic University if he could, but he has been obliged to declare in the House that what is going on in Rome ties his hands. And 2ndly Mr. Newdegate has gained his Committee to inquire into conventual establishments and their property. These are the first fruits in England of even the very agitation of this great anticipated expedient for strengthening the Church. That agitation falls upon an existing anti-Catholic agitation spreading through the English mind. Murphy is still lecturing against priests and convents, and gaining over the classes who are now the ultimate depository of political power, the constituency for Parliamentary elections. And we, where we are bound, if we can, to soothe the deep prejudices and feverish suspicions of the nation, we on the contrary are to be forced, by measures determined on at Rome, to blow upon this troubled sea with all the winds of Æolus, when Neptune ought to raise his "*placidum caput*" above the waves. This is what we need at least in England. And for England, of course, I speak.

‘Excuse my freedom. I do not forget your two passages. Say everything kind for me to your Bishop, unless he has returned home. I wrote to him a day or two ago. You may open the letter if he is away. Ever yours affly.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Newman made no secret of his views, in writing, not only to intimate friends, but to occasional correspondents. Mr. O’Neill Daunt had asked his advice concerning a lady friend whose faith was greatly tried by the prospect of the definition, and he thus replied:

‘The Oratory: June 27th, 1870.

‘As to the subject of your letter, I certainly think this agitation of the Pope’s Infallibility most unfortunate and ill-advised, and I shall think so even if the Council decrees it, unless I am obliged to believe that the Holy Ghost protects the Fathers from all inexpedient acts, (which I do not see is anywhere promised) as well as guides them into all the truth, as He certainly does. There are truths which are inexpedient.

‘As to your question, however, I think first that there is such a thing as a “needless alarm.” Do you recollect Cowper’s poem with that title? I often think of it and quote it, and especially lately, since this agitation has commenced. Your friend should not take it for granted that the Infallibility of the Pope will be carried. I am not at all sure it will. For myself, I refuse to believe that it can be carried, till it actually is. I think the great Doctors of the Church will save us from a dogma which they did not hold themselves.

‘Next, if anything is passed, it will be in so mild a form, as practically to mean little or nothing. There is a report, which you probably can substantiate better than I, that Cardinal Cullen said, when he was in Dublin, at Easter, that “he thought the Pope would *never be able to use* the dogma, in the shape it was to be passed.”

‘Lastly, is your friend sure she *understands* the dogma, even as Ultramontanes hold it? I very much doubt if she does. She should look carefully to this. The Pope did not force on us the Immaculate Conception. The whole of Christendom wished it.’

Meanwhile the deliberations of the Council proceeded.

One party pleaded for whole-hearted loyalty to the Pontiff. The other urged such caution as the true interests of the Church and respect for its traditions demanded. The contest was intensified, and the struggle of motives complicated, by the simple and noble character of Pius IX. and the charm of his presence. In the graphic journal of Mr. Thomas Mozley, intensely prejudiced as he was against the infallibilists, we see that the appearance of Pio Nono ever touches his imagination and his heart. The very tones of his voice were inspiring. 'Whenever the Pope himself,' he writes, after one of the Church functions at which he was present, 'had either to intone or to give the first notes of the grand sacramental hymns, his peculiarly cheery voice rang through the whole church and woke a response from everybody within reach of it. The reverence he aroused was so universal and hearty that I could almost have fancied that there was a touch of mirth in it.' The gracious presence of the Pontiff, his simple faith, conquered wherever he went. His jokes were in everyone's mouth. Those who regarded the promoters of the definition as fanatics of the deepest dye could not but undergo a revulsion of feeling when they met the man who was in their eyes the head of the party. Even the zeal of his most loyal followers would touch his sense of humour: and when, after the definition was passed, many of the Bishops who had voted for it stayed on week after week, living at the Pope's expense, to rejoice over their victory, the Pontiff was both amused and somewhat tried at this drain on his exchequer. With the usual pinch of snuff and a twinkle in his eye, he is said to have remarked, '*Questi infallibilisti mi faranno fallire.*' To behold the Pope pray was, it used to be said, to watch one who himself *saw* that world which others know only by faith. Such was the man who in person made the appeal to his Bishops to be loyal to God's Vicar and to despise the opinion of the world. And he treated half-heartedness as to the definition as simply and solely worldliness. It is hard to conceive a greater trial, of its kind, than such men as Dr. Moriarty and Mgr. Dupanloup had to undergo in resisting such appeals, and appearing to the Pontiff they so deeply loved and revered to fail in their loyalty to him in his time of trouble.

I may cite one out of many pictures Mr. Mozley has left of the activity and zeal of the great Pontiff at this time:

‘The day reminds me once more of the enormous amount of work expected from a Pope, and done diligently, faithfully, and cheerfully by this old man in his seventy-eighth year. Yesterday he paid a long visit to the Exposition, talking with the exhibitors, and having his jokes with all about him. He has to give interviews to all these seven hundred bishops, and, as the enemy says, to put a strong pressure on all who are recommended to him for the application of the supreme torture. A great deal has been said about his visits to the aged and invalid bishops lodged and nursed in the canonical apartments attached to St. Peter’s.

‘Other bishops, who have been disposed, or compelled by circumstances, to adopt a neutral or a moderate line in the Council, have found themselves sorely tried in a personal interview. They find it vain to declare their devotion or their sincerity. His Holiness tells them plainly they are not on his side; they are among his enemies; they are damaging the good cause; their loyalty is not sound. It is enough that they have signed what they should not, or not signed what they ought. On the Roman system there is nothing wonderful in this personal interference of the Head of the Church. What I most marvel at is that it is all done by this old man, and that it is done with a success which provokes the indignation of those who conceive their cause hurt by it.’

Newman, though at a distance from Rome, realised to the full the charm of the Pontiff with whose policy he could not concur. Pius IX. had ever touched his heart in their intercourse. He was wont to ascribe to his character and presence much of the abatement among his countrymen of anti-Catholic prejudice—and this in spite of the fact that Pio Nono’s recent line of action and his insistence on the Papal prerogatives were calculated greatly to increase rather than to diminish the bigotry of our countrymen. The man himself had that in him which was quite irresistible.

‘No one could, both by his words and deeds, offend [Englishmen] more,’ Newman wrote of him after his death. ‘He claimed, he exercised, larger powers than any other Pope ever did; he committed himself to ecclesiastical acts bolder than those of any other Pope; his secular policy

was especially distasteful to Englishmen; he had some near him who put into print just that kind of gossip concerning him which would put an Englishman's teeth on edge; lastly, he it was who, in the very beginning of his reign, was the author of the very measure which raised such a commotion among us; yet his personal presence was of a kind that no one could withstand. I believe one special cause of the abatement of the animosity felt towards us by our countrymen was the series of *tableaux*, as I may call them, brought before them in the newspapers, of his receptions of visitors in the Vatican.

His misfortunes indeed had something to do with his popularity. The whole world felt that he was shamefully used as regards his temporal possessions; no foreign power had any right to seize upon his palaces, churches, and other possessions, and the injustice showed him created a wide interest in him; but the main cause of his popularity was the magic of his presence, which was such as to dissipate and utterly destroy the fog out of which the image of a Pope looms to the ordinary Englishman. His uncompromising faith, his courage, the graceful intermingling in him of the human and the divine, the humour, the wit, the playfulness with which he tempered his severity, his naturalness, and then his true eloquence, and the resources he had at command for meeting with appropriate words the circumstances of the moment, overcame those who were least likely to be overcome. A friend of mine, a Protestant, a man of practised intellect and mature mind, told me to my surprise that, at one of the Pope's receptions at the Vatican, he was so touched by the discourse made by His Holiness to his visitors, that he burst into tears. And this was the experience of hundreds; how could they think ill of him or of his children when his very look and voice were so ethical, so eloquent, so persuasive?¹

It was doubtless largely the feeling which Pius IX. inspired which made the inopportunist Bishops decline to record their votes against the decree of Infallibility at the final public session held in the Pope's presence. At the General Congregation of July 13, at which the definition was informally passed, eighty-eight Bishops voted *non placet*, and sixty-two *placet juxta modum* (that is, were in favour of modifications in the definition). They then left Rome after addressing to the Pontiff the following letter:

¹ *Addresses by Cardinal Newman* (Longmans), p. 242.

‘Most Blessed Father,—In the General Congregation held on the 13th inst. we gave our votes on the *Schemata* of the first Dogmatic Constitution concerning the Church of Christ.

‘Your Holiness is aware that 88 Fathers, urged by conscience and love of Holy Church, gave their vote in the words “*non placet*”; 62 in the words “*placet juxta modum*”; finally about 70 were absent and gave no vote.

‘Others returned to their dioceses on account of illness or more serious reasons.

‘Thus our votes are known to your Holiness and manifest to the whole world, and it is notorious how many bishops agree with us, and with the manner in which we have discharged the office and duty laid upon us.

‘Nothing has happened since to change our opinion, nay rather there have been many and very serious events of a nature to confirm us in it.

‘We therefore declare that we renew and confirm the votes already given.

‘Confirming therefore our votes by this present document, we have decided to ask leave of absence from the public session on the 18th inst.

‘For the filial piety and reverence which very recently brought our representatives to the feet of your Holiness do not allow us in a cause so closely concerning your Holiness to say “*non placet*” openly and to the face of the Father.

‘Moreover, the votes to be given in Solemn Session would only repeat those already delivered in General Congregation. We return, therefore, without delay to our flocks, to whom, after so long an absence, the apprehensions of war and their most urgent spiritual wants render us necessary to the utmost of our power, grieving as we do, that in the present gloomy state of public affairs we shall find the faithful troubled in conscience and no longer at peace with one another.

‘Meanwhile, with our whole heart, we commend the Church of God and your Holiness, to whom we avow our unaltered faith and obedience, to the grace and protection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and are your

‘Most devoted and obedient.’

The appointed day arrived—July 18—and the definition was solemnly passed in presence of the Pontiff. Mr. Mozley, who was a witness of the scene, has left a graphic account of it:¹

¹ I omit Mr. Mozley’s unsympathetic reflections, as my object is only to give his picture of the scene. (See Mozley’s *Letters from Rome*. Longmans.)

'Let me begin with the vigil of the fête. It thundered and lightened all night, and it rained in the morning. When I went down to St. Peter's on December 8 last, the very doors of Heaven seemed to have been opened, and we were nearly washed out of our carriages. Yesterday, too, instead of a bright Roman sky and brilliant, burning sun, we had what may be called the storm of the season. Thus, the opening and the closing of the Council—the closing, at least, for the present—were marked by a violent revolution of the elements. The doors were not opened before half past 7 o'clock, and as I drove down at that hour the streets were comparatively empty. A solitary cab or two were rambling in the same direction—a few priests and students were hurrying on through the rain, and the gallant Guards, who let us pass unheeded, sat indolently on their horses, having no occasion to make a display. . . .

'A double line of troops was soon formed, and between them, steadily or jauntily as the case might be, walked the Fathers, each going to the Hall, and taking his seat as he arrived. The laity, for whom all the blessings of the day were specially designed, looked over the shoulders of the soldiers to observe the bishops. . . . Many of the seats of the Fathers were vacant, certainly nearly 250, 130 or 140 prelates having absented themselves only for the day. . . .

'His Holiness, I am told by his friends, on entering, felt agitated, and trembled when he knelt to say his prayers, but this passed off, his voice was as firm and as clear as I have ever heard it, and his appearance became bright and cheerful. The Mass was short, giving promise of an early closing, and then came those beautiful hymns of the Roman Catholic Church, sung at intervals, and never sung more effectively. First the Litany of the Saints was chanted by the choir, taken up by the Fathers, and carried as it were out of the Hall until it was lifted on high by the swelling voices of several thousands of persons who clustered round the tomb of St. Peter. So it was with the *Veni Creator*. Apart from the essentially sweet and plaintive character of the music, the body of sound satisfied all one's desires, giving the assurance of something like sincerity and depth of feeling.

'Now there was a lull, broken at last by the shrill voice of the Secretary reading the Dogma. The real business of the day had commenced, and the crowd about the door and around the baldacchino became more dense. . . . The reading of the Dogma was followed by the roll-call of the Fathers,

and *Placet* after *Placet* followed, though not in very quick succession. They were uttered in louder and bolder tones than on former occasions, either that the echo was greater from the comparative emptiness of the church or that the Fathers were pleased at being shorn, and amid their utterances there was a loud peal of thunder.

'The storm which had been threatening all the morning burst now with the utmost violence, and to many a superstitious mind might have conveyed the idea that it was the expression of Divine wrath, as "no doubt it will be interpreted by numbers," said one officer of the Palatine Guard. And so the *Placets* of the Fathers struggled through the storm, while the thunder pealed above and the lightning flashed in at every window and down through the dome and every smaller cupola, dividing if not absorbing the attention of the crowd. *Placet*, shouted his Eminence or his Grace, and a loud clap of thunder followed in response, and then the lightning darted about the baldacchino and every part of the church and Conciliar Hall, as if announcing the response. So it continued for nearly one hour and a half, during which time the roll was being called, and a more effective scene I never witnessed. Had all the decorators and all the getters-up of ceremonies in Rome been employed, nothing approaching to the solemn splendour of that storm could have been prepared, and never will those who saw it and felt it forget the promulgation of the first Dogma of the Church.

'The *façade* of the Hall had not been removed as on former occasions, only the great door was opened, so that it could be scarcely called an open Session, and people could get a glimpse of what was going on only by struggling fiercely and peering over one another's shoulders, or by standing at a distance and looking through a glass. I chose this last and better part. The storm was at its height when the result of the voting was taken up to the Pope, and the darkness was so thick that a huge taper was necessarily brought and placed by his side as he read the words, "*Nosque, sacro approbante Concilio, illa ita decernimus, statuimus atque sancimus ut lecta sunt.*" And again the lightning flickered around the Hall, and the thunder pealed.

'I was standing at this moment in the south transept trying to penetrate the darkness which surrounded the Pope, when the sound as of a mighty rushing something, I could not tell what, caused me to start violently, and look about me and above me. It might be a storm of hail. Such for

an instant was my impression; and it grew and swelled, and then the whole mystery was revealed by a cloud of white handkerchiefs waving before me. The signal had been given by the Fathers themselves with clapping of hands. This was my imaginary hailstorm; and it was taken up by the crowd outside the Hall, and so the storm grew in violence until at length it came to where I stood; *Viva il Papa Infallibile! Viva il trionfo dei Cattolici!* shouted the zealots. . . . But again the storm rose with greater violence than before, and I thought that, according to English custom, we were to have three times three.

'The *Te Deum* and the Benedictions, however, put a stop to it; the entire crowd fell on their knees as I have never seen a crowd do before in St. Peter's, and the Pope blessed them in those clear sweet tones distinguishable among a thousand. A third and fainter attempt was made to get up another cheer, but it died away, and then priests, priestlings, monks and holy women, rushed down the nave to get, perchance, another peep at the Pope as he passed through the chapels, but the doors were closed.

'Thus closed the Session of the Ecumenical Vatican Council for the present, not prorogued nor suspended, to meet again on November 11.'

The arguments of the Bishops of the minority had one all-important result. In the proceedings of the Council published in the seventh volume of the Jesuit '*Collectio Lacensis*' we see that they pressed for words absolutely precluding the view of extremists, that Papal Infallibility meant a direct revelation to the Pope, or endowed him with such absolute power as to warrant his dispensing with intercourse with the Church in its exercise. A historical introduction to the definition was accordingly written by the learned theologians, Fathers Franzelin and Kleutgen.

It was to show 'in what manner the Roman Pontiffs had ever been accustomed to exercise the *magisterium* of faith in the Church,' and to prevent the fear lest 'the Roman Pontiff could proceed (*procedere possit*) in judging of matters of faith without counsel, deliberation, and the use of scientific means.' This introduction formed the basis of what was ultimately passed at the public session of the Fathers on July 18, although the text of Franzelin and Kleutgen was not entirely approved.

The same point was emphasised again in one of the annotations to the first draft of the new formula, proposed on June 8, which formed the basis of further modifications. 'It seemed useful,' we read in this annotation, 'to insert in the Chapter some things adapted to the right understanding of the dogma, namely, that the Supreme Pontiff does not perform his duty as teacher without intercourse and union (*sine commercio et unione*) with the Church.'¹

In the historical introduction, as finally published, the safeguard urged as necessary in this connection was thus expressed: 'The Roman Pontiffs, as the state of things and times has made advisable, at one time calling Ecumenical Councils or finding out the opinion of the Church dispersed through the world, at another by means of particular Synods, at another using other means of assistance which Divine Providence supplied, have defined those things to be held which by God's aid they had known to be in agreement with sacred Scripture and the Apostolic traditions, for the Holy Ghost was promised to the successors of Peter, not that by His revelation they should disclose new doctrines, but that by His *assistentia* they might preserve inviolate, and expound faithfully, the revelation or deposit of faith handed down by the Apostles.'

The exaggerations of M. Veuillot were thus definitely rejected by the Fathers. But Newman did not at first know this, and, having latterly despaired of a moderate definition, he had fixed his hopes on the dogma not being defined at all. A definition corresponding to the views set forth in M. Veuillot's writings, or Cardinal Antonelli's reported explanations, was unthinkable as an obligatory dogmatic formula. He would not, he said, believe that the definition would be made until it was *un fait accompli*. When the news first reached him that it had been passed, with no particulars as to its scope, the blow was, as those who knew him best have told the present writer, a stunning one. But when he saw its actual text Newman's fears were allayed. 'I saw the new definition yesterday,' he wrote to a friend, 'and am pleased at its moderation,—that is, if the doctrine in question is to be defined at all.'

¹ See *W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival*, pp. 435-36.

So far, indeed, as doctrine was concerned, as he said to many correspondents, no more was defined than he himself had always held. The old Ultramontanism of which Archbishop Sibour and Montalembert had been staunch defenders became a doctrine of faith. The Ultramontanism of the *Univers* received no countenance in the text of the definition.

Nevertheless, as careful readers of the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' already know, Newman did not regard the truth of the doctrine defined as being by any means the sole question at issue. The tendency towards excessive centralisation which he deplored was not a matter of doctrine, but of policy. And his letters show that he had great anxiety lest the passing of the definition should actually increase this tendency. Moreover, his indignation against some of the leading promoters of the decree was in no way abated. In the very month in which the definition was passed—on July 27—he wrote thus to Sister Maria Pia:

'Our good God is trying all of us with disappointment and sorrow just now; I allude to what has taken place at Rome—who of us would not have rejoiced if the Fathers of the Council had one and all felt it their duty to assent to the Infallibility of the Holy Father—? but a gloom falls upon one, when it is decreed with so very large a number of dissentient voices. It looks as if our Great Lord were in some way displeased at us. Indeed the look of public matters generally is very threatening, and we need the prayers of all holy souls and all good nuns to avert the evils which seem coming upon the earth.'

Though accepting the definition at once himself, he did not at first feel justified in speaking of it publicly as *de fide* until the Council should be terminated. He wrote to Mrs. Froude as follows on August 8:

'It is too soon to give an opinion about the definition. I want to know what the Bishops of the minority say on the subject, and what they mean to do. As I have ever believed as much as the definition says, I have a difficulty in putting myself into the position of mind of those who have not. As far as I see, no one is bound to believe it at this moment, certainly not till the end of the Council. This I hold in spite of Dr. Manning. At the same time, since the Pope has pronounced the definition, I think it safer to accept it at

once. I very much doubt if at this moment—before the end of the Council, I could get myself publicly to say it was *de fide*, whatever came of it—though I believe the doctrine itself.

‘I think it is not usual, to promulgate a dogma till the end of a Council, as far as I know—and next, this has been carried under such very special circumstances. I look for the Council to right itself in some way before it ends. It looks like a house divided against itself, which is a great scandal.

‘And now you have my whole mind. I rule my own conduct by what is safer, which in matters of faith is a true principle of theology,—but (as *at present advised*, in my present state of knowledge or ignorance, till there are further acts of the Church) I cannot pronounce categorically that the doctrine is *de fide*.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.¹

‘P.S.—You need not believe anything more personal or inherent in the Pope than you say.

‘P.S.—[on another sheet]. My postscript to the first sheet is hardly intelligible.

‘The Pope is infallible *in actu*, not *in habitu*—in his particular pronouncements *ex Cathedra*, not in his state of illumination, as an Apostle might be, which would be inspiration. I am told some wicked men, not content with their hitherto cruel conduct, are trying to bring in this doctrine of inherent infallibility, of which there is not a hint in the definition. Perhaps they would like to go on to call him a Vice-God, as some one actually did, or sole God to us. Unless my informant was mad, I heard lately of some one (English or Irish) who said that now we ought not to pray to God at all, but only to the Blessed Virgin—God preserve us, if we have such madmen among us, with their lighted brands.’

The evil consequences which he feared from the definition were two. It is true that the dogma professed to declare that theoretically the Papacy had received no addition of power. The infallibility ascribed to Pius IX. in his *ex cathedra* utterances had belonged also to St. Peter and St. Gregory the Great. Yet the act of the Council would be likely, he

¹ Substantially the same view is expressed in the letter cited in the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* (see *Difficulties of Anglicans*, vol. ii. p. 303).

feared in the first place, to lead in practice to increased centralisation,—to the predominance of the new Ultramontanism of M. Louis Veuillot and W. G. Ward. In the second place, he felt that in this case, as with the decree on Inspiration, the difficulties which had to be met had not been adequately anticipated, owing partly to the rapidity and secrecy of the proceedings of the Council, and that the argumentative position of Catholic apologists would be in consequence for the time greatly embarrassed.

That evil results should follow on valid and true definitions, however, was no novelty in Church history. Confusion had followed former Councils, and might well follow the Vatican Council.

Newman's view as to the danger of increased centralisation is shown in the following letter to Mr. O'Neill Daunt, who had written for further advice respecting the friend already referred to whose faith in the Church had been shaken:

‘The Oratory: August 7th, 1870.

‘My dear Mr. Daunt,—I agree with you that the wording of the Dogma has nothing very difficult in it. It expresses what, as an opinion, I have ever held myself with a host of other Catholics. But that does not reconcile me to imposing it upon others, and I do not see why a man who denied it might not be as good a Catholic as the man who held it.¹ And it is a new and most serious precedent in the Church that a dogma *de fide* should be passed *without definite and urgent cause*. This to my mind is the serious part of the matter. You put an enormous power into the hands of one man, without check, and at the very time, by your act, you declare that he may use it without special occasion.

‘However, God will provide. We must recollect, there has seldom been a Council without great confusion after it,—so it was even with the first,—so it was with third, fourth, and fifth,—and [the] sixth which condemned Pope Honorius. The difference between those instances and this being, that now we have brought it on ourselves without visible necessity.

‘The great difficulty in the painful case you write about is, that when the imagination gets excited on a point, it is

¹ This opinion he changed after it became clear that the minority would take no concerted action.—See *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, p. 305.

next to impossible by any show of arguments, however sound, to meet the evil. I think it may safely be said to your friend, that the greater part of the Church has long thought that the Pope has the power which he and the Bishops of the majority have declared *is* his; and that, if the Church is the work and ordinance of God, we must have a little faith in Him and be assured that He will provide that there is no abuse of the Pope's power. Your friend must not *assume*, before the event, that his power will be abused. Perhaps you ought not to urge her too strongly,—if left to herself, your reasons may tell on her after a while, though they seem to fail at the moment.

‘Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

The second evil consequence which Newman feared from the definition is referred to in a letter written two years later to Dr. Northcote. Dr. Northcote had reopened the discussion of the possibility of a Catholic College at Oxford. Newman now questioned its practicability. The Vatican Council had by its decrees on Scripture and on Papal Infallibility raised, he held, a new platform of dogma which could not be defended until theologians had worked out a coherent view on their relations with contemporary controversy. Previously to the Council, though he had wished rather for an Oratory than for a College as the centre of Catholic influence on the University, he had desired *some* centre of influence. Now he considered its desirableness for the time very doubtful.

‘Though I could not advocate,’ he wrote on April 7, 1872, ‘hitherto I should have been quite able to acquiesce in any plan for a Catholic College at Oxford, and that, on the reasons you so lucidly and powerfully draw out. I should have been able *till lately*, but I confess I am in great doubt just now.

‘And for this reason:—the antagonism between the Catholic Church and Oxford has become far more direct and intense during the last two years. From all I read and hear it seems to me that the Anglican Church and the University are almost or quite in a whirlpool of unbelief, even if they be as yet at some distance from the gulf and its abyss. On the other hand there are the decrees of the Vatican Council.

‘The two main instruments of infidelity just now are physical science and history; physical science is used against Scripture, and history against dogma; the Vatican Council by its decrees about the inspiration of Scripture and the Infallibility of the Pope has simply thrown down the gauntlet to the science and the historical research of the day.

‘You will understand what I mean without my giving instances. The instance which has last come before me is Professor Owen’s attack on the Bishop of Ely in the February Number of *Fraser*.

‘In former times it was by the collision of Catholic intellect with Catholic intellect that the meaning and the limit of dogmatic decrees were determined; but there has been no intellectual scrutiny, no controversies as yet over the Vatican definitions, and their sense will have to be wrought out not in friendly controversy, but in a mortal fight at Oxford, in the presence of Catholics and Protestants, between Protestant Professors and Tutors and a Catholic College. I do not see how this conflict is to be avoided if we go to Oxford. Ought we to go before we are armed? Till two years ago, Trent was the last Council—and our theologians during a long 300 years had prepared us for the fight—now we are new born children, the birth of the Vatican Council, and we are going to war without strength and without arms. We do not know what exactly we hold—what we may grant, what we must maintain. A man who historically defends the Pope’s infallibility must almost originate a polemic—can he do so, as being an individual, without many mistakes? but he makes them on the stage of a great theatre.’¹

¹Two more letters on this subject will be found in the Appendix at p. 556.

CHAPTER XXX

LIFE AT THE ORATORY

THE close sequence of the public events which absorbed Newman up to the end of the Vatican Council has hitherto left little opportunity to the biographer for depicting what may be called the background of his life. If external circumstances were ever changing and were full of trial for him, the home life which, since he returned from Dublin, he had led at the Oratory was ever the same and very peaceful. He loved its monotony, and echoed the words of the 'Imitation,' '*cella continuata dulcescit.*' 'Nothing is more wearisome than change,' he wrote to Miss Holmes. And to another correspondent, who suggested some wider sphere of action for him, he wrote in 1864:

'I assure you it would be a strong arm, stronger than any which I can fancy, that would be able to pull me out of my "nest," to use the Oratorian word,—and I am too old for it now—I could not be picked out of it without being broken to pieces in the process.'

In the short lull amid his active work which intervened between the abandonment of the Oxford scheme and the Vatican Council controversy he wrote to a friend¹ in a letter dated June 12, 1869:

'I have nothing to write about in our happy state of calm, luxurious vegetation. The only drawback is that we are made for work, and, therefore, one has something of a bad conscience in standing all the day idle. Excepting this "*amari aliquid*," I am well content to be as I am.'

Yet with his sensitive temperament the peaceful habits of his Oratorian home gave him in reality the only surroundings which made his best work possible.

¹ Mrs. Sconce.

At the Oratory, then, surrounded by devoted followers whose sympathy tempered for him the cold blasts of the world's criticism, he lived almost unintermittently, hardly ever paying visits even to intimate friends. Here, even amid the troubles that have been narrated in this work, he carried on that vast correspondence with friends and strangers who consulted him which formed half of his life-work. A considerable selection from this correspondence is given in this book.¹ It is to be hoped that it will eventually be published in its entirety. But something must here be said as to the characteristics which his letters exercised and revealed. And something must be told of his daily life and habits.

To letters as an element in biography he himself attached great value. Writing to Father Coleridge in 1866 of the proposed biography of Keble, he says:

‘My own notion of writing a life is the notion of Hurrell Froude,—viz. to do it by letters, and to bring in as little letterpress of one’s own as possible. Froude has so done his “Becket.” It is far more real, and therefore interesting, than any other way. Stanley has so done in his “Arnold.”’

With Newman the writing of letters was a very important part of his daily life. It was the chief means of communication with others for one whose affections were singularly keen and clinging. It was a vehicle for expressing the thoughts of his full mind, without the great anxiety attaching to words that were printed, and, therefore, in some sense irrevocable. And it was the means of exerting personal influence on the large numbers who sought his advice and judgment in difficulties or troubles. He devoted immense labour to his letters. When the subject of writing was at all difficult he would make a rough draft and keep it, sending to his correspondent a letter based on this first draft, but generally including some changes in order to bring out his meaning more clearly. He kept the letters he received and endorsed them with any specially important passage in his own reply. He devoted many hours in the day to writing, and this habit continued as long as he was physically able to write at all. About 1854 he began to complain that the old readiness in all writing,

¹ A good many letters which are unconnected with this narrative of his active life are given in the Appendices.

including letters, was going. He now found it harder to begin. But once fairly at work he wrote as well as in earlier days. 'I am like an old horse,' he said, 'who stumbles at first, but once he gets into his trot he goes as well as ever.' Like other people with a large correspondence, he was sometimes late in replying, but would justify himself ingeniously.

'You must be so kind,' he wrote in 1864 to the Rev. A. V. Alleyne, 'as to excuse me for not having yet thanked you for your very kind letter of last month. At the time I was too busy to write any letter, and since then I have been gradually making up my arrears of correspondence. But, as a man who has for some time lived beyond his income is a long while before he can by his retrenchments make up for past extravagance, and, as we all feel how difficult it is in walking to catch up another unless we run or he stops, so am I very much put about in my attempts to make up for my delinquencies of letter writing in May and June, while I also have still to answer the current letters of each fresh day and week. And moreover, when once I feel that my character for punctuality is gone in this or that quarter, I am naturally led on to think that a more continued silence will not make me worse in the eyes of my correspondent than one of half the length.'

He was very particular as to his pens. A bad steel pen, he found, not only made writing troublesome, and the results untidy, but actually confused the mind of the writer and damaged the letters as compositions.

'I have a pen,' he tells a friend, 'which writes so badly that it re-acts upon my composition and my spelling. How odd this is! but it is true. I think best when I write. I cannot in the same way think while I speak. Some men are brilliant in conversation, others in public speaking,—others find their minds act best when they have a pen in their hands. But then, if it is a bad pen? a steel pen? that is my case just now, and thus I find my brain won't work,—much as I wish it.'

His past correspondence was of intense interest to him as a solemn record of his life. So, too, were his journals and diaries. When over seventy years of age he transcribed from beginning to end the pencil notes in his diaries, adding the record of earlier events which happened before he kept a diary, and beginning with his birth. He also devoted much

time to arranging his letters and papers—this he began in the sad years preceding the ‘Apologia,’ and resumed after the Vatican Council.

‘As to *personal* matters,’ he wrote to Henry Wilberforce in 1860, ‘my prospect is curious, as most others must feel who are of my age. According as a man dies at 60, 70, or 80, his heirs are different, and his papers come into different hands. It is a strange feeling attends on making abstract arrangements. I have not a notion who it is to be who will read any direction I give, or look over any miscellaneous materials. This makes it very difficult to determine what to keep and what to destroy. Things most interesting and dear to myself may be worthless in the eyes of those to whom my papers fall. Fancy my properties coming into possession of Dr. Ullathorne, whom I mention with all respect,—or of others whom, from want of respect for them, I don’t mention!’

The stern censure of all approach to literary display which was universal in the Tractarian party¹ had its effect on the quality of Newman’s letters, as we have already seen that it had on his verses. He is always reserved in them, breaking out only occasionally and accidentally, almost in spite of himself, into raciness. The humour, wit, and sarcasm, the rhetorical effectiveness, which the King William Street lectures or those on ‘The Present Position of Catholics’ show that he had so abundantly at his command, hardly ever appear in his letters, which are, in this respect, not a vehicle of complete self-expression as Carlyle’s are. Or, to speak more accurately, they express the character as a whole rather than mirror completely the thoughts and feelings. For when we realise the reserve and habitual deliberation of the writer, which limited their range, we can recognise very much of the man in his letters, and in their very limitations. One quality which never fails is the habit and power of adapting his

¹ It should be noted that he would sometimes, perhaps in consequence of this tradition, depreciate his own writings. But such remarks must not be taken too seriously. In a letter to Miss Bathurst he speaks of publishing ‘the trash I have written about the Turks.’ He took the ‘Second Spring’ from W. G. Ward’s hands, with the words ‘Don’t read that rubbish.’ Yet when Hope-Scott took a similar disparagement of the University Sermons literally, Newman wrote of the volume, somewhat nettled, ‘it will be the best, though not the most perfect, book I have done.’—*Letters*, ii. 407.

mind to that of his correspondent. There are very subtle differences in style and in subject between his letters to different persons. Even when the subject is the same, the way of treating it will differ. It was a saying of his that the same thought in different persons is probably as different as their faces. And, in writing, a great difference in general effect may be due to variations, each of them minute. He himself would express the same thought differently to different correspondents. In this respect his letters are the antithesis to those of Mr. Gladstone.

His letters to young friends, the children of his Oxford contemporaries, show this characteristic as much as any. I select a few samples belonging to different dates. Here is quite a simple one written in 1855 to Isy Froude, daughter of William Froude, in thanks for the gift of a penwiper:

‘6 Harcourt Street, Dublin, July 9th, 1855.

‘My dearest Isy,—I am very glad to have your present. A penwiper is always useful. It lies on the table, and one can’t help looking at it. I have one in use, made for me by a dear aunt, now dead, whom I knew from a little child, as I was once. When I take it up, I always think of her, and I assure you I shall think of you, when I see yours. I have another at Birmingham given me by Mrs. Phillipps of Torquay, in the shape of a bell.

‘This day is the anniversary of one of the few times I have seen a dear brother of mine for 22 years. He returned from Persia, I from Sicily, where I nearly died, the same day. I saw him once 15 years ago, and now I have not seen him for 9 years.

‘My dear Isy, when I think of your brother, I will think of you. I heard a report he was to go and fight the Russians. I have another godson, called Edward Bouverie Pusey, who is a sailor, already fighting the Russians either in the Baltic or at Sebastopol.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory.

‘P.S.—You will have a hard matter to read this letter.’

Here is a more characteristic letter of thanks—written in rhyme in 1863—to J. W. Bowden’s niece, Charlotte Bowden

(he uses her child's nickname of 'Chat'), who had sent him some cakes baked by herself:

'Who is it that moulds and makes
Round, and crisp, and fragrant cakes?
Makes them with a kind intent,
As a welcome compliment,
And the best that she can send
To a venerable friend?
One it is, for whom I pray,
On St. Philip's festal day,
With a loving heart, that she
Perfect as her cakes may be.
Full and faithful in the round
Of her duties ever found,
When a trial comes, between
Truth and falsehood cutting keen;
Yet that keenness and completeness
Tempering with a winning sweetness.

Here's a rhyming letter, Chat,
Gift for gift, and tit for tat.

'J. H. N.

'May 26th, 1863.'

Here is another to Helen Church, the Dean's daughter (afterwards Mrs. Paget), who had given him Lewis Carroll's 'Hunting of the Snark':

'My dear Helen,—Let me thank you and your sisters without delay for the amusing specimen of imaginative nonsense which came to me from you and them this morning. Also, as your gift, it shows that you have not forgotten me, though a considerable portion of your lives has passed since you saw me. And, thanking you, I send you also my warmest Easter greetings and good wishes.

'The little book is not all of it nonsense, though amusing nonsense; it has two pleasant prefixes of another sort. One of them is the "Inscription to a Dear Child," the style of which, in words and manner, is so entirely of the School of Keble, that it could not have been written had the "Christian Year" never made its appearance.

'The other, "The Easter Greeting to Every Child, etc.," is likely to touch the hearts of old men more than those for whom it is intended. I recollect well my own thoughts as I lay in my crib in the early spring, with outdoor scents,

sounds and sights wakening me up, and especially the cheerful ring of the mower's scythe on the lawn, which Milton long before me had noted; and how in coming downstairs slowly, for I brought down both feet on each step, I said to myself "This is June!" Though what my particular experience of June was, and how it was broad enough to be a matter of reflection, I really cannot tell.

'Can't you, Mary, and Edith, recollect something of the same kind, though you may not think so much of it as I do now?

'May the day come for all of us, of which Easter is the promise, when that first spring may return to us, and a sweetness which cannot die may gladden our garden.

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

I may add another quite simple letter to the twin sisters, Helen and Mary Church, dated on his own birthday in 1878, and wishing them joy on theirs:

'The Oratory: Feb. 21st, 1878.

'My dear Helen and Mary,—How shall I best show kindness to you on your birthday?

'It is by wishing and praying that year by year you may grow more and more in God's favour and in inward peace,—in an equanimity and cheerfulness under all circumstances which is the fruit of faith, and a devotion which finds no duties difficult, for it is inspired by love.

'This I do with all my heart, and am,

'My dear children,

Very affectionately yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Much quiet humour is found in letters to intimate friends, and his sense of fun is apparent in many which are not humorous. When Mr. John Pollen lends him a novel which takes his fancy, Newman describes in a letter how he is ashamed to find that he wakes up at night laughing at the remembrance of it. 'I condole with you,' he writes to the same correspondent in 1860, 'both on your fortieth birthday and your accident to your face, for I have undergone both of them—the latter when I was at school, running against a wall in the dark, and I remember the shock to this day.' When Ambrose St. John urges him to write some verses on Purgatory, Newman sends him from Dublin the beautiful lines beginning 'Help, Lord, the souls that Thou hast made,' with the following explanation:

'6 Harcourt Street: Jan. 9th, 1857.

'My dear A.,—I am hardly recovered from my seasickness even now. I have generally found this a state favourable to versifying. Philosophers, like yourself, must explain why. Various of the *Lyras* were written in this state. Accordingly, I have written the Purgatory verses which you asked me for. Perhaps you will say they do not do justice to my seasickness. You will see, I have observed your wish of having a repetition verse.

Ever yours affly.,

J. H. N.'

What Dean Church has called his 'naturalness' is a marked feature in some of the letters. He chaffs his intimate friends familiarly. He writes to Henry Wilberforce, who in 1856 was acquiring the editor's professional manner in his editorial notes to the *Catholic Standard*:

'I candidly say I think your puffs of yourself *infra dig.*, and have felt it a very long while: e.g. "*We* were the first to state that the Conference is to meet early in March (1856)"—"As *we* said last week"—"Our important papers from Kamtschatka"—"That great man, our correspondent at Timbuctoo"—"the only Catholic English paper"—as the *Morning Chronicle* says, the only "exclusive information."'

Writing to Ambrose St. John in the same year on his birthday, he thus begins his letter:

'July 3rd, 1856.

'My poor old man,—Yes, I congratulate you on being between, what is it, 50 or 60? No, only 40 or 50. My best congratulations that life is now so mature. May your shadow never be less, and your pocket never so empty! But why are you always born on days when my Mass is engaged? I shall say Mass for you to-morrow and Monday.'

Again, in 1864, when Father Ambrose, having sprained his wrist and undergone other troubles, talks of a holiday in Switzerland:

'I rejoice,' Newman writes, 'to find that you write so well—but don't presume. You won't be content without some new accident. You forget you are an old man. In one year (from your volatility, most unsuitable at your time of life) you have broken your ribs and smashed your wrist. This is the *only* difficulty I have in your going to Lucerne. You will be clambering a mountain, bursting your lungs, cracking your chest, twisting your ankles, and squashing

your face—and your nieces will have to pick you up. If you will not do this, I shall rejoice at your going to Lucerne.'

When Henry Wilberforce wanted Ambrose St. John to join him in a voyage to Jamaica in 1871, with a view to benefiting his health, Newman thus conveyed to Wilberforce his friend's reply to the proposal:

'Ambrose *won't*. He is as obstinate as a pig. He says he is quite well. And this is the beginning and the end of it. He says if he goes somewhere, it shall be to Australia—and he says Jamaica means Jericho. He stupefies and overpowers me by his volubility.'

The Jesuit Fathers at Farm Street asked Newman to preach at their Manchester church on the feast of the Immaculate Conception in 1872, and he thus replied:

'The Oratory: Oct. 25th, 1872.

'St. Philip of Birmingham presents his best respects and homage to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, and, desirous as he is in all respects to meet the wishes of his dear Mother, he cannot grant her request in this instance.

'Because, he should be contravening one of the rules of his own children, if he allowed them or one of them to preach out of their own Church. They are a home people—they do not preach—they only converse or discourse to their own penitents and scholars.

'Besides, as to his present Superior at Birmingham, he feels that he could not let him go to Manchester, without letting him go to most places in England and Scotland. He knows that the Father in question has declined a pressing invitation of this kind for this very month, and he would not place him in so ungracious a position as to be refusing friends and benefactors, yet in the same breath to be accepting an invitation elsewhere, however kind and flattering it may be to that Father.

'St. Philip concludes with saying that he has set it all right with St. Ignatius, whose vocation is altogether different from that of his own sons; and he is quite sure that the good Jesuit Fathers will not think that any want of courtesy is shown to Our Lady, St. Ignatius, or the said Fathers, by the said Superior's declining the compliment paid him, for St. Philip takes the responsibility of it on himself.

'To the glorious and blessed Mary
from St. Philip Neri, Apostle of Rome.'

A similar touch of humanity is often visible in Newman's controversial correspondence. In the course of a protracted argument with Canon Jenkins on the Roman claims, his opponent sends a photograph which Newman thus gratefully acknowledges:

‘The Oratory: March 27, 1877.

‘My dear Canon Jenkins,—I ought before now to have thanked you for your photograph—which as a work of art is very good, though I did not observe, till your letter pointed out, the fault in the eyes. But I agree with you that photographists visit their unhappy sitters with too fierce a light which makes them frown, or shut their eyes or otherwise distort their features. But your own face shows nothing but patience, or serenity, under the infliction. It is young too for the age you tell me.

‘I am quite ready to take your quartett or quintett. Do you really think Celestine, Nestorius, Cyril, and John of Antioch would have been a possible court of *final* appeal? No more than the Kilkenny cats.

‘Yours most truly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

And again to the same correspondent:

‘Your letter is an important one, and requires careful reading. If I don't say at once I assent to all it says, it is but because I am losing my memory and forget to-morrow what I have read to-day. Thus facts become like billiard balls, which run away from you when you wish to get hold of them.’

Writing to the late Canon MacColl he declines a suggested controversy thus:

‘Mr. A. B. is one of the most impertinent men that I ever came across. Though very different, I think he is another Golightly. . . . To answer Mr. A. B. seriously is like fighting with a blue bottle fly.’

Some of his notes already cited recall the fact that the minds of the lower animals deeply interested him. He would observe their doings with great curiosity. We have already seen his interest in the emotions of Father Ambrose's favourite cow. In 1852 Hope-Scott gave him a pony named Charlie, which for many years Newman watched with grave interest, and its well-being and performances are referred to

frequently in letters to those who were interested in the animal. Charlie's death is thus chronicled in a letter to its giver on December 6, 1866:

'Charlie, the virtuous pony, which you gave us 14 years ago, has at length departed this life. He continued his active and useful habits up to last summer—*benemeritus*, but not *emeritus*.

'Then he fell hopelessly stiff, lame, and miserable. His mind was clear to the last—and, without losing his affection for human kind, he commenced a lively, though, alas, not lasting friendship with an impudent colt of a donkey—who insulted him in his stiffness, and teased and tormented him from one end of the field to the other. We cannot guess his age, he was old when he came to us. He lies under two sycamore trees, which will be, by their growth and beauty, the living monument, or even transformation of a faithful servant, while his spirit is in the limbo of quadrupeds. Rest to his manes! I suppose I may use the pagan word of a horse.'

Newman was interested in the garden at Rednal. In 1871 his cousin Mrs. Deane offered to send him a mulberry and a filbert, which received his close attention.

'I thank you for your care about my mulberry,' he wrote. 'I am not at all impatient about it, so that I know it is coming. Keep it another year, if you think better. I have been trying to gain from books some hints about the treatment of mulberry trees. Tell me anything you know about it. Your travels, I fear, never lie in this direction—else, I should like you to choose a place for it. Our cottage is at Rednal, 7 or 8 miles from Birmingham—and our station is Barnt Green, or Northfield, or Bromsgrove, on the Midland line.

'Alas, our aspect is east—we have a great deal of hot summer sun in the morning and noon—and a great deal of keen north-east wind in winter and spring. We have a sort of wilderness, full of trees, which would protect the stranger, and we could make a circle round it of grass—the soil is a mass of decayed fir leaves with rock under. Does it require *depth*?

'Thank you too for the filbert. But give them a real good nursery time in your climate, before they are transplanted into this.'

Alas! the mulberry, loved by the gods, died young.

'How the years run,' he writes on his birthday in 1873. 'I cannot believe a whole twelvemonth has passed since I planted the poor little mulberry. We watched it with great anxiety, but it would not rally.'

I have purposely placed first among my specimens of Newman's characteristic letter-writing those which illustrate the lighter and brighter side of his nature. Their comparative rarity is as significant as the qualities they show. Life was to him a most vivid reality in its every aspect, and he realised its humorous side and the interest of small events. But what was trivial, however keenly it was appreciated, never occupied in his mind a place beyond its true proportion. Above all, his attention was constantly fixed on the duties of the day, for himself and for those who sought his advice. The great bulk of his letters deal with serious problems or the events of life, whether of public and general interest, or relating to individuals who consulted him. Quite simple letters in the great crises of life and death seldom fail to have a beauty of their own, and to show the delicacy of his sympathy.

Here is one to a domestic servant who had lost her sister:

'The Oratory: Jan. 9th, 1877.

'My dear Child,—Though my intention was engaged on the 26th and I could not say Mass as you wished, I have not forgotten, and I hope to say Mass for you to-morrow, the 10th. There is always a throng of intentions to be kept at this time. To-day is the anniversary of Mrs. Wootten's death, and now we are in great distress about Fr. Caswall. He cannot live, tho' the time of his death is uncertain. Say a prayer for him.

'I am sorry that you should still be so far from well, but God will bless and keep you in His own good way. We never can trust Him too much. All things turn to good to them who trust Him. I too know what it is to lose a sister. I lost her 49 years ago, and, though so many years have past, I still feel the pain.

'God bless and keep you this New Year.

'Yours most truly in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

When the venerable Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan—Provincial of the Dominican sisters—died in 1868, he wrote thus to one of her spiritual children, Sister Mary Gabriel:

‘My dear Child,—What can I say to console you better than what you must be saying to yourself, that your long sorrow is over, and that now, after her intense sufferings, your dear Mother is at rest, or rather in Heaven?’

‘If ever there were persons who had cause to rejoice and whose joy is but intermeddled with, not increased by the words of a third person, you are they.

‘What can you all desire more than that your Communities should receive so special a consecration as is granted to you in the agony and triumph of such a Mother?’

‘It is a thought to raise and encourage you while you live, and is the augury of many holy and happy deaths.

‘Pray for an old man and believe me

‘Ever yours affectionately in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory.’

To another of the Dominican Sisters at Stone, of whose life the doctors despaired, he wrote in 1876:

‘My dear Child,—I have not forgotten your needs, and was saying Mass for you on the Anniversary of the day our dear Lord took your Mother Margaret.

‘I do not know how to be sorry, for you are going to what is far better than anything here below, better far even than the peaceful company of a holy sisterhood.

‘God’s Angel will be with you every step you take—and I will try to help you with my best remembrances and sacred wishes as you descend into the valley—but you are to be envied not lamented over, because you are going to your own Lord and God, your Light, your Treasure, and your Life. Only pray for me in your place of peace and rest, for I at most can be but a little time behind you.

‘Yet a little and a very little while, and He that is to come will come, and will not tarry.

‘Ever yours affectionately in Xt.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

To this letter of sympathy at the close of life, let us add one sentence of sympathy, in life’s dawn, with all its bright possibilities. When the daughter of an old Oxford friend¹ was born on the Festival of the Transfiguration in 1860, he wrote to her father:

‘I earnestly pray that the festival on which she was born

¹ W. G. Ward.

may overshadow her all through her life, and that she may find it "good to be here" till that time of blessed transfiguration when she will find from experience that it is better to be in heaven.'

Here is another letter addressed to one who after some trial and heart searching had resolved to enter the religious life:

TO MISS BATHURST.

'Edgbaston: Nov. 8th, 1853.

'We must be very grateful for so good a beginning—it comes of His Infinite Mercy who loves you as entirely and wholly as if there were no other souls on earth to love or take care of. You are choosing Him for your portion and your All—and He *is* your All, and nothing will or can harm you, though your enemy may try to frighten you. And then the Angels will smile at each other and upon you at your fears and troubles, and will say, "This poor little soul is in a great taking, as if God were leaving her—but He is All-faithful, and has loved her everlastingly, and will preserve her to the end."'

'You always understand everything,' his sister had said to him as a boy when he made her dry her tears; and his innumerable letters of comfort to those who poured out their troubles to him never strike a false note. Writing to nuns he might urge considerations which only their constant meditation on the unseen world enabled them so to realise as to find comfort in them. An instance of this is the letter to Sister Mary Gabriel quoted above. For those less strong in faith he would choose other thoughts. But to all his friends he made trouble more bearable by showing how truly he understood it, and in some cases how he himself shared it. He never suggested for comfort a thought which owing to the character or circumstances of his friend might fail of effect. Let a few of these letters be set down—taken almost at random.

TO MISS HOLMES.

'July 31, '50.

'As time goes on, you will know yourself better and better. Time does that for us, not only by the increase of experience, but by the withdrawal of those natural assistances to devotion and self-surrender which youth furnishes. When the spirits are high and the mind fervent, though we may have waywardness and perverseness which we have not afterwards, yet we

have something to battle against them. But when men get old, as I do, then they see how little grace is in them, and how much that seemed grace was but nature. Then the soul is left to the lassitude, torpor, dejection, and coldness which is its real state, with no natural impulses, affections or imaginations to rouse it, and things which in youth seemed easy then become difficult. Then it finds how little self-command it has, and how little it can throw off the tempter, when he comes behind and places it in a certain direction or position, or throws it down, or places his foot upon it. Then it understands at length its own nothingness; not that it has less grace than it had, but it has nothing but grace to aid it. It is the sign of a Saint to *grow*; common minds, even though they are in the grace of God, dwindle, (i.e. seem to do so) as time goes on. The energy of grace alone can make a soul strong in age.

‘Do not then be cast down, if you, though not yet *very* aged, feel less fervent than you did ten years ago—only let it be a call on you to seek grace to supply nature, as well as to overcome it. Put yourself more fully and utterly into Mary’s hands, and she will nurse you, and bring you forward. She will watch over you as a mother over a sick child.’

TO MISS MUNRO.

‘Aug. 24th, 1871.

‘It quite grieved me not to have seen you again after Friday. I wish you had been so charitable as to have sent for me on Saturday or Sunday.

‘I wish you would not be a self tormentor. But who can make you forget yourself, your short-comings and your anxieties, and fix your thoughts on Him Who is All-true, All-beautiful, and All-merciful, but He Himself? I cannot do more than pray for it, and, with God’s grace, I will say Mass for you once a week for some time.

‘You must look off from this world, from the world in the Church, from what is so imperfect, and the earthen vessels in which grace is stored, to the Fount of Grace Himself, and beg Him to fill you with His own Presence. But I can do no more than say Mass for you, and that I will.’

TO THE SAME.

‘The Oratory: October 21, 1873.

‘It is very kind in you to write to me. I always hear about you with the greatest interest and anxiety, I know with what a true heart you desire to serve God—and that what you call your restlessness is only the consequence of that religious desire.

‘Be sure that many others besides you feel that sadness, that years pass away and no opening comes to them for serving God. Be sure that I can sympathise with you, for now for many years I have made attempts to break through the obstacles which have been in my way, but all in vain.

‘One must submit oneself to God’s loving will—and be quieted by faith that what He wills for us is best. He has no need of us—He only asks for our good desires.’

Though constant in sympathy he could rebuke when it was necessary. ‘It would be the best of penances for you,’ he writes to one friend, ‘to bind yourself to one place and to one object. But sick people always dislike that remedy which is best suited to their case. So at least my doctor tells me.’ And he could administer a gentler snub—as in this comment on two essays by intimate lady friends who with some complacency sought his opinion on their work—‘ladies always write with ease and grace—and such are the characteristics of your and A. B.’s papers.’

His advice was by no means always spiritual advice. Here is a letter to Miss Holmes on a projected literary enterprise:

‘As to writing about what one knows and what one does not, e.g. I have written in “Loss and Gain” of persons and things that I knew—but, if I were to attempt a fashionable novel, I should make a fool of myself, because I do not know men of fashion, and should have to draw on imagination or on books. As to yourself I would not trust you, if you attempted to describe a Common Room, or a Seminary, or the Chinese court at Pekin; but I think you capital in the sketch of persons and things which from time to time you have written to me, according to the place you have been in. It is not to the purpose whether they are correct or not, or representations of fact, (about which I can know nothing) but they are clear, consistent, and persuasive, as pictures. . . . And in your *experience* of fact, I include, not only what you have seen yourself, but what you have on good authority (as that of your Father) or what you read in books, *if* you take the books *as* facts, not as informants—thus the *language* of a book of a certain date is a fact, and you rely, not on its *evidence* or testimony, but on what is before your eyes. I heartily wish you would set about a series of stories.’

To both Miss Munro and Miss Holmes he wrote constantly—to Miss Holmes for thirty years. She was taken seriously ill in 1877 and ordered sea air.

‘I am shocked at the account you give of yourself,’ Newman wrote on October 24. ‘This morning, St. Raphael’s day, I said Mass for you, begging the Archangel to convey you to Bournemouth, whither you should go at once. . . . I won’t forget you.’

Miss Holmes rallied for a time, but passed away some months later.

Newman was specially careful to suit his words to the mind or mood of a correspondent, in his letters to those whose belief in Christianity or even Theism was in danger or actually dying. In place of such blows of a controversial sledge-hammer as are driven home by Mr. Gladstone in his letters, we find considerations suggested most tentatively, as though he feared lest staking too much on an argument which might not prove convincing might make things worse instead of better. The subtle psychological forces at work in the human mind were never forgotten. Even the best logic, he saw, would not do its work when the mental and moral instrument for using it was out of order. In one instance he strongly advised friends who were anxious to bring back the faith of one who appeared to have lost it, to refrain from all argument and leave the subject alone. He divined that a dispute was just what would arouse the person in question to bring together all plausible attacks on the evidence for religious belief; whereas the silent experience of the world and of life would tend in the other direction, and bring home to the doubter the dreary void of any *Weltanschauung* which did not take account of religion.

The following letter is a fair specimen of letters addressed to persons in doubt. It may strike those who are more confident controversialists and less true psychologists than he, as appearing to show comparatively little confidence in the convincing force of the recognised arguments for religious belief:

‘The Oratory: June 25th, 1869.

‘I have delayed writing to you, both as feeling the risk of disappointing and disturbing instead of aiding you by what I might say—and also because I found you had been so good as to take up my suggestion as regards my Oxford

Sermons. I thought they might for a while speak to you instead of a letter. I can never prophesy what will be useful to a given individual and what not. As to my Sermons, I was astonished and (as you may suppose) deeply gratified by a stranger, an Anglican Clergyman, writing to me a year or two ago to say that reading them had converted him from freethinking opinions, which he had taken up from German authors, or from living in Germany. I do not see how they could do so—but he said they did—and it was that, I think, which made me fancy it was worth while to recommend them to you.

‘You must begin all thought about religion by mastering what is the fact, that anyhow the question has an inherent, ineradicable difficulty in it. As in tuning a piano, you may throw the fault here or there, but no theory can anyone take up without that difficulty remaining. It will come up in one shape or other. If we say, “Well, I will not believe any thing,” there is a difficulty in believing nothing, an intellectual difficulty. There is a difficulty in doubting; a difficulty in determining there is no truth; in saying that there is a truth, but that no one can find it out; in saying that all religious opinions are true, or one as good as another; a difficulty in saying there is no God; that there is a God but that He has not revealed Himself except in the way of nature; and there is doubtless a difficulty in Christianity. The question is, whether on the whole our reason does not tell us that it is a duty to accept the arguments commonly urged for its truth as sufficient, and a duty in consequence to believe heartily in Scripture and the Church.

‘Another thought which I wish to put before you is, whether our nature does not tell us that there is something which has more intimate relations with the question of religion than intellectual exercises have, and that is our conscience. We have the idea of duty—duty suggests something or someone to which it is to be referred, to which we are responsible. That something that has dues upon us is to us God. I will not assume it is a personal God, or that it is more than a law (though of course I hold that it is the Living Seeing God), but still the idea of duty, and the terrible anguish of conscience, and the irrepressible distress and confusion of face which the transgression of what we believe to be our duty, causes us, all this is an intimation, a clear evidence, that there is something nearer to religion than intellect; and that, if there is a way of finding religious truth, it lies, not in exercises of the intellect, but close on the side of duty, of conscience, in

the observance of the moral law. Now all this may seem a truism, and many an intellectualist will say that he grants it freely. But I think, that, when dwelt upon, it leads to conclusions which would both surprise and annoy him.

‘Now I think it best to stop here for the present. You must not suppose that I am denying the intellect its real place in the discovery of truth,—but it must ever be borne in mind that its exercise mainly consists in reasoning,—that is, in comparing things, classifying them, and inferring. It ever needs points to start from, first principles, and these it does not provide—but it can no more move one step without these starting points, than a stick, which supports a man, can move without the man’s action. In physical matters, it is the senses which give us the first start—and what the senses give is physical fact—and physical facts do not lie on the surface of things, but are gained with pains and by genius, through experiment. Thus Newton, or Davy, or Franklin ascertained those physical facts which have made their names famous. After these primary facts are gained, intellect can act; it acts too of course in gaining them; but they must be gained; it is the senses which *enable* the intellect to act, by giving it something to act upon. In like manner we have to ascertain the starting points for arriving at religious truth. The intellect will be useful in gaining them and after gaining them—but to attempt to *see* them by means of the intellect is like attempting by the intellect to see the physical facts which are the basis of physical exercises of the intellect, a method of proceeding which was the very mistake of the Aristotelians of the middle age, who, instead of what Bacon calls “interrogating nature” for facts, reasoned out everything by syllogisms. To gain religious starting points, we must in a parallel way, interrogate our hearts, and, (since it is a personal individual matter,) our *own* hearts,—interrogate our own consciences, interrogate, I will say, the God who dwells there.

‘I think you must ask the God of conscience to enable you to do your duty in this matter. I think you should, with prayer to Him for help, meditate upon the gospels, and on St. Paul’s second epistle to the Corinthians, unless the translation of it disturbs you; and this with an earnest desire to know the truth and a sincere intention of following it.’

Close insight into the needs of one class of mind is also shown in the following words, written to the late Canon MaçColl shortly after the Vatican definition:

‘Every consideration and the fullest time should be given to those who have to make up their minds to hold an article of faith which is new to them. To take up at once such an article, may be the act of a vigorous faith, but it may also be the act of a man who will believe anything because he believes nothing, and is ready to profess whatever his ecclesiastical, that is his political, party requires of him. There are too many high ecclesiastics in Italy and England, who think that to believe is as easy as to obey—that is, they talk as if they did not know what an act of faith is.

‘A German who hesitates may have more of the real spirit of faith than an Italian who swallows. I have never myself had a difficulty about the Pope’s Infallibility, but that is no reason why I should forget Luke xvii. 1.’

That very careful psychological observation which made Newman so successful in dealing with mental troubles made him also avoid arguments on religious questions in which he saw that he was not likely to succeed or do good. In 1869 R. H. Hutton conveyed to him an invitation from the founders of the Metaphysical Society to join their ranks. Its members were to meet once a month to discuss matters lying at the foundation of religious belief, and all schools of thought were represented, from Huxley and Tyndall to Mr. Gladstone and Dean Church. Its Catholic members included Cardinal Manning, W. G. Ward, and J. D. Dalgairns. Newman at first declined on the plea of age, but the invitation was renewed two years later. He then wrote as follows to Mr. Hutton:

‘The Oratory: March 22, 1871.

‘My dear Mr. Hutton,—I assure you I feel, what your letter (without meaning it) reminds me of, that I am doing very little good now, and that it would be a great thing if I did something more, to give me a right to live.

‘Did I think I could be of use as you suppose and propose, I would keep it in mind—but you don’t know me. In some things I have a good memory—but for books, for doctrines, for views and arguments, I have none. Some men have their learning well about them—others have minds full of resource. Cardinal Wiseman was such—he had always something to suggest—he had always facts, apt and striking, upon his memory, whatever the subject. I am not a ready man, and should spoil a good cause. And then, I am so dreadfully shy, that I never show to advantage, and feel it myself acutely all the time.

‘Pray excuse all this egotism, but my conscience so preaches to me continually that I am doing very little good, that I need to bring before me what the state of the case really is, and to try to gain over others to my own view of it, to make myself easy, when hard pressed. Besides, I am now past seventy—and I never move about, unless I am in some way or other obliged.

‘On the whole, I feel deeply, that the only consequence which would follow from my complying, would be, for you to feel how much, in your kindness, you had overrated me.

‘Most truly yours, JOHN H. NEWMAN.’¹

His dislike of anything approaching to intellectual display, his very deep religious feelings, and the fact that he had all his life associated almost exclusively with religious people, possibly made the prospect of encountering in debate free-thinkers and agnostics, for the first time when he was seventy years old, not inviting to him. In an interesting letter written ten years later to an Evangelical correspondent—Mr. G. T. Edwards—who had sent him the Journals of Caroline Fox, he thus writes:

‘I am very glad to have the volumes you were so good as to send me—still, interesting as I could not help finding them, and instructive, I have a natural dislike of literary and scientific society *as such*, or what Hurrell Froude, (whom I agreed with in this) used to call “the aristocracy of talent”; and for this reason perhaps I am not quite fair to the remarkable and beautiful Life which you sent me. I suppose it is a peculiarity common to us two (H. F. and me) with Keble and Pusey more than any other quality, and has, as much as anything else, united us together; and accordingly it is something of a wonder to me, that a mind so religious as Miss Fox’s, should feel pleasure in meeting men who either disbelieved the Divine mission or had no love for the person of One she calls “*her* God and *her* Saviour.”’

¹ Newman never quite approved of the Metaphysical Society. He writes thus to Dean Church in 1876:

‘I hear that you and the Archbp. of York (to say nothing of Cardinal Manning, etc.) are going to let Professor Huxley read in your presence an argument in refutation of our Lord’s Resurrection. How can this possibly come under the scope of a Metaphysical Society? I thank my stars that, when asked to accept the honour of belonging to it, I declined. Aren’t you in a false position? Perhaps it is a ruse of the Cardinal to bring the Professor into the clutches of the Inquisition.’

To debate at the Metaphysical Society with a mixed crowd of believers and unbelievers would be little to the taste of the writer of these words. But it was quite otherwise as to helping individual inquirers.

Father Neville tells us, in his *Reminiscences*, of Newman's sympathy for all those, of whatever creed, concerning whom he felt that they were deeply earnest in their wish for truth, and desired to do their duty if only they could know it. Towards such his heart went out. He had this feeling very especially towards Mr. R. H. Hutton himself, although their acquaintance was almost entirely confined to the correspondence which began at the time of the Kingsley controversy. Here is a Christmas letter to Mr. Hutton, written at the end of 1872:

‘The Oratory, Dec. 29.

‘My dear Mr. Hutton,—I have nothing to write to you about, but I am led at this season to send you the religious greetings and good wishes which it suggests, to assure you that, though I seem to be careless about those who desire to have more light than they have in regard to religious truths, yet I do really sympathise with them very much, and ever have them in mind.

‘I know how honestly you try to approve yourself to God, and this is a claim on the reverence of anyone who knows or reads you. There are many things as to which I most seriously differ from you, but I believe you to be one of those to whom the angels on Christmas night sent greetings as “*hominibus bonæ voluntatis*,” and it is a pleasure and a duty for all who would be their companions hereafter to follow their pattern of comprehensive charity here. I cannot feel so hopefully and tenderly to many of those whom you defend or patronize as I do to you—and what you write perplexes me often—but when a man is really and truly seeking the pearl of great price, how can one help joining oneself in heart and spirit with him?

‘Most truly yours,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

He corresponded with Mr. Hutton frequently and entered at length into his objections to Catholic theology. He found in some cases that his correspondent's active mind was alive to difficulties which had not yet been adequately considered

in the Catholic schools. Thus, to reply to them satisfactorily might mean to go beyond what was as yet the received Catholic theology. There was in such cases a difficulty in responding to Hutton with a frankness equal to his own. Newman met the situation by telling him candidly the state of the case.

‘What the genius of the Church cannot bear,’ he wrote, ‘is changes in thought being hurried, abrupt, violent—out of tenderness to souls, for unlearned and narrow-minded men get unsettled and miserable. The great thing is to move all together, and then the change, as geological changes, must be very slow. Hence we come to be accused of duplicity—I mean the cleverer men see what is coming, yet from charity to others (and diffidence in themselves) don’t speak out.’

The love of reality which made R. H. Hutton so congenial to him, revolted against sermonising quite as much as against a want of seriousness.

‘I agree with you,’ he writes to a friend concerning the book of a popular Catholic writer, ‘it is a thousand pities that a clever man like A. B. should sermonise in the way he does. We are reading him in the refectory, and he always seems in the same place, prancing like a cavalry soldier’s horse, without advancing, in the face of a mob. He has a noble subject, but I have not gained two ideas from his book.’

Newman’s own feeling as to the most effective way of imparting truth by writing is conveyed in the following notes, dated 1868, on the writing of sermons:

‘1. A man should be in earnest, by which I mean he should write not for the sake of writing, but to bring out his thoughts.

‘2. He should never aim at being eloquent.

‘3. He should keep his idea in view, and should write sentences over and over again till he has expressed his meaning accurately, forcibly, and in few words.

‘4. He should aim at being understood by his hearers or readers.

‘5. He should use words which are likely to be understood. Ornament and amplification will come spontaneously in due time, but he should never seek them.

‘6. He must creep before he can fly, by which I mean that humility which is a great Christian virtue has a place in literary composition.

'7. He who is ambitious will never write well, but he who tries to say simply what he feels, what religion demands, what faith teaches, what the Gospel promises, will be eloquent without intending it, and will write better English than if he made a study of English literature.'

In his own preaching, the simplicity and reality he inculcated was accompanied by an intense shyness of which he was quite conscious. 'From a child,' he writes to a friend, 'a description of Ulysses' eloquence in the "Iliad" seized my imagination and touched my heart. "When he began he looked like a fool." This is the only way in which I have done anything.'

I have spoken of Newman's love of reality and sense of reality. The word 'real' with all it conveys was a favourite one with him. One of his most memorable Oxford Sermons dealt with 'unreal words.' One of his most arresting distinctions in the 'Grammar of Assent' is between 'real assent' and 'notional assent.' A keen sense of the concrete and of reality shows itself in other traits in his correspondence, besides those already named. His piercingly keen senses made the sensible world intensely real to him. We have seen him lay down his fiddle and cry out with joy at the pleasure Beethoven's quartets were giving him. Readers of 'Loss and Gain' will remember how scents and sounds are laden for him with memories. This joy of sense, especially in his early youth, had a full measure of the feeling given in Wordsworth's ode to which he was so devoted:

'There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.'

All this made very vivid to him the ideal of a happy life, made up of the pleasures of the world he knew by experience. In his essay on 'Discipline and Influence'¹ we see how he could let his thoughts run freely on this ideal. The passage is a characteristic one, and worth quoting here. He describes an imaginary friend who lives in absolute contentment. And the scene he imagines for this perfect life—so we know from

¹ *Historical Sketches*, vol. iii.

a private letter—is the house at Ham of which, as we have seen in speaking of his boyhood, he used to dream as a ‘paradise of delight,’ where the ‘Angel faces smile, which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.’

‘My friend lives in a spot as convenient as it is delightful. The neighbouring hamlet is the first station out of London of a railroad; while not above a quarter of a mile from his boundary wall, flows the magnificent river, which moves towards the metropolis through a richness of grove and meadow of its own creation.

‘He has been in possession of the very perfection of earthly happiness. . . . If there were no country beyond the grave, it would be our wisdom to make of our present dwelling-place as much as ever we could; and this would be done by the very life which my friend has chosen, not by any absurd excesses, not by tumult, dissipation, excitement, but by the “moderate and rational use of the gifts of Providence.”

‘Easy circumstances, books, friends, literary connexions, the fine arts, presents from abroad, foreign correspondents, handsome appointments, elegant simplicity, gravel walks, lawns, flower beds, trees and shrubberies, summer houses, strawberry beds, a greenhouse, a wall for peaches, “hoc erat in votis”;—nothing out of the way, no hot-houses, graperies, pineries,—“Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,”—no mansions, no parks, no deer, no preserves; these things are not worth the cost, they involve the bother of dependants, they interfere with enjoyment. One or two faithful servants, who last on as the trees do, and cannot change their place:—the ancients had slaves, a sort of dumb waiter, and the real article; alas! they are impossible now. We must have no one with claims upon us, or with rights; no incumbrances; no wife and children; they would hurt our dignity. We must have acquaintance within reach, yet not in the way; ready, not troublesome or intrusive. We must have something of name, or of rank, or of ancestry, or of past official life, to raise us from the dead level of mankind, to afford food for the imagination of our neighbours, to bring us from time to time strange visitors, and to invest our home with mystery. In consequence we shall be loyal subjects, good conservatives, fond of old times, averse to change, suspicious of novelty, because we know perfectly when we are well off, and that in our case “*progredi est regredi*.” To a life such as this, a man is more attached, the longer he lives; and he would

be more and more happy in it too, were it not for the *memento* within him, that books and gardens do not make a man immortal; that, though they do not leave him, he at least must leave them, all but "the hateful cypresses," and must go where the only book is the book of doom, and the only garden the Paradise of the just.' (See *Historical Sketches*, iii. 62.)

These last words effect the transition from one side of his vision of human life to the other and deeper side. This earth, keenly alive though he was to its beauty and attractiveness, was but the veil of appearances which hid the deeper reality. The 'hateful cypresses' and the 'book of doom' recalled the sterner facts, the inevitable prospect. Human souls were real. Human suffering was real. Duty was real. Sin was real. Human life as a whole, with its goal which each must find, the career which each will make or mar, was overwhelmingly real to him. 'The greatness and the littleness of man; the curtain hung over his futurity'—these were thoughts which haunted him. Father Neville recollects his looking without speaking, for many minutes, at the picture of a dead friend, and then saying, as one overpowered by the thought, 'And now he has gone beyond that curtain.' This sense of the reality and solemnity of the march of time and of human life, besides making him deeply religious, gave him a quite peculiar feeling as to his own past, every detail of which was deeply graven on his memory. The homes and haunts of early days were sacred.

Every anniversary was also sacred. His last parting from Littlemore, which has been told in these pages, was but one special instance of his clinging love of his old homes. He remembered every detail of the houses he had lived in as a boy. When one of the Oratorian Fathers was staying in Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, in 1854, Newman thus wrote to him:

'Strange to say, though don't mention it,—you are in a house I have known for near 20 years. To my surprise years ago I found that Isaac Williams' father lived on the opposite side of the street, but No. 17 was my own residence in London more or less from 1808 to 1821. Two of my sisters were born there, and one of my first memories, even before the first of these events in 1808, is my admiring the borders of

the paper in the drawing rooms. I have not seen the house since the month of October 1821; but of course every part of it is as clearly before my mind, as if I had lived in it ever since.'

But the home round which memories gathered thickest was the house at Ham, above referred to, at which he lived up to the age of six. Two letters to Henry Wilberforce, who was staying near Richmond in 1853, are filled with these early memories:

'I have seen our house at Ham once in 1813, in the holidays, when my Father, brother, and myself rode there from Norwood—and the gardener gave us three apricots—and my father telling me to choose, I took the largest, a thing which still distresses me whenever I think of it.

'And once again in January 23, 1836, when I walked there with Bowden and his wife. It was then, I believe, a school—and the fine Trees, which were upon the lawn, were cut down—a large plane, a dozen of tree acacias, with rough barks, as high as the plane—a Spanish chestnut, a larch. A large magnolia, flowering (in June I think) went up the house, and the mower's scythe, cutting the lawn, used to sound so sweetly as I lay in a crib—in a front room at top.

'To find it, you must go down Ham walk with your back to Lord Dysart's house towards Ham common. On your right hand, some way down, is a lane called "Sandy lane"—our house lay on one side (the further side) of that lane, which formed a boundary, first of the lawn and shrubbery (which tapered almost to a point, between the lane and the paddock,) and then of the kitchen garden. Hence some people got over the wall, and stole the grapes. There was no hot house but a small green house in the kitchen garden, over which was a poor billiard room. There I learnt to play billiards, having never seen the game played since.

'I left the place in September 1807. I recollect the morning we left;—and taking leave of it. My mother, my brother Charles, Harriet, and I in the carriage—going to Brighton—with my father's horses as far as Ewell (? is there such a place?) and then posting.

'How odd one's memory is! I could tell you, I suppose, a hundred times as much about Ham . . .

'I will tell you an odd thing about memory. Lately (since my aunt's death) the Bible I read at Fulham when a child was sent me at my wish. I looked over the pictures, and

when I came to the Angel inflicting the pestilence on David and his people, I recollected I used to say "That's like Mr. Owen." This must have been *dormant* 46 years in my mind.'

A few days later, on July 17, he adds a few more lines of reminiscence:

'Our grounds went *down* to the long Ham walk of double elms. And the house *faced* a road which led down (I think) to the water—with gentlemen's houses on each side. There was Mr. Bradley's on one side, and Lady Parker (I think)—(she had a macaw—) on the other. Have they covered the whole territory with villas?

'I lost my sister this day year.'

He visited the house again in 1861, and the visit has been narrated in this work. By a curious lapse of memory he said, in writing of this occasion, 'I have never seen the house since September 1807.'¹

Let us before leaving these memories quote from the essay on 'Discipline and Influence' Newman's description of the house itself:

'It is an old-fashioned place,' he writes; 'the house may be of the date of George the Second; a square hall in the middle, and in the centre of it a pillar, and rooms all round. The servants' rooms and offices run off on the right; a rookery covers the left flank, and the drawing-room opens upon the lawn.

'There a large plane tree, with its massive branches, which whilome sustained a swing, when there were children on that lawn, blithely to undergo an exercise of the head, at the very thought of which the grown man sickens. Three formal terraces gradually conduct down to one of the majestic avenues,' (belonging to the neighbouring park of a nobleman) 'the second and third, intersected by grass walks, constitute the kitchen garden. As a boy, I used to stare at the magnificent cauliflowers and large apricots which it furnished for the table; and how difficult it was to leave off, when once one got among the gooseberry bushes in the idle morning!'

In later years especially Newman had a very tender recollection of the years spent in the Anglican Communion, and he took himself to task on this subject in an interesting memorandum dated November 1877.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 607.

'Do you love, my dear Self, or don't you, your active abidance time past in the Church of England? E.g. you have a photograph of Trinity Chapel before your eyes daily, and you love to look at it. Yes—and it is in a great measure an abstraction. It is not the Church of England that I love—but it is that very assemblage, in its individuals concrete, which I remember so well—the times and places—the scenes, occurrences—my own thoughts, feelings and acts. I look at that communion table, and recollect with what feelings I went up to it in November 1817 for my first communion—how I was in mourning for the Princess Charlotte, and had silk black gloves—and the glove would not come off when I had to receive the Bread, and I had to tear it off and spoil it in my flurry. But the Church of England, as such, does not come into my tender memories.'

Of his unfailing recollection of the incidents in his past life the letters again and again remind us.

'What a wonderful thing time is,' he writes to Miss Giberne on May 17, 1867, 'and life is every year more wonderful. The past is ever present—and life is at once nothing at all, and all in all.'

He remembered the anniversaries of the chief events in his life, and of the deaths, not only of friends, but often of acquaintances. This memory grew in its significance for himself as life advanced, as anniversaries of death multiplied, and as he felt his own time drawing nearer. His own birthday became to him a solemn reminder. 'Birthdays as they come,' he wrote to the same correspondent in 1867, 'are awful things now, as minute guns by night.' On February 26, 1871, we find the following passage in another letter to Henry Wilberforce:

'Thank you for your affectionate greetings. I said Mass for you and yours, living and departed, on the 24th. Around my birthday are grouped the deaths of many whom I have known and loved. This year two on the same day—Lady Rogers and Mrs. Stewart on the 16th. Besides I have the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 28th, 29th,—and, four times, two on the same day. I have no such galaxy in any other part of the year. I wonder what day I shall die on—one passes year by year over one's death day, as one might pass over one's grave.'

HIS readiness to see the hand of God in the world and in the events of his own life is often attested in his letters and private memoranda. We have already seen his belief in the Holy House of Loreto. It must of course be remembered that at the date when he believed in it the positive evidence against its claim had not yet been formulated. Still his belief attests at all events his readiness to accept such traditions in the absence of positive disproof. He was eager to verify the report, when Henry Wilberforce was ill, that an improvement had set in after he received the Pope's blessing. The 'Dream of Gerontius' shows how real to him was the world beyond the veil. And his deep realisation of that other world made him ready to see its influence at work on earth. Thus he was ready of belief as to marvellous occurrences. Merely inadequate evidence did not in such cases prevent belief with him, for he regarded the presumption afforded by the facts of Christianity as giving a certain antecedent probability to alleged providential occurrences.

On the other hand, he was careful to avoid the confusion of thought which would arise from claiming for such alleged occurrences evidential value. He did not draw a hard-and-fast line between interference with the laws of nature and God's general providence. Such laws were for him God's general rules of action, and might be susceptible of direction much as the workings of the human organism are affected by the mind and the will, without any process which could be termed the violation of natural law.

That Providence *versus* blind necessity is the primary issue, that, far from the idea of fixed laws being the modern product of 'exact thought' and a supersession of the antiquated idea of Providence, the two conceptions have always been rivals, entertained by opposite schools, is a view which runs through several of Cardinal Newman's unpublished memoranda on religious philosophy.

In a memorandum dated September 13, 1861, for example, he writes thus in reference to the writings of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Buckle:

'To my mind it is wonderful that able men should take for granted that the notion of fixed laws is a new idea of modern times which is superseding, and to supersede

the old idea of a Providence. . . . Why, it is the old idea of Fate or Destiny which we find in Homer. It is no new and untried idea, but it is the old antagonist of the idea of Providence. Between the philosophies of Providence and Fate there has been a contest from the beginning. Fate may have new and better arguments now, but Providence has been able to stand against it for 3000 years, and there is no reason why it should not keep its ground still, though the philosophy of Fate may still have followers.'

And the relation of miracle itself to the ordinary course of nature, its respect, so to say, for the laws it partly supersedes, is referred to in a memorandum dated September 3, 1865:

'Some miracles, as the raising of the dead, certainly are not a continuation or augmentation of natural processes, but most are: e.g. there is said to be something like manna in the desert ordinarily, and the sacred narrative mentions a *wind* as blowing up the waters of the Red Sea—and so in numerous other miracles. It is a confirmation of this to look at Gibbon's "Five Causes of Christianity." We do not deny them, but only say they are not sufficient—i.e. the spread of Christianity was something more than natural.'

Such a philosophy led him to have no antecedent difficulty in often seeing the hand of Providence in the history of the world and of human life. And he never forgot that readiness of belief was enjoined in the Gospels.

The instances in which beliefs were to him difficult which to some others were easy, were such as involved actual contradiction to historical conclusions, certain or highly probable—a contradiction to which less clear-sighted minds were not alive. Instances of this difficulty multiplied as time went on, and he found many theologians insufficiently alive to it.

Occasionally in his thoughts concerning the Providence of God we find traces still surviving—'shreds and tatters' he called them—of his early Calvinism. We have already recorded some instances of his curious sense of the place of the number seven in the scheme of Providence. He limited his Irish Rectorship to seven years: he believed seven years to be the normal term of his intimate friendships. A letter of 1871 to the Mother Prioress of the Dominicans shows him half thinking that the mystic number enters into the computation

of the elect in each generation. The year was one in which the Catholic world was heavy at heart—the Holy Father robbed of his territory, France at the mercy of the red republicans of the Commune. His letter is dated December 28, 1871:

‘It is a great relief to think how many quiet religious houses there are up and down Christendom, how many pious families in a time like this. This is what I say and feel in answer to your lament, true as it is. Recollect the “Seven thousand in Israel.” I am disposed to think there are always just 7000, and never more. Is the number of the elect greater in one age than in another? Of course the sight of triumphant injustice, as at Rome now, is most painful—but to me the most sad and painful sight of all just now is the sight of that nation, the eldest born of the Church, and the special staff on which the Holy Father relied, chastised for its sins, and giving no signs whatever of repentance, nay, no signs of acknowledging an Almighty God and Judge. Yet after all, though bold infidelity is so shocking, is it worse than the hypocritical profession, the secret unbelief and sin, which gives tokens of its prevalence, widely and deeply, in prosperous times in the Church?

‘Thus we don’t know what is best—and can only say, “Thy Kingdom come—Thy will be done.”’

Another mystic thought as to the destiny of Christendom, which the events of the time brought to his mind, is contained in the following letter written to the same correspondent in the same year:

‘It is awful to be rejoicing when better Catholics than we are, are in such misery. Such events as are taking place in France have some deep spiritual meaning, if we knew how to interpret them. When, since the world was, was a city destroyed by its own people? I have *often* thought of and repeated a remark made years ago by poor Mr. Capes which seems now to have a beginning of fulfilment. He asked *who* are to be the Goths and Vandals who are to destroy modern civilization, since we now know all the corners of the earth, and know that the storehouse of the Northern nations is expended? He answered himself thus:—“The lowest class, which is most numerous, and is infidel, will rise up from the depths of the modern cities, and will be the new scourges of God.” This great prophecy, as it may be called, is first fulfilled in Paris—our turn may come a century hence.’

He loved to think of the Saints and Angels as near him. He would write familiarly of being in favour or out of favour with St. Philip. When his work for the Oratory, which was constant and energetic, brought him at times into collision with the world, he wrote to Ambrose St. John in a fit of extreme depression, yet half-humorously disposed to remonstrate with St. Philip, much as the Italian peasants scold the saints who will not give them what they want.

‘The Oratory: June 13, 1858.

‘I do not see your logic when you say, that, “though I croak, I come up to the scratch after all.” To me it seems as inconsecutive to say so as if you said that, though I could not sleep at night, I ate my breakfast heartily in the morning. How are the two things inconsistent with each other? To let out one’s sorrow is a great relief, and I don’t think an unlawful one. Nor do I speak to the whole world, but to you, Stanislas, or Henry. Job too had three friends, and to them he let out. Yet he was the most patient of men. I think you don’t discriminate between complaining and realizing. What is so common in the Psalms and in Jeremias, is the sentiment “Just art Thou, O Lord, yet will I plead with Thee?” Yet for myself, I know too well how infinitely more I have than my deserts from the Giver of all good, to have any even temptation to complain. But the case is different when I think of St. Philip; then I argue thus:—

“There is just one virtue which he asks for, detachment, which at the same time he prevents me having. There is just one thing which hinders me being detached, and that is, that I have made myself his servant. What wish have I for life, or for success of any kind, except so far as and because I have this his congregation on my hands? He it is who has implicated me in the world, in a way in which I never was before, or at least never since my mother died and my sisters married. For St. Philip’s sake I have given up my liberty, and have, as far as the temptation and trial of anxiety goes, become as secular almost as if I had married. The one thing I ask of him is to shield me from the extreme force of this trial; and the only explanation I can suggest to myself why he does not do so is that I have in some way or other greatly offended him. And, when I cry out to you, it is not in complaint, but as signifying inarticulately feelings which are too deep

for words. Please God, and I hope not from pride, I will be faithful to St. Philip, and then God will reward me, though St. Philip does not. And I will therefore bottle up my thoughts and fancy St. Philip saying to me what a French *conducteur* once did, when I was looking after the safety of my luggage. "It is my business, not yours." *Obmutui et non aperui os meum, quoniam tu fecisti.*'

'The words of Job are ended.'

More cheerful than his complaints against St. Philip was his gratitude, many years later, to his Guardian Angel when Father Walford told him in 1872 that part of the 'Grammar of Assent' had been of special help to the Jesuit novices to whom he lectured, and assured him of the prayers that were offered for its author:

'I am astonished and highly pleased,' he writes, 'to find you have been able to use in teaching what I have said in the Grammar Chapter, of which I sent you part. It is a great encouragement to me. I hope to ask your acceptance of the Volume when republished, which will be, I suppose, before Midsummer. If I forget, will you jog my memory?

'Also I am highly grateful to you for your prayers, and think myself very lucky to have gained them by anything I have written. It is all my Guardian Angel's doing, who I always think is the best Angel any man ever had.'

This last letter shows incidentally the grateful thankfulness for kind words which was the correlative to his intense sensitiveness to being misunderstood. As years went on, and critics became kinder and kinder, occasions for such thanks multiplied. On February 9, 1869, he writes to the Rev. E. T. Vaughan, in reply to a letter of thanks for the benefit his correspondent had gained from the Oxford Sermons:

'Time was when, whether from my own fault or the fault of circumstances, even friends were hard upon me—but now even strangers to me personally are considerate and friendly; and, though I wish and trust to be influenced by the prospect of a higher praise or blame than any which comes from an earthly source, yet I may allowably take the approbation of honest and good men as a mercy sent me from above, and beg Him from whom it is sent to reward them abundantly for their generosity.'

As late as 1877, in a letter to Father Coleridge, we find at once the smart of past censure remaining, and gratitude for present kindness fresh and keen:

‘I write to thank you for the favourable critique, which you have admitted in the *Month*, of my Preface to the *Via Media*. And I am pleased that you *could* admit it. I mean, I have been so bullied all through my life for what I have written, that I never publish without forebodings of evil.

‘And, though I know that, besides the necessary differences of opinion, which ever will be between man and man, there always must be that in what I write which really deserves criticism, yet I am more pleased when people are kind to me than when they are just.’

One further trait I will mention visible in many of the letters—the note of wisdom, often worldly wisdom, which might come from the mouth of a Polonius. This quality, like some others, can only be duly appreciated by reading much of his correspondence.

But I set down here one specimen. Writing to a friend about a dispute in which he believed that he, as Superior of the Oratory, had acted with the right firmness and severity, though his action had been angrily challenged, he strongly urged his own friends against talking of the subject or pleading his cause. His opponents had spoken too freely and generally of the matter, and Newman judged true wisdom to lie in absolute silence on his side. He gives the following reasons in writing to a friend:

‘I have a very strong repugnance to talking on the subject to any one. If you speak to A. B., he tells another—and that other, another. It is useless to say he won’t—he will. He will tell by the same light by which he was told. Then the whole affair is thrown upon the judgment of society. Everyone thinks he has a right to judge, because you have put the matter before him—and, though he can know but part of the facts, he does not give up his right. Then you have two parties—or you have every one against you, as the case may be. It is *infra dig.* for me to plead my cause. If anyone believes me to have acted tyrannically, it is his look-out, not mine. What is it to me what people think of me? I have ever acted on this plan, I never got the worst of it. I lay claim to no supernatural motive; it is the most evident

wisdom. I have never defended myself through life. I have been called all manner of names, but those things don't last. Such dirt does not stick. Nor am I allowing scandal to remain, by not speaking; scandal must be somewhere. . . . Again, any one who defends himself, puts himself in the wrong. *Si on s'excuse, on s'accuse.* (Excuse my bad French.)'¹

It is hard now to represent adequately the extraordinary personal charm which so many of his contemporaries felt in John Henry Newman. The letters convey much of it, but not all. Yet the tradition of this charm is a fact which must be set down in his biography. It was a charm felt by intellectual minds and even sceptical minds, and by simple and practical men. Blanco White, Mark Pattison, Henry Wilberforce, Frederick Rogers, R. W. Church, and Ambrose St. John were all among his most intimate friends. The almost unique combination of tenderness, brilliancy, refinement, wide sympathy, and holiness doubtless went for much. He had none of the repellent qualities which sometimes make asceticism forbidding. He had an ample allowance of those human sympathies which are popularly contrasted with asceticism. Again, he seemed able to love each friend with a peculiarly close sympathy for his mind and character and thoughtfulness for the circumstances of his life. The present writer's father—never one of the most intimate of the circle which surrounded Newman at Oxford—used to say that his heart would beat as he heard Newman's step on the staircase. His keen humour, his winning sweetness, his occasional wilfulness, his resentments and anger, all showed him intensely alive, and his friends loved his very faults as one may love those of a fascinating woman; at the same time many of them revered him almost as a prophet. Only a year before his death, after nearly twenty years of misunderstandings

¹ I may add the following instance of balanced judgment from a letter of March 1855 to Henry Wilberforce:

'I hope you will think twice before you attack the French Government [in the *Weekly Register*] for their Gallican mode of admitting the Pope's Brief. Ultramontane as I am, I do not see how they could avoid doing so, unless they wished the question to go by default. The Pope every year protests, I believe, against the King of Naples not sending him a mule, or an ambassador to ride into St. Peter's on a mule, or some silver pence, or something or other; he could not do otherwise till the matter is finally arranged, yet he may be good friends with Naples for all that.'

and estrangement, W. G. Ward told the present biographer of a dream he had had—how he found himself at a dinner party next to a veiled lady, who charmed him more and more as they talked. At last he exclaimed, 'I have never felt such charm in any conversation since I used to talk with John Henry Newman, at Oxford.' 'I am John Henry Newman,' the lady replied, and raising her veil showed the well-known face.

A very human and attractive side was visible in his love for music, of which I have already spoken, and a few words may here be added on this subject.

From the days when he played the violin as a young boy, his brother Frank playing the bass, down to the Littlemore period when he played in company with Frederick Bowles and Walker, string quartets and trios were his favourite recreation. Mr. Mozley in his 'Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement,' thus describes his playing of Beethoven with Blanco White in 1826: 'Most interesting was it to contrast Blanco White's excited and indeed agitated countenance with Newman's Sphinx-like immobility, as the latter drew long rich notes with a steady hand.' When the gift of a violin from Rogers and Church in 1864 made him renew acquaintance with his old love after a long interval, the manner of his playing was somewhat different. 'Sphinx-like immobility,' writes Mr. Edward Bellasis,¹ 'had made way for an ever varying expression upon his face as strains alternated between grave and gay. Producing his violin from an old green baize bag, bending forward, and holding it against his chest, instead of under the chin in the modern fashion, most particular about his instrument being in perfect tune, in execution awkward yet vigorous, painstaking rather than brilliant, he would often attend the Oratory School Sunday practices between two and four of an afternoon, Father Ryder and Father Norris sometimes coming to play also.'

When Canon McNeile, the Liverpool anti-Popery speaker, challenged him to a public dispute, Newman replied that he was no public speaker, but that he was quite ready for an encounter if Mr. McNeile would open the meeting by making a speech, and he himself might respond with a tune on the

¹ *Cardinal Newman as a Musician*, by Edward Bellasis. London: Kegan Paul, 1892.

violin. The public would then be able to judge which was the better man.

His favourite composer was Beethoven, to whom he was passionately devoted. Once, when Mr. Bellasis said of the Allegretto of the Eighth Symphony, that it was like a giant at play, Newman replied, 'It is curious you should say that. I used to call him the gigantic nightingale. He is like a great bird singing. My sister remembers my using the expression long ago.' He had reached this preference gradually. 'I recollect,' he writes to a friend in 1865, 'how slow I was as a boy to like the School of Music, which afterwards so possessed me that I have come to think Haydn almost vulgar.' He impressed the cult of Beethoven on all the young Oratorians who played in his company. 'They might start with Corelli, and go on to Romberg, Haydn, and Mozart,' writes Mr. Bellasis. 'Their ultimate goal was Beethoven.' As with literature, so with music, Newman was on the whole true to his early loves—indeed, he was resolutely old-fashioned. Beethoven already possessed him in the twenties, and later masters never quite won his heart. This was especially true with sacred music. Mr. Bellasis writes on this subject in some detail:

'He was very slow to take (if he ever really took) to newcomers on the field of sacred music. And holding, as he did, that no good work could be adequately judged without a thorough knowledge of it, he was disinclined to be introduced to fresh musical names at all, on the bare chance, that might never occur, of what had been a casual acquaintanceship ripening into an intimate friendship. He had in early days found time and opportunity to comprehend certain masters, Corelli, Handel, Haydn, Romberg, Mozart, and Beethoven, but Schubert, Schumann, Wagner ("I cannot recollect all the fellows' names"), who were these strangers, intruding somewhat late in the evening upon a dear old family party? Thus he writes in March, 1871, of Mendelssohn's chief sacred work which he had been reluctantly induced to go and listen to, and which he was never got to hear again: "I was very much disappointed the one time that I heard the 'Elijah,' not to meet with a beautiful melody from beginning to end. What can be more beautiful than Handel's, Mozart's, and Beethoven's melodies?" Now, of course, there is plenty of melody in

the "Elijah," though it may be conceded that Mendelssohn's melodious gift is less *copious* than that of Mozart. But the fact was, Cardinal Newman never got to know the "Elijah," doubtless deemed it long, and felt content to feed upon the musical *pabulum* that he had so long found satisfying. . . .

'He got to know fairly well Mendelssohn's canzonet quartet and Schumann's pianoforte quintet Op. 44; but we recall no musical works heard by him for the first time in very late life making any particular impression on the Father, with one notable exception; Cherubini's First Requiem in C Minor, done at the Festival, August 29, 1879. We were to have gone with him, but a Father who accompanied him wrote us instead next day: "The Father was quite overcome by it. He kept on saying 'beautiful, wonderful,' and such-like exclamations. At the 'Mors stupebit' he was shaking his head in his solemn way, and muttering 'beautiful, beautiful.' He admired the fugue 'Quam olim' very much, but the part which struck him most by far, and which he spoke of afterwards as we drove home, is the ending of the 'Agnus Dei'—he could not get over it—the lovely note C which keeps recurring as the 'requiem' approaches eternity. When the second Requiem in D was done in its true home, the Church, later, on the 2nd and 13th November, 1886, he said 'It is magnificent music.' 'That is a beautiful Mass' (adding, with a touch of pathos) 'but when you get as old as I am, it comes rather too closely home.'"

Father Ignatius Dudley Ryder, of the Oratory, has left some very valuable notes, mainly on Newman's literary tastes and gifts, from which a selection must here be given. And I find among Father Neville's papers some comments written by himself on Newman's daily habits. There is also a pen-and-ink sketch by another hand which I have no means of identifying, to which is prefixed a paragraph quoting lines addressed by Newman to his father and exemplar, St. Philip Neri, showing a pathetic consciousness of his own intense sensitiveness:

'He trusted himself,' says this last-named writer, 'to the guidance and example of the Saint who remained half in the world, and whose Cloister has been called "the home of Christian joy." To him he addressed the simple lines:

"I'm ashamed of myself, of my tears and my tongue,
So easily fretted, so often unstrung;
Mad at trifles to which a chance moment gives birth,
Complaining of heaven and complaining of earth."

Of the Father's daily life and habits the same writer speaks as follows:

“The early morning was devoted to meditation, prayers and ecclesiastical duties; the succeeding hours to study and work. Newman, who was a good pedestrian, seldom omitted his accustomed afternoon walk. At 6 o'clock they dined all together in the Refectory, and when it fell to his turn Newman would serve his guests and brethren as though he had been the least among them. There was reading aloud during the meal, then some theological question was shortly discussed, after which they all went to the Community Room where coffee was served, and an hour spent in social converse, with sometimes the addition of music. Nothing was easier than to arouse Newman's interest, for everything interested him,—literature, politics, the trade and stipulations of the merchant, the circumstances of persons and places known to him; rural life; the studies of the young men; the thoughts of the simple and the lowly, no less than the most difficult problems and controversies.

““Have you seen the new quay at Chelsea?” he asked a lady friend who visited him during the last months of his life. She knew nothing about it. “You come from London and have not seen it!” answered the Cardinal, quite astonished. . . .

“In his intercourse there was nothing of the scholar about him, and he carefully avoided all pedantry in expression. He once said that if he had had to choose between social intercourse without literary pursuits and literary pursuits without social intercourse, he would, as a student, without hesitation have chosen the former. This amiability in society, this power of adapting himself to everyone, knew yet one exception. When people endeavoured to force him to express his opinion upon undecided controversial questions, or again, when they began ill-timed and impossible discussions on “the origin of evil” for example, or on the Vatican decrees, at table—“*entre la poire et le fromage*,” or when, as so often happens in England as elsewhere, they would try to save themselves the trouble of thinking over difficult questions by half an hour's conversation with a man of note, then he treated them as they deserved. A Member of Parliament took the train to Edgbaston at the time of the struggle in which the temporal power was sacrificed. “Ah! Father Newman,” he began, “what times we live in; only see what is going on in Italy.” “Yes, indeed; but only see too what is

going on in China and New Zealand!" Sometimes his answers to such importunities would be followed by a dissertation on the cultivation of grapes in hothouses, for instance, or on the advantage of the fast train at 11.45 over that at 4.26.'

Father Ryder, himself a literary artist and a true poet as well as an able theologian, writes as follows of Newman's literary tastes and preferences:

'He has told us that the joy of literary composition—a joy which one would have imagined would have corresponded in some degree to the beauty of the composition—was unknown to him; that he felt joy in the deliverance of the task, in throwing off the burden of an accomplished work, but nothing more. The truth was his sense of responsibility in almost everything that he wrote, was overwhelming, and the self-discipline of his nature made him shrink from a curious choice of literary pasture. He read for a purpose, for the most part to meet the urgent and prosaic needs of the day. Although such works as "Callista" and the "Church of the Fathers" shew an historical imagination which could have made a home for itself in any age, I think he had not the antiquarian taste which would have made the omnigenous literature of antiquity interesting to him. Had he ever lost his sense of a vocation and found the "green retreat" of which the poet sings, I cannot but suspect that he would have frequented his garden rather than his library; that he would have gardened, built more or less and conversed, but, beyond a few verses, the world would have received little from him in the way of literary composition. For one who read and wrote so much he had singularly little of the typical character of a man of letters. He enjoyed the conversation of professional men—of soldiers, doctors, lawyers,—all who could give an intelligent account of what interested them, and this not merely from good nature, but from the genuine interest he took in the "*quidquid agunt homines*." He always gave one the impression that he might have been great in any department of life; that he might have been a great general, a great lawyer, a great parliamentary debater—whether he could ever have been a great party leader I cannot say. He insists repeatedly in the "Apologia" that he never could manage a party; as he expressed it, that he "had not a sufficiently strong wrist." I suspect he had too keen a sympathy for individuality to enforce the necessary drill. His own verse "Thou couldst a people raise but couldst not rule" was applied to himself, he tells us, by one of his friends,

and he fully accepts the imputation. At all periods of his life he was I think a constant reader of the daily press, but he was no amateur politician, and on the principle "*cuique in sua arte credendum*" where he did not feel that he had made a subject matter his own he was inclined to reverse the maxim "*measures not men.*" As regards books I think his favourite authors amongst the Fathers were St. John Chrysostom and Tertullian. I speak here with diffidence. I do not forget his affection for St. Basil and the two Gregories and his life-long devotion to St. Athanasius, but the two first-mentioned I think he admired most. How he spoke of St. Chrysostom and the character of his scripture commentary is well known. I myself have heard him speak of Tertullian as *the* theological genius of the Early Church with tears in his voice if not in his eyes, whilst he pointed out how frequently the initial sin of heresy was impatience—impatience to do God's work otherwise than He would have it done and so ineffectually. In regard to poetry he had little sympathy with the objective criticism of the day. He liked what he liked intensely, but I think he was impatient of being called upon to account for his liking of this or that. In the region of poetry he certainly adhered to his principle that "*egotism is true modesty.*" I think he could have admired Byron heartily if his moral disapprobation had allowed him. I have heard him speak with enthusiasm of the third canto of "*Childe Harold*" with an "*O si sic omnia.*" I do not think he ever took cordially to Wordsworth. That poet's didactic tone, his almost sacerdotal pretensions, offended him, and he was wearied by his excessive deliberateness. But never shall I forget—I was a boy at the time, just recovering from an illness—his coming and reading to me the famous Ode "*On the Intimations of Immortality.*" There was a passion and a pathos in his voice that made me feel that it was altogether the most beautiful thing I had ever heard. He was very fond of Crabbe, the firm realistic touches of his descriptions of scenery and character delighted him; and his moralizing recommended itself to him as the legitimate outcome of common-sense humanity. He has told us in the "*Apologia*" and elsewhere how he loved Southey. "*Southey's beautiful poem of 'Thalaba,' for which I had an immense liking, came forcibly to my mind.*" Poor Southey! there would seem to be a *consensus* to-day amongst all classes of critics, that you have lost for ever your seat amongst the immortals, and yet three at least of the idols of to-day, Coleridge and Landor and Newman, worshipped you! . . . "*Thalaba*" was

particularly attractive to Cardinal Newman as the picture of a life-long vocation with its mysterious isolation ever at war with the social instincts of the hero; its irrepressible onward movement despite its grave oriental quietude; its asceticism; its succession of pictures, which so full of colour never glitter, have nothing of the impressionist about them; the tremendous catastrophe in which the hero dying achieves his victory, without earthly recompense. It was his picture of what he trusted the Movement and his share in the Movement would have been. He was himself a traveller: the "Apologia" is the history of his journey from a form of Calvinism through different phases of Anglicanism into the Catholic Church. . . .

'He had but very slight acquaintance with our poets of the last forty years. One or two things of Tennyson he knew that younger friends had introduced him to, had in fact read to him, and I have heard him express great admiration for "Mariana in the Moated Grange." The only one of our modern poets so far as I know whom he seemed inclined to read, though beyond the opening pages he would not go, was W. Morris, both his "Earthly Paradise" and his "[Life and Death] of Jason." It was evident that he was genuinely impressed by his poetic gift, but I think he had a special scruple about what poetry he read, that which did not suit him not suiting him at all. It was to him food or air rather than scenery which he could look at and pass on, where he did not need to stay. This was of course the case more or less with other books which did not come in the way of duty, but I think it was especially so with poetry. Of classical poetry his special favourites were the "Odyssey," the "Georgics," the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, Euripides rather than Sophocles attracted him, especially the "Alcestis." He was devoted to Sir Walter Scott's novels, frequently referring to them in his writings as an influence for good as well as a source of artistic delight. He was fond of Thackeray, reading faithfully everything that he wrote down to the last unfinished work, and the same may be said of Trollope; I believe there was not one of his which he had not read and delighted in.

'Mrs. Gaskell was another favourite writer. For George Eliot I think he felt little or no attraction. In the regions of poetry and fiction I hardly think he admired anything that he did not like, and he liked nothing the general tendency of which he did not regard as making for righteousness. At least this was more nearly the case with

him than with any one else I have ever known, and it is a tremendous confession to make in an age which believes that art is its own justification. Another favourite book of his was Fouqué's tales of "Undine," "Sintram," and the rest. I remember a lady telling me that when he was staying at her house she lent him "Sintram," which he had not seen before, and that it was extraordinary the way in which it absorbed him.

'In the "Apologia" he speaks of the new generation, of the movement of the young men which carried him away to a great extent from his earlier companions and contemporaries, and he accounts for this by a variety of incidental circumstances. The truth is, as we who have lived with him know full well, that young men have always exercised a peculiar influence over him. There has been for the most part mutual attraction. I do not think he ever cared much for the child or the boy except in idea, but the young man he loved and yielded him all the honours of manhood ungrudgingly at a time when others would have been apt to withhold them. He never committed the mistake of putting the boy upon the youth. But for the "tonsured Head of Middle Age" I think he was not inclined to shew much consideration. It was to him a youth not much wiser and very much less ready. I think the young have ever been his best allies, and the old in whom there has been a revival of youth.'

Father Ryder's notes include some interesting comments on Newman's gifts as a poet, and on his method in controversy and in writing on philosophy:

'The early Lyrics and the "Dream of Gerontius" have been very generally accepted as of unique beauty in their kind. The latter was made the subject of an inaugural address by the Professor of Poetry at Oxford—Sir Francis Doyle. And even a poet of Mr. Swinburne's alien temperament can recognize "the force, the fervour, the terse energy of Cardinal Newman's verse at its best" and "a genuine lyric note" which makes him question whether there was not a deal of true poetry thrown away upon what he is pleased to call the "sands" and "thickets" of theology (*XIXth Century*, May '84). The "Dream of Gerontius" . . . has had a strong attraction for uneducated as well as educated persons. I knew a poor stocking weaver who on his death bed made his

wife read it to him repeatedly. It was one of the favourite works of General Gordon,¹ and after his death his copy, copiously underlined, was shown to the Cardinal, who was very much touched and transferred the pencil marks to his own copy. "Lead, kindly Light" is perhaps the most popular modern hymn in the language. Some of his religious lyrics are amongst the most direct and passionate expressions of strong feeling in the language. I remember hearing an eccentric but acute critic, with something of Mr. Swinburne's turn for grouping poets, thus deliver himself in our common room, "Under the head 'poets of passion' I would put Lord Byron, Charles Wesley, and," bowing to Fr. Newman, "if I may be allowed to say so, your Reverence." We were all very much amused, but I have thought since that the criticism was almost as true as it was grotesque.

'The expression "Newman's *Subjectivität*" has become, I believe, a current phrase in Germany [in reference especially to his philosophical writing]. It is not that he fails to recognise the existence of an intuition of metaphysical and moral truth as a property of human reason, and affording when recognised a sure basis for rigid demonstration, but he feels that, taking men as they are, formally to insist upon this would be premature and unpractical; and so he adopts a controversial method of his own, and it is certainly the very reverse of that of the logical metaphysician, and falls in well with the motto he selected when he was made Cardinal—"Cor ad cor loquitur." Instead of presenting his readers with a logical formula which says equivalently "accept my position on pain of being convicted of an absurdity"—a treatment for which most Englishmen in the region of metaphysic have not sufficient logical nerve,—he would seem to say, "take pains to understand my language, stand where I stand and see if you do not feel as I am feeling." Not that his treatment is not full of logic, but it is logic in solution where the reader finds himself pursuing an argument almost unconsciously. He does not care to project himself along a single line or many single lines of logical thought along which at best the mere logical *simulacrum* of his reader, not the whole concrete man, will follow him; but he would fain make a wide pathway wherein a traveller may move rejoicing, carrying with him all that is his. He sometimes seems to shrink from abstractions as

¹ *Vide infra*, p. 514.

from attenuated truths and endeavours to frame his argument from concrete to concrete. His exercise of formal logic in practice is often wonderfully dexterous and subtle, but it is rather used as a sword for defence or attack than as his implement for building the walls of Jerusalem. He is impatient of conventional forms of thought as of armour not made for him without any derogation from its absolute value. "Dixitque David ad Saul, Non possum sic incedere, quia non usum habeo. Et deposuit ea."

Of Newman's position in his own country during the last years of his life Father Ryder gives his own personal recollections and impressions:

'Ever since the publication of the "Apologia," Cardinal Newman has been accepted by the general public of his countrymen not merely as a religious writer of consummate genius but as emphatically an honest thinker and writer, one who might be trusted never consciously to overstate his case or undervalue the position of an adversary; who was an Englishman with his heart in the right place—no "Inglese Italianato" as the old phrase went, but one in whose affections his country and his countrymen had never ceased to hold their own. Thus it often happened that persons who could not find a civil word to say of the Pope or of aught to him appertaining, always made an exception in favour of Father Newman, adding, more frequently than not, that of course he did not count, seeing that he was in his present position a sort of *lusus naturæ*, an exception proving the rule. Still, he did count notwithstanding, and for a good deal; and Englishmen have got to think better of Catholics for the sake of Cardinal Newman. His popularity found a safeguard and support in a condition of things which on other grounds we might be inclined to deprecate, his seclusion from public life. He has not been forced by his position to take a decided line on each question as it has arisen; to assume the character of a partizan or the scarcely less odious rôle of an officious neutral. It has been open to him almost always to keep silence except when he has elected to break it. He has been allowed to choose the subject and the moment and the manner of his intervention, to calculate nicely his point of incidence, until people learned to recognise that the mere fact of his opening his mouth implied that he had something to say which, whether they agreed with it or not, was well worth listening to. It is wonderful

the extent to which of late years all sorts of persons with religious difficulties have had recourse to him. Members, often ministers, of various religious bodies, Methodists, Presbyterians, &c. with no sort of leaning towards the Church, have sought his guidance and advice and sympathy; and his correspondence of this sort, until writing became an impossibility for him, was enormous. Indeed, now and again one came across something which almost looked like a *cultus* of Cardinal Newman outside the Church. A member of a Baptist Congregation in a large manufacturing town told her daughter—a Catholic—that their minister had been for three Sundays preaching upon Cardinal Newman as a model of Christian virtue, and expounding “Lead, kindly Light.”

Father Neville’s own Recollections (which I transcribe with slight abridgment and transpositions) are various—passing sometimes to details in themselves trivial, yet of interest to those who regard as precious all that concerns a great man. Many of them belong to the years following Newman’s elevation to the Sacred College, and shall be given later on. But his minute notes concerning Newman’s devotional habits, written in response to questions from the Father’s friends, tell of an earlier period and may be here set down:

‘It has been asked whether the Father showed at his devotions any special habits,—for instance: Did he in any way support himself on such occasions; and did he always kneel upright? His ordinary way was what, under the circumstances, would come naturally to him. In visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and ordinarily, he would rest upon what was before him, with his face in his hands, or with his hands clasped against the back of his head. But when engaged in a religious act, whether private or public, his whole mien was that of a person most reverently and absolutely absorbed in what he was about; this, however, did not hinder him in any act proper for the time and place, nor did he need to have his attention drawn to it. If he knelt upright and without support, it would be at times when it was proper or becoming; and whatever his attitude might be, it was always natural and free from appearance of strain. Even on an occasion such as the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on Corpus Christi, there would not be anything noteworthy in him to strike an ordinary observer, yet some at

least of his assistants, when he carried the Blessed Sacrament, have a still lasting impression of him that had been made on them from his ready exactness in his recitation of the Psalms, and the reverence that accompanied all he said and did. It was the accumulation in the memory of these passing views of him, each year adding its own—whether differing or the same—that so impressed them with the reality and the meaning of this act of devotion, and of his own faith.

‘All this can, no doubt, be said of many another; but here it answers questions about J. H. Newman in particular. To the last, he himself gave much attention to the externals of this devotion in honour of Our Lord; the singing, the orderliness, etc., of all the proceedings, each had his interest in them beforehand, nor did they escape him at the time. Moreover, at all times, when he genuflected to the Blessed Sacrament, he was invariable in touching the ground, or all but so, with his knee—occasionally on seeing those to whom he could speak getting into a careless habit in this respect, he would draw their attention to it. This was always done quietly, gently, almost imperceptibly.

‘If it is at all worth while to add more to the above it may be said that in appearance, gesture and bearing, he differed much according to the devotions, and the portions of them, in which he was engaged. His entrance to Mass, for instance, would have given an able painter the opportunity for a very different portrait of him from that of his return, and in his recital of the *Gloria* of the Mass both his face and manner have sometimes been spoken of by his servers as very striking to them. At the Sepulchre, too, on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, his demeanour differed from other times. This devotion was held in great reverence by him, and he was evidently distressed at any slackness of attendance at it, or if the preparations for it fell short of his expectations for his own church. For instance: If the flowers were all white, or only white and yellow, however well intended this may have been, he was far from satisfied; he looked for richness and beauty and harmony of colours, and he regarded their absence as arising from neglect.

‘Each year, when Holy Week came round, he spent some hours in watching at the Sepulchre, as constantly in his last years as before; and the early morning of his last Good Friday on earth found him in the Chapel of Repose thus employed. He was then in his ninetieth year. Thus, as at other times of devotion, the simplicity and naturalness of his

manner,—so recollected withal,—could not but strike those who might see him—they took the place of any distinctive sign such as has been looked for. To many, the memory of him at such times reproduces him clothed as it were with these.

‘These notes are but the observations of one and another in the course of years. There was no painter or sculptor living with him.

‘More interesting than his external appearance would be the Cardinal’s attitude of mind at these different times of prayer. Somewhat of this may be gathered from his poetry and various writings. The volume of meditations and devotions published after his death adds still more, by showing him in lights where it had been supposed that he was not to be seen. His own autograph books of daily private prayers give impressions of him which are not to be got elsewhere, and are *sui generis*. Some extracts from these books which follow, and indeed the whole, were done, not at once and for all, but, as though to keep them in mind, were rewritten and added to from time to time. They bear dates which cover nearly the whole period of his Catholic life, and end only when, near to his death, the writing becomes almost illegible. Objects of prayer are allotted to different days; so also are persons to be prayed for, their names being classified under headings, such as these: *Auld Lang Syne; Dear to me; Kind to me; No how to me; St. Mary’s and Littlemore; Faithful women; With claim on me; Loyal to me; Ecclesiastics; The Dead*. There was a pleasure to him in arranging what he had in mind in short lines, and he liked to make his meditation with a pen in his hand.’

Father Neville adds the following extracts:

‘1853.

GENERAL OBJECTS.

‘*Friday*.

‘Increase of Priests.

Sanctification of Priests and People.

Spread of Religion.

Conversion of the Nations.

All who befriend or help us.

All who ask my prayers.

All who attend our Church.

All who are in our schools.

Catholic Education.

All in our Mission.
 All in Birmingham.
 All in England—the Queen.
 All I have forgotten.
 All who helped me in the Achilli matter.
 The Faithful departed.¹
 Opponents and enemies.
 ‘MEMENTO DEFUNCTORUM.
 ‘Adam de Brome.² Edward II.³
 Sir Thomas Pope.⁴
 Count Mellerio.⁵ John Baptist Palma.⁶
 Fr. Dominic.
 Mgr. Allemani.⁷
 Fathers Perrone, Buonvicino, Ripetti.⁸
 All whom I have attended on their sick bed.
 All whom I ought to have attended and did not.
 Any who have died Protestants through me
 Make up to them and forgive me
 The defects of my ministrations.

‘GENERAL MEMENTO.
 ‘The Holy Father, for wisdom and fortitude.
 The Holy Roman Church.
 The Cardinals,
 our Bishop and Chapter, seculars, regulars,
 the whole Hierarchy, in England, throughout the world
 all religious orders,
 all ecclesiastical establishments and institutions,
 for children and the young, rich and poor, for the sick,
 prisons, reformatories, penitentiaries,
 all religious associations;
 for the extension and prosperity of Holy Church,
 for the sanctification, intelligence, influence of her children,
 for her success with heathen, infidels, misbelievers,
 heretics, schismatics.

¹ With names.

^{2 3} Joint Founders of Oriel.

⁴ Founder of Trinity College, Oxford.

⁵ Count Mellerio was very kind to J. H. N. at Milan, when the latter was on his way to Rome in 1846.

⁶ Author of a Life of Christ, used in Lent by J. H. N.

⁷ Bishop of all California, he died Archbishop of San Francisco. He interested himself much for Newman in the Achilli trial.

⁸ Jesuits in Rome. The last was at Propaganda while J. H. N. and St. John were there, and was much esteemed by them. There is a further long list of names which I do not transcribe.

For her victory over kings, governments and people.

For her confessors, missionaries, apologists,
for her theologians, controversialists, literary men.

For our Colonies,
for Ireland, France, Germany, Italy,
Spain, Russia, Egypt, United States.

For our Oratory,
For each of its Fathers, for good novices,
Oratorium Parvum,

For its Mission, orphanage, poor schools, middle schools,
penitents and people,
for the Oratory School with its
matrons, masters, servants, old scholars.

Pro re pecuniaria nostra,
and as regards Rednal and Ravenhurst.
For the London Oratory.

For all Oratories, here and abroad.

For all who befriend me, who have a claim on my prayers.

Who attend our Church, all teachers and taught.

All my benefactors and well-wishers.

All who subscribed and prayed for me
in the Achilli matter,
in the Oxford matter,

and on my being appointed Cardinal,
for all my friends and acquaintance,
for all my work, by word, deed, or writing,
for all whom I have influenced,
for my future.

‘MEMENTO VIVORUM.

‘For all the Fathers and the Brothers,

And our Novices and Scholars,

And the Little Oratory;

And our Friends and Benefactors,

And our Schools for poor and gentle,

And our Parish, past and present,
Harborne, Edgbaston, and Smethwick.

For our preaching and our singing,

For our reading and our writing,

For sufficient worldly goods.

And for all the sacred College,

And the Papal Curia,

And our Bishops and their Clergy,

And St. Philip’s London Fathers,

And the University of Ireland,
And for Trinity and Oriel,
And the state of Christendom.

For my private Benefactors,
And my penitents and pupils,
And my kindred and connections,
And my friends and my acquaintance,
And my slanderers and thwarts,
Catholic and Protestant.¹

A few extracts from the Meditations and Devotions which Newman wrote from time to time may be set down as having in them much of self-revelation.

The following is a prayer for wisdom in the use of the faculty of Reason:—

‘O gracious and merciful God, Father of Lights, I humbly pray and beseech Thee, that in all my exercises of Reason, Thy gift, I may use it, as Thou wouldst have me use it, in the obedience of Faith, with a view to Thy Glory, with an aim at Thy Truth, in dutiful submission to Thy Will, for the comfort of Thine elect, for the edification of Holy Jerusalem, Thy Church, and in recollection of Thine own solemn warning: “Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account

¹ The following is a tablet inscription beneath a picture of the Sacred Heart in the Oratory Church:

‘MY LOVING JESUS,
I GIVE THEE MY HEART;’
AND I CONSECRATE MYSELF
WHOLLY TO THEE
OUT OF THE GRATEFUL LOVE I BEAR THEE,
AND AS A REPARATION
FOR ALL MY UNFAITHFULNESS TO GRACE,
AND WITH THINE AID I PURPOSE
NEVER TO SIN AGAIN.’

‘The devotion of the Sacred Heart,’ adds Father Neville, ‘was a very special devotion to him, and it is remembered that he spoke of it in years long gone by as affecting him far more powerfully than other devotions which he named, though to those also he was known to be drawn. In early years, after the Oratory had settled down at Edgbaston, he built the Chapel of the Sacred Heart with money of his own—a chapel thirty feet square every way—and he covered its walls with tiling at a considerable cost. Having a preference for somewhat retired places for prayer, he meant this Chapel to be cut off from the Church by a screen, but, while it was in progress, other building enlargements caused it to be thrown quite open as it now stands. The altar itself was given by a friend, Miss Frances Farrant.

‘A Chapel, or, at least an altar of St. Francis de Sales, was another desire of his from this time, and when it became necessary for him as Cardinal to have a little private chapel of his own, he dedicated the altar to St. Francis de Sales. The picture of the Saint that he placed over it was the gift of a friend, a lady always most true to him, Miss Bowles. It took the place of a chromo of the Saint which he had got for himself in Rome.’

thereof in the day of judgment; for by thy words, thou shalt be justified, and by thy words, thou shalt be condemned.”’

Here is one which was evidently written in view of the special trials which have been recorded in these volumes arising from the action of the ecclesiastical authorities in his regard:

‘O my God, in Thy sight, I confess and bewail my extreme weakness in distrusting, if not Thee, at least Thy own servants and representatives, when things do not turn out as I would have them, or expected! Thou hast given me St. Philip, that great creation of Thy grace, for my master and patron—and I have committed myself to him—and he has done very great things for me, and has in many ways fulfilled towards me all that I can fairly reckon he had promised. But, because in some things he has disappointed me, and delayed, I have got impatient; and have served him, though without conscious disloyalty, yet with peevishness and coldness. O my dear Lord, give me a generous faith in Thee and in Thy servants!’

In another we see the sad thought that he was losing his time and doing nothing, and his effort to picture a work done in God’s way even though his own cherished aims and the tasks he felt best fitted to perform had again and again been thwarted:

‘O my Lord Jesu, I will use the time. It will be too late to pray, when life is over. There is no prayer in the grave—there is no meriting in Purgatory. Low as I am in Thy all holy sight, I am strong in Thee, strong through Thy Immaculate Mother, through Thy Saints: and thus I can do much for the Church, for the world, for all I love. O let not the blood of souls be on my head! O let me not walk my own way without thinking of Thee. Let me bring everything before Thee, asking Thy leave for everything I purpose, Thy blessing on everything I do. . . . As the dial speaks of the sun, so will I be ruled by Thee alone, if Thou wilt take me and rule me. Be it so, my Lord Jesus, I give myself wholly to Thee.’

In another prayer he reminds himself of the great and solemn fact of the Catholic Church as an ever-present guide:

‘Let me never for an instant forget that Thou hast established on earth a kingdom of Thy own, that the Church is Thy work, Thy establishment, Thy instrument; that we are under Thy rule, Thy laws and Thy eye—that when the Church speaks Thou dost speak. Let not familiarity with

this wonderful truth lead me to be insensible to it—let not the weakness of Thy human representatives lead me to forget that it is Thou who dost speak and act through them.’

In yet another he prays for light in his teaching, and asks to be saved from a false originality of thought:

‘Come, O my dear Lord, and teach me in like manner. I need it not, and do not ask it, as far as this, that the word of truth which in the beginning was given to the Apostles by Thee, has been handed down from age to age, and has already been taught to me, and Thy Infallible Church is the warrant of it. But I need Thee to teach me day by day, according to each day’s opportunities and needs. I need Thee to give me that true Divine instinct about revealed matters that, knowing one part, I may be able to anticipate or to approve of others. I need that understanding of the truths about Thyself which may prepare me for all Thy other truths—or at least may save me from conjecturing wrongly about them or commenting falsely upon them. I need the mind of the Spirit, which is the mind of the holy Fathers, and of the Church, by which I may not only say what they say on definite points, but think what they think; in all I need to be saved from an originality of thought, which is not true if it leads away from Thee. Give me the gift of discriminating between true and false in all discourse of mine.’

To the above should be added his Meditation on the Feast of All Saints as giving his ruling thought through life and his prayer for a happy death:

‘1. Place yourself in the presence of God, kneeling with hands clasped.

‘2. Read slowly and devoutly, Apocalypse, vii. 9–17.

‘3. Bring all this before you as in a picture.

‘4. Then say to Him whatever comes into your mind to say; for instance:—

“They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His Temple.” “They shall not hunger nor thirst any more”; “The Lamb shall lead them to the fountains of living waters.”

‘(1) My dear Lord and Saviour, shall I ever see Thee in heaven? This world is very beautiful, very attractive, and there are many things and persons whom I love in it. But Thou art the most beautiful and best of all. Make me acknowledge this with all my heart, as well as by faith and in my reason.

‘(2) My Lord, I know nothing here below lasts; nothing here below satisfies. Pleasures come and go; I quench my thirst and am thirsty again. But the saints in heaven are always gazing on Thee, and drinking in eternal blessedness from Thy dear and gracious and most awful and most glorious countenance.

‘5. Conclusion.—May my lot be with the saints.’

Let a few more extracts be quoted, telling of thoughts habitually in his mind:

‘Let me bear pain, reproach, disappointment, slander, anxiety, suspense, as Thou wouldest have me, O my Jesu, and as Thou by Thy own suffering hast taught me, when it comes. And I promise too, with Thy grace, that I will never set myself up, never seek pre-eminence, never court any great thing of the world, never prefer myself to others.

‘Give me that life, suitable to my own need, which is stored up for us all in Him who is the life of men. Teach me and enable me to live the life of Saints and Angels. Take me out of the languor, the irritability, the sensitiveness, the incapability, the anarchy, in which my soul lies, and fill it with Thy fulness. Breathe on me, that the dead bones may live. Breathe on me with that Breath which infuses energy and kindles fervour. In asking for fervour, I ask for all that I can need, and all that Thou canst give; for it is the crown of all gifts and all virtues. It cannot really and fully be, except where all are present. It is the beauty and the glory, as it is also the continual safeguard and purifier of them all. In asking for fervour, I am asking for effectual strength, consistency, and perseverance; I am asking for deadness to every human motive, and simplicity of intention to please Thee; I am asking for faith, hope, and charity in their most heavenly exercise. In asking for fervour I am asking to be rid of the fear of man, and the desire of his praise; I am asking for the gift of prayer, because it will be so sweet; I am asking for that loyal perception of duty, which follows on yearning affection; I am asking for sanctity, peace, and joy all at once. In asking for fervour, I am asking for the brightness of the Cherubim and the fire of the Seraphim, and the whiteness of all Saints. In asking for fervour, I am asking for that which, while it implies all gifts, is that in which I signally fail. Nothing would be a trouble to me, nothing a difficulty, had I but fervour of soul.

‘Lord, in asking for fervour, I am asking for Thyself, for nothing short of Thee, O my God, who hast given Thyself wholly to us. Enter my heart substantially and personally, and fill it with fervour by filling it with Thee. Thou alone canst fill the soul of man, and Thou hast promised to do so. Thou art the living Flame, and ever burnest with love of man: enter into me and set me on fire after Thy pattern and likeness.

‘How can I keep from Thee? For Thou, who art the Light of Angels, art the only Light of my soul. Thou enlightenest every man that cometh into this world. I am utterly dark, as dark as hell, without Thee. I droop and shrink when Thou art away. I revive only in proportion as Thou dawnest upon me. Thou comest and goest at Thy will. O my God, I cannot keep Thee! I can only beg of Thee to stay. “*Mane nobiscum, Domine, quoniam advesperascit.*” Remain till morning, and then go not without giving me a blessing. Remain with me till death in this dark valley, when the darkness will end. Remain, O Light of my soul, *jam advesperascit!* The gloom, which is not Thine, falls over me. I am nothing. I have little command of myself. I cannot do what I would. I am disconsolate and sad. I want something, I know not what. It is Thou that I want, though I so little understand this. I say it and take it on faith; I partially understand it, but very poorly. Shine on me, *O Ignis semper ardens et nunquam deficiens!*—“O fire ever burning and never failing”—and I shall begin, through and in Thy Light, to see Light, and to recognise Thee truly, as the Source of Light. *Mane nobiscum;* stay, sweet Jesus, stay for ever. In this decay of nature, give more grace.

PRAYER FOR A HAPPY DEATH.

‘Oh, my Lord and Saviour, support me in that hour in the strong arms of Thy Sacraments, and by the fresh fragrance of Thy consolations. Let the absolving words be said over me and the holy oil sign and seal me, and Thy own Body be my food, and Thy Blood my sprinkling; and let my sweet Mother, Mary, breathe on me, and my Angel whisper peace to me, and my glorious Saints . . . smile upon me; that in them all, and through them all, I may receive the gift of perseverance, and die, as I desire to live, in Thy faith, in Thy Church, in Thy service, and in Thy love. Amen.’

I will conclude these notes on Newman's life at the Oratory with a vivid impression, which I owe to the kindness of Canon Scott Holland, of a visit he paid to Newman in 1877. Canon Holland described the visit at the time in a letter to a friend (Mrs. Ady) and retouched and added to his account for the present volume:

'The sight of my old letter to Mrs. Ady has quickened my memory of a day that I can never forget. I recall the swift sudden way in which I found him beside me, as I was being led through the upper rooms by my friend. I turned at the sound of the soft quick speech, and there he was—white, frail and wistful, for all the ruggedness of the actual features. I remembered at once the words of Furse about him, "delicate as an old lady washed in milk." One felt afraid to talk too loud, lest it should hurt him. I expected him to be taller, and it was a shock to find myself looking downwards at him. He had the old man's stoop. He was, in the mean time, shaking me by the hand, and offering welcome in low rapid courtesies of manner and voice. He would see me later in the Common-room: and so was gone as swiftly as he had entered.

'And this was Newman!—I was saying to myself over and over again. The generation of to-day cannot understand all that this meant to us in the seventies. The evening came: and I went to the refectory. Each had a little table to himself, and mine was next to the Father's. I watched, with awe, through dinner the big curve of the lower jaw at work, and the marked frontal bones over the eyes.

'A Reader was drawling out Newman's own history of the Turks. He seemed dreadfully bored, and we all were relieved when the Father signalled to him to give it up. At the close of the meal the habitual casuistical riddle was sent round the table. It was taken from St. Alfonso, and dealt with the problem of a full-grown man working as a carpenter in his father's shop, who was forced to hand over all his gains to his father, only to receive back an inadequate wage. Might he reserve, without his father's knowledge, the amount that was really and justly due to him? I sat quaking lest the riddle should come round to me for an answer, and was greatly relieved at a slashing final verdict given against the son by Father Newman. Only unluckily St. Alfonso's judgment which was then read out from the book went dead the other way. I was rather disconcerted by this *contretemps*: I gazed severely at my plate, but nobody seemed to mind it. After a

while we withdrew to the Common Room. And then I was put next to the Father, who laid himself out to talk freely and delightfully to me, until the time came for me to bolt for my train. The talk was all about Oxford. He could not tire of the smallest detail of news from there. Every little touch was of interest to him. Had I seen Dr. Pusey lately? I told him of a University Sermon which the Doctor had just delivered in a voice choked for minutes at a time by hurricanes of coughing. "Ah yes! he never could manage the voice. The first time that he had asked him to read the lessons in St. Mary's, he had spoken out of his boots, and coming out I said to him, 'Pusey, Pusey! this will never do.'" I think he got him to coach with some expert. I mentioned that Oriel was in difficulty over its roof, and had to patch up its gables with plaster, having no money to do more. "Yes! the beams in the roof were always rotten." He had got a little broken bit of one in his room now. A Keble man had been drowned out of a Canoe in a curious corner of a back-water in Magdalen Meadows. He had tracked the whole thing out from the Papers, and had made out the precise spot where it had happened. He was quite pleased to find from me that he had got it right. So the urgent enquiries went on, in silvery whispers, keen and quick. It was, of course, wonderful and beautiful to me, that he should treat me with such kindly deference, and should invest me, so delicately, with something of the halo that belonged to any one who brought a touch of Oxford with him. I had to fly for my train, and sped home tingling with the magic of a presence that seemed to me like the frail embodiment of a living voice. His soul was in his voice, as a bird is in its song. It was his spiritual expression. And listening to these soft swift subtle tones, "the earth we pace appeared to be an unsubstantial fairy place," meet home for the mystery of the lyrical cry.

'For the rest I came away with a great feeling of sadness. For these were the days when he was still under a cloud: and as I eagerly pressed my Oratorian friend to tell me how they lived, and what they did, I got very little told me. At every turn, the answer came, "Oh! we must keep quiet. We cannot do much. We cannot write books. We might get Father Newman into trouble." They evidently had to tread very warily: and I, who had gone there all agog with the Oratorian Ideal returned home with my ardour rather damped.

'But I had had my opportunity, and the memory of it passed into my life.

H. S. HOLLAND.'

CHAPTER XXXI

AFTER THE COUNCIL (1871-1874)

THE Vatican Council was a crisis in the history of the Church. It was the culmination of a drama. The battle between Liberals and Ultramontanes had been raging—more especially in France and Germany—for nearly twenty years. Now Pius IX. had carried his intervention in the contest—an intervention which had begun with the Syllabus of 1864—to its furthest possible limit. Pius stood before his generation as an heroic figure amid his misfortunes, a singularly lovable personality; and loved doubly for the persecution which had realised St. Malachi's prophecy that his reign would be signed by the cross.¹ Masterful in action, filled with a sense of his Divine mission, he had now brought to bear his great personal influence in rallying to his standard all the forces of Catholic loyalty. The result had been that the Liberals were routed. The grave fears of wise men as to the consequences of the Pope's action had no driving power which could compete, in influencing Catholic opinion, with the appeal of the saintly successor of Peter, persecuted, speaking with the single-heartedness of a martyr and the assurance of a prophet. One of the most influential of the opponents of the definition—Bishop Hefele of Rottenburg, himself a saintly man—for a time withheld his submission, avowing his hope that the Bishops of the minority would take concerted action. Other Bishops, too, preserved for some months an attitude of hesitation and expectancy. Newman, though himself accepting the definition, did not at once regard it as obligatory on others. The Council was not yet terminated. Its resump-

¹ 'Crux de cruce' was St. Malachi's motto for Pius IX. Leo XIII. was 'Lumen in Coelo'; Pius X. 'Ignis ardens'; his successor 'Religio depopulata.'

tion might give opportunities for explanations of importance which should be waited for. Will the minority act together as a constitutional body? Will the Council, in deference to their attitude, in any way qualify its decision? Such were the questions which at first occurred to him.

But the Council was not to reassemble in that generation. The enemy at the gates of Rome entered by the *Porta Pia* in September. Pius directed that not a blow should be struck. Victor Emmanuel took up his residence at the Quirinal. Rome became the capital of the new Italian kingdom. Henceforth no longer a temporal sovereign, Pius did not set foot outside the Vatican. A fresh and intense wave of sympathy was evoked from Catholic Christendom. It was not a moment when Catholic feeling was ready to tolerate any action which was even in appearance opposed to the cherished ideals of the martyred Pontiff.

And in point of fact the only firm stand taken up against the definition was made, not by holy men like Hefele or Dupanloup, not by powerful Bishops of the minority acting in concert as rulers of the Church, but by extreme and fanatical Liberals like Professor Friedrich and his friends. When the opposition to the definition was organised by the Congress at Munich in 1871 the 'old Catholic' community (as it was called) was founded on a schismatical basis, against the express wish of Döllinger, who held aloof from the movement, though he rejected the dogma. The old Catholics had henceforth their own separate churches. Their Bishop, Dr. Reinkens, was consecrated by the Jansenist Bishop of Deventer. The German Government gave him a salary and patronised the schismatics. Protestant and Erastian in its character from the first, the old Catholic sect bore rapidly the fruits whereby its character was manifested. The laws of the Church on fasting and confession were tampered with or set aside. A married clergy was instituted. Professor Friedrich himself eventually withdrew from the movement, from which Döllinger had all along consistently held aloof.

On the other hand, Hefele, confronted with the prospect of a schism, submitted in 1871 and promulgated the Vatican decrees in his diocese. It was not doubtful on which side of such opposing powers Newman would be found. The dogma

of Papal Infallibility he had always held. Submission to authority had ever been the corner-stone of Catholic loyalty in his eyes. He very soon treated the dogma as of obligation, and urged on all his friends the duty of submission. Nevertheless, like Bishop Hefele and others who had opposed the definition, Newman was very anxious as to its probable consequences. This anxiety was greater, not less, because, as the Bishops of the minority took no concerted action, he so soon came to regard the acceptance of the definition as obligatory. It was, therefore, a very great relief to him when Monsignor Fessler, the Secretary-General of the Vatican Council, published with Papal approval his book on 'True and False Infallibility,' in which he took a view of its extent even more moderate than that advocated in Father Ryder's pamphlet against W. G. Ward. It was true that works containing more stringent interpretations also received Papal approval. But the liberty which Newman judged to be necessary was secured by Fessler's view being admitted as allowable. The official countenance of Fessler's weighty theological judgment was a reminder that the co-operation of theologians of different views—the theological Schola—secured the constitution of the Church against absolutism and the excesses of individuals. The Holy Father was ruler, and to him it appertained to declare what was in conformity with the revelation of which he, as head of the Church, was guardian; but he did not set aside or oppose the theological school, and the reconciliation of details of his declarations with other authoritative *dicta*, their interpretation so as to leave such *dicta* intact—in a word, the assimilation of a single Papal utterance to the rest of the Church's teaching—appertained again to the discussions of the Schola. So, too, lawyers had to interpret new Acts of Parliament and reconcile their working with that of already existing Acts—all emanating from the Legislature, which had supreme jurisdiction over the lawyers themselves as the Pope had over the theologians. Thus even if a Pope or Council should issue a decree with insufficient theological elaboration, the Schola would supply in its interpretation what might have been wanting in its preparation. The theological life and teaching of the Church based on so large a body of authoritative *dicta* was not dis-

turbed or materially changed by a single Papal utterance, which rather presupposed that life and teaching, as governing its interpretation.

'The Catholic Church,' Newman wrote to Lord Blachford, 'has its constitution and its theological laws in spite of the excesses of individuals.

'It is this which, if I understand your letter, is a novel idea to you,—and it is this, which Acton *means* (I consider), though he is unlucky in his language, as not being a theologian, when he says it is no matter what Councils or Popes decree or do, for the Catholic body goes on pretty much as it did, in spite of all—the truth being that the Schola Theologorum is (in the Divine Purpose, *I* should say) the regulating principle of the Church, and, as lawyers and public offices (if I may thus speak *coram te*) preserve the tradition of the British Constitution, in spite of the King, Lords, and Commons, so there is a permanent and *sui similis* life in the Church, to which all its acts are necessarily assimilated, nay, and under the implied condition of its existence and action such acts are done and are accepted. I think, when you were here last, I said to you our great want just now was theological schools, which the great French Revolution has destroyed. This had been the occasion of our late and present internal troubles. Where would Ward have been, if there had been theological schools in England? Again, the Archbishop is not a theologian, and, what is worse, the Pope is not a theologian, and so theology has gone out of fashion. This is the only reason which made me regret not going to Oxford,—and this is why Ward did all he could at Rome, and successfully, to hinder me going. I don't profess to be a theologian, but at all events I should have been able to show a side of the Catholic religion more theological, more exact, than his. Where there is such a lack of theological science, I must not take it for granted as yet that I am out of the wood, for I may still receive some cuff from the political ultra-devotional party,—but I don't think it can be very bad.'¹

¹ The same view is presented in the Preface to the *Via Media*, published in 1877. Religion, Newman writes, is 'never in greater danger than when, in consequence of national or international troubles, the Schools of theology have been broken up and ceased to be. . . . I say, then, Theology is the fundamental and regulating principle of the whole Church system. It is commensurate with Revelation, and Revelation is the initial and essential idea of Christianity. It is

Such was the view which the events of the Council led him to express a few years after its suspension. At the time itself he was intent on making the position tolerable to those who were most tried by the doctrine or by the circumstances which issued in its definition. 'Exert a little faith,' he writes to Miss Bowles, 'God will provide,—there is a power in the Church stronger than Popes, Councils, and theologians, and that is the Divine Promise which controls against their will and intention every human authority.'

With those who seceded—Döllinger and his friends, Père Hyacinthe and others—while he condemned their action, he showed a measure of sympathy, and he spoke of them tenderly. 'I will never say a word of my own against those learned and distinguished men,' he wrote of the German seceders in his 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.' 'Their present whereabouts, wherever it is, is to me a thought full of melancholy. . . . They have left none to take their place.' 'You may understand,' he wrote to Lord Acton, in 1871, 'how keenly distressed I am about what is going on in Germany as regards religion. The prospect of taking a middle line there seems so forlorn and hopeless. No one could feel more grieved than myself at the proceedings of the Council,—but the question is in the present state of things what is to be done?'

To Père Hyacinthe, who wrote to him on the state of affairs in the very year of the Council, he replied as follows:

'The Oratory: November 24th, 1870.

'My dear Father Hyacinthe,—I am always glad to hear from you and of you.

the subject-matter, the formal cause, the expression, of the Prophetic Office, and, as being such, has created both the Regal Office and the Sacerdotal. And it has in a certain sense a power of jurisdiction over those offices, as being its own creations, theologians being ever in request and in employment in keeping within bounds both the political and popular elements in the Church's constitution,—elements which are far more congenial than itself to the human mind, are far more liable to excess and corruption, and are ever struggling to liberate themselves from those restraints which are in truth necessary for their well-being. On the one hand, Popes, such as Liberius, Vigilius, Boniface VIII., and Sixtus V., under secular inducements of the moment, seem from time to time to have been wishing, though unsuccessfully, to venture beyond the lines of theology; and on the other hand, private men of an intemperate devotion are from time to time forming associations, or predicting events, or imagining miracles, so unadvisedly as to call for the interference of the Index or Holy Office.'

'It grieved me bitterly that you should have separated yourself from the One True Fold of Christ; and it grieves me still more to find from your letter that you are still in a position of isolation.

'I know how generous your motives are, and how much provocation you, as well as others, have received in the ecclesiastical events which have been passing around us. But nothing which has taken place justifies our separation from the One Church.

'There is a fable in one of our English poets, of which the moral is given thus:

"Beware of dangerous steps; the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

'Let us be patient; the turn of things may not take place in our time; but there will be surely, sooner or later, an energetic and a stern Nemesis for imperious acts, such as now afflict us.

'The Church is the Mother of high and low, of the rulers as well as of the ruled. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. If she declares by her various voices that the Pope is infallible in certain matters, in those matters infallible he is. What Bishops and people say all over the earth, that is the truth, whatever complaint we may have against certain ecclesiastical proceedings. Let us not oppose ourselves to the universal voice.

'God bless you and keep you.

'Yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

On the other hand, Newman for months busied himself in so explaining the definition to those who consulted him, as to show its reasonableness, and to distinguish it from the extreme opinions of some of its most zealous promoters. He wrote on the subject to Mrs. Froude in March 1871:

'As to your friend's question, certainly the Pope is not infallible beyond the Deposit of Faith originally given—though there is a party of Catholics who, I suppose to frighten away converts, wish to make out that he is giving forth infallible utterances every day. That the Immaculate Conception was in the *depositum* seems to me clear, as soon as it is understood what the doctrine is. I have drawn out the argument in my "Letter to Dr. Pusey." The Fathers from the beginning call Mary the Second Eve. This has been the dogma proclaimed by the earliest Fathers. There are

three especially witnesses to [it] in three or four or five countries widely separated. St. Justin Martyr speaks for Syria, St. Irenaeus for Asia Minor and Gaul, and Tertullian for Rome and Africa. Nothing is included in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception which is not included in the Eve character of Mary—nay, not so much, for Eve in Paradise did not need redemption, but Mary was actually redeemed by the blood of her Son so much as any of us, and the grace she had was not like Eve's grace in Paradise, but simply a purchased grace.

‘Certainly we all hold the “Quod semper, quod ubique” &c., as much as we ever did, as much as Anglicans do. It is a great and general principle, involving of course a certain range of variation in the fulness in which it has been, here and there, now and then, received and exemplified. For instance, the eternal pre-existence of the Divine Son was taught far more consistently after the Council of Nicaea in A.D. 325, than before it, and in some cases, as, for instance, the validity of baptisms by heretics, and the like, there have been remarkable differences of opinion; but the Rule is a great and useful one on the whole. There is no rule, against which exceptions cannot be brought. As to the question of development in the doctrines of the *depositum*, that is provided for in the Rule expressly. You know the Rule comes from Vincentius Lerinensis, who wrote at the end (I think) of the 4th century, and who illustrates and enforces it with great eloquence. He says (I use Charles Marriott's, as I think it is, translation), “Let the religion of our souls imitate the nature of our bodies, which, although with process of time they develop and unfold their proportions, yet remain the same that they were. The limits of infants be small, of young men great, yet not diverse, but the same. No new thing doth come forth in old men, which before had not *lain hid* in them, being children. The Christian doctrine must follow these laws of increasing, to wit, that with years it was more sound, with time it became more capable, with continuance it became exalted, yet remains incorrupt and entire. Lawful indeed it is, that those ancient articles of heavenly philosophy be, in process of time, trimmed, smoothed and polished; unlawful that they be mangled and maimed. And, albeit they receive perspicuity, light and distinction, yet they necessarily must retain their fulness, and soundness, and propriety. Keep the deposit, quoth he, O Timothy, O Priest, O Teacher; that which men before believed obscurely, let them by this exposition understand

more clearly. Let posterity rejoice for coming to the understanding of that by thy means, which antiquity without *that understanding* had in veneration, yet *for all this*, in such sort deliver the same thing which thou hast learned, that, albeit thou teachest after a *new manner*, yet thou never teach new things." I have written down not consecutive sentences, but as they have caught my eye.

'As to Eugenius 4th's Letter to the Armenians about the form and matter of the Sacraments, I think it is a difficulty certainly. It is one of those points, which made me earnestly desire that the definition should not be made last year; for, though it does not weigh with me myself, yet it is very trying to a great many people. It is common, I think, to say that it was not a doctrinal decree—but a practical instruction to the Orientals, and therefore not included in the cases, in which infallibility is claimed for the Holy See.

'John the XXII. is nothing to the purpose. He put nothing forward in any formal way, and, I think, repented of his private sentiments before his death. Of course, if he *had* been called upon to speak *ex cathedra*, he would (humanly speaking) have defined an error, but he did not. And this will just illustrate what is meant by the gift of infallibility. As Balaam wished to curse, but opened his mouth with blessings, so a Pope may all his life be in error, but if he attempts to put it forth, he will be cut off, or be deterred, or find himself saying what he did not mean to say.

'I have no hesitation in saying that, to all appearance, Pius IX. wished to say a great deal more (that is that the Council should say a great deal more) than it did, but a greater Power hindered it. A Pope is not inspired; he has not an inherent gift of divine knowledge. When he speaks *ex cathedra*, he may say little or much, but he is simply protected from saying what is untrue. I know you will find flatterers and partizans, such as those whom St. Francis de Sales calls "the Pope's lackies," who say much more than this, but they may enjoy their own opinions, they cannot bind the faith of Catholics.

'As to St. Cyprian's quarrel with the Pope, strong letters came from the Pope to him. He certainly did not think the Pope infallible in those letters. I cannot tell without hunting them up, whether they look like *ex cathedra* letters. I should think not. I doubt very much whether the point of the Infallibility of the Pope was clearly understood, as a dogma, by the Popes themselves at that time; but then I also doubt whether the Infallibility of a General Council was at that time

understood either, for no General Council as yet had been. The subject was what Vincentius calls "obscurely held." The Popes acted as if they were infallible in doctrine—with a very high hand, peremptorily, magisterially, fiercely. But, when we come to the question of the *analysis* of such conduct, I think they had as vague ideas on the subject as many of the early Fathers had upon portions of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. *They acted in a way which needed infallibility as its explanation.'*

While he held that the newly defined dogma had its roots in the past, he looked to the future for a formal disclaimer of exaggerated interpretations of its scope. On this subject he wrote to Miss Holmes on May 15, 1871:

'As to the definition, I grieve you should have been tried with it. The dogma has been *acted on* by the Holy See for centuries—the only difference is that now it is actually *recognised*. I know this is a difference—for at first sight it would seem to invite the Pope to *use* his now recognised power. But we must have a little faith. Abstract propositions avail little—theology surrounds them with a variety of limitations, explanations, etc. No truth stands by itself—each is kept in order and harmonized by other truths. The dogmas relative to the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation were not struck off all at once—but piecemeal—one Council did one thing, another a second—and so the whole dogma was built up. And the first portion of it looked extreme—and controversies rose upon it—and these controversies led to the second, and third Councils, and they did not *reverse* the first, but *explained* and *completed* what was first done. So will it be now. Future Popes will explain and in one sense limit their own power. This would be unlikely, if they merely acted as men, but God will overrule them. Pius has been overruled—I believe he wished a much more stringent dogma than he has got. Let us have faith and patience.'

Döllinger's action he condemned unequivocally, though he felt for the German historian acutely.

'I know nothing of the German party,' he wrote (October, 1871) to Mrs. Froude. 'Doubtless there are many good religious people who agree with Döllinger—but I much suspect they are all private persons, of the Upper Middle or higher ranks, and I suspect that he, as a public man, is by himself.

‘It is a most cruel position both for him and them. They seem to me powerless. The bulk of the lower class people (Catholics) follow the Pope. The Professors and literary men go much further than Döllinger—they either are for a schism or for simple indifferentism. I don’t see how he can keep his ground, or, if he does, will have more than a handful with him.’

The fall of the Papal sovereignty in Rome afforded matter for reflection, and Newman intimated his view of the past and the future in another letter to Mrs. Froude.

‘As little as possible,’ he writes, ‘was passed at the Council—nothing about the Pope which I have not myself always held. But it is impossible to deny that it was done with an imperiousness and overbearing wilfulness, which has been a great scandal—and I cannot think thunder and lightning a mark of approbation, as some persons wish to make out, and the sudden destruction of the Pope’s temporal power does not seem a sign of approval either. It suggests too the thought, that to be at once infallible in religion and a despot in temporals, is perhaps too great for mortal man. Very likely there will be some reaction for a time in his favour, but not permanently—and then, unless the Council, when re-assembled, qualifies the dogma by some considerable safeguards, which is not unlikely, perhaps the secularly defenceless state of the Pope will oblige him to court the Catholic body in its separate nations with a considerateness and kindness, which of late years the Holy See has not shown, and which may effectually prevent a tyrannous use of his spiritual power. But all these things are in God’s hands and we are blind.’

Newman’s work from 1871 to 1874 was mainly the revision of his writings—including those published while he was still an Anglican, to which he added notes and appendices which supplied what he considered necessary to make them orthodox, or to answer the criticisms on the Catholic Church which they contained. Much of this work was done at Rednal, and he rejoiced in the interludes of country life thus afforded him.

His Journal shows that he had at this time some recurrence of the feeling that Catholics looked at him askance owing to his opposition to the Vatican definition. On the other hand he notes that he is far more read and better understood among Anglicans than of old. This led him per-

haps to cleave more closely to such old Anglican friends as R. W. Church and Sir Frederick Rogers, with whom he kept up a constant correspondence.

In February 1871 Rogers lost his mother, and Newman wrote to sympathise. His letter is printed below, together with his reply to an announcement by Rogers some months later that he was going to visit Rome in the course of a summer holiday.

TO SIR FREDERICK ROGERS.

‘The Oratory: Feb. 18, 1871.

‘My dear Rogers,—I guessed the sad intelligence of your letter from its outside. Someone told me, I think Wilson, that your dear mother was sinking gradually. One can but once lose a mother. I don’t forget, I never have, how kind you were to me when I lost mine. How many years have passed, how many events, since then, but it seems to me like yesterday. What a dream life is! It does not make it a less sorrow to you that you must have all expected it so long. The freshness of her mind and the continuance of her strength, for so long, which will be so pleasant to look back upon, perhaps have made the gradual changes of the last year more sad to your sisters. I hope to say Mass for her on Monday morning.

‘You know that on Tuesday I am 70. By fits and starts I realise it; but usually it seems incredible to me.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

‘The Oratory: Aug. 1, 1871.

‘My dear Rogers,—I am glad you are going abroad, and hope you will be as much delighted and refreshed by the beauties of Italy, as you were the first time you saw it. Also, it is pleasant to think that you and your wife will have a quiet month with your sisters at Lucerne. I say “quiet,” for such, I think, Lucerne is especially, with its broad silent lake, and its graceful mountains on either side, neither of them frightening one’s eyes with snowy peaks.

‘There is one thing I want to ask you before you go. I want to ask your brother’s acceptance of my new edition of “The Arians,” the brother who was so kind as to go to the British Museum for “One Tract more”—But I have got into a puzzle whether it is Edward or John. I thought it was the one I knew at Oxford, the Clergyman.

‘I know no one, I have no acquaintance whatever, at Rome. No wonder—Rome changes its (ecclesiastical) inmates as much as Oxford does, where three years is an undergraduate’s life, and seven years a Fellow’s. Besides I have not been there for more than 23 years, except once (in 1855-6) for a fortnight. Moreover, just now, I suppose, everything is topsy turvy and nobody is anywhere.

‘Thank you for your offer of fetching and carrying for me thither or thence—but I can think of nothing, even if I try.

‘I wonder what you will be able to prophesy about the future of the city. That in this generation the Pope and the Italian power cannot get on together, I should have thought certain. Perhaps before the future comes, there will be fresh revolutions one way or the other, which make present conjecture impossible, as destroying present data.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

‘P.S.—I congratulate you on your new “Honours.”’

These last words refer to the peerage which Rogers had just been offered and accepted.

Both Rogers and R. W. Church at this time received promotion from Mr. Gladstone’s Government—the one being raised to the House of Lords with the title of Lord Blachford, the other named Dean of St. Paul’s. There is in Newman’s incidental references to these honours—in his letters to Rogers—just a touch of that unsympathetic attitude towards official rank which was so general in the old Tractarian party; and it must be remembered that this was also the tradition of the Oratorians, who were restrained by rule from accepting ecclesiastical dignities except by command of the Pontiff.

‘The Oratory: Dec. 3, 1871.

‘My dear Rogers,—I cannot screw myself up yet to call you anything else. Give me time. However I most heartily congratulate you on your title, and it is a shame to say it takes away my breath, for you have done more to deserve it than all but a few who gain it, and it is particularly gratifying that you should be the first to open what is a new path to the highest honours that the State can give.

‘To my mind the only drawback is that your mother did not live just long enough to witness it. She always seemed

to me to live in the desire that you should have full justice done you in the world, and I think she would have allowed that her desire was now granted her. . . .

‘Ever yours affly,
J. H. NEWMAN.’

Of Church’s promotion he wrote thus to Lord Blachford:

‘June 14, 72.

‘I don’t and didn’t doubt at all that Church would do the Dean well. I was marvelling at him two years ago at the Frome Station, at his dealings with the railway porters about my luggage—he showed such quiet calm decision—but I want him to write more than he can at St. Paul’s—(though Milman did write there)—and therefore I am sorry he is not at Winton or Salisbury or the like. And I grieve at dignities which have a tendency to rub off the bloom of the peach, which a country life preserves, and which London life, which the dome of St. Paul’s, which the *aurata laquearia* of the House of Lords, destroy. I suppose it is in the nature of things that blushing honours are the death of blushing. I know that high ecclesiastics, too, may have donnishness as others—also I know and understand that age has a gravity and dignity of its own, and that even the stiffness of joints and the dimness of the senses induce a dull and unlovely soberness of manner in country people also, and I know too that my own ingrained contemptible shyness makes me irritable at the sight of self-possession—but still after all I have an animosity and antipathy to the effect of London on the character, which is almost a moral sense with me.’

‘I hope,’ he writes to Church himself, ‘you are not suffering from your banquetings. I sincerely feel for you. They would, I think, kill me.’ A year earlier Newman had dedicated to Rogers his republished ‘Essays on Miracles,’ and now he was sending each fresh volume as it was published to his more intimate acquaintance. In 1872 he republished ‘Present Position of Catholics’ and sent a copy to R. W. Church. They exchanged letters, and Church pressed Newman to come and see him at the Deanery. Newman in return urged both the Dean and Rogers to come for a day or night to Rednal.

TO DEAN CHURCH.

‘The Oratory: June 7, 1872.

‘I never come to town except under dire necessity, for many reasons—because it is sure to knock me up from the

mere "fumus strepitusque" of London—because there are so many persons I am simply obliged, both by propriety and by friendship, by duty and by true attachment, to call upon—because I am sure to make a fool of myself, being so shy, and go away gnawing my heart at the thought of the many gaucheries and absurdities I have committed.

'I had thought of coming to you for a day or two at the beginning of June; but now I have got to go to Rednal with a host of papers, which occupy five baskets, tin cases and bags, and which will take me weeks. . . .

'I suppose you never could run down here for a night, if the weather becomes summerly. I would take you over to Rednal for an hour or two.'

A week later he writes from Rednal to Lord Blachford urging him to accompany Church and spend a 'happy day' at the Oratory.

But Church was on the point of leaving England for a holiday, and a visit to Rednal was anyhow at the moment difficult. Still the idea was not abandoned. Newman's letters on the subject have something of the minuteness and anxiety which we have noted in those which prepared the way for the visit to Keble at Hursley seven years earlier.

A visit from Newman to the Deanery at St. Paul's did come off before Church left England; and a visit to Lord Blachford's house in London was arranged for July.

Newman, still feeling acutely the events of the Vatican Council and the sadness of the estrangements to which it led, welcomed Blachford's proposal that he should on the occasion of his visit meet Lord Acton at dinner.

'The Oratory: July 6th, 1872.

'My dear sive Blachford malueris vocari sive Rogers, may I not thus accost you, as Horace would accost *plane presentem Deum?* I shall be most happy to meet at dinner anyone you please, especially Lord Acton—but I suppose Monday morning when you get this will be late for an invite. I have had the greatest liking for Acton ever since I knew him near 20 years ago; but, alas, we have never quite hit it off in action. And now I don't know where he stands as regards this sad Vatican question. There is only one *locus standi*—and I think in time he will see that; but mind I shall *rejoice* to meet him—So should I to meet Liddon, whom I don't know—I believe he is a champion for dogma, which is

the backbone of religion, and, as such, I wish him God-speed in this evil day.

‘My love to Church—I rejoice I shall not be too late for him.

‘Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Newman read in this year with great interest and admiration Dean Church’s ‘Gifts of Civilisation,’ especially the part which dealt with his own favourite subject, the Christianising of the Roman Empire.¹ In return for the ‘Gifts of Civilisation’ he sent Church the ‘Grammar of Assent,’ hoping that it would not ‘bore him’—an expression to which naturally the Dean in his letter of thanks demurred, forwarding to him at the same time the following paragraph from a Somersetshire paper with inquiries as to the truth of its contents:

‘ST. PAUL’S CATHEDRAL. A few weeks since one of the vergers of the Cathedral accosted a poorly clad, threadbare looking individual who stood scanning the alterations of the sacred edifice with “Now then move on, we don’t want any of your sort here!” It was Dr. Newman!’

Newman confessed the substantial accuracy of the paragraph:

‘St. Stephen’s day, 1872.

‘My dear Dean,—. . . Yes, I was morally turned out and I told you at the time. I did nothing but what you might have done at Chester or Carlisle, where you might not be known. I stood just inside the doors listening to the chanting of the Psalms, of which I am so fond. First came Verger one, a respectable person, inquiring if I wanted a seat in the

¹ He had already written an important letter on another line of thought, touched on by its author in this volume and in a sermon:

‘You indirectly touch upon what is so wonderful,’ he wrote, ‘and which men ought to consider more than they do, our Lord’s clear announcement of what His religion was to do, and what it was not. It was to be a light upon a hill—it was to be a leaven—but it was to gather of every kind—it was to be the occasion of great scandals—it was to be a cause of discord—but it was never to fail; and so on. Put the gospels as late as the Antonines (for argument’s sake), you cannot destroy the prophecy. Even if these were its realized initial characters before the gospels were written, yet how is it they continue to be such to this day? And so about the Old Testament, I want to see Davison’s line of argument applied on a large scale to its books. There is an orderly growth of revelation, and a structure in the prophecies. Can any one believe that the books were all written after Ezra, or great part of them, so as to exhibit the scheme of progress intentionally? How is it, for instance, we do not find the doctrine of a future life in the Pentateuch, if it was garbled, interpolated, enlarged, at a late date?’

choir, half a mile off me. No, I said,—I was content where I was. Then came a second, not respectful, with a voice of menace—I still said No. Then came a third, I don't recollect much about him, except that he said he could provide me with a seat. Then came No. 2 again in a compulsory mood, on which I vanished.

'I am sure if I was a dissenter, or again one of Mr. Bradlaugh's people, nothing would attract me more to the Church of England than to be allowed to stand at the door of a Cathedral—did not St. Augustine, while yet a Manichee, stand and watch St. Ambrose? no verger turned him out.

'Of course, knowing the nature of those men, I was amused, and told you and Blachford in the evening. You were annoyed, and said it was just what you did *not* wish, and that you would inquire about it.

'I have not a dream how it got into the Papers—as mine is a Somersetshire one, I thought the paragraph had trickled out from Whatley.

Ever yrs affly,

J. H. N.

'All Xmas blessings to you and yours.'

But the paragraph in the Somersetshire paper, while relating a fact which was substantially true, had spoken of Newman's costume as 'threadbare.' This serious inaccuracy he corrected with some emphasis in a subsequent letter:

'Dec. 28, 72.

'My dear Dean,—On the contrary, it was simply a brand new coat, which I never put on till I went on that visit to you—and which I did not wear twice even at Abbotsford—I thought it due to London. Indeed, all my visiting clothes are new, for I do not wear them here, and I am almost tempted, like a footman of my Father's when I was a boy, who had a legacy of clothes, to leave home, as he his place, in order to have an opportunity of wearing them. *They* (the clothes) must wish it, I am sure—for they wear out a weary time themselves in a dark closet, except on such occasions, few and far between.

'Don't fancy when I talked of a "bore," that I had any other than that *general* feeling, which I ever have, that giving away one of my books is an impertinence, like talking of the shop. I used to say at Oxford that lawyers and doctors ever talked of the shop—but parsons never—now I find priests do—I suppose that, where there is *science*, there is the tendency

to be wrapped up in the profession. An English clergyman is primarily a gentleman—a doctor, a lawyer, and so a priest is primarily a professional man. In like manner the military calling has been abroad a profession, accordingly they never go in mufti, but always in full military fig, talking as it were, *always* of the shop. Now I have a great dislike of this shop-pism personally. Richmond told some one that, when he took my portrait, I was the only person he could not draw out.

‘Now have I not really been talking of the shop enough for a whole twelvemonth, having talked of my dear self? But you see I have a motive—viz. lest you should dream you have trod on my toes, and so elicited from me the complaint that you have been bored by me.

‘Ever yrs affly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

From the middle of 1872 onwards began in earnest for Newman the great trial of those who live to be old—the death of friends, many of them dear and lifelong friends. His letters are full of the sad thoughts which such partings brought. Death visited the Dominican Sisterhood at Stone in the spring. Amelia Mozley went in August, John Mozley in October, and Hope-Scott’s illness was soon after pronounced to be mortal. Serjeant Bellasis died at the beginning of 1873, Henry Wilberforce followed, and then Hope-Scott died. Another great friend, the Duchess of Argyll, passed away a little later. Newman was in constant dread that others would follow, and the renewed illness of Pusey and Church led to anxious inquiries. ‘What a year this has been of deaths,’ he wrote to Sister Mary Gabriel on his own patron’s feast, St. John’s Day, 1873: ‘The shafts have been flying incessantly and unexpectedly on all sides of us and strewing the ground with friends. It makes one understand St. John’s dreary penance in living to be 90. Well might he say: “Amen, veni Domine Jesu.”’

The loss of his Mozley relations recalled the dear associations of early home life to which he clung so closely; while the death of his tried and faithful friends struck him no less hard.

In the course of letters at this time we find the record of these losses.

TO SISTER MARY GABRIEL.

'Easter Monday 1872.

'I grieve indeed at your news. I said Mass for dear Sister Mary Agnes this morning, and propose to do so every week. I am sure I owe a great deal to her prayers, and am, very grateful to her.

'I cannot grieve for *her*. She is going to the reward of her long service to our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother. She is going to the company of those great Saints, whose traditions and whose work she has done her part, with such loyal fidelity, to uphold and continue in this her day.

'Of course it is for all of you that we must feel. And we feel it the more from that sympathy which arises from our own prospective anxieties. Not indeed, God be praised, that we have any immediate cause of anxiety here; but so many of us are getting old, that one is tempted to ask "O Lord, how long?" How long are we to enjoy that calm and happy time which Thou hast granted us so long? When is it to be, that that tranquil unity is to be broken up which we have so long enjoyed, and we are to be parted one from another till that day, if we are vouchsafed it, when we meet again never to be separated in the Kingdom of our Father? As we suffer with you now, do not forget us when our time comes.'

'So dear Amelia Mozley is gone,' he writes to Dean Church on August 22. 'I knew her from her birth.'

To Blachford, the intimate friend of Hope-Scott, he communicated the sad tidings of his breaking health:

'The Oratory: Nov. 4th, 1872.

'My dear Blachford,—I sent to you a message by Church, in case he wrote to you, about Hope-Scott. . . .

'I suppose, humanly speaking, he is at what is called the beginning of the end, though the time may be sooner or later. . . . He has never held up his head since his wife died. When I saw him here last spring, 16 months after his loss, he could not command his feelings—and there is no doubt that it was his distress that developed his complaint. His little boy is not two years old.

'You know my sister has lost her husband; after 36 years of happy uneventful married life—after his five sons have started in life—and with a painless gradual decay. How different are our fortunes—what a contrast is this to

Hope-Scott's career, so brilliant externally, yet with such domestic affliction.

‘Yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

The new edition of the University Sermons, with its dedication to Dean Church, appeared early in 1873.

‘The Oratory: Jany. 29, 1873.

‘My dear Dean,—Will you look at the Dedication in the inclosed pages, and, if I have worded it rightly, send them on as directed.

‘I felt your kindness in informing me about Pusey. The latest and best news is very anxious. It is now more than forty years since he lay in bed and could not speak, and I advised Mrs. Pusey to send for Dr. Wootten, who brought him round. . . .

‘Serjeant Bellasis has been taken from us. He was one of the sweetest-tempered, gentlest, most affectionate persons I ever knew.

‘Ever yours affly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

TO LORD BLACHFORD.

‘The Oratory: April 21st, 1873.

‘Before you receive this, I suppose dear H. Wilberforce will have left us. I went over to see him 3 weeks ago. It is well I did not wait till after Easter, as at one time I thought of doing. I found him looking like a man of 80, and so unlike himself, and so like his father, that I did not know how to speak to him, when I first saw him. His mind was quite his own, but he slept a good deal—he had very little pain. I took leave of him, as if for good, as it will be.’

TO DEAN CHURCH.

‘The Oratory: May 2, 1873.

‘My dear Dean,—Thank you for your kind consideration. When I got back from H. W.’s funeral, I found a telegram telling me that Hope-Scott was just gone. He went, just as I was getting into the train at Woodchester to return home, 7 P.M.

‘He had fallen off a day or two before—but at last he took every one by surprise. He had blessed his daughter and sent her away for the night—but at the end of the hour, she returned to witness his death.

'There were to be great doings at Arundel Castle. He had lingered so long, that the Duke had fixed the Wednesday (April 30) for the opening of his new Church there, which is said to be the finest in the kingdom. A large party had assembled the evening before, and were just sitting down to dinner, when a telegram came, which caused the Duke, his mother, his sisters, and the children all to go to town at once. They were too late. He died just as they started. To the Duchess this was especially trying. The doctors had not allowed her to see him, it so affected his heart—so he died without taking leave of her. I don't know *when* they had met—perhaps not for months. Lord Howard was left to receive and to despatch the guests at the Castle. It was to have been a great event. [The Duke] has spent great sums upon the Church—and it is to be dedicated to St. Philip Neri. He had asked me to preach the Sermon—but, though I had declined, some of our party were there. '[Hope-Scott's] daughter . . . tells me that, after death till the time she wrote, he looked most beautiful, just (she is told) as he used to look thirty years ago.

'She adds "He loved you so." I know he did, and I loved him. His death was most "peaceful and calm." So was H. Wilberforce's—so was Bellasis', as sunny as his life. May I be as prepared as they when my time comes.

'Ever yrs affly,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO LORD BLACHFORD.

'The Oratory: May 25, 1873.

'It is very kind in you to write to me about Church. A paragraph in the paper startled me, and I was on the point of writing to Mrs. Church to ask about its meaning. The worst penance of men in office or station, is that they cannot nurse, but must be taking part in meetings and at dinners, when they ought to keep at home. I dare say this has been Church's case.

'It is almost like an Epicurean in me to feel thankful for my own freedom from such troubles.

'Also I thank you for your kind sympathy. These successive losses have been, and are, a great trial to me—but they are the necessary penalty of living long. Scripture says David died "at a good old age" and I used even to think so. But now it comes upon me that after all he was only 70, and that that is the "age of man"—and I am two years beyond it.'

TO DEAN CHURCH.

'The Oratory: March 6, 1874.

'As for my personal friends I never have had such a time for losses, ever since my brother-in-law died. Decr. 1, Jany. 1, Feb. 1 each was marked with the death of an intimate friend, close to us, and of 20 years intimacy, prematurely and unexpectedly. And now the Duchess of Argyll is gone, not prematurely nor unexpectedly, but she was an intimate friend, and always spoke of her being of the same age as myself—and now Woodgate, an *aequalis*, is ill too, and will never get well—(this ought not to be repeated)—I went to take leave of him about a fortnight ago.

'I am quite well myself;—which is the sadder, to die before, or to live after, one's friends? The latter is the sadder, but it is very sad too not to know the fortunes in time to come of those you leave behind. For instance, Woodgate has ten children—hardly one of them *seems* to me settled in life; but I don't know much about his sons. One of them is in the Gold Coast War—I saw him here last September with his family at the Triennial Music Meeting—what a contrast—woods, savages, bivouacs & fevers in January, and a country parsonage and a circle of sisters in the last August!'

It was at this time that Lady Coleridge executed her well-known drawing of Newman. Lord Coleridge, the son of the judge who had passed sentence on him at the Achilli trial, had been for years a faithful admirer and friend.

'I could not,' Newman writes to Church, 'in common gratitude decline Coleridge's proposal, even if it had been an onerous one, instead of being at once so light and so complimentary. And Lady C. had actually advanced in what I felt to be so kind, and only wanted my presence to be able to complete it. But I use the word "gratitude" with a special and more positive meaning,—for 21 or 22 years, from the time of his Father's speech over me, when so many gave me up, he took me up, and has not ceased from speaking of, and to me kind things all that long time—and this is a thing one can't forget.'

The loss of so many old friends bound Newman the more closely to those who remained.

The invitation to Church and Blachford to spend a day at the Oratory was renewed in the summer of 1874, with a note of pathetic anxiety lest they should find it a bore:

Rednal: June 12, 1874.

'My dear Church,—I do so much fear we may be at cross purposes—you and B. finding yourselves unwilling to refuse me, and I on my part fearing I should seem to decline you.

'There seems to me a great difficulty in your or his *finding time*. I can't bear the thought of his hurrying down *after* you—I can't bear the supposition, (which never entered into my head) of your *finding your way* here from Birmingham, not only without him, but without *me*.

'Should weather be good, and both of you at liberty, and you could come *together*, then I can fancy it pleasant to you and to me—but for you to make an effort, would be cruel.

'No—do as I wish you to do. You can't take me by surprise between this and July 15, *if you give me 24 hours notice*. If you see the way clear before you, for any time the next 6 weeks, telegraph to me "we, or I, shall be at the Birmingham station at such an hour to-morrow—" and I will meet you there—but the idea of Blachford putting himself into a train after the trouble of a Privy Council meeting!

'However, if after my saying all this, you *still* mainly keep to your proposal, I modify it *thus*:—Come *both of you* on Wednesday afternoon or evening; drive from the Station to the Oratory. I will give you beds there. (I could not give beds at Rednal.) Next morning, Thursday, we would drive over to Rednal, lunch, and then return by a midday train to London, in time for 7.30 dinner.

'If you *assure* me that such an absence from London will be a refreshment to you, not a fatigue, you will remove the only difficulty to it (and it is a great one) which I have—but *till* you say so yourselves, I don't know how to believe it.

'Ever yrs affly,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The visit did come off in July, though I have no record of its exact date.

'I have not yet got over my refusal to play the fiddle to you and Blachford,' Newman writes to Church on July 20—'I think I should have played had I had time—but we felt we had not a minute to spare, and I could not screw up my courage as I could my pegs, that is, all at once.'

Newman had in these years an interesting correspondence with Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, on the great subject of the desirableness of union among Christians in view of the

spread of infidelity. Principal Brown in the first instance sent Newman his life of Dr. Duncan, and Newman's expression of his thanks led to a further interchange of letters. In the first two, Newman urged that the study of the Gospels was the best road both to union and to faith in an evil day.

TO PRINCIPAL BROWN.

'The Oratory: October 24th, 1872.

'Pray do not suppose that my delay in answering your very kind letter has arisen from indifference to it. I feel extremely and thank you for the warmth of your language about me, and I wish to return it to you. What a mystery it is in this day that there should be so much which draws religious minds together, and so much which separates them from each other. Never did members of the various Christian communions feel such tenderness for each other, yet never were the obstacles greater or stronger which divide them. What a melancholy thought is this,—and when will a better day come? . . .

'It seems to me the first step to any chance of unity amid our divisions, is for religious minds, one and all, to live upon the Gospels.'

'The Oratory: January 11th, 1873.

'I thank you for the copy of your Lecture, which I was glad to have. It seems to me to take the true and the normal way of meeting the infidelity of the age, by referring to Our Lord's Person and Character as exhibited in the Gospels. Philip said to Nathanael "Come and see"—that is just what the present free thinkers will not allow men to do. They perplex and bewilder them with previous questions, to hinder them falling under the legitimate rhetoric of His Divine Life, of His sacred words and acts. They say: "There is no truth because there are so many opinions," or "How do you know that the Gospels are authentic?" "How do you account for Papias not mentioning the fourth Gospel?" or "How can you believe that punishment is eternal?" or, "Why is there no stronger proof of the Resurrection?" With this multitude of questions in detail, they block the way between the soul and its Saviour, and will not let it "Come and see."¹

¹ Writing to another correspondent in the following year Newman carefully guards this view from possible exaggerations. 'Protestants maintain,' he writes, 'that Our Lord Himself is all in all—evidence and proof, as well as Object, of our faith; that we desire no better assurance that He is God Incarnate than is

'We act otherwise in matters of this world,—a judge says: "I am not satisfied with affidavits—I want to see the witnesses face to face." In the novel, the Duke of Argyll thought nothing better than to introduce Jenny Deans to her Majesty, and let her speak for herself. Such was the effect of Our Lord's presence that His hearers said: "Never did man speak like this man." But this is just what we should not be allowed to do at all, if these new lights had their way. All one can say is, that, miserable as it is, it is so unnatural, that I should think it cannot have success for any long time, but common sense will assert its sway over men's minds.

'I hope you will excuse me for thus running on. As to the remarks in your letter, I wish I saw as hopefully as you do the prospects of Christendom, relative to its mutual divisions. I can understand that infidelity has no vitality. But what will kill the vigorous life whereby those whom I agree with hold the Catholic Church to be the work of God and whereby other men consider it the work of the evil one?¹

conveyed in His own voice, "It is I." This I put into their mouths, nor have I, as I think, said anything in the pages which follow in disapproval or depreciation of such an answer to my question.

'I may be wrong, but I think it is this that you mean in your letter by "experience"—or an experimental knowledge of Christ—and so far from at once putting it aside, I should myself consider that this personal hold upon Him is the immediate evidence of divine truth to every true consistent Christian, who has no need of having his answer in hand to every one of the multiform, many headed objections which from day to day he may hear urged against his faith.

'But I consider too that the Lover of Souls and Searcher of hearts has not thought it enough for us, has not felt it safe for our poor nature, to have no other safeguard for our faith than this. Religious experiences and convictions, when right, come from God—but Satan can counterfeit them, and those may feel assurances to which they have no claim, and, in matter of fact, men who have professed the most beautiful things and with the utmost earnestness and sincerity believed in their union with Our Lord, have often slipped away into one or other form of error on the grounds of their new inward experiences and convictions;—not only into one or other form of misbelief, but into scepticism and infidelity. Looking over the letters of acquaintances or strangers of past years, who are now unbelievers, I have before now come upon the expression of their faith and hope in Christ so simple and fervent, and of their experimental certitude so vivid, as to fill me at once with awe and tearful pity at the vision of such a change.

'Here it is that I see the wisdom and mercy of God in setting up a Catholic Church for the protection of His elect children. But it is enough to have carried my explanation thus far.'

¹Newman opposed consistently an unreal ignoring of differences between the various confessions. 'You need not be afraid of hurting me by what you may say in contrariety to my own religious belief,' he writes a week later; 'I may think, as of course I do, that I am right and those who differ from me wrong—but it does not

God's grace can do all things—but how is either party to give up their own tenet on the point without losing their Christianity?’

But, though not hopeful as to the prospect of external union, Newman did see something hopeful in the growing desire for it.

‘Sad as it is to witness the ineffectual yearnings after unity on all hands, of which you speak,’ he writes in the following November, ‘still it is hopeful also. We may hope that our good God has not put it into the hearts of religious men to wish and pray for unity, without intending in His own time to fulfil the prayer. And since the bar against unity is a conscientious feeling, and a reverence for what each party holds itself to be the truth, and a desire to maintain the Faith, we may humbly hope that in our day, and till He discloses to the hearts of men what the true Faith is, He will, where hearts are honest, take the will for the deed.’

There is a strain of similar hopefulness in the last letter of the correspondence which I have found, written a little more than a year later:

‘Jan. 14, ’75.

‘It is indeed to me strange that, being as the world would say at your antipodes, still in those all-important points, about which you write, I should be one with you; and I rejoice in it as one compensation of the cruel overthrow of faith which we see on all sides of us, that, as the setting of the sun brings out the stars, so great principles are found to shine out, which are hailed by men of various religions as their own in common, when infidelity prevails.

‘It rejoices me to find you insisting that emotions cannot stand of themselves and but presuppose an object, also that no man can worship, love, or trust in a probable God. Also, as you seem to argue in the case of Dr. Martineau that we cannot cut off half of Scripture, and believe the other half, when it is only the chance of our personal criticism taking this or that direction that has left that other half standing—

mend matters for us to conceal our mutual differences—and nothing is more unmeaning, as well as more untrue, than compromises and comprehensions. Of course unreal, and but verbal differences do exist between religious men—but such are not the differences which exist between Catholics and their opponents. It would be best, if they did not exist—it is next best to confess them, plainly though in charity.’

and your argument against him, as brought out in your letter, seems to me very strong, nor does he attempt to answer it in his.'¹

Thus Newman passed the time between 1871 and 1874, in writing to old friends and correspondents who sought his advice; in receiving occasional and welcome visits from them; in mourning and praying for those who year by year passed away, and preparing to join them when the inevitable summons should come; in reviewing and editing early writings and inserting comments and corrections² so that he could leave them with a safe conscience to be read by the generations which would come after him. Of adding anything new to his published works he had no thought.

¹ Some further letters indicating Newman's thoughts at this time on the prospect of a spread of infidelity and of the desirability of co-operation on the part of all Christians against it will be found at pp. 415 *seq.*

² *The Plain and Parochial Sermons* were Newman's first republication of his Anglican works. They were, at his request, edited by W. J. Copeland. His subsequent republications were edited by himself, but with notes when he considered that the text called for correction. 'You have been of the greatest use to me,' he writes to Copeland in April 1873, 'in the matter of the Sermons, and I only regret you have had so much trouble: but you have not had it for nothing. Unless you had broken the ice, I could have republished nothing which I wrote before 1845-6. The English public would not have borne any alterations—and my own people would have been much scandalized had I made none. They murmured a good deal at the new edition of the Sermons, as it was—but, since you, not I, published them, nothing could be said about it. After this beginning, I took courage to publish my Essay on Miracles, and the *British Critic* Essays, uncorrected, but with notes corrective of the text. This too made some disturbance, but very little. And then I published at Rivington's my University Sermons; and then I went on to mix Anglican and Catholic Essays together; and now I hear no criticisms on these measures at all—and I have even dedicated a volume of my Historical Sketches, half of it written as an Anglican, to an Irish Bishop.'

CHAPTER XXXII

THE GLADSTONE CONTROVERSY (1874-1878)

NEWMAN had said of the 'Grammar of Assent' that he expected it to be his 'last work.' And we have seen that the thought of further intervention in public matters was far from his mind in these years.

An attempt was made to draw him into public controversy on Mr. Gladstone's Irish University bill of 1873 but it failed. 'It is 14 years,' he wrote to the gentleman who approached him on the subject, 'since I was across St. George's Channel, and any words of mine would not be worth much more as regards the Irish question of 1873 than would have been a political tract of one of the seven sleepers on his waking from his long slumber at Ephesus.' He did however express to the same correspondent—Mr. Fottrell—in a letter dated December 10, 1873, a strong opinion as to the necessity of giving the Catholic laity their full share of influence in any scheme for University education, if it was to have a chance of success. His words on the subject were strong and weighty and deserve to be quoted:

'One of the chief evils which I deplored in the management of the affairs of the University 20 years ago when I was in Ireland was the absolute refusal, with which my urgent representations were met, that the Catholic laity should be allowed to co-operate with the Archbishops in the work.

'So far as I can see, there are ecclesiastics all over Europe, whose policy it is to keep the laity at arms-length, and hence the laity have been disgusted and become infidel, and only two parties exist, both ultras in opposite directions. I came away from Ireland with the distressing fear, that in that Catholic country, in like manner, there was to be an antagonism as time went on between the Hierarchy and the educated classes.

'You will be doing the greatest possible benefit to the Catholic cause all over the world, if you succeed in making

the University a middle station at which laity and clergy can meet, so as to learn to understand and yield to each other, and from which, as from a common ground, they may act in union upon an age which is running headlong into infidelity, and however evil in themselves may be the men and the measures which of late years have had so great a success against the Holy See, they will in the Providence of God be made the instruments of good, if they teach us priests that the "obsequium" which the laity owe religion is "rationabile."

While responding thus with sympathy and interest to private communications on matters of importance, his main work continued to be the re-editing of his own writings and the arrangement of his past correspondence. He was putting his house in order before leaving it.

Yet two Memoranda dated respectively August 30, and October 14, 1874, show that he did not feel even now quite happy at his comparative inactivity:

'I have so depressing a feeling that I have done nothing through my long life, and especially that now I am doing nothing at all. Anglicans indeed rather think more of what I have written than they did, if I may judge from letters I receive—but, as to Catholics, they would not deny that I have done some good service towards bringing Anglicans into the Church, nay am perhaps doing so still; but as to the great controversies of the day, about the divinity of Christianity &c., they think I am *passé*. At least this, (perhaps rather) that I have taken a wrong line in respect to them. At least I think the Jesuits do. They would think my line too free and sceptical, that I made too many admissions &c. On the contrary I cannot at all go along with them—and since they have such enormous influence just now, and are so intolerant in their views, this is pretty much the same as saying that I have not taken, and do not take what would popularly be called the Catholic line.

'I may seem inconsistent or ungrateful to them in this,—that I must grant, that, in spite of their violence against Rosmini, Ubaghs &c. they have never fallen upon me—the contrary—yet I think they have not felt the same since the Vatican Council and the "Grammar of Assent"—certainly not if their sentiments towards me are to be measured and interpreted by my feelings towards them. They certainly

seem to me to be too powerful for the health of that Divine Body out of which they grow and which it is their business and duty to subserve.

'But then I think—what is this to me? God will provide—He knows what is best. Is He less careful for the Church, less able to defend it than I am? Why need I fash myself about it? What am I? my time is out. I am *passé*. I may have done something in my day—but I can do nothing now. It is the turn of others. And if things seem done clumsily, my business is, not to criticise, but to have faith in God. The 130th is the psalm that suits me. Alas! we never read it in the office—"Non est exaltatum cor meum, neque &c. Neque ambulavi in magnis, neque in mirabilibus super me—Sicut ablactatus est super matre sua, ita retributio in anima mea." It is enough for me to prepare for death, for, as it would appear, nothing else awaits me—there is nothing else to do.

'And He Who has been with me so marvellously all through my life will not fail me now, I know, though I have no claim upon Him. I certainly feel much weaker and less capable than I was—and whether this *adunamia* will rapidly increase upon me or not, I must give up the thought of the next generation & think of myself.'

'October 14, 1874.

'I have been startled on considering that in the last 15 years I have only written two books, the "Apologia" and the Essay on Assent—of which the former was almost extempore. What have I been doing with my time? though I have never been idle. The last four or five years I have been busy with my reprints—and my Essay on Assent took up four years from 1866 to 1870. Then my smaller publications since 1859 (viz. "Occasional Sermons," pp. 75; "Letter to Pusey," pp. 140; on "Ecce Homo," pp. 36; on St. Ignatius, pp. 36; on Anglican Orders, &c., pp. 40; on causes of Arianism and on Apollinarianism, pp. 190; and Theodoret, pp. 56), amount to pp. 572; that is, to (at least) a volume and a half—but these have been mostly done in the course of the last four years which have been already taken into account. Seven years (from 1859 to 1866) remain, with only the "Apologia," done in nine weeks (between April 10 and June 12), and the letter to Pusey and Sermon on Weedall; what was I doing all that time?—First, must be recollected, all through the fifteen years the great number of letters I wrote, whatever be their worth, most of them certainly ephemeral or of no permanent value

—next the time I have given to the schoolboys, especially in preparing and editing four Latin Plays for their use (but I did not begin these till 1864);—thirdly the time I gave through 1860 to the alterations, &c., in the Church, which were almost my *occupation*—fourthly my state of health for good part of 1861. Still the fact remains that, whereas before 1859 I wrote almost a book a year (viz. 30½ volumes from 1826 to 1859—33 years), in the last 15 I have written between three and four—though such powers of writing as I may have are not less, to say the least, than they were.

‘This is an unpleasant thought—more than unpleasant—what have I been doing? I have not mentioned above one occupation which has taken a great deal of time, though there is not much to show for it—viz., the transcription I have made of my own and my friends’ letters. But *cui bono*?

‘The cause of my not writing from 1859 to 1864 was my failure with the *Rambler*. I thought I had got into a scrape, and it became me to be silent. So they thought at Rome, if Mgr. Talbot is to be their spokesman, for, referring to the “Apologia” to Ambrose in 1867, he said of me: “He had ceased writing, and a good riddance—why did he ever begin again?” I certainly had myself in 1860 anticipated his view in 1867 of my services to religion. *Vide* my remarks above. . .

‘Another reason, closely connected with this, was my habit, or even nature, of not writing and publishing without a *call*. What I have written has been for the most part what may be called official, works done in some office I held or engagement I had made—all my Sermons are such, my Lectures on the Prophetical Office, on Justification, my Essays in the *British Critic*, and translation of St. Athanasius—or has been from some especial call, or invitation, or necessity, or emergency, as my Arians, Anglican Difficulties, “Apologia” or Tales. The Essay on Assent is nearly the only exception. And I *cannot* write without such a *stimulus*. I feel to myself going out of the way, or impertinent, and I write neither with spirit nor with point. As to the “Assent,” I had felt it on my conscience for years that it would not do to quit the world without doing it. Rightly or wrongly I had ever thought it a duty, as if it was committed to me to do it. I had tried to do it again and again, and failed; and though at length I did it, I did it after all with great difficulty. But it was a great relief to me in 1870 to have done it. But to return, this is the real account of my silence from 1859 to 1864—viz., I said to myself, “In 14 years (from 1845 to 1859)

I have written nine volumes, and have got no thanks for my labour—rather have been thought inopportune—why should I go on blundering?” On occasion of my “Apologia” Hope-Scott said, “Now you have got the ear of the public—take care not to lose it again by your silence.”¹

A month after these words were written there did come a ‘special call’ on him once more to enter the arena. He had to defend his co-religionists against an attack almost as virulent as that of Kingsley ten years earlier.

Mr. Gladstone had in 1874 retired from the leadership of his party, and employed the leisure thus gained in writing a strong attack on the Vatican decrees of 1870. The Irish Bishops had defeated his Irish University Bill of 1873, and in Catholic circles the publication of his pamphlet was associated with his irritation at their action. He had taken, largely owing to his friendship with Lord Acton, a close interest in Döllinger’s attitude of resistance to the definition. ‘It makes my blood run cold,’ he wrote to Mrs. Gladstone, ‘to think of his being excommunicated in his venerable but, thank God, hale and strong old age.’ He wrote to one of the Irish Bishops (Dr. Moriarty) that he regarded the definition as ‘the most portentous (taking them singly) of all events in the history of the Christian Church.’

Mr. Gladstone first published an article in one of the magazines, in which occurred the often-quoted statement that ‘Rome had substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith,’ and that since the events of 1870 ‘no one can become her convert without renouncing his mental and moral freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another.’ His charge was that Rome had ‘equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history.’

In November 1874 his attack was renewed and amplified in his ‘political expostulation’ entitled ‘The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance.’ Mr. Gladstone made capital out of Archbishop Manning’s recently published

¹ ‘Feb. 27, 1876. Curiously enough the foregoing page (about writing not without a call) was written but a few weeks before the call made on me by Gladstone’s pamphlets, and my consequent *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*.—J. H. N.’

lecture on 'Cæsarism and Ultramontanism,' in which the undying contest between the Pope and the civil power, between 'Peter and Cæsar,' was dwelt on in mystical language and with extreme emphasis. This lecture—so Gladstone argued—represented the outcome of the Vatican decrees as 'understood by the most favoured ecclesiastics.' Lord Morley tells us that the pamphlet was 'meant for an argument that the doctrine of infallibility aimed a deadly blow at the old historic scientific and moderate school' of Catholics; that 'it was a degradation of the episcopal order; it carried to the furthest point the spirit of absolutist centralisation in its measure as fatal to the organic life in the Church as in the State.' The reader will at once see the special interest of this charge to Dr. Newman. Mr. Gladstone, in effect, treated the definition as identifying the Catholic Church for ever with the policy and spirit of such men as Manning, and Ward, and Louis Veuillot. Newman was in his own person the most complete refutation of Mr. Gladstone's contention. He not only loyally accepted the definition, but had held the doctrine which was defined by the Vatican Council ever since he was a Catholic at all. And yet he was in the strongest degree opposed to the centralising and absolutist extremes which so many of its champions had favoured. Many Catholics who sympathised in his view urged him to take the opportunity which Providence had put in his way for speaking out. Like Kingsley's attack, the Gladstone pamphlets gave him an excuse for answering Catholic extremists under cover of replying to the misrepresentations of an assailant of the Church. And in spite of his resolution not to write again, here was a chance which must not, he felt, lightly be thrown aside.

To Lord Blachford he wrote thus in October:

'Gladstone's excuse is, I suppose, the extravagance of Archbishop Manning in his "Cæsarism," and he will do us a service if he gives us an opportunity of speaking. We can speak against Gladstone, while it would not be decent to speak against Manning. The difficulty is *who* ought to speak?'

By December he had resolved to speak himself. He confided the secret to Dean Church:

'The Oratory: December 10, 1874.

'I am writing against time, and my old fingers will not move quick. I am most dismally busy. *Don't tell*, for I wish nothing said from me as yet, but I am *trying*, as the Papers report, to answer Gladstone, but I don't like to commit myself till I have actually done. I have had so many urgent requests, asking me to do so. And I feel I must do so, if I can, for my own honour. I grieve indeed that he should have so committed himself—I mean, by charging people quite as free in mind as he is, of being moral and mental slaves. I never thought I should be writing against Gladstone! but he is as unfair and untrue, as he is cruel. It is a marvel. I think men like W. G. Ward have in part to answer for it—but he should have had clearer notions of what we hold and what we don't, before he sent 100,000 of his pamphlet through the country.

'I thought I should be in peace for the remainder of my life—and now I am in controversy again!'

The reason why Newman hesitated at once to reply to Mr. Gladstone was the very fact that his doing so must involve an explicit protest against what he regarded as the exaggerations and aggressions of the editors of the *Univers* and of the *Dublin Review*. He had made a compact with himself to speak plainly if he wrote at all. To do this without giving offence in powerful quarters was he knew most difficult. But it was a case of 'now or never.' And so he wrote with great anxiety, but under a sense of duty. 'You may suppose how anxious I am what will be thought of my pamphlet,' he writes to Miss Bowles. 'For if I am to write, I am not going to utter commonplaces.'

The 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk'—such was the form of his pamphlet—is well known. It is unnecessary to attempt any full analysis of it. The spirit of generous loyalty which breathes through its pages won the day with his fellow-Catholics. A few critics did isolate and quote with disapproval the passages which contained his protest against extreme views. But their efforts fell flat. The general spirit of the whole was so loyal to Rome, his arguments against Gladstone so powerful, that he was able to bring in his protests incidentally without the evil consequences he had feared. Thus in the course of a forcible and eloquent argument on behalf of the essential

reasonableness of the papal claims and of the Vatican definition he denounced the 'tyrannous ipse dixits' of the *Dublin Review*: he urged the dangers of the 'maximising' tendency which introduced into the theology taught to all Catholics alike those pious beliefs which often indeed expressed the generous zeal and loyal spirit of certain minds, but yet might eventually prove not to be founded on fact. He emphasised also points long recognised in the theological schools, which the party of Louis Veuillot often forgot or denied, and he expressed opinions of his own which explained his action at the time of the Council.¹

¹ In the following passages he repudiates extreme views:

He quotes from a declaration of the Swiss Bishops, approved by Pius IX. himself, to the effect that 'it in no way depends upon the caprice of the Pope, or upon his good pleasure, to make such and such a doctrine the object of a dogmatic definition.'—*Difficulties of Anglicans*, ii. 339.

'... If I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts, (which indeed does not seem quite the thing) I shall drink,—to the Pope, if you please,—still, to Conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards.'—p. 261.

The whole of section 5 is devoted to the elaboration of the supremacy of conscience—'not,' he is careful to note, 'as a fancy or an opinion, but as a dutiful obedience to what claims to be a Divine voice speaking within us.'—p. 255.

Newman lays down, however, at pp. 257–8 with great care the stringent conditions on which alone it is lawful to oppose 'the supreme but not infallible authority of the Pope.'

'Archbishop Kenrick says, "His power was given for edification, not for destruction. If he uses it from the love of domination (*quod absit*) *scarcely will he meet with obedient populations.*"'—p. 243.

He quotes Bellarmine as saying 'As it is lawful to resist the Pope, if he assaulted a man's person, so it is lawful to resist him if he assaulted souls, or troubled the state (*turbanti rempublicam*), and much more if he strove to destroy the Church. It is lawful, I say, to resist him, by not doing what he commands, and hindering the execution of his will' (*De Rom. Pont.* ii. 29).—p. 243.

'Other, and they the highest Ultramontane theologians, hold that a Pope who teaches heresy *ipso facto* ceases to be Pope.'—p. 359.

'Now the Rock of St. Peter on its summit enjoys a pure and serene atmosphere, but there is a great deal of Roman *malaria* at the foot of it.'—p. 297.

'... There are partisans of Rome who have not the sanctity and wisdom of Rome herself.'—p. 300.

'Of course Mr. Gladstone means Theologians—not mere courtiers or sycophants, for the Pope cannot help having such till human nature is changed.'—p. 378.

'I am not referring to anything which took place within the walls of the Council chambers; of that of course we know nothing; but even though things occurred there which it is not pleasant to dwell upon, that would not at all affect, not by a hair's breadth, the validity of the resulting definition.'—p. 300.

'They [the minority at Ephesus] had opposed it [the definition] on the conviction that that definition gave great encouragement to religious errors in the opposite extreme to those which it condemned; and, in fact, I think that,

Though anxious as to the effect of his pamphlet, Newman seems to have felt the happier for having spoken out, and he left the issue with God.

The 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' appeared in January. Its favourable reception among Catholics was immediate and marked. He writes to Lord Blachford within a week of its appearance:

'Feb. 5th, 1875.

'Of course I was much interested with your remarks on my letter, which you can fancy I was most reluctant to write. But I was bound to write from my duty to those many men who had been more or less influenced in their conversion by my own conversion—and whom I fancied saying to me, "Is this what you have let us in for?" And I certainly have had my reward on the other hand from the old Catholics,¹

humanly speaking, the peril was extreme. The event proved it to be so, when twenty years afterwards another Council was held under the successors of the majority at Ephesus and carried triumphantly those very errors whose eventual success had been predicted by the minority.'—p. 306.

'Though the Holy Ghost has always been present in the Church to hinder error in her definitions, and in consequence they are all most true and consistent, yet it is not therefore to be denied that God, when any matters have to be defined, requires of the Church a co-operation and investigation of those matters, and that, in proportion to the quality of men who meet together in councils, to the investigation and diligence which is applied, and the greater or less experience and knowledge which is possessed more at one time than at other times, definitions more or less perspicuous are drawn up and matters are defined more exactly and completely' (quoted from *Molina*).—p. 307.

"Faith justifies when it works," or "there is no religion where there is no charity," may be taken in a good sense; but each proposition is condemned in Quesnel, because it is false as he uses it.'—p. 295.

'None but the Schola Theologorum is competent to determine the force of Papal and Synodal utterances, and the exact interpretation of them is a work of time.'—p. 176.

'... Instances frequently occur, when it is successfully maintained by some new writer, that the Pope's act does not imply what it has seemed to imply, and questions which seemed to be closed, are after a course of years re-opened.'—p. 333.

'... I think it a usurpation, too wicked to be comfortably dwelt upon, when individuals use their own private judgment, in the discussion of religious questions, not simply "abundare in suo sensu," but for the purpose of anathematizing the private judgment of others.'—p. 346.

He speaks of 'that principle of minimizing so necessary, as I think, for a wise and cautious theology.'—p. 332.

These passages should all be read in their context. They are none of them directed against even the most generous recognition of the Pope's powers as set forth by the majority of theologians, but against exaggerations which he held to be untheological and impossible to maintain in serious controversy.

¹ The hereditary Catholics as contrasted with the converts were spoken of as 'old Catholics.'

from Bishops, Jesuits, Dominicans, and various clergy, who have with one voice concurred in what I have written, as a whole and in its separate parts.

‘I don’t see that Gladstone’s article in the *Quarterly* (tho’ I have not seen it yet) touches me, as certainly it does not personally affect me. If in private “the Pope’s lackies” (as St. Francis de Sales calls them) butter the Pope, and he, an old cruelly treated man allows it, and Gladstone comes down upon the Don Pasquales (is not that the name?) who publish all this to the world, I leave Don P. to answer Gladstone, and consider it no business of mine.’

The success of the pamphlet in the end surpassed Newman’s most sanguine expectations. One circumstance helped largely to disarm opposition in a quarter where it was to have been expected. The subject was especially W. G. Ward’s, and strong theological opposition from the *Dublin Review* would have been most unfortunate. Newman had considered this. With extraordinary skill, while maintaining the substance of Father Ryder’s position in his ‘Idealism and Theology’ and its practical outcome, he had so stated the case as apparently to leave W. G. Ward’s main abstract principles intact. Newman did not insist primarily on denying to this or that Pontifical document the character of an *ex cathedra* utterance, but rather argued that the determination as to precisely what was defined irreformably in such utterances appertained solely to the Schola Theologorum and was a matter of time. The issue he chiefly dwelt on was not the authority of this or that Pontifical document, but the precise scope of what it determined. His plea was for interpretation by experts after full discussion. The result was that W. G. Ward—whose main contest with Ryder had ostensibly turned only on the question What Papal utterances are *ex cathedra*?—finding his own principle apparently conceded, was far from critical as to details. He spoke in the *Dublin Review* with great cordiality of Newman’s pamphlet, and expressly denied that its positions could be charged with the ‘minimising’ tendency he had denounced. This gave the note for others who belonged to his school of thought, and the pamphlet was welcomed almost without a dissentient voice.

Newman had sent his pamphlet to W. G. Ward at the

outset with a letter in explanation of the few passages in which he had alluded expressly to Ward's attitude in terms of strong disapproval. 'Bear with me where I allude to you,' he wrote. He added that, if he wrote at all, he must in conscience say out what he had felt so strongly, and that he had ever recognised and admired Ward's own straightforwardness, while he deplored his extreme views. The letter was signed 'with much affection, yours most sincerely,' and Ward, with his curious combination of sensitive love of Newman with public opposition to his ecclesiastical policy complained to his friends that the 'yours affectionately' of so many years was dropped. He wrote a sad reply, declaring that, since his breach with his old leader, he had felt himself a kind of 'intellectual orphan.' After the publication in the *Dublin Review* of Ward's friendly review of the 'Letter,' Newman wrote him a letter of thanks both for the review itself and for appreciative and affectionate references to his writings in the *Dublin*, which in the heat of controversy he had overlooked until Bishop Ullathorne had at this time called his attention to them. The 'yours affectionately' reappeared in this letter, and although Ward later on published an *apologia* for the policy of the *Dublin Review* which Newman had deplored, active opposition between them was henceforth at an end.

Newman was eager to claim allies among the trained theologians, and welcomed an argument from Canon Neville of Maynooth, which took up ground somewhat different from his own, yet supported one of his conclusions. Some of his friends, who found his own arguments more persuasive than those of Dr. Neville, misunderstood his acquiescence in the Maynooth professor's argument—as we see in the following letter:

TO LORD BLACHFORD.

'The Oratory: Ap. 11, 1875.

'My dear Blachford,—... As to my pamphlet, what you say of its success agrees, to my surprise as well as my pleasure, with what I hear from others. What surprises me most is its success among my own people. I had for a long time been urged by my friends to write—but I persisted in saying that

I would not go out of my way to do so. When Gladstone wrote, I saw it was now or never, and I had so vivid an apprehension that I should get into a great trouble and rouse a great controversy round me, that I was most unwilling to take up my pen. I had made a compact with myself, that, if I did write, I would bring out my whole mind, and specially speak out on the subject of what I had in a private letter called an "insolent and aggressive faction"—so that I wrote and printed, I may say, in much distress of mind. Yet nothing happened such as I had feared. For instance, Ward is unsaying in print some of his extravagances, and a priest who with others has looked at me with suspicion and is a good specimen of his class, writes to me, "I hope everybody will read it and re-read it. . . I may also congratulate you that you have carried with you the Catholic mind of England, and made us feel but one pulse of Ultramontane sympathy beating in our body—May God give you length of days &c." In Ireland Cardinal Cullen spoke of me in the warmest terms in his Lent Pastoral, read in all the churches of his diocese, and my friend Dr. Russell of Maynooth, who had been frightened at the possible effect of some of my pages, wrote to me, after being present at a great gathering of bishops and priests from all parts of Ireland, on occasion of Archbishop Leahy's funeral, that I had nothing to fear, for there was but one unanimous voice there, and that was in my favour.

'Of course as time goes on "the clouds may return after the rain"—but anyhow I have cause for great thankfulness—and I trust that now I may be allowed to die in peace. Old age is very cowardly—at least so I find it to be.

'As to Canon Neville's passage, you must recollect what a strong thing it is to tell the party spirit, and the enthusiasm, and the sentiment unreasoning and untheological, of Catholics, that the Pope is ever to be disobeyed—not to speak of the political partisans of his cause and the tyranny of newspaper editors. To quote a Maynooth professor who could say that the Pope need not be obeyed in the critical case of an English war against him, that his command was to be resisted on *any* motive, for *any* reason, that this was the *rule* in such a case, was to possess a great ally, who would block any attack, any annoyance, which my words might have caused. Recollect, the contract under which soldiers are bound holds as soon as it is found to be lawful. And Canon Neville's argument secures its

legality. Nor did I at all mean, as the *Saturday* thinks, to *withdraw* my *own* ground.

'The Jesuits, as usual, have stood my friends. One of them only, F. Botalla, without the sympathy of the body, has made, in a Liverpool paper, five charges against me—but we have stood to our guns and all but silenced him.

'I don't forget that you have done all in your power to get me to Devonshire, but an old man is a coward in physical action as well as in moral; I am afraid of accidents. During that week last September when I was away from home I had or nearly had two. In the dark, getting out of the railway carriage, my foot dived into the space between the carriage and the platform—and on getting out of a chaise I fell and barely escaped its wheel. And besides, why I don't know, I am always well at home, scarcely ever when I leave it.

'I am so grieved at what you say of your sister. She is before me as she was near forty years ago, when last I saw her. What a dream life is! Ever yours affly,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Mr. Gladstone published a second pamphlet in April, and Newman rejoined in a postscript which further explained and developed some of the positions he had maintained in his letter.

The success of the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' led Newman to feel that the work of Monsignor Fessler, Secretary-General to the Vatican Council, on 'True and False Infallibility,' of which he had made effective use in his pamphlet, ought to be available for English readers. Ambrose St. John threw himself with energy into the work of translating it. He knew—as perhaps none of the other Fathers did—how deeply Newman had at heart the work of spreading a strictly theological analysis of Catholic doctrine, such as would win the wider and deeper minds of the coming generation. It was a moment of great and unexpected success and bright hope. And then suddenly came a blow, crushing and overwhelming. St. John broke down from overwork. There were fears lest he might permanently lose his reason. Then for a moment there were hopes of recovery—followed by his death, which was sudden at the last, at Ravenhurst in May. Of this loss of the dearest

friend of his later life Newman writes as follows to Lord Blachford:

‘The Oratory: May 31, 1875.

‘My dear Blachford,—I cannot use many words, but I quite understand the kind affectionateness of your letter just come. I answer it first of the large collection of letters which keen sympathy with me and deep sorrow for their loss in Ambrose St. John have caused so many friends to write to me. I cannot wonder that, after he has been given me for so long a time as 32 years, he should be taken from me. Sometimes I have thought that, like my patron saint St. John, I am destined to survive all my friends.

‘From the first he loved me with an intensity of love, which was unaccountable. At Rome 28 years ago he was always so working for and relieving me of all trouble, that being young and Saxon-looking, the Romans called him my Angel Guardian. As far as this world was concerned I was his first and last. He has not intermitted this love for an hour up to his last breath. At the beginning of his illness he showed in various ways that he was thinking of and for me. That illness which threatened permanent loss of reason, which, thank God, he has escaped, arose from his overwork in translating Fessler, which he did for me to back up my letter to the Duke of Norfolk. I had no suspicion of this overwork of course, but which reminds me that, at that time, startled at the great and unexpected success of my pamphlet, I said to him, “We shall have some great penance to balance this good fortune.”

‘There was on April 28 a special High Mass at the Passionists two miles from this. He thought he ought to be there, and walked in a scorching sun to be there in time. He got a sort of stroke. He never was himself afterwards. A brain fever came on. After the crisis, the doctor said he was recovering—he got better every day—we all saw this. On his last morning he parted with great impressiveness from an old friend, once one of our lay brothers, who had been with him through the night. The latter tells us that he had in former years watched, while with us, before the Blessed Sacrament, but he had never felt Our Lord so near him, as during that night. He says that his (A.’s) face was so beautiful; both William Neville and myself had noticed that at different times; and his eyes, when he looked straight at us, were brilliant as jewels. It was the *expression*, which was so sweet, tender, and beseeching. When his friend left him in the morning, Ambrose smiled on him and kissed his forehead, as

if he was taking leave of him. Mind, we all of us thought him getting better every day. When the doctor came, he said the improvement was far beyond his expectation. He said "From this time he knows all you say to him," though alas he could not speak. I have not time to go through that day, when we were so jubilant. In the course of it, when he was sitting on the side of his bed, he got hold of me and threw his arm over my shoulder and brought me to him so closely, that I said in joke "He will give me a stiff neck." So he held me for some minutes, I at length releasing myself from not understanding, as *he* did, why he so clung to me. Then he got hold of my hand and clasped it so tightly as really to frighten me, for he had done so once before when he was not himself. I had to get one of the others present to unlock his fingers, ah! little thinking what he meant. At 7 P.M. when I rose to go, and said "Good-bye, I shall find you much better to-morrow," he smiled on me with an expression which I could not and cannot understand. It was sweet and sad and perhaps perplexed, but I cannot interpret it. But it was our parting. W. N. says he called me back as I was leaving the room, but I do not recollect it.

'About midnight I was awakened at the Oratory, with a loud rapping at the door, and the tidings that a great change had taken place in him. We hurried off at once, but he had died almost as soon as the messenger started. He had been placed or rather had placed himself with great deliberation and self-respect in his bed—they had tucked him up, and William Neville was just going to give him some arrowroot when he rose upon his elbow, fell back and died.

'I daresay Church and Copeland, and Lord Coleridge, will like to see this—will you let them?

'Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

His friends among the holy women dedicated to the religious life gave him a sympathy which he gratefully appreciated.

To Mother Imelda Poole, the Prioress of the Dominicans, he writes:

'I thank God for having given him to me for so long.

'I thank Him for taking him away when there was a chance for him of a living death.

'I thank Him for having given me this warning to make haste myself and prepare for His coming.'

He writes to Sister Maria Pia:

'What a faithful friend he has been to me for 32 years! yet there are others as faithful. What a wonderful mercy it is to me that God has given me so many faithful friends! He has never left me without support at trying times. How much you did for me in the Achilli trial, (and at other times) and I have never thanked you, as I ought to have done. This sometimes oppresses me—as if I was very ungrateful. You truly say that you have seen my beginning, middle, and end. Since his death, I have been reproaching myself for not expressing to *him* how much I felt *his* love—and I write this lest I should feel the same about you, should it be God's will that I should outlive you.¹ I have above mentioned the Achilli matter, but that is only one specimen of the devotion, which by word and deed and prayer, you have been continually showing towards me most unworthy. I hope I don't write too small for your eyes.'

There are allusions to his loss—for the most part brief and significant in their brevity—in many letters of this time.

He writes to Miss Holmes: 'This is the greatest affliction I have had in my life, and so sudden. Pray for him and for me.' 'I doubt not,' he writes to another friend, 'or rather perceive, that this most severe blow was necessary to prepare me for death, for nothing short of it could wean me from life.' To another he says: 'I do not expect ever to get over the loss I have had. It is like an open wound which in old men cannot be healed.'

For a moment, in a letter of June 5 to Father Walford, he allows himself to dwell a little more fully on the thought of the past.

TO THE REV. JOHN WALFORD, S.J.

'The Oratory: June 2, 1875.

'I cannot be surprised that after so long a period as thirty-two years Our Lord should recall what He had given me. Was it not wonderful that, when I was stripped of friends, God should have given me just one who was ever to be faithful to me and to supply all needs to me? In 1847 at Rome they used to call him, as being fair and Saxon-looking, my Angel Guardian, and certainly he has been to me "Azarias the son of Ananias." This, of course, made me love him; but what has so greatly moved me and made me fear that I shall be so far below him if I ever get to Heaven that he will not notice me, is his fulness in good works. He was ever

¹ He did outlive her. Miss Giberne died in December 1885.

doing something good. I could not take a walk with him except on Sundays, for he was always visiting the sick or the like, when he went out. He seemed never to have recreation when he was at home,—though his asthma, &c., forced him from time to time abroad—so punctual [was he] in his devotions; and again in his studies; and he was ever doing too much in the school. In this illness, he took up with him to Ravenhurst some work of St. John of the Cross to translate—and what was the cause of his illness and death was his translation of Fessler in the midst of other work.'

After Ambrose St. John's death others may have seemed lesser events by comparison; but they came, and they deepened the sorrows of Newman's declining years. William Wilberforce went in the summer; so too did the faithful matron of the Oratory School, Mrs. Wootten. Father Caswall in the following year was pronounced by the doctors to be hopelessly ill. Others, once his friends, though now either long separated from him or estranged, passed away—as Richard Simpson and J. D. Dalgalrns. Newman's letters dwell constantly on these losses. A new degree of sadness and solemnity is apparent in them, little relieved by brighter thoughts.

TO LORD BLACHFORD.

'August 10th, 1875.

'... I was in London on my way to Surbiton to bid farewell to W. Wilberforce and his wife. They both have had strokes of paralysis—but hers is a gradual decay, while he (as it appears) will be carried off suddenly. He feels very much being stripped of all his brothers, and nearly all his friends. It is 48 years this month since I made his acquaintance at Hampstead, when I was coaching Henry Wilberforce and Golightly (aged both of them 20 I think) before I knew you. Her I have known in a way for 70 years, for my grandmother's house was next to her father's and the children in that way got acquainted—nearly all I recollect about it, however, is the boys sending off a rocket on the 5th of November.

'W. W.'s little son, whom you recollect a fair-haired little boy, has the look of an elderly man, seamed in face, and with the effect of having lost his teeth. The grandson is a fine tall fellow of (say) 24. Thus "one generation passeth away and another cometh" and everyone is his own centre as if he were not one of a throng—and it is all *vanitas vanitatum*.'

TO SISTER MARY GABRIEL.

‘December 27, 1875.

‘You refer to St. John’s age. Yes, I often think, can it be God’s will that, as the beloved disciple outlived all his brethren, I too am to have a portion of that special cross of his? Dear Mrs. Poncia, who went so unexpectedly two years ago, used to say on this day to me “Many, many returns of it”: I used to answer, “You don’t wish me to outlive you all”—and she answered, “Yes, till 90 or 100 years”—Then I said, “O how cruel!”

‘Of late I have often thought whether it was God’s will that I should have the trial of seeing those I loved die before me—but it was a very ungrateful thought to be suggested to me by God’s great mercy in keeping me so well in health. Was it not enough to provoke Him to visit me with sickness and suffering? Well, I am in His Hands—and I can but repeat what I found among dear Father Ambrose’s morning prayers, “Do with me what Thou wilt; I shall ever be in peace if I live and die in Thy love.”

‘May God be with you also as He has been with me; not only for 25 years, but, as He has been with you for so long a time, so also to the end—and with me too, till we all meet in the bosom of our God.’

TO SISTER MARIA PIA.

‘I am now entering a series of anniversaries of friends. Tomorrow, the 19th, died my oldest friend, Richard Westmacott—on the 21st my greatest school friend, Hans Hamilton—on the 22nd Samuel Wood—on the 23rd Henry Wilberforce—on the 24th Henry Woodgate—and on May 1st Isaac Williams.

‘Only may we be ready, when our time comes!’

TO MOTHER IMELDA POOLE.

‘December 29, 1876.

‘We are losing one of our great props, to speak humanly, Father Caswall. He is one of four who one after another have generously thrown themselves and all they had into my hands—and whose loyalty and love God only can repay—my dear Father Ambrose St. John, Father Joseph Gordon, Mrs. Wootten, and Father Caswall. Three have gone, the fourth is going. I trust they may do something for me according to God’s Blessed Will in compensation for my bereavement in losing them. And when am I to join

them? What a thick darkness is over the future! Pray that I may be ready whenever the time comes.'

TO SISTER MARIA PIA.

'The Oratory: Jan. 22, 1878.

'It is natural that you should look with anxiety towards the future. The better you are, the more will the prospect before you be solemn. Again, the older you are, the more you realize what is to come. To younger people the unseen state is a matter of words—but as to people of our age they say to themselves, "For what I know I shall be in that unknown state tomorrow—" and that is very awful.

'So you must not allow yourself to be disturbed—but the more you feel that you have to give an account, you must look in faith, hope and love, towards our Lord Jesus, the Supreme Lover of souls, and your abiding Strength, towards the Blessed Virgin, and to St. Francis. They won't forsake you in your extremity, and your Guardian Angel will be faithful to the end. . . .'

His general gloom in these years showed itself in melancholy thoughts concerning the future of the world and the immediate prospects of the Church. His keen eye discerned the spread of principles, in the society of the day, which must issue in the widespread decay of Christian belief and in all the sadness of a world of sorrow without hope, which those who hailed the prospect as an emancipation realised so little. The following letters are samples of many such belonging to this period:

TO MRS. MASKELL.

'The Oratory: Jan. 4, 1876.

'I thank you very much for your most kind letter, and reciprocate your good wishes for the New Year with all my heart, both as regards yourself and Mr. Maskell. The beginning of the year has always something very impressive in it, from the darkness which closes it in and only retreats day by day. Such mystery, though exciting in the case of the young and vigorous, has a very different effect upon us when we have got old—but, just at this time, its most solemn thought is when it is dwelt upon in connection with the fortunes of the Church. What a future, what awful events lie under that cloud. I don't mean as to happen in this very year, but as awaiting their birth in the years which lie before us. I don't know if you are well acquainted with the "Christian Year"—if

so, you will know that present always to the Author's mind was "the awful future as it nearer draws"—and though I don't mean to say that the end is coming, at least we are soon to enter upon a new cycle of sacred history. Also, we are told that, when the end actually does come, there will be the same high hopes, promise of good, jubilation, mutual congratulations, prosperity, and self confidence, to the virtual or actual denial of God, which is at present so rife and so growing.'

TO THE SAME.

'The Oratory: Jan. 6th, 1877.

'As to the prospects of the Church, as to which you ask my opinion, you know old men are generally desponding—but my apprehensions are not new, but above 50 years standing. I have all that time thought that a time of widespread infidelity was coming, and through all those years the waters have in fact been rising as a deluge. I look for the time, after my life, when only the tops of the mountains will be seen like islands in the waste of waters. I speak principally of the Protestant world—but great actions and successes must be achieved by the Catholic leaders, great wisdom as well as courage must be given them from on high, if Holy Church is to (be) kept safe from this awful calamity, and, though any trial which came upon her would but be temporary, it may be fierce in the extreme while it lasts.'

TO DR. NOBLE.

'June 16th, 1877.

'Thank you for your thoughtful and valuable paper. The spread of scepticism is portentous—and the great mischief is that there is a general antecedent leaning to the side of unbelief, as the more reasonable and probable. A notion prevails that great changes are coming, so that men believe atheism before they have discovered revelation. As you say, Authority at least has a claim that the *onus probandi* should not be thrown upon its side. You are taking at Manchester a more useful and important line for your Academia, than they have chosen in London, as it seems to me.'

TO MR. A. H. CULLEN.

'The Oratory, Birmingham: July 12th, 1877.

'Your letter is a very good one—very much to the point and deserving a serious answer, but that answer cannot be given in few words.

'It is quite true that Christianity should be far more effective to make men what it preaches than it is. This will not always be so, if we interpret the prophecies rightly—but that it was to be so at least at first, and for a season, is plain from our Lord's and St. Paul's intimations. Our Lord speaks of the Church as a net which gathered all kinds of fishes, good and bad; of the sower and his failures; of the wheat and cockle; of the foolish virgins; of the evil servant who ate and drank with drunkards. St. Paul of dangerous times, when men shall be covetous, without affection, incontinent, &c., &c. And the Corinthians, his converts, were guilty of sins which are marvellous in their strangeness under the circumstances.

'Then as to Catholics being worse than Protestants, &c., I think you must recollect that the *corruptio optimi est pessima*. And in our Lord's day, though "salvation was of the Jews," they seem to have been as a people in a worse state than the Samaritans.

'It is a wonderful phenomenon—but I think history tells us that the fierce Goths, &c., who came down upon the Roman Empire had the moral virtues as the Roman Christians had them not.

'One is led to say that those Christian people, forming the Roman State, were visited with the scourge of God, on account of their sins.

'And one is led to fear a similar judgment for similar reasons is sweeping, or will sweep, over the Church now.

'But of course I speak under the correction of those who have a right to speak with decision.'

TO BARON VON HÜGEL.¹

'Rednal: July 30, 1877.

'I quite understand your great anxiety. And of course you make me anxious what to say also—what to say, that is, *controversially*.

'I fear I must go very deep and say this to the friend who made such an objection. Do you or do you not believe in a Personal God and Moral Governor? If you do not, then it is useless arguing—for if there is no God, there is no Revelation, no Church.

'But if you do, then do not all such difficulties resolve themselves in the great difficulty of the origin of evil?

¹ Baron von Hügel had consulted Dr. Newman as to the best reply to be given to one who felt that the scandals in Church history were a decisive argument against the claims of the Church.

'If indeed you say, "The existence of evil proves there is no Almighty Ruler," then, I repeat, I have not to defend Revelation, for if there is no God, there is no Revelation, but if there be a God in spite of the fact of evil, then why do you make an objection to particulars, which are all included in the fact of evil? What wonder, if evil is so strong as it is, that Revealed Truth should have a hard battle with it? This is indeed the Scripture account of it. It says "*the world lieth in evil*," S. John V, 19. I can quite understand, shocking as it is, a man's saying "The existence of evil by itself proves there is no God,"—*there* is the field of battle—but to argue, "the existence of evil in the Church is a proof that the Church is not from God," is not going to the root of the matter, but trifling with a mere instance of a great and fearful fact instead of going straight to that fact itself.

'The fact of evil cannot be denied—the whole of Revelation not only allows, but requires it. All through Scripture a warfare with evil is made the very *raison d'être* of a Revelation. There need have been no Revelation, except for the existence of evil. The disasters and defeats of the Church are presupposed in Scripture. A time indeed is predicted when Truth will prevail, but that time is known to God alone.

'I am always doubtful whether what I feel myself will strike another. Write to me again if you think I can say anything to the purpose. All kind thoughts of the Baroness and the little child.

'Ever yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Newman's principal solace lay in work—in continuing the task of revising and editing his early writings.

'Wonderful,' he writes to Dean Church, 'if I am kept to see a second generation here. I want to get through my papers, and to revise the volumes which remain as I published them, the "Prophetical Office," "Athanasius," and "Doctrinal Development," and fancy I shall then hail my *Nunc dimittis*.'

Two of the reprints referred to in this letter had special importance. The 'Essay on Development' was his 'greatest contribution to religious thought and also contained the main argument which brought him to the Catholic Church. It had (as we have seen) been attacked as in part at variance with

the traditional teaching of the Roman schools. He had ever maintained that this view was based on a misconception. And he had ever held the argument of the Essay to be essential to any satisfactory reply to modern agnosticism. To make himself then once more responsible for its contents, by reprinting it with notes and alterations as a contribution to Catholic theology, was a step of great importance. But almost equally important in the event proved his republication of the Tracts and lectures in which he had sketched the *Via Media* he had marked out for the Church of England in the heyday of the Oxford Movement. He had again been speaking, as he did before writing the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk,' as though his work were done, and he was waiting in daily expectation of his passing bell; but once more circumstances led him to break his resolution. To what he began as a reprint, with notes, of his Anglican Tracts, he was led in the end to add an introductory Essay of high importance.

When Newman came to revise his own attack on the Roman Catholic system, written in the days of the Oxford Movement, he found that a great deal of it was sound and true. But, as he now recognised, it was in reality a criticism not on the Church itself, or on the Catholic religion, but on the action of Catholic peoples or rulers in special circumstances. Since he had been a Catholic he had himself had experiences which greatly tried him. He had therefore found consolation in recognising this distinction. And in a letter to Lord Blachford, written in 1867, he had further traced the source of his trial to another fact. The Catholic Church was a body politic, as well as the maintainer of a special creed and theology. The ecclesiastical rulers had to consider the life of devotion among the many, and the interests of order and of self-defence for the community, as well as accuracy in the intellectual statement of beliefs involved in the Catholic religion. Rule, devotion, and theology were three separate aspects of Catholic life, each necessary, and yet often having conflicting interests. He regarded his very latest trial—namely, the events accompanying the Vatican Council—as a case illustrative of this general fact. The doctrine of Papal Infallibility had been, he complained, regarded by a certain party as a 'luxury of

devotion.' It supplied a great rallying cry, and made for loyal devotion and *esprit de corps*. The definition was, moreover, held to be an important practical step in the existing state of ecclesiastical politics—a check on the dangerous 'Liberal Catholic' movement in Germany, which apart from its more scientific aspect was sometimes marked by a censorious and even disloyal attitude towards the Roman See; and this was a moment when Rome was in trouble and needed a united phalanx of defenders. Thus the interests of rule and of devotion were in favour of the definition. And Newman's complaint had been that the interests of intellectual accuracy—the exhibition of the consistency of the dogma with acknowledged theological principles and historical facts—had been inadequately attended to. Conflicting interests had been apparent in his earlier trials also. In the difficulties presented in his early Catholic life by the Oratorian Saints' Lives also, the interests of popular devotion had been on one side, those of scientific treatment of evidence on the other. Athwart both these interests had come a third—guarded especially by the Bishops—namely, prudent rule and consideration for the feelings of the hereditary English Catholics, to whom foreign devotional literature appeared extravagant. Again, the rule of Propaganda, which he had regarded as at times injurious to intellectual interests, arose from England's holding technically the position of a missionary country. The same system did not act badly in other missionary countries where the condition of society was ruder. This was again an instance of rules made for the Church as a polity proving injurious to theological efficiency.

The whole modern Ultramontane movement, inaugurated by Joseph de Maistre, was indeed largely one of sentimental loyalty to the central authority, affecting devotion and rule far more than theology. Critics external to the Church identified these several interests. Ultramontanism was spoken of as aggressive. Regarded as a theology the term was quite inapplicable. The doctrine was that of the gentle Fénelon, and Newman himself had ever held it. It was not more aggressive than Gallicanism in its typical representatives. Bossuet was certainly not less militant than his great rival. It was the attempt to utilise Ultramontane

doctrine in the cause of undue centralisation, and practically to suspend the functions of the theological schools, which was aggressive and tyrannical in Newman's eyes. And this was a defect not of the doctrine itself or of Catholic theology as such, but of over-enthusiastic individual rulers and followers. It did not relate to the Catholic creed or its analysis, but to the Catholic polity and its action. If there was much in the existing state of the Church that was trying to one like Newman, to whom the interests of exact and deep Christian thought as a breakwater against infidelity were all-important, this did not, provided that the above distinctions were kept clear, cast any slur on the truth and sanctity of the Catholic religion. Yet friends and foes alike were apt to lose sight of such distinctions, and to identify interests which were in reality disparate. They were apt to regard the militant action of a Church in time of persecution, as normal, and due rather to the nature of the Catholic religion than to the circumstances of the time.

Owing to the fact that intellectual interests were not, in his opinion, given full and fair play, Newman had hitherto considered, as we have seen, that it was only in the shape of polemical writing, rebutting the exaggerated charges of outsiders, that he could successfully advocate a wider and more comprehensive view than was generally current. It was as the advocate of the Catholic cause against its critics rather than of the interests of theological accuracy, that he could best carry with him the sympathy of his co-religionists. He had done so successfully in 1864 in answer to Kingsley. He had done so again in 1866 in reply to Pusey, and yet again in 1875 in answer to Gladstone. Now there was indeed no eminent living assailant of the Catholic Church to reply to. But in reading, with a view to their republication, the old Tracts of 1837, he found in his dead Anglican self the foe whom he sought. He prefixed to the republished Tracts—which he entitled 'Via Media'—an introduction of high interest and value, called by him only a 'preface,' and inserted with no display and little suggestion of its special importance. In it he mapped out the plan of the Church, drawing the all-important distinction between the three fields of Catholic action.

'Christianity,' he wrote in this Prefatory Essay, 'is at once a philosophy, a political power, and a religious rite; as a religion it is Holy; as a philosophy, it is Apostolic; as a political power, it is imperial, that is One and Catholic. As a religion, its special centre of action is pastor and flock; as a philosophy, the Schools; as a rule, the Papacy and its Curia.

'Though it has exercised these three functions in substance from the first, they were developed in their full proportions one after another, in a succession of centuries; first, in the primitive time it was recognised as a worship, springing up and spreading in the lower ranks of society, and among the ignorant and dependent, and making its power felt by the heroism of its Martyrs and confessors. Then it seized upon the intellectual and cultivated class, and created a theology and schools of learning. Lastly it seated itself, as an ecclesiastical polity, among princes, and chose Rome for its centre.

'Truth is the guiding principle of theology and theological inquiries; devotion and edification, of worship; and of government, expedience. The instrument of theology is reasoning; of worship, our emotional nature; of rule, command and coercion. Further, in man as he is, reasoning tends to rationalism; devotion to superstition and enthusiasm; and power to ambition and tyranny.

'Arduous as are the duties involved in these three offices, to discharge one by one, much more arduous are they to administer, when taken in combination. Each of the three has its separate scope and direction; each has its own interests to promote and further; each has to find room for the claims of the other two; and each will find its own line of action influenced and modified by the others, nay, sometimes in a particular case the necessity of the others converted into a rule of duty for itself.

"'Who,' in St. Paul's words, "is sufficient for these things?" Who, even with divine aid, shall successfully administer offices so independent of each other, so divergent, and so conflicting? What line of conduct, except on the long, the very long run, is at once edifying, expedient, and true? Is it not plain, that, if one determinate course is to be taken by the Church, acting at once in all three capacities, so opposed to each other in their idea, that course must, as I have said, be deflected from the line which would be traced out by any one of them, if viewed by itself, or else the requirements of one or two sacrificed to the interests of the third?

What for instance, is to be done in a case when to enforce a theological point, as the Schools determine it, would make a particular population less religious, not more so, or cause riots or risings? Or when to defend a champion of ecclesiastical liberty in one country would encourage an Anti-Pope, or hazard a general persecution, in another? or when either a schism is to be encountered or an opportune truth left undefined?

'All this was foreseen certainly by the Divine Mind, when He committed to His Church so complex a mission; and, by promising her infallibility in her formal teaching, He indirectly protected her from serious error in worship and political action also. This aid, however, great as it is, does not secure her from all dangers as regards the problem which she has to solve; nothing but the gift of impeccability granted to her authorities would secure them from all liability to mistake in their conduct, policy, words and decisions, in her legislative and her executive, in ecclesiastical and disciplinarian details; and such a gift they have not received. In consequence, however well she may perform her duties on the whole, it will always be easy for her enemies to make a case against her, well founded or not, from the action or interaction, or the chronic collisions or contrasts, or the temporary suspense or delay, of her administration, in her three several departments of duty,—her government, her devotions, and her schools,—from the conduct of her rulers, her divines, her pastors, or her people.'

The interests of devotion, in so far as devotion depends on preserving the most fundamental religious beliefs, are the most essential. The securing of intellectual accuracy in matters less fundamental is not so important. The first condition of the influence of religion, is to preserve for the many their hold on the reality of the world behind the veil and their general trust in Christianity. Such fundamental beliefs are protected for them by the existing theology. The customary interpretation of Holy Writ, and the well-worn explanations in the theological text-books, become for many minds, by force of habit, inseparably bound up with their faith in the supernatural. To throw doubt on this or that detail in the existing structure by introducing novel opinions might be (Newman argues) for such minds to shake or destroy the whole—truth and incidental error alike. Great caution was thus a duty when questioning long-accepted views as to the meaning

of Holy Writ, lest the faith of the many should be imperilled. Views which have long been in possession must not be lightly set aside on the strength of ingenious scientific hypotheses.

‘To the devotional mind,’ he writes, ‘what is new and strange is as repulsive, often as dangerous, as falsehood is to the scientific. Novelty is often error to those who are unprepared for it, from the refraction with which it enters into their conceptions.’

As to the upsetting effect on faith, of new discoveries at variance with traditional beliefs, the Galileo case was the stock instance which he naturally quoted. And it could ever be used with effect for more than one reason. It brought about in its time a change as drastic in the received theological opinions, and in the interpretation of Scripture, as any which the more recent scientific hypotheses demanded. The theologians long resisted the change. They finally yielded. Thus the incident was an excellent illustration, at once of the conservative genius of Catholic theology as against mere hypothesis, and yet of its capacity to so far modify its seemingly uncompromising attitude as eventually to assimilate those hypotheses should they become proved facts.

Newman loyally defended a certain reserve and tenderness for the weak, in conducting theological discussions. Nevertheless he plainly indicated his own view that the danger of the time in which he lived lay in carrying this principle too far. ‘I know well,’ he writes, ‘that “all things have their season,” and that there is not only “a time to keep silence,” but “a time to speak,” and that, in some states of society, such as our own, it is the worst charity, and the most provoking, irritating rule of action, and the most unhappy policy, not to speak out, not to suffer to be spoken out, all that there is to say. Such speaking out is under such circumstances the triumph of religion, whereas concealment, accommodation, and evasion is to co-operate with the spirit of error;—but it is not always so.’

Now again, as when he replied to Gladstone, if he wrote at all on these great questions he held it to be his duty to express his dissatisfaction with the polemics of some of his co-religionists. Hence we find in the Preface the following significant sentence:

'It is so ordered on high that in our day Holy Church should present just that aspect to my countrymen which is most consonant with their ingrained prejudices against her, most unpromising for their conversion; and what can one writer do against this misfortune?'

The Preface to the 'Via Media' (as he called the republished lectures) naturally did not arouse any such wide attention as the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' had called forth. But it was well received among Catholics, the Jesuits in the *Month* and W. G. Ward in the *Dublin Review* speaking of it with special admiration.

At the end of 1877, while Newman was still hard at work, feeling that his time was short, and anxious before he died to complete the revision of all his works, there came amid the sorrows of loss the happier accompaniments of extreme old age—namely, the tokens of public recognition of his life of devotion and high example.

His old college (Trinity) made him an honorary Fellow;¹ R. W. Church announced another mark of honour shortly to come from Oriel. Mr. James Bryce was eager to present to him his picture painted by a great artist—Mr. Oules. A similar request came from his own parishioners in Birmingham. Gladstone referred to him in a public speech in terms which were so laudatory as to seem to him extravagant. 'Although,' he writes to Church, 'I am truly grateful for Gladstone's kindness, I am frightened at it. It was to most men's apprehensions out of place, and I dread a reaction.'

But these manifestations of respect and sympathy did something to soothe one of his temperament amid all the heavy trials of advancing life. 'I do not know when I have been so much pleased,' he writes of the offer from Trinity. But before accepting it he notified the occurrence to his Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, giving him thereby an opportunity of raising any objection to his acceptance of what was offered if he saw one.

¹ Mr. Raper, now Senior Fellow of Trinity, first suggested this graceful compliment. The thought came to him, he tells me, when looking at Newman's picture in the Common room.

'The Oratory: Dec. 18, 1877.

'My dear Lord,—I have just received a great compliment, perhaps the greatest I have ever received, and I don't like not to tell you of it one of the first.

'My old College, Trinity College, where I was an undergraduate from the age of 16 to 21, till I gained a Fellowship at Oriel, has made me an Honorary Fellow of their Society. Of course it involves no duties, rights or conditions, not even that of belonging to the University, certainly not that of having a vote as Master of Arts, but it is a mark of extreme kindness to me from men I have never seen, and it is the only instance of their exercising their power since it was given them.

'Trinity College has been the one and only seat of my affections at Oxford, and to see once more, before I am taken away, what I never thought I should see again, the place where I began the battle of life, with my good angel by my side, is a prospect almost too much for me to bear.

'I have been considering for these two days, since the offer came to me, whether there would be any inconsistency in my accepting it, but it is so pure a compliment in its very title that I do not see that I need fear its being interpreted by the world as anything else.

'Begging your Lordship's blessing, I am your obedient and affectionate servant in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

'P.S.—The Pope made me a D.D., but I don't call an act of the Pope's a "*compliment*."

The new edition of the 'Essay on Development' was ready, and Newman wished to dedicate it to the Fellows of Trinity as a thankoffering for the honour they had conferred on him. His letters on this subject to R. W. Church—whom he commissioned to sound Mr. Wayte, the President, as to how far the offering would be acceptable to the college—are very characteristic in their minute thoughtfulness for others, and as showing Newman's desire to do precisely what would be most agreeable to all those concerned as well as what was congenial to his own grateful feelings.

'The Oratory: Decr. 20, 1877.

'My dear Church,—A happy Xmas to you and yours. The Trinity Fellows have made me an Honorary Fellow of their Society. The first they ever made.

'Yours affectly

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

TO THE SAME.

'Private.

Jan. 21, 1878.

'I am on the point of publishing afresh a volume, which, having no dedication, I thought I would ask leave to dedicate to the President of Trinity.

'This seemed to me a bright thought—but soon came a fatal obstacle, as I fear—not simply is it a work in favour of the Church of Rome—for in the Dedication I might have parried this difficulty, but it is my Essay on Development of Doctrine, which though from beginning to end grave and argumentative, just *at* the beginning and *at* the end is not so.

'Now it would be a sad damper for me to offer it and Wayte to be obliged to decline it. Yet on the other hand it is just possible that, if I passed the idea over, he, at some future time on hearing it, might say "Why did you not tell me? I should not have cared for it at all." But *I* in *his* position think I *should* decline it, and that for two reasons.

'I should say

'1. "Dr. Newman will make people think he is beginning a crusade."

'2. "It is unfair to Trinity College, and will do it harm in the world. It interprets their generous act in the Papistical sense."

'If you take this view with me I shall quite acquiesce in it.

'I send a sketch of the proposed Dedication, and of the beginning and the end of my book.'

TO THE SAME.

'Jany. 23, 1878.

'I return Mr. Oules's letter. These honours, if you are right about Oriel, have a great significancy in them. To use sacred words, they are an anointing for the burial,—and when I think that, when the curtain is drawn, the first will be last and the last first, the prospect makes one dizzy.

'Since I wrote to you the day before yesterday, it has struck me that I might do this:—print a dedication in presentation copies to the President and to Trinity Library, but in no others; the published copies having *no* dedication. In that case it would be as much a private act as "from the Author," then, in better times, if there was a new edition, the Dedication might be printed and published. Think of this.'

A visit of Mr. Wayte to Birmingham gave Newman an opportunity of consulting him directly as to the publication of the dedication of the 'Essay on Development.'

TO DEAN CHURCH.

‘March 1, 1878.

‘I am very thankful to you, but very much ashamed, that you should for me have so laborious a day as you had the day before yesterday.

‘I also write to pay you thanks for the letter from you which I found on my table on my return. Bryce rather pressed me whether I had said to you Yes or No—and I seemed to myself very ungracious to a kind questioner not to answer him. But I think you understand me, and I could not say to him what I said to you. I don’t like to be made an artistic subject; and Mr. Oules’ saying he will come down here for nothing is as if he paid me for sitting. I am afraid of writing thus, lest I should say something rude—yet I want to defend myself.

‘I have not told you the result of my calling on Wayte. I opened by saying that if he decided the Dedication should not be published, he would not disappoint me, for in so delicate a matter not to publish was the safest course,—and, were I in Wayte’s place I should say no. Then he said “I should like to think it over, and will give you my answer by six o’clock, but at first sight I must say that I am against your publishing the Dedication.”

‘I left the volume with him—he returned it as he promised with a note which began thus: “My second and I hope better thoughts are that ‘you should publish.’ I have tried in the intervals of a meeting of business, since I saw you, to weigh pros and cons, but I will not trouble you with my reasons.”

‘So you will receive a copy with the Dedication in.’

The Dedication—which was thereupon published—was one of those happy efforts of this kind in which Newman had few, if any, rivals. It ran as follows:

‘TO THE

REV. SAMUEL WILLIAM WAYTE, B.D.,

President of Trinity College, Oxford.

‘My dear President,—Not from any special interest which I anticipate you will take in this volume, or any sympathy you will feel in its argument, or intrinsic fitness of any kind in my associating you and your Fellows with it,—

‘But, because I have nothing besides it to offer you, in

token of my sense of the gracious compliment which you and they have paid me in making me once more a member of a college dear to me from undergraduate memories;—

‘Also because of the happy coincidence, that whereas its first publication was contemporaneous with my leaving Oxford, its second becomes, by virtue of your act, contemporaneous with a recovery of my position there:—

‘Therefore it is that, without your leave or your responsibility, I take the bold step of placing your name in the first pages of what, at my age, I must consider the last print or reprint on which I shall ever be engaged.

‘I am, my dear President, most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

The Trinity Fellows invited Newman to pay a visit to the college, and he did so in February. He visited his old rooms and found the walls adorned by its existing occupant with pictures of lights of the theatrical world. His former tutor, Thomas Short, was still alive, in his 89th year, and the meeting between them is remembered to have been very affecting.

Mr. James Bryce (now our Ambassador at Washington), who proposed his health in an after-dinner speech which is remembered as a masterpiece, thus recalls the event in a letter to myself:

‘In response to the toast of his health he made a speech of perhaps ten minutes in length or a little more in a delightfully simple, natural and genial vein. My recollections of what he said are now unfortunately comparatively faint, but I remember the exquisite finish of his expressions and the beautiful clearness of his articulation and the sweetness of his voice. The subject was so far as I recollect mainly reminiscences of his college days at Trinity, and in particular he referred to one occasion when he went to call upon one of the former tutors who was still living, but who, if I remember right, had become so feeble in body that he was not able to come to the dinner. He was then Senior Fellow. That was Mr. Thomas Short, who was the Cardinal’s senior by, I should think, 8 or 10 years. He mentioned to us that he found Mr. Short at lunch, and I remember how he entertained us by conveying indirectly and by a sort of reference that Mr. Short was lunching off lamb chops. I do not think he mentioned directly that the lunch consisted of lamb chops, but he

played round the subject in such a way as to convey that lamb chops were on the table. He spoke with the greatest respect and reverence of Mr. Short, who by that time had outlived all his contemporaries. There were other pleasing little recollections of Trinity as it was in those days, but I cannot at this moment recollect the substance of them.

‘What struck us most was the mixture of sadness and pleasure with which he came among us and recalled his early days. The reference in one of his writings to his rooms in the college and to a plant of snapdragon which grew upon the wall opposite the window of the room in which he lived, on what we used to call the “kitchen staircase” will occur to your readers. I think the reference is in the “Apologia.”’

‘There was something tenderly pathetic to us younger people in seeing the old man come again, after so many eventful years, to the hall where he had been wont to sit as a youth, the voice so often heard in St. Mary’s retaining, faint though it had grown, the sweet modulations Oxford knew so well, and the aged face worn deep with the lines of thought, struggle and sorrow. The story of a momentous period in the history of the University and of religion in England seemed to be written there.’

Miss Giberne, eager to hear all about this memorable visit to Oxford, wrote to him for particulars and impressions, reminding him of a graphic account by St. John Chrysostom of some of his own experiences, and hoping that Newman would tell with similar fulness the story of the Oxford visit. She received the following very characteristic reply:

‘The Oratory: In Fest. S. Joseph, 1878.

‘My dear Sister M. Pia,—Your letter just received made me both sigh and smile. I can only say with the “needy knife grinder,” “Story? heaven bless you, I have none to tell you—” I assure you I made no record of my feelings when I went to Oxford, and recollect nothing. I know it was a trial to me and a pleasure—but I could not say more, if you put me on the rack. And, when you talk of my writing, you must recollect that it is trouble to me to write now, a trouble both to head and hand—and, there are so many letters which I am obliged to write, that, unless necessary, I shirk it.

'Now I might sit for an hour till I had bitten the top of my pen holder off, without being able to put down on paper my "impressions, pains and joys and reception." If, "like St. John Chrysostom," I was called to suffer, perhaps I might have something to say about my visit; but an Oriental is not a silent Englishman, nor a Saint any earnest or token of what a humdrum mortal is in the reign of Queen Victoria.

'I can but tell you that the Trinity Fellows seem to be a pleasing set of men and very kind to me, but I suppose they are very far from the Church—that the Keble College people were very friendly and showed me over the magnificent buildings which they have erected, and that Pusey, whom I have not seen since 1865, looks much older. I had no time to go to Littlemore—or indeed to do anything beyond calling on Pusey, at Oriel, and at Keble College.

'Ever yrs affly
J. H. N.

'I don't forget what I owe to your prayers.'

The Oratorian Fathers who remember that time speak of the years between 1875 and 1879 as very sad ones for Newman. His silence and depression were very noticeable to those who lived with him. The death of Ambrose St. John cast a shadow which could not be removed, and it was deepened by the loss of other friends. What is there to look forward to?—was the thought that would come as years advanced and strength diminished. The solemn conviction that he must think no more of an earthly future, but prepare to follow his friends who had gone, was never absent from his mind. Yet what he had done as a Catholic seemed as yet so fragmentary, so incomplete, accompanied with so much of failure! During all these years he had ever repeated 'Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom.' He had hoped to see a path of useful work open out from the surrounding obscurity. 'Have patience and the meaning of trial will be made clear' was the assurance which he constantly preached to himself. Now, however, he was nearer eighty than seventy, and the inexorable march of time seemed to bid him finally to put away further hope so far as this world was concerned. His life had had its successes, and, in later years especially, its heavy trials. The cloud which seemed to hang

over him, the evil report in many Catholic circles of his falling short of whole-hearted loyalty to the Church, because his duty to truth had held him back from the extravagant language which was demanded by so many as the watchword of orthodoxy, must be accepted as an irreversible fact. His companions felt that these were years of depression—if of resignation.

The Trinity Fellowship had come most opportunely, and was a real ray of sunshine. April 1878 saw another event which relieved the monotony of his life, namely the election to the Papal throne of Leo XIII. We may well suppose that one who was so ready as Newman to see a providential meaning in coincidences may have recalled words used by him in the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.' He had spoken in that letter of the exaggerated interpretations of the great definition at Ephesus which Leo the Great set right by his condemnation at Chalcedon of the Monophysites. And he applied the parable to the exaggerated views on the prerogatives of the Papacy which in the eyes of some were countenanced by the Vatican definition. Should the need arise (he adds) to set right so false an interpretation of its true meaning 'another Leo will be given for the occasion; "*in monte dominus videbit.*"'

The beginning of a new Pontificate was also for other reasons naturally an event which aroused him. And in the first year of his reign the new Pope took an opportunity of sending Newman a picture from his own breviary with his blessing,—a gift which was gratefully recorded in a letter to Miss Giberne.

But Newman soon relapsed into the sadness which had been for a while somewhat dissipated by these two incidents, though he settled down again into the groove of work. William Paine Neville was constantly with him—taking in some sort the place left vacant by Ambrose St. John's death. 'I have only my "*Athanasius*" to publish now,' he wrote to a friend, 'in order to get all my books off my hands. Then, as far as I can tell, I shall have no more to do with writing books.' Working and praying, sad yet resigned, he awaited the great summons which he felt might come any day.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CARDINALATE (1879)

NEWMAN had now, in the revision of his works, reached the final volume—‘Athanasius’—and his health was still excellent and his powers unimpaired. It was twenty years since he had written to W. G. Ward that he felt the age had come at which a sudden visitation might terminate his life. Such fears were ever with him, and his prolonged well-being seemed no less than a marvel. His Christmas greetings to Lord Blachford, written on Christmas eve, 1878, show him still well and still at work, but ready at any time for the impending summons:

‘I wish you and Lady Blachford were as well as to all appearance I am—but I never can quite get out of my mind the chance of the “ignes” under the “cineri doloso”—tho’ the metaphor is unsuitable—I mean the chance of paralysis, which is so insidious and so sudden, and has taken off so many of my friends and acquaintances.

‘I am at my last volume, the “Athanasius”—and find it very tough work.’

He had, a little earlier, written what purported to be his last entry in the private journal from which we have so often quoted. That entry recorded a feature in his career with which his friends would have to deal after he was gone. And his solemn words were written for posterity in comment on a long and now completed life:

‘I notice the following lest the subject should turn up when I am gone, and my friends be perplexed how to deal with it.

‘I have before now said in writing to Cardinals Wiseman and Barnabo when I considered myself treated with slight and unfairness, “So this is the return made to me for working for the Catholic cause for so many years,” *i.e.* to that effect.

‘I feel it still, and ever shall,—but it was not a disappointed ambition which I was then expressing in words, but

a scorn and wonder at the injustice shown me, and at the demand of toadyism on my part if I was to get their favour, and the favour of Rome.

‘I knew perfectly well, when I so wrote, that such language would look like disappointment at having received no promotion, and moreover was the worst way of getting it. But I had no wish to get it, and it was my very consciousness that I never had had such aspiration, nor felt any such disappointment, and was simply careless whether they thought I had or no, that made me thus speak. And at other times of my life also I have used words which, when I used them, I saw could be used against me, but did not care whether they were so used or not, from a clear conscience that it would be a mistaken use of them, if they were. When I wrote to the two Cardinals, I had that strength of conviction that I never had had any notion of secular or ecclesiastical ambition for writing my volumes, which made me not hesitate to denounce, if I may so speak, at the risk of being misunderstood, the injustice, for so I felt it, which had been shown towards me. This I did feel very keenly; I was indignant that after all my anxious and not unsuccessful attempts to promote, in my own place and according to my own measure, the Catholic cause, my very first mistake in the *Rambler*, supposing it one, should have been come down upon, my former services neither having been noticed favourably when they were done, nor telling now as a plea for mercy.

‘As to my freedom from ambitious views, I don’t know that I need defend myself from the imputation of them. *Qui s’excuse, s’accuse*. But in fact I have from the first presaged that I should get no thanks for what I was doing, (a presage which has only come true in that sense in which I did not care about its being true, and which God’s undeserved mercy has falsified or rather reversed in a higher sense, for He has heaped upon me the acknowledgments and the sympathies, for what I have written, of friends and strangers far beyond my deserts). But as to my presage that I should gain no secular reward for my writings, I have expressed it many times.¹ . . .

¹ He proceeds to give instances: ‘1. In 1836 (as I understand Copeland) in a letter which I wrote to Pusey on occasion of the Hampden matter, and which he has, though I have not seen it.

‘2. In 1837 in my letter to the *Christian Observer*: “Never were such words used on one side, but deeds were on the other. We know our place and

'I am dissatisfied with the whole of this book. It is more or less a complaint from one end to the other. But it represents what has been the real state of my mind, and what my Cross has been.

'O how light a Cross—think what the Crosses of others are! And think of the compensation, compensation in even this world—I have touched on it in a parenthesis in the foregoing page. I have had, it is true, no recognition in high quarters—but what warm kind letters in private have I had! and how many! and what public acknowledgments! How ungrateful I am, or should I be, if such letters and such notices failed to content me.'¹

In the summer of 1878 events were occurring which were to bring about a great change in Newman's position, and to falsify some of these words written in the autumn of 1876. Pius IX. had gone; Leo XIII. had come. It was an acknowledged fact that, in spite of his love for Pius IX., Newman had not sympathised with that Pontiff's policy. And he had been under a cloud in the official Roman world. The natural reaction of opinion—the swing of the pendulum from one Pontificate to another—seemed to some of Newman's friends a golden opportunity for securing for his great work for the Church the formal approval from Rome itself which had so long been withheld. A Cardinal's Hat was suggested in one quarter, and the idea spread rapidly. The Duke of Norfolk was felt to be the natural person to express the wide-spread desire of the English Catholic community. The Duke entered into the idea with the utmost keenness and, in conjunction with Lord Petre and Lord Ripon, secured Cardinal Manning's approval. Manning undertook to broach the subject in Rome. In the event, however, his representations were not communicated to Leo XIII. until after the Pontiff had learnt from the Duke himself how strongly the honour was desired by Newman's friends.

our fortunes, to give a witness, and to be contemned; to be ill-used and to succeed."

³. In 1845 to Cardinal Acton, *Apol.* pp. 235, 236.

⁴. In 1850 in a sermon at St. Chad's, "As to ourselves, the world has long ago done its worst against us. . . . We know our place and our fortunes, &c."

⁵. In 1856 in a sermon at Dublin quoted above.

¹ This entry came to an end at the bottom of the last page of the MS. book. He never kept another journal, and only added some years later these words at the foot of the page: 'Since writing the above I have been made a Cardinal!'

The Duke writes as follows, in a letter to the present biographer, of the feelings which moved him to take action in the matter, and of the interview at which he spoke of it to Leo XIII. himself:

‘I was moved very much by the feeling that it was due to Newman himself that his long life of marvellous and successful labour for religion should receive the highest mark of recognition which the Holy See could give him. I felt this all the more keenly because I knew how much had happened to obscure the character of the work he had done and the results of it. I knew that it must be an intense sorrow to him to feel that he and his life’s work were not understood in that very quarter of which he had made himself the special champion. But my chief reason for moving in the matter was based on more general grounds. I do not think that any Catholic has been listened to by those who are not Catholics with so much attention, respect and, to a great extent, sympathy as Newman. But while numbers were brought by him to see and to accept the truth, I felt very strongly that the full outcome of his labours was most unhappily limited by the impression which was made to prevail by a certain school of well intentioned people that he did not really speak the mind of the Church or represent the beliefs which the Church called upon her children to accept. It appeared to me then that the same causes which kept from him the full and public approbation of the Holy See were impeding his usefulness to his fellow countrymen. They in their turn persuaded themselves that the arguments and example of Newman could be admired by them as showing what a grand and beautiful and divinely authoritative institution the Catholic Church might be, but that they were not called upon to obey that authority because the opinion held of Newman by many Catholics showed that the Catholic Church was not really what Newman said it was. It appeared to me therefore that in the cause both of justice and of truth it was of the utmost importance that the Church should put her seal on Newman’s work.

‘It happened, quite accidentally, that I was in Rome when this question was first brought before the Holy See. I believed that representations from myself and others had been submitted to the Pope and I therefore spoke to Leo XIII. on the subject. I found that this was the first mention to him of the matter, and I had therefore to ex-

plain the situation as well as I was able. I was very careful to impress upon the Pope that there was a section of opinion in England which would not be in sympathy with my suggestion. I did this not only because it would have been wrong to have led the Pope to believe that everyone was of the same mind with myself or to appear to claim support in quarters in which an opinion different from mine prevailed; but also because I was most anxious that if Newman should be created a Cardinal it should be after the fullest consideration and enquiry on the part of the Holy See, that it should not be a request granted out of complaisance to those who made it, but that what was to be done should be an emphatic act of deliberate judgment.

‘I should be sorry to be supposed to be in any way censuring those who looked with doubt or suspicion on much of what Newman had written and who regarded his being made a Cardinal as giving a dangerous sanction to unfortunate teaching. Among those who held this opinion were able and holy men, and on some points and on some occasions I have felt much in sympathy with them. But it appeared to me that they allowed small points to outweigh the great underlying *fact* of all that Newman was doing. They failed to realize that no one was able to bring Catholic truth to the intelligence of his countrymen as Newman could, because, among other reasons, he had shown them that he understood, in a way no other Catholic writer did, the difficulties which perplexed them. I thought too they forgot that there were hundreds who had been brought into the Church by private correspondence with Newman, and that to them it would be an untold consolation and strengthening to see him receive the highest recognition which could be conferred upon him. Many too who were anxious to see the spread of what were called ultramontane views seemed to forget that to no one more than to Newman could they turn for lofty and unflinching testimony to the august majesty of the Holy See and the high claims of the Pope upon our trust and allegiance. Again it was sometimes urged that in Newman intellectual qualities were allowed somewhat to overcloud the simplicity of Catholic faith. But it would be difficult indeed to gather from any other writer than Newman such sublime conceptions of devotion to the Mother of God or of our kindred with the saints; and in all this the high intellectual insight is blended with the most childlike tenderness. I feel very strongly that the action of the Holy See in making Newman

a Cardinal brought out this great side of his character, this great lasting teaching of his life, and that in this act our Country received yet another pledge of "Rome's unwearied love."

The Pontiff listened with attention to the Duke's representations and acceded to his request. But nothing of what had passed was known to the world at large or to Newman himself.

A month had passed since the Christmas letter to Lord Blachford before Newman himself received any intimation of what was proposed. He was in bed nursing a bad cold, when a letter reached the Oratory, urgently summoning him to visit Bishop Ullathorne at Oscott. On receiving news of Newman's indisposition, the Bishop asked to see some specially trusted friend of his, and Father Pope was forthwith despatched to Oscott. He was informed that Cardinal Nina had written to Cardinal Manning intimating the Holy Father's desire to confer on Newman the Cardinal's Hat.

The infirmities of age made it out of the question that Newman should transfer his residence to Rome. Yet all Cardinals who are not also diocesan Bishops or Archbishops reside as a matter of course in the Eternal City. But this mark of confidence from the Holy See, after the prolonged, aching sense of distrust in high quarters, was so unexpected and so signal, as to be the greatest event as well as the crowning reward of Newman's life. 'The cloud is lifted from me for ever,' were the words in which he spoke of it to his Oratorian brethren. It was just this stamp of approval from the Vicar of Christ which would make the whole difference to his power for good.

He had for years been scrupulously loyal alike to truth and conscience, and to ecclesiastical authority. He would not write on the great questions of the day without in some way intimating the things he saw and felt so strongly. And when he considered that outspokenness must involve opposition to the commands of those to whom he owed obedience he did not write at all. In such cases he had realised the power of silence, and in refraining from speech had imitated One Whose spoken words were Divine: he had remembered those passages of the Gospel in which it is written '*Jesus autem tacebat.*' When he did speak, while using infinite

care to give no offence in the manner of his expression, nevertheless he had given clear indication of views most distasteful to the extreme party of the *Civiltà*, of the *Dublin Review*, of the *Univers*, which was so influential in Rome. Newman was sure that posterity would see the necessity of such conscientious fidelity to historical and scientific fact with a view to preserving the influence of Christianity among the educated classes in the age to come. He trusted to time to justify him. 'To her arms I lovingly commit myself,' he said again and again. But he had finally resigned himself to the conviction that official recognition for his work in his own lifetime was out of the question. Therefore, when his long course of unswerving veracity, submission, and patient waiting was rewarded by the most signal approval Rome could give, he saw in the Pontiff's action the hand of God, Who has promised earthly rewards to those who seek only 'the kingdom of God and His justice.' He felt, as Father Neville used to say, almost as though the heavens had opened and the Divine voice had spoken its approval of him before the whole world. This approval, implied in the Pontiff's desire to raise him to the Sacred College, must remain a fact, whether circumstances would allow him to assume the external splendour of a Cardinal's estate or not. Cardinal Nina's letter, it should be noted, was not an actual offer of the Hat, but a preliminary letter expressing the Holy Father's wish to make such an offer.

Newman wrote at once to the Bishop, expressing his deep gratitude, but pointing out the impossibility at his age of leaving the Oratory and residing in Rome.

'The Oratory, Birmingham:

Feb. 2, Feast of the Purification, 1879.

'My Right Rev. Father,—I trust that his Holiness, and the most eminent Cardinal Nina will not think me a thoroughly discourteous and unfeeling man, who is not touched by the commendation of superiors, or a sense of gratitude, or the splendour of dignity, when I say to you, my Bishop, who know me so well, that I regard as altogether above me the great honour which the Holy Father proposes with wonderful kindness to confer on one so insignificant, an honour quite transcendent and unparalleled, than which his Holiness has none greater to bestow.

‘For I am, indeed, old and distrustful of myself; I have lived now thirty years *in nidulo meo* in my much loved Oratory, sheltered and happy, and would therefore entreat his Holiness not to take me from St. Philip, my Father and Patron.

‘By the love and reverence with which a long succession of Popes have regarded and trusted St. Philip, I pray and entreat his Holiness in compassion of my diffidence of mind, in consideration of my feeble health, my nearly eighty years, the retired course of my life from my youth, my ignorance of foreign languages, and my lack of experience in business, to let me die where I have so long lived. Since I know now and henceforth that his Holiness thinks kindly of me, what more can I desire?

‘Right Rev. Father,
Your most devoted
JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

This letter reads like a simple refusal of the proposed dignity; but, as those who lived with Newman knew, his wish was to accept it provided that he was allowed to remain at the Oratory. To express this in a letter was, in his sensitive judgment, to seem to bargain with the Holy Father. In writing he therefore confined himself to indicating his inability to leave home at his great age. The following day, however, he went to Oscott to see the Bishop, and his true mind on the subject of the Cardinalate is placed beyond question in the following letters—the first semi-official, the second private—written by Dr. Ullathorne to Cardinal Manning after the interview:

‘St. Mary’s College, Oscott, Birmingham: Feb. 3, 1879.

‘My dear Lord Cardinal,—Your kind letter, enclosing that of Cardinal Nina, gave me very great gratification. As I could not with any prudence go to Birmingham, I wrote and asked Dr. Newman if he could come to Oscott. But he was in bed suffering from a severe cold, and much pulled down. I, therefore, took advantage of a clause in Cardinal Nina’s letter, and asked him to send a Father in his intimate confidence whom he might consult in a grave matter of importance, to whom I could communicate in secrecy the Holy Father’s message. Father Pope was sent, and with him I went into the subject, and sent the documents with a paper in which I had written my own reflections.

'Dr. Newman contrived to come himself to-day, although quite feeble. He is profoundly and tenderly impressed with the goodness of the Holy Father towards him, and he spoke to me with great humility of what he conceived to be his disqualifications, especially at his age, for so great a position, and of his necessity to the Birmingham Oratory, which still requires his care.

'I represented to him, as I had already done through Father Pope, that I felt confident that the one intention of the Holy Father was to confer upon him this signal proof of his confidence, and to give him an exalted position in the Church in token of the great services he had rendered to her cause, and that I felt confident also that his Holiness would not require his leaving the Oratory and taking a new position at his great age. But that if he would leave it to me, I would undertake to explain all to your Eminence, who would make the due explanations to Cardinal Nina.

'Dr. Newman has far too humble and delicate a mind to dream of thinking or saying anything which would look like hinting at any kind of terms with the Sovereign Pontiff. He has expressed himself in a Latin letter addressed to me, which I could send to your Eminence, and which you could place in the hands of Cardinal Nina.

'I think, however, that I ought to express my own sense of what Dr. Newman's dispositions are, and that it will be expected of me. As I have already said, Dr. Newman is most profoundly touched and moved by this very great mark of consideration on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff, and I am thoroughly confident that nothing stands in the way of his most grateful acceptance except what he tells me greatly distresses him, namely, the having to leave the Oratory at a critical period of its existence, and when it is just beginning to develop in new members, and the impossibility of his beginning a new life at his advanced age.

'I cannot, however, but think myself that this is not the Holy Father's intention, and that His Holiness would consider his presence in England of importance, where he has been so much in communication with those who are in search of the Truth.

'I have also said to Dr. Newman himself that I am confident that the noble Catholics of England would not leave him without the proper means for maintaining his dignity in a suitable manner.

'Although expecting me to make the official communi-

cation, Dr. Newman will write to you himself. I remain,
my dear Lord Cardinal, your faithful and affectionate
servant,

‘WILLIAM BERNARD, Bp. of Birmingham.’

Another letter written on the following day speaks yet more plainly:

‘*Private.* St. Mary’s College, Oscott, Birmingham: Feb. 4, 1879.

‘My dear Lord Cardinal,—I had no time to write you a more private letter after seeing Dr. Newman yesterday. He is very much aged, and softened with age and the trials he has had, especially by the loss of his two brethren, St. John and Caswall; he can never refer to these losses without weeping and becoming speechless for the time. He is very much affected by the Pope’s kindness, would, I know, like to receive the great honour offered him, but feels the whole difficulty at his age of changing his life, or having to leave the Oratory, which I am sure he could not do. If the Holy Father thinks well to confer on him the dignity, leaving him where he is, I know how immensely he would be gratified, and you will know how generally the conferring on him the Cardinalate will be applauded. . . .

‘My dear Lord Cardinal, faithfully and affectionately
yours,

‘W. B. ULLATHORNE.’

It is hardly surprising, considering the extraordinary vacillations of 1856—when, after he had received formal notice from Cardinal Wiseman, written from Rome itself, that he was nominated a Bishop, the appointment was cancelled without the assignment of any reason or even any formal intimation of the fact—that Newman was a little slow to feel absolute confidence that this great honour was to be bestowed. And it almost seemed as though the evil fate which had dogged him on the earlier occasion was again threatening this new proposal.

On February 15 he learnt from Miss Bowles that Father Coleridge had told her of the offer of a Cardinal’s Hat and had added that Newman had declined it. Newman promptly replied: ‘You may say to Father Coleridge (1) that I know nothing about it. (2) that I believe such an offer binds a man to secrecy, if it is made to him. (3) that I never should reject hastily or bluntly.’

Three days later, however, the same report appeared in a more formidable shape. The *Times* of February 18 published the following paragraph: 'Pope Leo XIII. has intimated his desire to raise Dr. Newman to the rank of Cardinal, but with expressions of deep respect for the Holy See Dr. Newman has excused himself from accepting the purple.'

Although the letter sent to Dr. Ullathorne for Cardinal Nina to see did bear this interpretation *prima facie*, it was addressed to one to whom Newman himself explained its true meaning, and had been shown by the Bishop only to Cardinal Manning, to whom he had carefully conveyed Newman's real wishes. Manning, however, appears to have taken Newman's own written words as decisive, and to have regarded the Bishop's impressions as unauthoritative. Newman was greatly pained by the appearance of such a statement in the papers, and at a loss to account for it. In the ordinary course of things such a paragraph could not have been inserted without Newman's express authority. It consequently conveyed to the world not only an absolute refusal which he had never intended, but a wish on his part to emphasise publicly the fact that he had declined the honour so graciously offered to him. People might infer that he took somewhat lightly a proposal for which he was in reality deeply thankful; and his friends felt that when the paragraph was read at Rome it might actually lead to the offer of the Cardinalate being withheld. Letters reached him daily from Catholic friends expressing deep regret at his reported refusal.

Newman's feeling as to the report is apparent in the following letter to the Duke of Norfolk:

'The Oratory: Feb. 20, 1879.

'My dear Duke,—I have heard from various quarters of the affectionate interest you have taken in the application to Rome about me, and I write to thank you and to express my great pleasure at it.

'As to the statement of my refusing a Cardinal's Hat, which is in the papers, you must not believe it—for this reason:

'Of course, it implies that an offer has been made me, and I have sent an answer to it. Now I have ever understood

that it is a point of propriety and honour to consider such communications sacred. The statement therefore cannot come from me. Nor could it come from Rome, for it was made public before my answer got to Rome.

‘It could only come, then, from some one who not only read my letter, but, instead of leaving to the Pope to interpret it, took upon himself to put an interpretation upon it, and published that interpretation to the world.

‘A private letter, addressed to Roman Authorities, is interpreted on its way and published in the English papers. How is it possible that any one can have done this?

‘And besides, I am quite sure that, if so high an honour was offered me, I should not answer it by a blunt refusal.

‘Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’¹

The report spread that Newman had categorically refused the Hat and it long persevered in many quarters. Father Walford, S.J., writing in the name of Beaumont College on February 27 to offer the congratulations of the masters and boys, concluded with the following words: ‘While we should have been glad on our own account and on account of our fellow Catholics in England to see you actually invested with the Sacred Purple, yet, as religious of the Society of Jesus, we cannot but admire and sympathise all the more with the illustrious son of St. Philip, whose love of humility and retirement leads him in the Spirit of his own Holy Father, and in that of ours, to shrink from so exalted a position as that of a prince of the Church.’

This letter gave Newman an opportunity of at once making it known that no official offer had actually come, and of throwing doubt upon the view taken by Father Walford of his attitude towards such an offer:

‘The Oratory: March 1, 1879.

‘My dear Father Walford,—You must not measure my gratification and my gratitude to your very Rev. Father Rector and the other Fathers and Brothers of your community at Beaumont by the poor words I am putting upon paper; for I am confused and troubled by the greatness of the

¹ ‘Would it not look odd,’ he writes to Mr. Pollen, ‘if the Postman here, not only read this, my letter to you, before it got to the receiving office, but put his own interpretation on it, and told first his particular friends about it, and then the general public, leaving you to receive it next morning?’

honour which, from what is so widely reported, I suppose there is a prospect of being offered to me, though in truth I cannot say it has. But nothing can undo the fact that the report has been so kindly received and welcomed by my own people, the Catholics of England, and next by such large bodies of our Protestant fellow-countrymen.

‘It will be a great relief to me if the great offer is not made to me—but, if made, my way is not clear. I have a reasonable apprehension that my refusal would be taken by Protestants, nay by some Catholics, as a proof that at heart I am not an out and out son of the Church, and that it may unsettle some Catholics, and throw back inquirers. I know that Unitarians, Theists, and anti-Catholics generally are earnest that I should decline, whereas I hear of a widespread feeling among Catholics that, if I decline, I am “snubbing the Pope.”

‘I have suffered so much from the obstinacy of all sorts of people to believe that I am a good Catholic that this wonderful opportunity, if opened on me, of righting myself in public opinion must not be lost except for very grave reasons.

‘Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

To much the same effect he wrote to Pusey next day in reply to a letter congratulating him on his reported refusal of the dignity that had been offered to him.

‘The Oratory: March 2, 1879.

‘We look at things from different points of view. Here have I for thirty years been told by men of all colours in belief that I am not a good Catholic. It has given me immense trouble, much mortification, and great loss of time. It has been used as an argument to keep men back from joining the Church; men have said: “Just you see—his own people do not trust him—the Pope snubs him.” When then after this period of penance, and this long trial of patience and resignation, [this offer comes] say, would not you yourself in such a case feel it a call of God not to refuse so great a mercy as a thorough wiping away for ever of this stigma such as the offer of a Cardinal’s Hat involves, and feel it a heartless act of ingratitude to the generous offerer of it and to the warm-hearted friends who have laboured for it, if I refused it? . . .

‘If the common reports are true, the present Pope in his high place as Cardinal, was in the same ill odour at Rome as

I was. Here then a fellow-feeling and sympathy with him colours to my mind his act towards me. He seems to say:—

“Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.”

‘How can I not supplement his act by giving my assent to it?’

‘Thanks for your sermon, which is most valuable, I see.’

Manning had already started for Rome when Newman wrote to the Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke forwarded to him Newman’s letter, adding his own strong representations as to the harm which would be done if anything now occurred to make the English public believe that Rome’s offer was not really intended. The Duke urged him to make all explanations called for by the unfortunate report circulated by the *Times*, for which beyond doubt Dr. Newman and his friends were not responsible. The Duke’s representations had the desired effect. Cardinal Manning explained the situation to the Holy Father, who at once acceded to Newman’s request that he might continue to live at the Oratory; and Manning communicated the intelligence both by telegram and by letter to the Bishop of Birmingham.

His telegram arrived on March 2, 1879; and at last all seemed really certain.

‘Amid your troubles and anxieties,’ Newman writes to Miss Bowles on that day, ‘you will be glad to hear that the Pope grants me non-residence, which has not been done since the 17th century. I suppose all is certain now, unless one of the sudden changes take place which have sometimes occurred to me in life.’

Both the Bishop and Newman himself wrote without delay to Manning, making Newman’s acceptance of the dignity perfectly clear:

‘St. Mary’s College, Oscott, Birmingham: March 4, 1879.

‘My dear Lord Cardinal,—Your letter, following your telegram, was extremely welcome to Dr. Newman. He wrote to me: “You may fancy how I am overcome by the Pope’s goodness.” He also said to his own brethren: “The cloud is lifted from me for ever.” He accepts with the greatest gratitude the honour and dignity which the Holy Father designs for him, and I am sure that, if he can take

the journey he will come to Rome. He is still suffering from severe cold, but is wonderfully consoled by the Pope's kindness.

'The whole press of England has been engaged on the subject, and the general disposition is to look upon Dr. Newman not merely as a Catholic but as a great Englishman, and to regard the intention of the Pope as an honour to England.

'Your communications came happily in time to stop the general conclusion that Dr. Newman had declined, upon which the comic papers have founded their illustrations.

'I have considered it prudent, now that all is public, to deny, and cause it to be denied, that Dr. Newman has [declined] or did decline. . . . I remain, my dear Lord Cardinal,

Your faithful and affectionate servant,

W. B. ULLATHORNE.'

'The Oratory: March 4, 1879.

'Dear Cardinal Manning,—I hardly should have thought it became me, since no letter has been addressed to me, to write to anyone at Rome myself, on the gracious message of the Holy Father about me.

'Since, however, the Bishop of Birmingham recommends me to do so, I hereby beg to say that with much gratitude and with true devotion to His Holiness, I am made acquainted with and accept the permission he proposes to me in his condescending goodness to keep place within the walls of my Oratory at Birmingham.

'I am, sincerely yours, kissing the Sacred Purple,

'JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

But even now a letter came from Manning's intimate friend, Lady Herbert of Lea, implying that Newman was still declining the Hat. He replied to her at once:

'The Oratory: March 5th, 1879.

'My dear Lady Herbert,—Your letter is most kind, as kind as it could be, and I thank you for it with all my heart.

'You speak as if I ever had declined the great honour offered me—No, I never did—and that I am persisting in my refusal now. Not at all.

'I have not been written to—naturally, but Cardinal Manning says that a letter will soon come to me. I shall answer it at once accepting it, if it comes.

'Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

On the same day he wrote a further letter to Manning to place the state of affairs quite beyond doubt:

‘The Oratory: March 5, 1879.

‘Dear Cardinal Manning,—Wishing to guard against all possible mistake I trouble you with this second letter.

‘As soon as the Holy Father condescends to make it known to me that he means to confer on me the high dignity of Cardinal, I shall write to Rome to signify my obedience and glad acceptance of the honour without any delay.

‘I write this thinking that the impression which existed some fortnight since, that I had declined it, may still prevail.

‘Yours very sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

‘P.S.—This second letter is occasioned by something that came to my knowledge since my letter of yesterday.’

Newman also wrote to Cardinal Howard, who resided in Rome:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham.

‘My Lord Cardinal,—My only apology for writing to you is the circumstance that Cardinal Manning mentioned your Eminence’s name in conjunction with his own in matters which concern me.

‘I find the impression still exists in London that I am resisting the most gracious and generous wish of the Holy Father to raise me to the Sacred College. In case this impression prevails anywhere in Rome, I take the liberty of writing to you as well as to Cardinal Manning to say that it is altogether unfounded.

‘Kissing the Sacred Purple, I am yours, etc.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

CARDINAL HOWARD TO DR. NEWMAN.

‘Rome: Monday, March 10, 1879.

‘Dear Fr. Newman,—I lose no time in answering your kind letter, and to say that the report which you mention as having existed in London, that you were believed to be resisting the wish of the Holy Father to raise you to the Sacred College, does not in any form exist now in Rome. At first a report gained some credence that in your humility for various reasons you had been disposed to decline this honour, but it immediately became known that the Holy Father very decidedly wished to confer the Hat upon you, and thus all doubt ceased to exist upon the subject.

‘Let me take this opportunity to offer you my most sincere congratulations and to say how great a pleasure it is to me to have been able to have had some part however [small] in what must cause so much pleasure in England, and confers another honour on St. Philip’s children.

‘Pray believe me, dear Fr. Newman,

Very truly yours,

EDWARD CARD. HOWARD.’

Manning’s replies to Newman’s two letters were quite explicit:

‘English College: March 8, 1879.

‘My dear Newman,—Your letter [of March 4] reached me last night; and I took and repeated it to the Holy Father this morning.

‘He charged me to say that the official letter will be sent to you: and that he gives full permission that you should continue to reside in your home at Birmingham.

‘He told me to say to you that in elevating you to the Sacred College he intends to bestow on you a testimony to your virtues and your learning: and to do an act grateful to the Catholics of England, and to England itself for which he feels an affectionate interest.

‘It gives me much happiness to be the bearer of this message to you.

‘Believe me always, yours affectionately,

H. E. CARD. ARCHBP.’

‘English College: March 8, 1879.

‘My dear Newman,—Your second letter [of March 5] has just reached me. Mine will have been received before this, and you will know that I have not a second time failed to understand your intention. The letter written by you to the Bishop of Birmingham in answer to Cardinal Nina’s letter was sent by the Bishop to me with a letter of his own.

‘I fully believed that, for the reasons given in your letter, you declined what might be offered.

‘But the Bishop expressed his hope that you might under a change of conditions accept it.

‘This confirmed my belief that as it stood you declined it.

‘And your letter to me of a day or two later still further confirmed my belief.¹

‘I started for Rome, taking with me the Bishop’s letters, not knowing what might be done here.

¹ This letter I have not found.

'In passing through Paris I wrote to the Duke of Norfolk in the sense I have written above.

'I never doubted that impression, received from your letters and the Bishop's, till I received from the Duke a copy of a letter of yours to him, in which you said that you had not intended to refuse what had been proposed.

'The moment I read this I went to the Vatican, and told the Holy Father, and asked his permission to write to the Duke, and to the Bishop of Birmingham.

'But to shorten still further the suspense I telegraphed to both.

'I write this because if I misunderstood your intention it was by an error which I repaired the instant I knew it.

'Believe me always, yours affectionately,
H. E. CARD. ARCHBP.'

Not until March 15 did Cardinal Nina send the official notice that the hat was to be conferred. Manning at once forwarded it to Newman:

'Rome: March 15, 1879.

'My dear Newman,—The enclosed letter from Cardinal Nina has this moment reached me, and I forward it to you with great joy. I hope you may yet have many years to serve the Church in this most intimate relation to the Holy See. From the expressions used by many of the Sacred College to me I can assure you of the joy with which they will receive you.

'I remember in 1854, I think, writing from Rome to wish you joy on another event. I quoted the words "*honestavit illum in laboribus et complevit labores illius*." I have still greater happiness in conveying to you this greater completion of your many labours.

'Believe me, my dear Newman,
Yours affectionately,
H. E. CARD. ARCHBP.'

The correspondence had in the first two weeks in March become so very definite that Newman no longer hesitated, even before the reception of the official letter, to speak of his future dignity to those who were in the secret as an accomplished fact. Among those to whom he wrote on this

assumption was his old friend Father Whitty, who had been among the first to urge in influential quarters the importance in the interests of religion of gaining this recognition of Newman's life-work from Rome itself:

‘The Oratory: March 9, 1879.

‘My dear Father Whitty,—I waited to write to you till I had some official notice of the Pope's gracious purpose regarding me—but since it delays, I don't like not to send you a line to thank you for all the zeal which you have shown in my behalf.

‘You are an old friend of 33 years standing since the time when I cut my eyebrow at St. Edmund's in the dark, and when I asked you any particulars you knew of the Vincentians in the garden at Maryvale—and you have always been a kind friend, amid all the changes of a very eventful time—And I have no means of repaying you but that of owning my debt and praying that all your kindness may turn to your merit, which, as really done for Christ's sake, it will. Faithfulness is a rare quality in this world, and in being an instance of it, a man shows in a special way like Him, Whose endearing attribute is to be faithful and true.

‘I will not say more—but, as I am writing, it strikes me that, in answering the very pleasant letter I had from your Provincial, I used a word which may require explanation. I said I was “surprised” at the kindness of his letter. I meant, surprised that any such persons should think so well of me.

‘Excuse a stupid letter—but I am knocked up with letter writing.

Yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

March 11 brought a formal message from the Holy Father confirming the permission for non-residence in Rome. After this Newman felt that he could write quite freely to those friends who had not been in the secret, and the first to whom he wrote was Dean Church:

‘*Private.*

The Oratory: March 11, 1879.

‘My dear Church,—I did not like to write to you till I had something like official notice of my promotion. This comes within this half hour. Yet not so much official as personal, being a most gracious message from the Pope to me.

‘He allows me to reside in this Oratory, the precedent for the indulgence being Cardinal de Berulle, founder of the French Oratory in the 17th Century.

‘Hæc mutatio dexteræ Excelsi! all the stories which have

gone about of my being a half Catholic, a Liberal Catholic, under a cloud, not to be trusted, are now at an end. . . .

'It was on this account that I dared not refuse the offer. A good Providence gave me an opportunity of clearing myself of former calumnies in my "Apologia"—and I dared not refuse it. And now He gave me a means, without any labour of mine, to set myself right as regards other calumnies which were directed against me—how could I neglect so great a loving kindness?'¹

'I have ever tried to leave my cause in the Hands of God and to be patient—and He has not forgotten me.

'Ever yours affly.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

To Father Gerard, S.J., he wrote next day his thanks for the congratulations of the Community and College at Stonyhurst:

'How very kind your letter is! I thank you and the other members of your Community and College with all my heart for so welcome a message. Of course my first gratification on receiving the great honour, which is the occasion of your writing to me, is the approbation of me which it implies on the part of the Holy Father. But the next, and a very keen source of enjoyment, is to receive the congratulations of friends—and I have been quite startled at receiving so many and so warm—and not the least of these in affectionateness from the houses of your Society.

'Of course I can't expect to live long—but it is a wonderful termination, in God's good Providence, of my life. I have lived long enough to see a great marvel. I shall not forget that I have your prayers. Many thanks for them.'

It was a welcome task, too, to reply to the letter from the new President of Trinity, Dr. Percival (who had recently succeeded Dr. Wayte), written on behalf of himself and the Fellows of the College, congratulating their distinguished colleague on his new honours:

'The Oratory, Birmingham: Mar. 30, 1879.

'Dear Mr. President,—I had been looking out, ever since I heard of your election, for the time when you would come

¹ The same thought appears in his reply to George Ryder's congratulations. 'Of course,' he writes, 'it is a great pleasure to me to have all those various suspicions about the soundness of my theology, which lingered in so many nooks and corners, wiped away at a stroke for good and all, and to have lived to an unusual age to be witness to it.'

into residence, and when I might be allowed to pay my respects to you—and now you anticipate me with so kind an invitation, and with such warm congratulations on my recent promotion, from yourself and your Fellows.

‘I hope you and they will understand how very pleasant it is to me to find the events which happen to me a subject of such friendly interest to my friends at Trinity, and with what pride I reflect that, if a historical title and high ecclesiastical distinction goes for anything in college estimation, I shall be thought, when the name of a Cardinal appears on your list of members, not to have done discredit to your generous act of last year, when you singled me out for your honorary Fellowship.

‘I am, dear Mr. President, with much respect,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

The first of the many public congratulations which Newman arranged to receive was the address of the Irish members of Parliament. This was to take place on April 4 at the house of Mr. T. W. Allies in London. As the time drew near Newman became very despondent, and said to Father Neville, ‘It has all come too late. I am unused to public speeches. I am old and broken. It is too late to begin. I fear I shall break down.’ He ate little breakfast when the day arrived. Father Neville went with him to the station. As he got out of the carriage Father Neville noted more than usual the stoop which in his old age contrasted so much with the upright carriage that his Oxford friends remembered in earlier years. Newman was limp and seemed to find walking a difficulty—dragging his limbs painfully along. As they walked on the platform he dropped his hat and gloves. Father Neville almost feared he would faint. He made him more than once drink some brandy, and sent him off hoping for the best.

Father Neville met him in the evening at the station on his return in some anxiety. Newman as he left the train walked with firm step and erect figure. ‘All is right,’ he said; ‘I did it splendidly.’

He felt henceforth—Father Neville told me—that after all it was not too late, that he still had the strength and presence of mind which were needed. And these never failed him on the many similar occasions which ensued.

The Irish address was not seen by him before its presentation, and his reply was therefore given without preparation. If it was not in itself specially remarkable, those present were agreed as to its tact and opportuneness, and the happy ease with which it was delivered. The report of it should here be set down as being the first spoken acknowledgment of the good wishes of his friends:

‘April 4, 1879.

‘Gentlemen,—This is a great day for me, and it is a day which gives me great pleasure too. It is a pleasure to meet old friends, and it is a pleasure to meet new ones. But it is not merely as friends that I meet you, for you are representatives of an ancient and faithful Catholic people for whom I have a deep affection, and therefore in receiving your congratulations of course I feel very much touched by your address; but I hope that you will not think it strange if I say that I have been surprised too, because while it is a great thing to please one’s own people, it is still more wonderful to create an interest in a people which is not one’s own. I do not think there is any other country which would have treated me so graciously as yours did. It is now nearly thirty years since, with a friend of mine, I first went over to Ireland with a view to the engagement which I afterwards formed there, and during the seven years through which that engagement lasted, I had continuous experience of kindness, and nothing but kindness, from all classes of people—from the hierarchy, from the seculars and regulars, and from the laity, whether in Dublin or in the country. Those who worked with me gave the most loyal support and loving help. As their first act they helped me in a great trouble in which I was involved. I had put my foot into an unusual legal embarrassment, and it required many thousand pounds to draw me out of it. They took a great share in that work. Nor did they show less kindness at the end of my time. I was obliged to leave from the necessities of my own congregation at Birmingham. Everybody can understand what a difficulty it is for a body to be without its head, and I only engaged for seven years, because I could not otherwise fulfil the charge which the Holy Father had put upon me in the Oratory. When I left with reluctance and regret that sphere in which I found so many friends, not a word of disappointment or unkindness was uttered, when there might have been a feeling that I was relinquishing a work which I had begun, and now

.

I repeat that, to my surprise, at the end of twenty years I find a silent memory cherished of a person who can only be said to have meant well though he did little;—and now what return can I make to show my gratitude? None that is sufficient. But this I can say, that your address shall not die with me. I belong to a body which, with God's blessing, will live after me—the Oratory of St. Philip. The paper which is the record of your generosity shall be committed to our archives, and shall testify to generations to come the enduring kindness of Irish Catholics towards the founder and first head of the English Oratory.'

Newman was ever mindful of St. Augustine's '*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*,' not only in its strict theological bearing, but in its more general sense; and the tokens now rapidly multiplying that the Holy Father had in his act given expression to a very widespread gratitude among Catholics for his great services to the Church were intensely acceptable to him. To this feeling he gave expression in his reply to the congratulatory address which came next in order after that from Ireland—that, namely, which the Primate and Bishops of Scotland forwarded to him on April 8. In the course of this address the Bishops used the following words:

'We rejoice that it has pleased the Holy Father, by nominating you to a seat in the Sacred College, to show his sense of the services which by your writings and the influence of example you have rendered to the Church, and we sincerely hope and earnestly pray, that the opportunity of continuing these services may be long granted to you along with the enjoyment of your new and well earned dignity.'

Newman thus replied:

'Next to the approbation of the Holy Father as involved in the high dignity to which he has raised me is the rare token of good opinion and good will which your Grace conveys to me from yourself and your brother Bishops of Scotland.

'It is this echo of the Sovereign Pontiff's voice which brings out to the world the force of His Holiness' condescension, and gives such intenseness to my gratification.

'I expect soon to go to Rome; it is a great support to feel that your special blessing, as conveyed to me in the letter which I am acknowledging, will accompany me into the Holy Father's presence.'

The last address, presented before the Cardinal-elect left England for the Eternal City, came from his neighbours, the seminarists at Olton, near Birmingham. The address was presented by two of the principal students.

‘Beyond all our hopes,’ one of them wrote to a friend at the time, ‘we had an interview of near half an hour with the saintly old man. He took us by surprise, entering the room while we were expecting Father Pope. He sat down with us, and I asked him somewhat abruptly if he would not like to see the address at once. With some little trouble in getting the string undone (Dr. Newman himself went and got us a knife to cut it) we brought forth the address, and put it on the mantelpiece, as it happened, in a position very favourable to its effect. Leaning on the mantelpiece he looked at it for a moment or two, and then commenced to read it. He read it carefully through while we looked on in silence. As he came to the end he said: “It is too much, of course, but I know that it is meant.” And then seeing the list of names he expressed his satisfaction, saying that to possess the names was something for the future. He again said that he felt that it was more than he deserved. Upon this I could not keep quiet any longer, and I protested that every word was meant. He then sat down and said, “I am sure of that. Those things are not measured by words, but by the heart.”’

On the eve of his departure for Rome Dr. Newman wrote to his old friend Mr. John O’Hagan:

‘The Oratory: Easter Tuesday, 1879.

‘My dear John O’Hagan,— . . . Of course I view the wonderful change of things as you view it. It was the reason which, when the Holy Father so considerably allowed me to live here, made me put away every other thought and constrained me to accept the honour. I felt that he was generously and tenderly clearing me from the charges which were made against me. I used to say to myself, “Time will set me right. I must be patient, for Time is on my side.” But the Pope has superseded Time. How should I not be most grateful to him?

‘I set off for Rome to-morrow, and ask you and Mrs. O’Hagan to say a good prayer for me, for I am rather dreading both the journey and the climate.

‘Yours affectly.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.’

Dr. Newman left the Oratory for Rome on the Wednesday in Easter week, accompanied by Father William Neville. Father Pope and Father Paul Eaglesim were to meet him on his arrival. Rome was reached on Thursday, April 24, and the details of the journey are described in a letter written by Newman himself to one of the Fathers on the following day:

‘Rome, Hotel Bristol: April 25, 1879.

‘You are so good a correspondent yourself, that like other virtuous people you are not quite sensitive of the difficulties which others feel in being so good. I do think it a great virtue in you, and try to practise it—so does William—and we both have proposed to let you know all about us, but, in spite of a good courier, I have always been tired, and William busy.

‘We went at one go from Boulogne to Turin—without any discomfort, getting to the latter place by Saturday night. We heard Mass next morning and went to Genoa, where the weather was not good, and I found myself wet and cold. Unable to take wine, the journey was too much for me, and I had to remain two days at Pisa—else, we should have been at Rome on Tuesday night, but we stayed an idle day at Pisa, and another day went no further than Siena—and so got here by half past four p.m. yesterday, Thursday. Our first act was to send a telegram to Birmingham.

‘This morning, as we expected, Thomas and Paul¹ made their appearance.

‘Every one has been surpassingly kind. William, perhaps Thomas, is to see Cardinal Nina to-night. It is not very warm, yet thunders. We have not settled where to pitch our tent. I make a bad hand at Italian, the easiest of languages. After all, we left behind my coat of arms. I have sent a telegram to Louis to send me at once a copy. Do you recollect in the Vulgate or in A Kempis, the words “Cor ad cor (cordi?) loquitur”? Look into the concordance of the Vulgate, among the books of reference in the Library, and find out if there is any such text in Scripture.’

The Holy Father received Newman in private audience on Sunday, April 27. The interview is described in the following letter to Father Henry Bittleston:

¹ Father Thomas Pope and Father Paul Eaglesim.

'Via Sistina No. 48: May 2, 1879.

'My dear Henry,—Your letter came safe and thank you for it. I have been laid up with a bad cold ever since I have been here. Yesterday and today I have been in bed. It has seized my throat and continues hard. I have had advice, but it does nothing for me. The weather is so bad—I think it will not go till Spring weather comes. It pulls me down sadly. Here great days are passing, and I a prisoner in the house. It answers to my general experience of Roman weather.

'The Holy Father received me most affectionately—keeping my hand in his. He asked me, "Do you intend to continue head of the Birmingham House?" I answered, "That depends on the Holy Father." He then said, "Well then I wish you to continue head," and he went on to speak of this at length, saying there was a precedent for it in one of Gregory XVI.'s cardinals.

'He asked me various questions—was our house a good one? was our Church? how many were we? of what age? When I said, we had lost some, he put his hand on my head and said "Don't cry." He asked "had we any lay brothers?" How then did we do for a cook? I said we had a widow woman, and the kitchen was cut off from the house. He said "bene." Where did I get my theology? at Propaganda? etc. etc. When I was leaving he accepted a copy of my four Latin Dissertations, in the Roman Edition. I certainly did not think his mouth large till he smiled, and then the ends turned up, but not unpleasantly—he has a clear white complexion—his eyes somewhat bloodshot—but this might have been the accident of the day. He speaks very slowly and clearly and with an Italian manner.

'William has had a letter to Austin on the stocks for some days. I hope it went a day or two ago.

'Love to all.

Ever yours afftly.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

Between Newman's audience and the Consistory of May at which the Hat was conferred, by the doctor's advice he hardly left his room, for the weather was bad and his cold severe.

The great day arrived and Father Neville writes of it thus:

'On Monday morning, May 12, Dr. Newman went to the Palazzo della Pigna, the residence of Cardinal Howard, who had lent him his apartments to receive there the messenger from the Vatican bearing the *biglietto* from the Cardinal-Secretary of State, informing him that in a secret Consistory

held that morning his Holiness had deigned to raise him to the rank of Cardinal. By eleven o'clock the room was crowded with English and American Catholics, ecclesiastics and laymen, as well as many members of the Roman nobility and dignitaries of the Church, assembled to witness the ceremony. Soon after midday the consistorial messenger was announced. He handed the *biglietto* to Cardinal Newman, who, having broken the seal, gave it to Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, who read the contents. The messenger having then informed the newly created Cardinal that his Holiness would receive him at the Vatican the next morning at ten o'clock to confer the *biretta* upon him, and having paid the customary compliments, his Eminence replied in what has become known as his "*Biglietto* Speech" as follows:

' "Vi ringrazio, Monsignore, per la partecipazione che m'avete fatto dell' alto onore che il Santo Padre si è degnato conferire sulla mia umile persona—

"And if I ask your permission to continue my address to you, not in your musical language, but in my own dear mother tongue, it is because in the latter I can better express my feelings on this most gracious announcement which you have brought to me than if I attempted what is above me.

"First of all then, I am led to speak of the wonder and profound gratitude which came upon me, and which is upon me still, at the condescension and love towards me of the Holy Father, in singling me out for so immense an honour. It was a great surprise. Such an elevation had never come into my thoughts, and seemed to be out of keeping with all my antecedents. I had passed through many trials, but they were over; and now the end of all things had almost come to me, and I was at peace. And was it possible that after all I had lived through so many years for this?

"Nor is it easy to see how I *could* have borne so great a shock, had not the Holy Father resolved on a second act of condescension towards me, which tempered it, and was to all who heard of it a touching evidence of his kindly and generous nature. He felt for me, and he told me the reasons why he raised me to this high position. Besides other words of encouragement, he said his act was a recognition of my zeal and good service for so many years in the Catholic cause; moreover, he judged it would give pleasure to English Catholics, and even to Protestant England, if I received some mark of his favour. After such gracious words from his Holiness, I should have been insensible and heartless if I had had scruples any longer.

“This is what he had the kindness to say to me, and what could I want more? In a long course of years I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of saints, viz., that error cannot be found in them; but what I trust that I may claim all through what I have written, is this,—an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve Holy Church, and, through Divine mercy, a fair measure of success. And, I rejoice to say, to one great mischief I have from the first opposed myself. For thirty, forty, fifty years I have resisted to the best of my powers the spirit of Liberalism in religion. Never did Holy Church need champions against it more sorely than now, when, alas! it is an error overspreading, as a snare, the whole earth; and on this great occasion, when it is natural for one who is in my place to look out upon the world, and upon Holy Church as in it, and upon her future, it will not, I hope, be considered out of place, if I renew the protest against it which I have made so often.

“Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with any recognition of any religion, as *true*. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, for all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste; not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. Devotion is not necessarily founded on faith. Men may go to Protestant Churches and to Catholic, may get good from both and belong to neither. They may fraternise together in spiritual thoughts and feelings, without having any views at all of doctrines in common, or seeing the need of them. Since, then, religion is so personal a peculiarity and so private a possession, we must of necessity ignore it in the intercourse of man with man. If a man puts on a new religion every morning, what is that to you? It is as impertinent to think about a man's religion as about his sources of income or his management of his family. Religion is in no sense the bond of society.

“Hitherto the civil power has been Christian. Even in countries separated from the Church, as in my own, the *dictum* was in force, when I was young, that: ‘Christianity was the law of the land.’ Now, everywhere that goodly framework of society, which is the creation of Christianity, is throwing off Christianity. The *dictum* to which I have

referred, with a hundred others which followed upon it, is gone, or is going everywhere; and, by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be *forgotten*. Hitherto, it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure submission of the masses of our population to law and order; now the Philosophers and Politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. Instead of the Church's authority and teaching, they would substitute first of all a universal and thoroughly secular education, calculated to bring home to every individual that to be orderly, industrious, and sober is his personal interest. Then, for great working principles to take the place of religion, for the use of the masses thus carefully educated, it provides—the broad fundamental ethical truths, of justice, benevolence, veracity, and the like; proved experience; and those natural laws which exist and act spontaneously in society, and in social matters, whether physical or psychological; for instance, in government, trade, finance, sanitary experiments, and the intercourse of nations. As to Religion, it is a private luxury, which a man may have if he will; but which of course he must pay for, and which he must not obtrude upon others, or indulge in to their annoyance.

“The general [nature] of this great *apostasias* is one and the same everywhere; but in detail, and in character, it varies in different countries. For myself, I would rather speak of it in my own country, which I know. There, I think it threatens to have a formidable success; though it is not easy to see what will be its ultimate issue. At first sight it might be thought that Englishmen are too religious for a movement which, on the continent, seems to be founded on infidelity; but the misfortune with us is, that, though it ends in infidelity as in other places, it does not necessarily arise out of infidelity. It must be recollected that the religious sects, which sprang up in England three centuries ago, and which are so powerful now, have ever been fiercely opposed to the Union of Church and State, and would advocate the unChristianising of the monarchy and all that belongs to it, under the notion that such a catastrophe would make Christianity much more pure and much more powerful. Next the liberal principle is forced on us from the necessity of the case. Consider what follows from the very fact of these many sects. They constitute the religion, it is supposed, of half the population; and recollect, our mode of government is popular. Every dozen men taken at random

whom you meet in the streets have a share in political power, —when you inquire into their forms of belief, perhaps they represent one or other of as many as seven religions; how can they possibly act together in municipal or in national matters, if each insists on the recognition of his own religious denomination? All action would be at a deadlock unless the subject of religion was ignored. We cannot help ourselves. And, thirdly, it must be borne in mind, that there is much in the liberalistic theory which is good and true; for example, not to say more, the precepts of justice, truthfulness, sobriety, self-command, benevolence, which, as I have already noted, are among its avowed principles, and the natural laws of society. It is not till we find that this array of principles is intended to supersede, to block out, religion, that we pronounce it to be evil. There never was a device of the Enemy so cleverly framed and with such promise of success. And already it has answered to the expectations which have been formed of it. It is sweeping into its own ranks great numbers of able, earnest, virtuous men, elderly men of approved antecedents, young men with a career before them.

“Such is the state of things in England, and it is well that it should be realised by all of us; but it must not be supposed for a moment that I am afraid of it. I lament it deeply, because I foresee that it may be the ruin of many souls; but I have no fear at all that it really can do aught of serious harm to the Word of God, to Holy Church, to our Almighty King, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, Faithful and True, or to His Vicar on earth. Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril, that we should fear for it any new trial now. So far is certain; on the other hand, what is uncertain, and in these great contests commonly is uncertain, and what is commonly a great surprise, when it is witnessed, is the particular mode by which, in the event, Providence rescues and saves His elect inheritance. Sometimes our enemy is turned into a friend; sometimes he is despoiled of that special virulence of evil which was so threatening; sometimes he falls to pieces of himself; sometimes he does just so much as is beneficial, and then is removed. Commonly the Church has nothing more to do than to go on in her own proper duties, in confidence and peace; to stand still and to see the salvation of God.

“*Mansueti hereditabunt terram
Et delectabuntur in multitudine pacis.*”

Father Pope described the scene in a brief note written to Father Ignatius Ryder on the day itself:

'Monday.

'All has passed off beautifully—an immense crowd—the Father made a very fine speech, which you will see *verbatim* in the *Times*, and which is very heartily enjoyed here. How he managed it St. Philip knows best—but he did not cough—and his delivery was very animated, and perfect, as the vehicle of his words. Several Cardinals have come—more will be coming this evening. They are very cordial, and seem very earnestly and sincerely to look on the Father as a glorious addition to their number. One said he read English and knew the "Apologia" &c. well. I am now easy about the Father—I have been at times uneasy. The cough is obstinate and weakness great. He seems to-day quite himself. Old Wagner from Brighton was present.

'The Italian ladies behind me were unanimous that he was: "che bel vecchio! che figura!" &c. &c. "pallido sì, ma bellissimo," &c. &c. &c. In short the Father was quite up to the occasion, which is saying a great deal.'

Mr. Wagner himself wrote his impressions of the scene to a friend:

'I write you a few lines just to say that I was present yesterday at the ceremony of Dr. Newman's receiving the Letter from the Pope conferring on him the Cardinalate. He was in Cardinal Howard's rooms, where a considerable number of English were collected to witness the ceremony. After the letter was read, he made a beautiful little address in English to those present, ending with the motto which is in the *Lives of the Saints* he published at Littlemore. "The meek spirited shall possess the earth, and shall be refreshed in the multitude of peace." I do not know whether the ancient ceremony of giving the Hat to the Cardinal will take place—the last Pope, I believe, dispensed with it in his latter years; if so, I shall hope to get access to the Vatican to see it. Dr. Newman looked ill and faint, but he read the address in a beautifully clear voice, and it was a very touching one, in some respects, to listen to. I have written a line to Dr. Pusey to tell him of it, as I thought he would like to hear something of one whom he loved so much. Dr. Newman's face looked quite like that of a Saint.'

Addresses and presentations from the English-speaking Catholics in Rome followed.

Father Pope describes in another letter the first of these, which took place at the English College:

‘Wednesday, May 14.

‘The presentation at the English College went off grandly. Abp. McGettigan, Abp. of Benevento, Bp. Clifford, and a host of monsignori—English swarming—the present tasteful and costly—the address feeling and (better still) short—read admirably by Lady Herbert—and the Father’s reply short, and very touching. He looked very noble in Cardinal’s attire—and we sent to the Vatican for his “gentiluomo” in the picturesque mediaeval dress—with sword—and the Father’s biretta on his knees. Two carriages and all in proper form. But the Father is fearfully tired and weak. That grip on the throat and bronchia was a sharp one—and I shall be glad now to see him home again. The Pope wishes him either to pontificate, or assist on the throne, at Chiesa Nuova, on St. Philip’s day. But I think he will not.’¹

¹ The following is Father Neville’s semi-official account of the presentation: ‘At eleven o’clock on Wednesday, May 14, his Eminence Cardinal Newman accompanied by Mgr. Cataldi Master of Ceremonies to his Holiness and the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory who are with him, went to the English College to receive the address and the gifts of the English, Irish, Scotch, and American residents in Rome. He was received at the College by Dr. O’Callaghan, the rector, Dr. Giles, the vice-rectore, and Mgr. Stonor, and conducted into a large upper chamber, already crowded by ladies and gentlemen. At the further end were exposed the complete set of vestments, rich as becoming the intention, but plain in accordance with the Cardinal’s desire, a cloth-of-silver cope and jewelled mitre, a Canon of the Mass book, a pectoral cross and chain, and a silver-gilt altar candlestick, for which the English-speaking Catholics at Rome have subscribed as a present to his Eminence, together with a richly illuminated address. On each vestment was embroidered his Eminence’s coat-of-arms in proper heraldic colours, with the motto “*Cor ad cor loquitur.*” The Cardinal having taken his seat, with Mgr. Moran, Bishop of Ossory, Mgr. Woodlock, Bishop elect of Ardagh, Mgr. Siciliano di Rende, Archbishop of Benevento and Mgrs. Stonor, Cataldi, and de Stacpoole on either side, Lady Herbert of Lea read the following address:

FROM THE ENGLISH, IRISH, SCOTCH. AND AMERICAN RESIDENTS IN ROME.

‘My Lord Cardinal,—We, your devoted English, Scotch, Irish, and American children at present residing in Rome, earnestly wishing to testify our deep and affectionate veneration for your Eminence’s person and character, together with our hearty joy at your elevation to the Sacred Purple, venture to lay this humble offering at your feet. We feel that in making you a Cardinal the Holy Father has not only given public testimony of his appreciation of your great merits and of the value of your admirable writings in defence of God and His Church, but has also conferred the greatest possible honour on all English-speaking Catholics who have long looked up to you as their spiritual father and their guide in the paths of holiness. We hope your Eminence will excuse the shortness and simplicity of this Address, which is but the expression of the feeling contained in your Eminence’s motto, “Heart speaking to Heart,” for your Eminence has long won the first place in the hearts of all. That God may greatly prolong the years which have been so devoted to His service in the cause of truth is the earnest prayer of your Eminence’s faithful and loving children.’

The effort of receiving such addresses and replying was very great, and Newman soon had again to rest, being thoroughly tired and ill. An affection of the lungs followed which made his doctors really anxious. He had hoped to visit the Holy Places in Rome, to make friends with other members of the Sacred College, and above all to speak often with Leo XIII. All this had to be abandoned. Only twice was he well enough to say Mass, though there was a chapel in the house in which he was staying; only twice could he see the Holy Father. His chief thought now was to get back to his dear home at the Oratory.

He was, however, most eager, so far as was possible, to use the new weight which his position as a Cardinal gave him, and the opportunity of his visit to Rome, to further the great aims to which his life had been so long devoted. Later on we shall speak of his plans for placing before the Holy See as one of its official councillors his views on the contemporary requirements of Catholic education. But while in Rome there was one purpose which haunted him—which indeed Father Neville told me he had planned carefully before his departure from England. His life-long friend William Froude was still a free-thinker. Newman had earnestly hoped and prayed for a change. He had reasoned with him in their intimate correspondence when occasion offered. A Catholic wife and Catholic children were constantly at Froude's side to second Newman's endeavours. But the years had gone on and no change had come. In 1878 Mrs. Froude died. Her husband, broken by the blow, was travelling in South Africa, whence, as it happened, he wrote Newman a letter concerning his religious position, in which he discussed the question of religious certainty which was the great issue between them. This letter Newman had received before starting for Rome, and he had it in his mind that the prayers of a dead wife might now be aided in their effect by himself with new hope of success, and that Froude's heart would be especially open to religious impressions. He would write from Rome itself, as a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. Arguments which had formerly had only the character of his own personal reflections, might carry new weight when urged by one who

now officially represented the Christian tradition of the ages at its main source. In spite of illness Newman persevered in his intention. The letter was written—a marvel of lucidity and careful thought at his advanced age. But while the rough copy was being corrected the news came that William Froude was dead. He had died at Admiralty House, Simon's Town, of dysentery following on drinking some tainted water in the neighbourhood.

Another object near the new Cardinal's heart was to use the sanction which Rome had given to his views, as an instrument for winning back the great Döllinger to the Church. Here again he trusted that the Cardinal's Hat might be of service. The fact that Rome had given as it were her *imprimatur* to his own views on theology and history, might have an effect which mere argument had not wrought in the absence of this significant circumstance. And as a Cardinal he could speak as a matter of duty and without any suggestion of impertinence.

'It was his intention,' writes Fr. Neville, 'to have returned home by way of Germany, for the opportunity he might thus have of personal communication with Dr. Döllinger. . . . In his own new position, it was due, the Cardinal said, from himself to Dr. Döllinger, not to pass through the Continent without going to him. He was very intent upon this, and apparently he connected his object mentally with the solemn Ceremonial of his Creation as giving him authority, and power, and liberty to speak such as he had not had before. It was, however, a subject too grave for many words: his firm and emphatic utterance of the few that he used fully afforded a reading of his mind in their stead. Again, before leaving Rome, his almost silent acquiescence in the decision of his physician, that the cold and laborious route home which he was intending could not in conscience be allowed, was very expressive of his solemn and calm resignation of his purpose to the over-ruling of the will of God. Nevertheless, he would have been very glad indeed to have carried out this intention as a first use of his Cardinalate in the service of God.'

He had promised to pass some days at Autun, on his homeward journey, and see once again, before the inevitable separation of death, his dear and faithful friend, Sister Maria

Pia. This plan he was loth to relinquish, yet the effort seemed more than he could safely make.

A few days before leaving Rome he wrote to one of the Birmingham Fathers:

‘Whitsunday: 48 Via Sistina.

‘Thank you for the care you have taken of my rooms, etc. I hope I have left them in a state which allows of their being dusted, when the time draws near for my return.

‘The time! when will that be? I was sure that you did not take in how ill I was, though my letters to Lewis and Francis ought, I think, to have struck you. I wanted especially your prayers, and I hate concealment. Think of this fact, that, as Cardinal elect and actual, I have an altar in this house, yet in five weeks I have only said Mass once. However, today I said Mass, but the doctor won’t let me say Mass tomorrow. He says I am not safe from a relapse, and, if at Leghorn I am at all unwell, I am to send for him.

‘I see the Pope tomorrow, for the second and last time! Alas, how my time, humanly speaking, has been lost here. We shall not get off till Wednesday at soonest. At Leghorn we stay according as we are comfortable there, at the “Anglo-American hotel.” I am in a dilemma of the Mont Cenis line, which is too cold, and the Riviera, which is too hot. My visit to Autun, which I can’t give up, is a great trouble. I shall remain some days at Dover or the like place. I dread the receptions and answers to Addresses. It was these which knocked me up here. . . . I think I shall return to Birmingham, as you will find, an older man than I went.’

From Leghorn he wrote to Sister Maria Pia on June 9 announcing his impending arrival at Autun.

‘Think,’ he added, ‘of my being at Rome six weeks at such a festive season and with such great saints’ days and having said Mass only three times and having been into not more than half a dozen churches. What a disappointment.’

A letter from Father Thomas Pope to a friend at the Oratory tells of the route homewards:

‘Hôtel Anglo-Américain, Livourne: June 18, 1879.

‘The Father has just received your pleasant letter, and enjoyed it much. The medal looks too much like a Roman Emperor—the Father says like Nero. He was particularly pleased with the letter from the President of Trinity. He walked out yesterday on the *passeggiata* with benefit—and is now, to all appearance, well. He is very weak; and the

worst thing is a susceptibility to every change so great, that we can't calculate how he will bear anything. Actual disease there is none—he has a grand constitution, and the capital of it is not nearly exhausted yet. I marvel at the ease with which he has thrown off his several illnesses. Tomorrow we go to Genoa,—Hôtel de l'Italie. If he is well there, and has borne the journey well, Father Paul and I start off, so that we shall reach Birmingham as soon as possible. . . . The Father cannot be at home for St. Peter and Paul, so far as we can see now. He *may* be so much stronger as to get on quicker. But the doctor wants him to leave Genoa on Saturday morning for Nice—to stay Sunday at Nice—Monday to Marseilles—then another stage to Lyons—then to Paris. . . . The Father is very eager to be back—and I think he will return straight to Birmingham—and go back later to London. Even now, as I am writing, Father William is urging a halt at Spezia, lest the whole journey to Genoa be too much.'

When Newman got to Mâcon came another disappointment. The doctor peremptorily forbade, in the inclement weather, the proposed *détour* to Autun.

He broke the news to Sister Maria Pia in a sad letter dated July 3:

'My dear Sister Pia,—We must submit ourselves to the Will of God. What is our religion, if we can't?

'When I got to Mâcon, it was almost determined we should cut across to you next morning. I went to bed with this expectation—but next morning we rose in heavy rain, and my doctor had a great fear that the waiting at the various stations, and change of carriages with the damp, draughts, and worry which accompanied it would bring on fever etc., for you would hardly believe how weak I am, and what very slight imprudences have caused a relapse already. So he felt, as having the charge of me, that he could not leave the direct road to Paris in which there were no stoppages, no change of carriages.

'The season is so exceptional.

'Ever yours most affly.,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

The Cardinal arrived in Brighton on Saturday afternoon, June 28, and was present at the High Mass on Sunday at the Church of St. John the Baptist, in St. James's Street. In the afternoon he drove round to the various churches in the town and paid visits to their several priests.

On Monday he went to London, breaking his journey at Bramber to see his old friend Dr. Bloxam, of Magdalene, now Rector of Upper Beeding. The Agricultural Show filled the London hotels, and he therefore went to Rugby for the night, reaching his home at the Oratory on the following morning, Tuesday, July 1, the Fathers having been warned of his approaching arrival on Monday by telegram.

The home-coming is described in a letter from Henry Bellasis to his mother, written on the day itself:

‘The Father could not obtain a bed in London last night, so travelled on to Rugby and came on this morning by a train arriving at New Street at 10.45. He was met by all the principal gentlemen of our congregation, many priests and a large crowd of people, a first rate carriage and pair was in readiness belonging to one of the ladies and *on the way to the house* he dressed with Fr. Henry’s assistance in his red trimmed cassock and pink ferrajuolo which is a sort of cloak—red biretta and skull cap of course—so that when the policeman gave us in a solemn whisper at the front door the news, “They are here sir!” up drove the carriage (pouring with rain, by the bye) and the Father got out in—so to speak—full costume.

‘He then went to the Porch of the Church and after the usual ceremonies, kissing a crucifix, incensing, etc.; the procession marched up the Church—the Father under a canopy—and filed off to S. Philip’s Chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is kept. After a short prayer the procession returned to the High Altar. Here the Father knelt on a prie-Dieu in the centre of the sanctuary, and, after some short prayers, went to the throne, where we all came and kissed his ring. This over, his throne was taken to the centre of the Sanctuary and he there sat down and delivered a most beautiful and touching discourse. It was to the effect that he had now come *home*; what a deal there was in that word home—he knew there were more heroic lives than that of a *home* life e.g. the Apostles’, etc. but a home life was his as a son of St. Philip. Our Lord Himself spent 30 years of His life shewing us what a home life ought to be. When away at a distance he thought he never should return, but God had willed it otherwise, and he had now reached what he might call his long home, which he hoped might end in heaven for all eternity. He then thanked the Congregation for all their prayers and congratulations, saying that his great weakness prevented him from doing so in a manner at all

expressing what he really felt. After this he went on to speak of his great privilege of being able to go to the Holy City and see the Holy Father face to face. He spoke of the Pope most beautifully and ended by saying that he was here as his representative, and he prayed God that now, we all, in whatever station or circumstances we might be, might by His Grace show an Example of what Catholic life ought to be etc. etc. He then said he would give us his blessing, which he did solemnly as a Bishop.

'After this the Te Deum was sung and the Ceremony ended.

'I should add that he looks thin and weak from his illness, but this only adds to his magnificent appearance. I wish you could have heard the sermon—it made us all cry more or less.'

'No one I am sure who was privileged to be present,' writes the late Father Ignatius Ryder, 'will ever forget that improvised service of thanksgiving for his safe return in which he took part immediately on his arrival. He was wonderful to look upon as he sat fronting the congregation, his face as the face of an angel—the features that were so familiar to us refined and spiritualised by illness and the delicate complexion and silver hair touched by the rose tints of his bright unaccustomed dress. Leaning his head upon his hand he began to talk to us and must have spoken for some twenty minutes or more. Every word seemed precious—I can only hope they have been preserved—and yet simple to the last degree; about home principally.

'If I remember right he began with the words "It is such a happiness to get home." There was throughout what was often a peculiar charm with him, the impression of aloofness as though it were all a soliloquy or conversation you had innocently surprised.'

No reporter was present, but the following is left by Father Neville among the Cardinal's papers as giving 'as nearly as possible' his words on this occasion:

'My dear Children,—I am desirous of thanking you for the great sympathy you have shown towards me, for your congratulations, for your welcome, and for your good prayers; but I feel so very weak—for I have not recovered yet from a long illness—that I hardly know how I can be able to say ever so few words, or to express in any degree the great pleasure and gratitude to you which I feel.

‘To come home again! In that word “home” how much is included. I know well that there is a more heroic life than a home life. We know the blessed Apostles—how they went about, and we listen to St. Paul’s words—those touching words—in which he speaks of himself and says he was an outcast. Then we know, too, our Blessed Lord—that He “had not where to lay His head.” Therefore, of course, there is a higher life, a more heroic life, than that of home. But still, that is given to few. The home life—the idea of home—is consecrated to us by our patron and founder St. Philip, for he made the idea of home the very essence of his religion and institute. We have even a great example in Our Lord Himself; for though in His public ministry He had not where to lay His head, yet we know that for the first thirty years of His life He had a home, and He therefore consecrated, in a special way, the life of home. And as, indeed, Almighty God has been pleased to continue the world, not, as angels, by a separate creation of each, but by means of the Family, so it was fitting that the congregation of St. Philip should be the ideal, the realisation of the Family in its perfection, and a pattern to every family in the parish, in the town, and throughout the whole of Christendom. Therefore, I do indeed feel pleasure to come home again. Although I am not insensible of the great grace of being in the Holy City, which is the centre of grace, nor of the immense honour which has been conferred upon me, nor of the exceeding kindness and affection to me personally of the Holy Father—I may say more than affection, for he was to me as though he had been all my life my father—to see the grace which shone from his face and spoke in his voice; yet I feel I may rejoice in coming home again—as if it were to my long home—to that home which extends to heaven, “the home of our eternity.” And although there has been much of sickness, and much sadness in being prevented from enjoying the privileges of being in the Holy City, yet Almighty God has brought me home again in spite of all difficulties, fears, obstacles, troubles, and trials. I almost feared I should never come back, but God in His mercy has ordered it otherwise. And now I will ask you, my dear friends, to pray for me, that I may be as the presence of the Holy Father amongst you, and that the Holy Spirit of God may be upon this Church, upon this great city, upon its Bishop, upon all its priests, upon all its inhabitants, men, women and children, and as a pledge and beginning of it, I give you my benediction.’

CHAPTER XXXIV

FINAL TASKS (1880-1886)

So far as the weight of nearly fourscore years permitted it, the period which followed the conferring of the Cardinalate was a very happy one. Tokens of universal reverence multiplied on Newman's return from Rome. The formal receptions which were held to do him honour gave opportunity also for expressions of gratitude from the many who had owed to him their Christian faith or their religious peace, and it was brought home to him that during the years which had seemed to him simply years of failure he had in fact been doing a work as real (if less conspicuous) as the work he had done at Oxford.

A great reception was given at Norfolk House, for which others besides the Catholic world accepted invitations in order to meet the new Cardinal.¹ Lord Salisbury came from Hatfield and reopened his London house for the occasion. And many other men prominent in public life availed themselves of the opportunity to pay honour to the new Cardinal. His brethren at the London Oratory also entertained him at Brompton. In the diary of one of the Fathers we read as follows:

'The Cardinal assisted at Vespers and gave Benediction at the London Oratory, and gave an address afterwards to the Brothers of the Little Oratory. I believe it was touching. Lord Emly quite broke down. Anthony Froude wrote a

¹ Of this reception the Cardinal thus writes to a friend who had received no intimation that it was to take place:

'I did not choose who should come to Norfolk House—nor I believe, did the Duke. I think those came mainly who asked to come. But it necessarily involved great confusion. There was nothing to show who wished to come, or who were in London—and how many days and hours were necessary for open house. I only know that the Duke slaved, nay, the Duchess, and the Ladies Howard, so as to make me quite ashamed and very grateful. Four hundred people came one day.'

mournfully affecting letter to the Duke, asking if he might come to the Oratory to hear it. "Since last I heard that musical voice my faith has all been shattered: perhaps if I might hear it again it would at least awaken in me some echoes of those old days." I do not know how far exactly these words are his own; I have them from the account Fr. John gave me in conversation.'

Trinity College, Oxford, invited the new Cardinal to dine at the College Gaudy on Trinity Monday 1880. The Cardinal accepted, and preached on Trinity Sunday at the Jesuit Church in Oxford to a crowded congregation. The dinner on the Monday was a far more stately function than that which he had attended in February 1878, after his election as Honorary Fellow. There were numerous guests, and ladies were invited to a reception in the evening. These were presented in turn to the Cardinal, who received them in semi-royal state. The late Sir Richard Jebb was at the dinner, and told the present writer that Newman's informal speech on the occasion was a model of perfect tact and grace. For half an hour or so, sitting in his chair, he talked to the table of Oxford memories—of Whately, Pusey, Blanco White, Hawkins, and many another, not forgetting his old Trinity tutor Thomas Short, who had passed away since his visit of 1878.

These functions were physically exhausting to the Cardinal, but they were the outward symbols of work done for the good cause and were intensely grateful to him.

Cardinal Newman had no thought of *otium cum dignitate* for his declining years. The whole value of his new position consisted in the influence it gave him. 'His strength,' writes Father Neville, 'which had been so severely tried in Rome, was rapidly regained, his health was good, and he had the happiness of being conscious that the readiness and vigour of his mind were undiminished. But fatigue during exertion came upon him more quickly than heretofore. It was a warning to him that he would have less and less opportunity to make up for loss of time.' He determined forthwith to do his best to make the Holy Father realise the difficulties which had for so many years oppressed him, as to the position of educated Christians, in view of the now rapidly rising tide

of anti-Christian thought. The sad question which he had asked in 1877 in respect of tendencies which he deplored, 'What can one writer do against this misfortune?' was no longer in place. There was since then a new Pontiff, whose policy might well depart from the 'non possumus' which Pius IX.'s later history had forced upon him in politics, and which he had sometimes extended to the intellectual movements of the day as well as to the political. And Newman himself, as a Cardinal of Holy Church, might have an influence in high quarters which as a mere writer he could never attain. He meant to lose no time in urging on Rome itself the policy which since the days of his Dublin campaign he had so keenly felt to be necessary for the education of Catholics—of admitting again within the Church something of the free discussions which the thirteenth century had witnessed, with a view to revising the defences of Christianity to meet new dangers. This involved doing full justice to all that was strongest in the anti-Christian arguments, and replying to them, in place of either banishing them as temptations or caricaturing what was cogent as though it were inept. Not that for a moment he desired the average weak mind to face arguments against Christian faith which might easily perplex it. Indeed, some of his most characteristic letters of this time are directed against such intercourse, on the part of Catholics in general, with anti-Christian thinkers as might weaken the hold of religion on their imagination. But there must (he held) be a body of really cogent theological and philosophical reasoning in the Catholic schools, to fall back upon and to inspire confidence in thoughtful men; and this could only be elaborated by frankly and freely testing in actual warfare the strength of the existing apologetic and discarding what was inadequate. 'When I see a clever and thoughtful young man,' he used to say at this time, 'I feel a kind of awe and even terror in thinking of his future. How will he be able to stand against the intellectual flood that is setting in against Christianity?'

In his reminiscences of the thoughts and tasks which occupied the Cardinal in his last years, Father Neville, his constant companion, writes as follows:

‘He gave himself much to the aid of persons of high culture and power of thought, whose difficulties were intellectual with regard to the faith, even as to belief in God; yet were earnest to do right if only they could be sure of the Truth. Trials such as these appealed to him especially, and drew forth his most tender sympathy. Moreover, he was conscious that he himself could do much for the relief of these persons, which others ordinarily could not; and he had it greatly at heart to draw them nearer to the Church and nearer to God. To make persons who were Catholics happy in their religion was also, to him, another great aim.

‘Services such as these occupied him a great deal, and influenced him very much in works which he undertook to do.’

In a memorandum belonging to his last years Cardinal Newman thus expresses himself:

‘From the time that I began to occupy my mind with theological subjects I have been troubled at the prospect, which I considered to lie before us, of an intellectual movement against religion, so special as to have a claim upon the attention of all educated Christians. As early as 1826 I wrote, “As the principles of science are in process of time more fully developed, and become more independent of the religious system, there is much danger lest the philosophical school should be found to separate from the Christian Church, and at length disown the parent to whom it has been so greatly indebted. And this evil has in a measure befallen us,” &c. &c. (“Univ. Sermon,” p. 14). This grave apprehension led me to consider the evidences, as they are called, of Religion generally, and the intellectual theory on which they are based. This I attempted with the purpose, as far as lay in my power, not certainly of starting doubts about religion, but of testing and perfecting the proofs in its behalf. In literal warfare, weapons are tested before they are brought into use, and the men are not called traitors who test them.’

In another memorandum, a copy of which he sent during his last years¹ to the present writer, the Cardinal urged the necessity of drawing up a systematic statement of the main points on which there was a divergence between the conclusions generally received among men of science, including the Biblical and historical critics, and the generally received opinions in the theological schools. Such a statement ought,

¹ It was sent in 1886, but had been written, I believe, a few years earlier.

he said, to be forwarded to Rome with strong representations as to the urgent necessity, with a view to protecting the faith of the young, that these questions should be fully and candidly discussed among Catholic theologians and men of science with the sanction of Rome itself. Such frank debate would result in the erection of an authority on the subjects in question, which would inspire general confidence.

Newman's first thought was to return to Rome himself and open his mind to his brother Cardinals and, above all, to the Holy Father. In his 'Reminiscences' Father Neville states that 'on the occasion of his visit to Rome in 1879, some of the Cardinals had greatly attracted Newman, and he desired to resume conversation with his colleagues on subjects which had largely inspired his own writings.

'He determined, therefore,' writes Father Neville, 'to return to Rome for a time, as soon as the re-establishment of his health would allow it, looking forward to talking with some who had not followed him in all his writings, and to becoming conversant with many matters of interest and importance. Moreover, and above all things, he desired to open his mind fully to the Holy Father on those educational subjects which had occupied him so much, and concerning which his knowledge and experience were exceptional.

'The earliest days of the approaching March (1880) had been fixed by him for his departure, but disappointment again overtook him; an accident which fractured two of his ribs confined him to his home, and the opportunity thus lost never returned. Each successive year left its deeper mark of age upon him. One thing and another made the prospect of his going to Rome more and more distant, till it became contemplated only in case of some emergency incidental to his position as Cardinal calling him thither; or, should the Holy Father's position become perilous, as at one time seemed not unlikely, then he, as would beseem a Cardinal, would be at his side.'

One extremely interesting fact is recorded by Father Neville in the same connection. A Cardinal was eligible to the Papacy, and Father Neville drew from Newman a statement as to what he should do in the highly improbable, but still not impossible event that he should some day be called on himself to decide the policy of the Church on the questions of the day.

'Speaking in a matter-of-fact manner, but with grave seriousness,' writes Father Neville, 'he went on to say that his time would necessarily be too brief for him to do anything himself, "but this I could do," he said, "appoint and organise commissions on various subjects, and thus advance work for another to take up if he willed. That would be the work for me to do. It would have to begin at once, without any delay.'" Having said that, then with the briskness and relief as of one now seeing and knowing his way, he made mention of a Pope elected at ninety-three and dying at ninety-six, who had done a great work at that age and in that short time.'

The subjects he specified to Father Neville, as specially needing such commissions for their consideration, were Biblical criticism and the history of the Early Church; and the commissions would have to make a full and candid report to be dealt with by his successor as he should think fit.

While thus anxious for a satisfactory intellectual treatment of the bearing on Christian faith of those researches which were leading so many to reject it, Newman showed in his letters—as I have already intimated—a keen sense of the part played by intercourse with unbelievers in predisposing the mind to exaggerate the force of their arguments.

The following letters illustrate this view. They are addressed to Miss Bowles, who had told him of a common friend who lived much in the intellectual world of London and had ceased to be a Catholic or Christian:

TO MISS BOWLES.

'January 5, 1882.

'I think those shocking imaginations against everything supernatural and sacred, are as really diseases of the soul, as complaints of the body are, and become catching and epidemic, by contact or neighbourhood or company, (of course the will comes in, as a condition of their being caught, as, on the other hand, in the cures effected by St. Paul's handkerchiefs and aprons, faith would be a condition). But were I deliberately to frequent the society, the parties of clever infidels, I should expect all sorts of imaginations contrary to Revealed Truth, not based on reason, but fascinating or distressing, unsettling visions, to take possession of me. . . . This does not apply to intercourse with hereditary and religious Protestants, but to our Heresiarchs, to the preachers of infidel science, and our infidel literati and

philosophers. This leads me on to recur in thought to the fierce protests and shuddering aversion with which St. John, St. Polycarp, and Origen are recorded to have met such as Marcion and his fellows—and, though it may be impossible to take their conduct as a pattern to copy literally, yet I think we should avoid familiar intercourse with infidel poets, essayists, historians, men of science, as much as ever we can lawfully. I am speaking of course of such instruments of evil as really propagate evil.

‘As to your very distressing intelligence, which has led to the above, I should hope and pray, hoping with great hope, and praying with great anxiety, that like a bodily complaint it will at length run its course, though the course may be long.

‘It yet pains my hand to write.’

TO THE SAME.

‘June 15, 1882.

‘I do really think it an epidemic, and wonderfully catching. It does not spread by the reason, but by the imagination. The imagination presents a possible, plausible view of things which haunts and at length overcomes the mind. We begin by asking “How can we be sure that it is not so?” and this thought hides from the mind the real rational grounds on which our faith is founded. Then our faith goes, and how in the world is it ever to be regained, except by a wonderful grant of God’s grace. May God keep us all from this terrible deceit of the latter days. What is coming upon us? I look with keen compassion on the next generation and with, I may say, awe.’

While, during the years from 1880 to 1884, Newman cherished the hope of going in person to Rome, he resumed the tasks which the Cardinalate had interrupted. He completed the two ‘Athanasius’ volumes, and from the papers of Mr. William Palmer, brother of the late Lord Selborne, he compiled a volume called ‘Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in 1840-41.’ He also projected a Latin version of selections from his own writings with a view to bringing some of his views more easily before his fellow-Catholics in other countries and the authorities in Rome. ‘He looked forward with great brightness to the prosecution of this plan,’ writes Father Neville. ‘Not only would it have been easy to him, but also congenial, inasmuch as he was distrustful of foreign

translations giving correct expression to his ideas. He had gone as far in this intention as to make some beginnings as specimens of his plan, when unforeseen causes hindered him, and meanwhile it became too late.'

Death continued to come in these years to relations and intimate friends. The Cardinal knew well that his own time might arrive any day. His mind dwelt constantly (Father Neville used to tell me) on the awful change in prospect, and on all it meant in the light of Christian faith. And in some sense merely human affections paled in that light which he was ever striving to see more clearly. When his sister, Mrs. John Mozley, died on Christmas Day, 1879, he wrote to her children that he had said Mass for her soul. The letter appeared to them to be marked by a certain absence of expressions of affection, and her son sent him a letter in which, while expressing his confidence in the love of the brother for the sister, he recorded the impression made upon the family. The Cardinal wrote thus in reply:

'The Oratory: Feb. 26, 1880.

'My very dear John,—Thank you for your affectionate letter, which I am glad to have, though how to answer it I scarcely know, more than if it were written in a language I could not read. From so different a standpoint do we view things.

'Looking beyond this life, my first prayer, aim, and hope is that I may see God. The thought of being blest with the sight of earthly friends pales before that thought. I believe that I shall never die; this awful prospect would crush me, were it not that I trusted and prayed that it would be an eternity in God's Presence. How is eternity a boon, unless He goes with it?

'And for others dear to me, my one prayer is that they may see God.

'It is the thought of God, His Presence, His strength, which makes up, which repairs all bereavements.

'“Give what Thou wilt, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.”

'I prayed it might be so, when I lost so many friends thirty-five years ago: what else could I look to?

'If then, as you rightly remind me, I said Mass for your dear Mother, it was to entreat the Lover of souls that, in His

own way and in His own time, He would remove all the distance which lay between the Sovereign Good and her, His creature. That is the first prayer, sine qua non, introductory to all prayers, and the most absorbing. What can I say more to you?

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.'

In the following year Newman lost his dear and faithful friend, Mother Imelda Poole, Provincial of the Dominican Sisters. Shortly after her death he paid a visit to the Convent at Stone that he might say Mass for her in her own home. One of the Sisters has thus described the occasion:

'In the November of 1881 Cardinal Newman had the extraordinary kindness to pay us a visit to console us after the death of our own beloved Mother Imelda, and say Mass for her *here*. After his breakfast, he came to the Community Room, and spoke to us in the most beautiful and touching way, of the *joy* we ought to have in the midst of our bereavement. He said that in spite of great care to forget nothing he would require, he had forgotten his ring, and when vesting for Mass had asked Dr. Northcote whether there was such a thing in the house. Then he heard that on the 2nd of June 1868 Dr. Ullathorne had given the ring with which he had been consecrated Bishop to Mother Imelda as a memorial of her appointment as Provincial. "And *this* ring," he said, "I am wearing now on the occasion of my visit to her children." The consecration of the Bishop of Birmingham was the first occasion on which Mother Margaret and Dr. Newman met: the ring will now have a fourfold association.

'After dinner the Cardinal asked to be taken to the Choir that he might pray by Mother Margaret's and Mother Imelda's graves. He knelt by them for some time in silent prayer, evidently deeply moved. There was a most wonderful hush and silence all the time: no sound indoors or out, but a profound stillness. It was a dull grey morning: but as we still knelt there one clear bright ray of sunshine suddenly darted through the casement and fell directly on the grave of our dearest Mother Imelda. The effect of *that silence* and that sudden *ray of light* was something impossible to describe.

'When he came away he said to Mother F. Raphael, "I would not have missed this for the world."

Cardinal Newman's feeling as to the true way of looking at death is apparent in the very touching intercourse, two

years later, with his old Oriel friend Mark Pattison. They had met but once since 1845, and now the Cardinal heard in December 1883 that his friend was gravely ill, and not likely to live long. The incident is recorded by Father Neville, and I give it in his words:¹

‘A mutual friend had told him that what would be Mr. Pattison’s last illness had evidently set in, and that as to religious belief he was in a most desolate state; and, moreover, that no one would be likely to have good effect upon him, unless it were the Cardinal himself. The Cardinal was rather seriously ill in bed with bronchitis when this sad news came, but, at once, he determined to do what he felt would be best—to go himself to the sick man. The doctors gave their forebodings of what would be the result to himself if he went, but he would not be deterred. “Is the little life left me,” he said, “to be weighed against the chance of good in a case such as this? Let the doctors say what they will, I shall go!” He set to work in his own quiet way. He wrote at once to Mr. Pattison:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: Dec. 27, 1883.

‘My very dear Pattison,—I grieve to hear that you are very unwell. How is it that I, who am so old, am carried on in years beyond my juniors?

‘This makes me look back in my thoughts forty years, when you, with Dalgairns and so many others now gone, were entering into life.

‘For the sake of those dear old days, I cannot help writing to you. Is there any way in which I can serve you? At least I can give you my prayers, such as they are.

‘Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.’

The reply came at once:

‘Lincoln College, Oxford: Dec. 28, 1883.

‘When your letter, my dear master, was brought to my bedside this morning and I saw your well-known handwriting, my eyes filled so with tears that I could not at first see to read what you had said.

‘When I found in what affectionate terms you addressed me, I felt guilty, for I thought, would he do so, if he knew how far I have travelled on the path which leads quite away from those ideas which I once—about 1845-1846—shared with him?

¹I have added a few of my own, but only as connecting-links to Father Neville’s notes.

'Or is your toleration so large, that though you knew me to be in grievous error, you could still embrace me as a son?

'If I have not dared to approach you in any way of recent years, it has been only from the fear that you might be regarding me as coming to you under false colours.

'The veneration and affection which I felt for you at the time you left us, are in no way diminished, and however remote my intellectual standpoint may now be from that which I may presume to be your own, I can still truly say that I have learnt more from you than from any one else with whom I have ever been in contact.

'Let me subscribe myself for the last time

'Your affectionate son and pupil,

MARK PATTISON.'

Even at such a moment the Cardinal evidently felt it his duty not to allow his large-hearted sympathy to be interpreted as an abstract doctrine of latitudinarianism. But he made up his mind to see his friend as soon as he was physically able to do so.

'January 2, 1884.

'My dear Pattison,—On consideration I find it a duty to answer your question to me about toleration.

'I am then obliged to say that what Catholics hold upon it, I hold with them.

'That God, who knows the heart, may bless you now and ever is the fervent prayer of your most affectionate friend.

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

'January 4, 1884.

'My dear Pattison,—I am now well enough after a cold, which has kept me to my room or my bed for a month, to ask you whether you are strong enough to see me, did I call on you.

'If you tell me *yes*, or at least do not say *no*, I am strongly moved to come to you next Monday, between 11.58 and 2.48.

'I hope this abrupt letter will not try you.

'Yours affectionately,

J. H. NEWMAN.'

The sick man hesitated at the sudden proposal of a visit which could not but cause deep emotion and perhaps great pain. Nevertheless the Cardinal went and took his chance.

January 8, 1884.

‘My dear Pattison,—As you only said “no” to my coming to see you on *Monday*, but implied I might come to you some other day, I will make a call to-morrow, Wednesday.

‘You need not see me if it is too much for you—but my coming will not be *sudden* now, as it would have been then.

Yours affectionately,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.’

‘To Oxford then the Cardinal went,’ continues Father Neville. ‘He had not had any extraordinary expectations when on his way, for he knew that the distance unbelief had travelled was immense, and that its cancerous wound was too deep, and had been too long lasting, and too long trifled with, to be cured quickly; but when leave-taking outside the house door in the college quadrangle, the appearance of both was singularly striking and pleasing to see. Perhaps the like had never occurred before—a parting such as that—two so far from ordinary men, each at the brink of his grave. They had passed some hours together alone; each knew that neither the other nor himself could live long; neither could say which was the likely one to be first called away.

‘The result of the visit will no doubt be asked for, but it will be in vain; for the Cardinal was not the sort of person to say much on what was so grave, so anxious, so private as this, the result of which must be in the hands of God. Never the less, what he did say was expressive of satisfaction and of hope. The journey, far from exhausting him, apparently quite set him up.

‘Mr. Pattison died in the spring.’

During these years Newman’s thoughts seem to have often turned back to early days. He wrote about the old home at Ham, and he corresponded with some of his relations from whom he had been long separated. On Easter Eve in 1881 he dwells on his early recollections of his mother in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Deane.

On January 5, 1882, in a letter to his old family friend, Sister Maria Pia, he recalls the loss of his dear sister Mary:

‘This is the anniversary of my dear Mary’s death in 1828,—an age ago; but she is as fresh in my memory and as dear to my heart as if it were yesterday; and often I

cannot mention her name without tears coming into my eyes.'

Very gentle and tender is a letter written in the same year to his cousin and contemporary, Miss Eliza Fourdrinier:

'My dear Eliza,—Your letter has made me very sad, especially at the thought of your solitariness, as being the only one left of your family. Thank you for writing to me. It recalls so many past days and pleasant meetings of which you and I are now almost the sole living witnesses. For many years I have had it in my mind to attempt to find you out, but I am so little from home, and with so many engagements when I am in London, and felt so uncertain of your abode, that I have never succeeded, and now I am too old to think of it.

'I recollect well the last time I saw you, I think [with] Annie, and your dear Mother, who seemed to me to be looking older than when I had last seen her. If I am right, this was July 30th, 1844. She died in 1850. I believe I know the days of death of all of you.

'May God guard and protect you, and be with you now and in the future.

'If I can find a photograph of me, since you speak of portraits, I will send you one.

'Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

Before the idea of visiting Rome had been finally abandoned, one or two English Catholics of influence had, with the concurrence of some of the Bishops, re-opened the discussion of the proposal that Catholics should be allowed to finish their education at Oxford. This was one of the very matters which Newman had intended himself to discuss with the Holy Father. Unable to leave England himself, he gladly authorised those who were proposing to make the journey to place his own views on the subject before Pope Leo. In the event he put his opinions in writing. But before quoting his words on the subject it will be interesting to cite a very touching letter in which he responded to an invitation from Lord Braye, who was about to go to Rome himself, to come and discuss the whole subject by word of mouth. The invitation was given by one who when writing it referred sadly to the difficulty he had found in

getting such urgent needs attended to—the effort expended, the unsatisfactory result. The Cardinal's health did not allow of his accepting the invitation: but his heart went out in sympathy for his correspondent's complaint. He wrote as follows:

'Birmingham: Oct. 29, 1882.

'My dear Lord Braye,—I thank you for your most touching letter which I think I quite understand and in which I deeply sympathise. First, however, let me say a word about myself. . . . I am thankful to say that I am at present quite free from any complaint, as far as I know, but I am over eighty, and it is with difficulty that I walk, eat, read, write or talk. My breath is short and my brain works slow, and, like other old men, I am so much the creature of hours, rooms, and of routine generally, that to go from home is almost like tearing off my skin, and I suffer from it afterwards. On the other hand, except in failure of memory, and continual little mistakes in the use of words, and confusion in the use of names, I am not conscious that my mind is weaker than it was.

'Now this is sadly egotistical; but I want you to understand why it is that I do not accept your most kind invitations, any more than I have Lord Denbigh's. I decline both with real pain; and thank you both. But I have real reasons, which friends sometimes will not believe, for they come and see me and say: "How well you are looking!"

'Now what can I say in answer to your letter? First, that your case is mine. It is for years beyond numbering—in one view of the matter for these fifty years—that I have been crying out: "I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength without cause, and in vain; wherefore my judgment is with the Lord and my work with my God." Now at the end of my days, when the next world is close upon me, I am recognised at last at Rome. Don't suppose I am dreaming of complaint; just the contrary. The Prophet's words, which expressed my keen pain, brought, because they were his words, my consolation. It is the rule of God's Providence that we should succeed by failure; and my moral is, as addressed to you: "Doubt not that He will use you—be brave—have faith in His love for you,—His everlasting love—and love Him from the certainty that He loves you."

'I cannot write more today, and since it is easier thus

to write, than to answer your direct questions, I think it better to write to you at once than to keep silence. May the best blessings from above come down upon you—and they will. I am, my dear Lord Braye,

‘Yours (may I say?) affectionately

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.’

Bishop Hedley, Lord Braye, and Mr. Hartwell Grissell obtained an audience of the Holy Father early in the year 1883. During the interview the Pope made several inquiries relative to the English Universities, and wished to know if Catholics frequented them. Lord Braye, in pressing for the removal of the prohibition, laid before the Pontiff a translation in Italian of a letter he had received from Cardinal Newman, in which he had urged that a great opportunity, and a great necessity, for Catholic influence at Oxford was afforded by the existing state of the University.

The letter, dated November 2, 1882, is as follows:

‘The cardinal question for the moment is the Oxford question. Dear Pusey is gone. Canon Liddon has mysteriously given up his Professorship. The undergraduates and Junior Fellows are sheep without a shepherd. They are sceptics or inquirers, quite open for religious influences. It is a moment for the Catholic Mission in Oxford to seize an opportunity which never may come again. The Jesuits have Oxford men and able men among them. I doubt not that they are doing (as it is) great good there; but I suppose they dread the dislike and suspicion which any forward act of theirs would rouse. But is it not heart piercing that such an opportunity should be lost? The Liberals are sweeping along in triumph, without any Catholic or religious influence to stem them now that Pusey and Liddon are gone.

‘This is what I feel at the moment, but, alas, it is only one out of various manifestations of what may be called Nihilism in the Catholic Body, and in its rulers. They forbid, but they do not direct or create. I should fill many sheets of paper if I continued my exposure of this fact, so I pass on to my second thought.

‘The Holy Father must be put up to this fact, and must be made to understand the state of things with us.

‘And I think he ought to do this;—he should send here some man of the world, impartial enough to take in two sides of a subject,—not a politician, or one who would be

thought to have anything to do with politics. Such a person should visit (not a "visitorial" visit) all parts of England, and he should be able to talk English. He should be in England a whole summer.

'Next, how is the Pope to be persuaded to this? by some Englishman in position; one or two so much the better. They should talk French or Italian, and remain in Rome some months. This would be the first step.'

It remains to add that Leo XIII. listened with great interest to the letter, and said that he would place Newman's views before Cardinal Manning. This letter doubtless prepared the Holy Father's mind for the representations made ten years later, which led to the withdrawal by the Holy See of the law which forbade Catholics to frequent the national Universities.¹

Cardinal Newman was in these years especially kind and encouraging to those younger men who hoped to continue the work of Catholic and Christian apologetic after he was gone. The writings of Mr. W. S. Lilly had already for some time engaged his close attention. He took a great interest in the Catholic Truth Society, which was being organised by Mr. James Britten. He used his influence to ensure fair play all round in controversial writing; and, while strongly deprecating unfair special pleading on the Catholic side, went out of his way to protest against Dr. Littledale's 'Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome,' which he regarded as an untruthful book.²

¹ See the preface to Murphy's *History of the Catholic Church in England* (Burns & Oates, 1892), in which the question is discussed and the above interview mentioned.

² He protested against the book being circulated by a respectable society like the Christian Knowledge Society, with the result that it was struck off their list. 'I am more than pleased,' he writes to Dean Church on December 21, 1881, 'with the result of my drawing attention to the Christian Knowledge Society's shameful circulation of Dr. L.'s book. I say "shameful" because such a Society should not sanction a controversial work till it has gone through a careful revision. Fifty years ago, when Blanco White's work was on the list, no complaint, as I think, could lie against the Society, because he was a *witness* of what he said, and, if he coloured facts, it was not intentionally; but Dr. L.'s book shocks me. However, for this very reason, because it thus affects me, I am sure that it will also, in the same way, more or less, affect others—and I have quite sufficient proofs that it has. . . . I wished to protest against unfair controversy, and thereby to draw attention to it. Even if half of Dr. L.'s book was true, that was no excuse for the other half being untrue.'

Father Ignatius Ryder's book on 'Catholic Controversy' (in reply to Dr. Littledale) received the Cardinal's especial approval. I had my own share in such encouragement, and the circumstances which led to it have a certain interest in connection with the Cardinal's life as they brought about a kind of posthumous reconciliation with my father. My father died in July 1882, and though the Cardinal wrote to the family and said that he had offered Mass for his soul, the letter was not such as to make us feel that my father's opposition to the Oxford scheme and his general attitude in later years towards the leader who had been all in all to him at Oxford was forgiven. In the same year I published in the *Nineteenth Century* a dialogue called the 'Wish to Believe,' and it was partly the interest in it expressed by the Cardinal to a common friend which made me expand it into a book. The Cardinal read it in its enlarged form.

On Christmas Day I received the following letter from him with 'A happy Christmas to you' written across the first page:

'Dec. 20th, 1884.

'Dear Wilfrid Ward,—I thus familiarly address you on the plea that I was familiar with your Father before you were born; also because when an old man feels, as I do after reading your book, great pleasure in the work of another, he may speak of its author and to its author, with a freedom not warranted by personal intimacy. But my fingers move slow, and by this slowness so puzzle my brain that I lose the thread of what I want to say.

'I do really think your Essay a *very* successful one, and I have more to say of it than I have room or leisure to say it in.

'First you are dramatic, which is a quality of great excellence in a dialogue. It would never do for your arguments to profess to be irrefragable, and your opponent simply to be convinced by them. Also, it is the only way in which you can secure a fair and complete hearing for him, and his side of the question debated.

'Next, you are outspoken and bold. You are not afraid of enunciating what so many will consider a paradox. You have the advantage, (and this enables you to be bold) of knowing that you have no chance of hazarding any statement which a rigid Catholic critic could accuse as censurable. This is what makes controversy to a Catholic so difficult.

'As to the matter and main argument of your Essay, it seems to me you mean to say that the same considerations which make you wish to believe are among the reasons which, when you actually do inquire, *lead you prudently* to believe, thus serving a double purpose. Do you bring this out anywhere? On the contrary, are you not shy of calling those considerations reasons? Why?

'You seem to me to insist, with an earnestness for which I doubt not you have some good reason, on the difference between believing and realizing (which is pretty much, I suppose, what in the "Grammar of Assent" I have called "Notional" and "Real" assent) and to be unwilling freely to grant from the first that there *must* be more grounds in reason to a religious mind, whereas in fact a religious mind must always master much which is unseen to the non-religious; (not that there is any real difference of view between us)—thus you allow of two men with the same evidence and equal reasoning powers being *prima facie* likely to come to the same conclusion, whereas I should say to Darlington¹ "Stop there—I can't allow that a religious man has no more evidence, necessarily, than a non-religious." I wonder whether I make myself intelligible. It is only the mode of your stating and arguing on this point which I do not comfortably follow. And you may have reasons I do not know.

'I am very tired.

Yours affectly,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

Marginal note. 'You have expressed just what I want p. 192. "A man who looks," &c.'

To his criticism I replied that while—as he noted in his remark written after the letter was finished—I had actually said what he wanted, the form of my argument called primarily for the delineation of those qualities in the religious mind which made the same facts in some instances more significant to it than they were to the non-religious. That those same qualities also made the mind see additional evidence I had admitted. But both results had to be stated.

I was asked at this time by the English Catholic bishops to give some lectures on modern unbelief at the great College of Ushaw, near Durham, in which the future priests for the north of England are educated. It was in January 1885,

¹ One of the speakers in the dialogue.

while paying a visit to Bishop Vaughan at Salford, that I arranged to do this, and, encouraged by Cardinal Newman's letter of the previous month, I wrote to ask if I might call on him on my homeward way through Birmingham, and talk over the general plan of the lectures with him before delivering them. He responded most kindly, and on January 31 I arrived. Much of our conversation was of interest. But the most interesting thing to me was that when we talked of my father, while he remained quite unmoved when I told him that my father's love for him had never changed, he was very greatly moved on learning that my father had wanted me to read philosophy and theology at the Birmingham Oratory in order to be under his influence. This touched the mainspring of the long estrangement. Want of trust had struck deeper than mere opposition, and an unmistakable sign that very much of the old confidence in the value of his guidance had remained, did far more to obliterate past resentment than the knowledge of any merely affectionate feeling on my father's side.

I subjoin a selection from the record of our talks together made by me at the time:

'I arrived at Birmingham on the afternoon of Friday Jany 30th, and having first left my portmanteau at the "Plough and Harrow" went to the Oratory. I asked for Father Norris, as I thought he could tell me best what was the most likely hour for the Cardinal to see me, but I had not been waiting three minutes in the guest room when the Cardinal himself appeared. He walked without a stick, but feebly and with effort I thought. He first asked "Where is your luggage? Of course you must stay with us some days." I said it was at the Hotel and he wanted to send for it, but I said it was unpacked already, and thanking him very much added that the "Plough and Harrow" was so very near that being there was almost like being in the Oratory. He then said "What are your plans? What are your movements? Can you stay at least over next Tuesday. Tomorrow is a busy day with many and the next day is Sunday, and they would be disappointed not to make your acquaintance. Father Somebody (I forget who) is not coming back till Monday and he would be so sorry to have missed you." All this was evidently meant to show that the invitation was *bona fide*, but I had to say that I was obliged to be in London

on Saturday evening. He then arranged that I should stay for dinner. "We will have a good talk tomorrow morning," he said. "Though, thank God, I am wonderfully well, I am not at all strong, and I have to be careful as to when and how long together I talk." He then asked me about the lectures I was proposing to give at Ushaw on Modern Infidelity, about which I had already written to him. I said that my great difficulty was that I felt, from all that I had seen of young men of 18 and 19 in Catholic Schools, that the first step in making them understand the danger at all or take any intelligent interest in the subject, must involve such an exposition both of the reality of unbelief as an existing fact and of its plausibility from a certain point of view, as at first to shake the faith of my hearers possibly, or at least to take away from it, in some cases, its security and repose. He replied that he was very glad I saw this danger, and that being alive to it was the best security that I should be on my guard in the matter. "I have just been corresponding with Dr. Cavanagh," he said, "on this very subject. He wrote to ask my advice as to putting infidel difficulties before young Catholics, and I put before him the very thing you are now saying. I think no one could tread safely on such delicate ground as the foundations of faith with young men of the age of 18 or 22, who was not on his guard as to the danger of unsettling their minds too much and so doing more harm than good." "Still," I said, "you think such lectures desirable?" "Not only desirable," he replied, "but indispensable. I am only pleased, and I confess rather surprised, to learn that Ushaw is alive to the importance of this work. I had thought it sleepy and deficient in intellectual vigour. Young men must be prepared with answers to the intellectual difficulties they will meet with in the world, or in many cases where the strength of the agnostic position is first felt by them in the absence of a very special grace their faith will go suddenly and completely."

'He then said that to him it had always seemed that the whole question between belief and unbelief turned upon the first principles assumed, and the great difficulty is that you *must* assume something; and yet how are you to prove that our assumptions are right and the infidel's wrong? "In trying to prove you *must have* assumptions, thus it is vain to attempt to *prove* your assumptions. If a man says to me conscience does not to me carry any intimation of a Holy God, Christianity does *not* appeal to me as satisfying my highest nature; many of its details seem to be *contrary* to

the instincts of my better nature, e.g., eternal punishment and original sin; an eternal destiny seems to me out of proportion to human nature; we are 'over gude for banning and over bad for blessing'—if I say a man comes to me with these first principles I can't answer him, and I certainly can't prove to him Christianity or Theism are true; I can only say I think differently and that I believe him to be wrong." I asked him if he did not believe that a man was *responsible* for his first principles and that wrong first principles were, to a great extent, the outcome of a wrong habit, morally blameworthy *in the long run*, though perhaps *hic et nunc* invincible? "I quite agree with you," he replied, "and that is what you must urge on your young men. But of course you would have a difficulty in convincing an infidel that he was to blame for first principles which seem to him only common sense. I remember being with a dear friend of mine shortly before he died and urging on him the testimony our own consciousness bears to the divinity of Christ's message, and he only replied that he found no such testimony in *his* consciousness, nor did he in any sense feel a yearning for immortality, which was supposed by some to be a proof that we are to look for it; he rather felt that his time was over and that he wished to go to rest 'edisti satis lusisti satis atque bibisti, tempus abire tibi.'" The Cardinal then continued to talk on in this hypothetically sceptical vein until dinner time. "I could talk to you for half an hour," he said, "on the common sense of worldliness and the folly of other worldliness. This life is secure and before us. The Christian ideal of life is disproportionate to our nature as we see it. It is based on unreal enthusiasm. Let us make sure of what is before us. Let us perfect our nature in all its aspects and not give the abnormal and unnatural preponderance to the ethical aims which Christianity demands. We speak of our nature as testifying to Christianity. But is this true? Is it not only a mood which so testifies? Does not the calm sober study of mankind and of human nature *as a whole* lead us to wish for a *mens sana in corpore sano*, a nature healthy and well developed in its artistic, its intellectual, its scientific, its social capacities, as well as in its moral? Is not the ideal Christian life a very risky venture, based perhaps on a conclusion due to prejudice and fanaticism? This is at least too possible a *hypothesis* to make it wise to venture all in the supposition that Christianity is true and give up the certain pleasures of this life for what is at best so uncertain." He went on in this way for some time,

and soon I was beginning to press him for advice as to the way in which I should deal with any young man who came to me and talked in a similar strain, when the bell rang for dinner.

"We have talked longer than I expected," he said, "but I have much more to say if you will come here at 11 tomorrow morning."

'His memory seemed then hazy and he asked if I knew my room, having forgotten that I was not staying in the house. After dinner the fathers sat round in a semicircle in the recreation room. I talked to Father Ryder and a Scotch Father whose name I forget, the Cardinal sitting silent, but occasionally asking what I said if I referred to matters which interested him. He could not hear clearly, apparently, at the distance I was from him. After about twenty minutes in the recreation room, he got up and committed me to the charge of Father Ryder, saying that he hoped to see me at 11 next day. His manner struck me as indicating that he was tired. He smiled little and his face had that critical and rather unhappy look which one sees in some of his photographs.

'I arrived at the Oratory punctually at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, and the Cardinal appeared in a very few minutes. I was at once struck by the change in his manner, by an increase of animation and a new brightness in the eye and sweetness of expression. He began at once: "I have been thinking a great deal about you and your lectures, and as my memory is not good now, I will at once mention some of the points which have occurred to me as possibly useful for you. First let us go back to the question of first principles. Of course there can from the nature of the case be no direct proof that one set of first principles is sound, another unsound. But there may be indirect proofs. You may show your young man that if there is a certain earnest and philosophical frame of mind which leads to truth in various subject matters, it is probable that under normal circumstances such a frame of mind will also lead to the adoption of sound first principles. So far as the sceptical habit of mind goes with want of depth and earnestness, you have a strong argument against the probability of sceptical first principles." He then added after a pause, "I am only suggesting a line of thought for you, you must develop it and illustrate it." I was going to speak, but he said: "Let me now go to another point I have thought of for you lest I forget it. My memory is getting so bad. Take now the other side of the question.

Take the first principles assumed by the unbelievers—the undeviating uniformity of nature, the unknowableness of all but phenomena, the inherent impossibility of knowing about God, the derivation of conscience from association of ideas. These are all, or nearly all, pure assumptions, and I should be inclined to say that if (which God forbid) our belief in God Himself were a pure assumption void of any proof, we should be acting not one whit less unreasonably in holding to our religion than these men in the unbelief they adhere to, based on pure assumptions, entirely unproved.” After a few other points we got on the question of miracles, in connection with Huxley’s denial of their possibility as being (if they occurred) breaches of nature’s uniformity. This he said was far more unreasonable than Matthew Arnold’s well-known saying “The great objection to miracles is that they don’t occur.” “Now,” he said, “I want to ask your opinion of this argument which has occurred to me. I take this paper-knife, I push the inkstand with it. Here is distinctly, through the action of my free will an interference with the laws of nature. If these laws were left to themselves, the knife would remain still and the inkstand unmoved. Take a stronger case, I fire a gunpowder train. See what a tremendous effect I produce in changing the ordinary course of nature. Now, surely it is little to grant that if there *be* a God, He can do what I can do; and yet, so far as we know, a miracle amounts to no more than this. Is that a good argument?” I said that I thought I had much better listen and learn than try to pass criticisms on his arguments. “No,” he insisted, “I want to know. What I feared was that if it has not already been thought of, there must be some flaw in it. Have you seen it anywhere?” I said that Mansel in his Bampton lectures gives substantially the same argument, speaking of the chemist’s power of modifying the normal action of natural bodies, and Mill in his religious essays, from the opposite standpoint, to some extent, admits its validity. “That relieves me,” he said, “I feared that if none had thought of it, it was not very probable it could be sound.” I then said that what I thought would be urged on the other side was this:—When you move the knife and the inkpot, according to the modern phenomenist school, your action is only a *part* of Nature’s uniformity, and not an exception to it. The act of your will is due to physical conditions of the brain; those conditions are determined by physical antecedents—health, climate, the objects surrounding and acting on you, &c., &c.; thus the change which you determine is a *part*

of the constant cycle of cause and effect in the phenomena world, and no exception to it. Of course, if free will is admitted, then it is an exception, but they do not admit it. The action of God on the other hand is supposed to be due to *no* physical antecedents, and thus is *actually* an interference. Of course their theory is a great assumption, but your action in moving the paper knife can fit in with their assumption and God's cannot. It seemed to me that he did not get hold of this point, tho' it may be that I failed to grasp his answer. He seemed a trifle irritated, and said: "I only contend that what man can do God can do." We then got on rather lighter subjects, and I alluded to the sceptic's definition of faith as "a quality of mind by which we are enabled to believe those things which we know to be untrue." He liked it and said "I wish you would make a book of such sayings. I remember arguing with an Evangelical friend once, and I gave him a text to answer; he hesitated and said: 'That is a very unevangelical part of Scripture!'" [I have forgotten the text.] He soon went back to the lectures. "I would be very particular," he said, "in pressing on the attention of the young men, the *nature* of the proof they are to expect on religious subjects. They must not expect too much. Butler somewhere compares the imperfection of the religious argument to the imperfection of a ruined castle. In many cases the shape of the castle is quite as clearly determined by the ruin which remains as it would be were the castle whole. And so with the proofs of natural and revealed religion. There is enough capable of expression to indicate the *shape* and *character* of the proof, though it is in detail very imperfect." After saying one or two more things, he said: "This is all I have to say to you about your lectures, and I shall pray heartily for their success. And now I want to talk to you a little about your father. I wish you could let me know, for it would be news to me, the real secret of our estrangement latterly. He seemed determined to differ from me. I knew too well how much he had the advantage of me in theological reading—he had begun earlier and had given more time to it—to wish to differ from him. I followed him in all I could. But he seemed determined to make the most of our points of difference. I endorsed one of his letters: 'See how this man seeketh to find a quarrel against me.' Can you tell me more of it?" I did not like to go into many particulars, but I said: "Well, as you ask me—does not the history of the *Home & Foreign Review*

suggest something to your mind?" "But surely," he said, "your father never thought I agreed with Acton and Simpson?" "Not entirely," I said, "but he thought they were a great danger to the Church, and that they gained support from your countenance." "But I never really countenanced them," he said. "Still I could fancy that your father may have thought some of their views the outcome and result of my views; and that I ought explicitly to have disclaimed all solidarity with them. I own I was angry with him for not seeming to see the importance of avoiding the danger of alienating such able men from the Church. And perhaps I erred on the opposite side. I say it partly in praise, but perhaps partly in blame of myself, that I had a great tenderness for those learned men and excellent scholars, and wished to do all I could to prevent our losing the great advantage which might accrue to the Catholic cause from their services which we should lose if they were simply treated as rebels. But from first to last my *opinions* were with your father on the questions they raised, tho' I was angry with his tone. Then again, what did he mean by saying to Allies (who repeated it to me) directly the 'Apologia' came out: 'There I *told* you so'?—'so' meaning that I was unsound in my opinions." I said that I thought things ran so high in those days that there was occasionally a want of perspective in my father's way of looking at things—tho' of course it was not for me to speak of the actual points at issue. He seemed at times to exaggerate the importance of things important in the abstract, and not to see that practically people were not logical enough to make the things in question so important in *them*. For instance, where certain decisions of the Holy See were practically accepted, it was possible that his occasionally laying such stress as he did on their actual infallibility, which was at least a matter disputed, might practically give the Pope's words *less* rather than *more* weight, as raising a dispute and arousing party feeling.

'I then said that his affection for the Cardinal had never diminished. "In one sense I knew that," he said, smiling. "In fact I think his theory was that I was all the more dangerous because I was so attractive—that I was a sort of syren of whose fascination all should beware." But by degrees I convinced him that my father's reverence for him, as well as his affection, had never diminished. I told him that my father had wanted me to go to Edgbaston to be under his influence, as he thought I could judge for myself in points of theological difference between them, and that his

personal influence would be invaluable. This touched and surprised the Cardinal extremely. He seemed at first almost incredulous. "It pleases and gratifies me much to hear that," he said. I told him also—which pleased him—that my father said to me on his death bed: "If ever I recover, one lesson I hope I have learnt in all the pain I have suffered, is that of being gentler and more tolerant. There is an inevitable and natural difference between one mind and another for which I have never made enough allowance." After a little further conversation the Cardinal said: "It has been a real pleasure to me to have this talk with you about your father, and I hope you will not forget me and will pray for me." Then he gave me as a parting present the last edition of "The Grammar of Assent" with the added note about eternal punishment.¹ I sent a letter afterwards thanking him for his kindness, and he wrote in reply: "It pleases me very much to find that you take so kindly the real affection I have for you which has come to me as if naturally from the love I had for your father. You can give me in return your prayers, which I need much."

In the following years I paid several visits to the Cardinal, and had opportunities of learning his views on the questions which so painfully interested him. His mind was perfectly clear, but I gained more by way of confirmation or correction of the inferences from his own writings which I put before him, than from lengthened discourse on his own part, for which he had not sufficient energy. Readers familiar with the last chapter of the 'Apologia,' the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk,' and the preface to the 'Via Media,' will find little in my recollections for which these works will not have prepared them. Yet, as they make some points more explicit, they are perhaps worth setting down.²

His special anxiety was for two classes of men—first

¹ On the first page he wrote: 'With the affectionate regards of John H. Card. Newman,' adding my name and the date.

² These notes are not, like the preceding ones, a contemporary record. I have written them freely, and here and there filled in *lacunæ* from the Cardinal's own writings. He approved an article which I published in 1890 in the *Nineteenth Century*, under the influence of my intercourse with him, called 'New Wine in Old Bottles,' and he expressed a desire that I should, after his death, deal with the papers he left relating to the philosophy of religion. I mention these facts as my justification for setting down my impressions of his meaning, which here and there go beyond his actual words.

the inquiring minds among his own fellow-countrymen who shrank from the movement of religious thought towards agnosticism. He felt that the Catholic Church could give them a support which they could find nowhere else. The visible Church, with its unbroken tradition, appealed alike to the imagination and the reason as bearing witness to religious truth against the unbelieving world. Yet if those very difficulties against the Christian faith which gave power to the agnostic movement were not appreciated by Catholic theologians, inquiring minds who had been affected by that movement could find no home within the Church. In spite of its immense *prima facie* claims as the immemorial guardian of Christian dogma, as the ark rising above the flood of human speculation, its doors would be closed to such men. It would appear to them to demand beliefs which were impossible.

The other class consisted of persons of the same kind who were already within the Church—men whose studies made them familiar with the main currents of modern thought and the trend of scientific and historical research, and who found traditional theological expositions on certain matters—expositions handed down from pre-scientific times—inadequate to the needs of the hour. There was a real danger lest such men might cease to be Catholics if the theological schools did not become more closely alive to problems which were exercising the minds of so many.

Two things seemed to him immediately desirable: first, a great development of specialised research among Catholic students; and secondly, fair and candid discussion between the representatives of the special sciences and the theologians. He wished the theologians of the age to be themselves thinkers, or even if possible men of science; for the real trend of scientific research, and its demands, apart from cases where absolute demonstration was possible, could only adequately be appreciated by men with a scientific training. Only men so trained could do justice to the absolute necessity of certain concessions on the part of theology. He dreaded the decay of theology, which must come if theologians ceased to be genuine thinkers, as they had been in the Patristic and Medieval Church, and if they became merely, as it were, lawyers well versed in precedent, who recorded what the

schools had or had not regarded as obligatory, forgetting that the *data* of many problems had now changed and the weight of evidence accordingly shifted. It was active thought which he desiderated among them—not a change of theological principles, but their more intelligent application. And he regarded specialists as the only trustworthy witnesses as to where modification was really necessary in the existing teaching. Yet he found that in many quarters theology was mainly a matter of memory, with little accompaniment of candid thought. He deprecated such a fashion, among other reasons, because it alienated the acutest minds altogether from theology—men of the stamp of some of the principal writers in the old *Home and Foreign Review*. Some thinkers who might have been considerable theologians under a more tolerant and enlightened *régime* would revolt from a system of red-tape. They would become free-lances instead of useful soldiers. They would break loose from the restraint of ancient tradition and the caution attaching to the scientific method, and indulge in speculative theories prompted by the thought of the day, but far more at variance with the traditions of the schools than the real necessities of the case demanded. A thoroughly able theology, on the whole conservative, yet taking account of what was generally acknowledged among the representatives of science, would be a great power to hold such speculation in check. And it would be a most valuable weapon in the hands of ecclesiastical authority. Men of goodwill would be ready to defer to it, especially if it were enforced by authority, even when it was somewhat more conservative than their own personal views. But a theology which took no account of much that the scientific experts thought to be highly probable, or even certain, must cease to be respected by those who were alive to the situation. And many would react against it, claiming complete freedom of thought. If authority enforced with penalties the acceptance of a very limited theological outlook, he greatly feared, among some of the ablest specialists and thinkers, either avowed separation from the Church or some insincerity in their professions of allegiance.

At the same time, while deeply anxious for the free and fair discussion that was required in order to form a

body of theological thought, adequate to the needs of the later nineteenth century as that of St. Thomas was to those of the thirteenth, the Cardinal was most tender and scrupulous as to scandalising weaker brethren. Some theological treatises might have to be as new in form as were those of St. Thomas Aquinas in his own time; but minds must be gradually prepared for them. Startling language was a crime in his eyes. What he deprecated was not consideration for the less reflective and more simple minds, which are heedless of modern problems, but the seeming identification of the theology and learning of the Church with the limited horizon of such minds—as though the thoughts of Catholics were to be practically determined by those who knew and saw less, in opposition to those who knew and saw more. In general he held the true policy for the training of a nineteenth-century theologian to be in the first place a full study of the ancient masters, with a view to forming the Christian mind on a basis largely uniform in its spirit, yet taking cognisance of varieties of mind and intellect in the past. A mind so formed in early youth would, in assimilating the results of the special studies of our own time, not be likely to drift from its ancient moorings or to fall into excesses in speculation. He hoped that the greater tolerance of the new Pope as contrasted with Pius IX. might afford an opportunity for the developments which were so indispensably necessary, and this hope cheered his declining years. He was always in sentiment on the conservative side in theology, feeling the great religious truths handed down by Christian tradition to be by far the most positively important. Yet there were concessions to modern knowledge which were simply necessary, however little the result contributed to positive religion. This necessity was quite clear to the expert few; and he dreaded the action of zealous men who did not see it, or regarded those who did see it as disloyal to the Church. He welcomed those decisions of authority which laid stress in general terms on the duty of adhering to traditionary Christian thought, but he also welcomed the comparative absence in the early utterances of Leo XIII. of specific theological pronouncements on subjects on which the *data* of progressive sciences

were relevant, and at the same time were not yet ascertained with sufficient precision to ensure adequacy or even perfect accuracy of statement. He never forgot, amid all his exhortations on behalf of obedience to authority, that theologians did not allow infallibility even to the reasonings on which infallible definitions were based; while many authoritative decisions laid no claim at all to infallibility. Their adequacy depended on the conscientious use, by those in power, of the scientific means supplied by Providence for elucidating the grave problems before them. He regarded as a sign of the decay of theology the language used by some zealous but loose writers in respect of authoritative decisions,—language which seemed to imply that the ecclesiastical authorities were directly inspired, and that therefore careful and accurate theological reasoning was needless on their part in framing such decisions. Whether they were wise or not, they had indeed to be deferred to; but this did not make it less urgently necessary to do all that could be done to secure that a wise course should be taken in framing them. And as a Cardinal—one of the Holy Father's official advisers—this matter now came within the range of his own personal duties.

His general feeling as to the necessity of basing Christian thought on that of the great masters in theology, is shown in the draft of a letter written to Leo XIII. himself in the early years of his pontificate—whether it was sent I cannot say—welcoming his Encyclical on the Philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas on the ground that at a time of new theories it was all-important to remember the great thinkers of old.

FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN TO HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII.

‘I hope it will not seem to your Holiness an intrusion upon your time if I address to you a few lines to thank you for the very seasonable and important encyclical which you bestowed upon us. All good Catholics must feel it a first necessity that the intellectual exercises, without which the Church cannot fulfil her supernatural mission duly, should be founded upon broad as well as true principles, that the mental creations of her theologians, and of her controversialists and pastors should be grafted on the Catholic tradition of philosophy, and should not start from a novel and simply original

tradition, but should be substantially one with the teaching of St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Anselm, and St. Thomas, as those great doctors in turn are one with each other.

‘At a time when there is so much cultivation of mind, so much intellectual excitement, so many new views, true and false, and so much temptation to overstep the old truth, we need just what your Holiness has supplied us with in your recent pastoral, and I hope my own personal gratitude for your wise and seasonable act may be taken by your Holiness as my apology, if I seem to outstep the limits of modesty and propriety in addressing this letter to your Holiness.

‘Begging the Apostolical Benediction,’ &c.

It is interesting to note that it was this Encyclical which led the present Cardinal Mercier to establish in Louvain University a school in close harmony with Cardinal Newman’s views—the Institut de St. Thomas—which aimed at that combination of theology with the science of the day which St. Thomas himself achieved under the very different conditions of the thirteenth century.

By the year 1884 the prospect of going in person to Rome had practically passed from the Cardinal’s mind. He felt that he must do what he could at home to promote the interests he most cared for. One point on which, as we have seen, he felt that the teaching in the Catholic schools, at that time generally received, needed some reconsideration, was the Inspiration of Scripture. The bearing of recent criticism on this question had to be weighed. Another urgent matter was the treatment of the intellectual grounds for religious belief in such a way as to command the attention of a generation in which agnosticism was an increasing tendency. He wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* in 1883 on the Inspiration of Scripture, as being a burning question of the hour. And on the second question circumstances called on him to speak in 1885.

On the ‘Inspiration’ question he wrote very cautiously. He did enough to indicate the direction in which reconsideration was desirable and possible. He pointed out that, from the very fact that at the Councils of Trent and the Vatican ‘faith and morals’ were more than once specified as the

sphere in which Holy Scripture teaches the truth, there was evidently some sense in which the Church regarded Inspiration as applying to matters of faith and morals which did not equally apply to matters of fact. Yet he did not for this reason exclude the facts of Scripture as a whole from the guarantee of Inspiration, for those facts were the story of Divine Providence in its dealings with the world and contained the matter for Christian Faith. The main facts narrated in Holy Writ which bear on Faith were guaranteed by Inspiration. But the guarantee was not such as to cover all facts narrated.¹

¹ The most significant passage in the Essay runs as follows:

'And now comes the important question, in what respect are the Canonical books inspired? It cannot be in every respect, unless we are bound *de fide* to believe that "terra in aeternum stat," and that heaven is above us, and that there are no antipodes. And it seems unworthy of Divine Greatness, that the Almighty should, in His revelation of Himself to us, undertake mere secular duties, and assume the office of a narrator, as such, or an historian, or geographer, except so far as the secular matters bear directly upon the revealed truth. The Councils of Trent and the Vatican fulfil this anticipation; they tell us distinctly the object and the promise of Scripture inspiration. They specify "faith and moral conduct" as the drift of that teaching which has the guarantee of inspiration. What we need, and what is given us, is not how to educate ourselves for this life; we have abundant natural gifts for human society, and for the advantages which it secures; but our great want is how to demean ourselves in thought and deed towards our Maker, and how to gain reliable information on this urgent necessity.

'Accordingly, four times does the Tridentine Council insist upon "faith and morality" as the scope of inspired teaching. It declares that the "Gospel" is "the Fount of all *saving truth* and all *instruction in morals*," that in the written books and in the unwritten traditions, the Holy Spirit dictating, this *truth* and *instruction* are contained. Then it speaks of the books and traditions, "relating whether to *faith* or to *morals*," and afterwards of "the confirmation of *dogmas* and establishment of *morals*." Lastly, it warns the Christian people, "in matters of *faith* and *morals*," against distorting Scripture into a sense of their own.

'In like manner the Vatican Council pronounces that Supernatural Revelation consists "*in rebus divinis*," and is contained "in libris scriptis et sine scripto traditionibus"; and it also speaks of "*petulantia ingenia*" advancing wrong interpretations of Scripture "*in rebus fidei et morum ad aedificationem doctrinae Christianae pertinentium*."

'But while the Councils, as has been shown, lay down so emphatically the inspiration of Scripture in respect to "faith and morals," it is remarkable that they do not say a word directly as to its inspiration in matters of fact. Yet are we therefore to conclude that the record of facts in Scripture does not come under the guarantee of its inspiration? We are not so to conclude, and for this plain reason:—the sacred narrative, carried on through so many ages, what is it but the very matter for our faith, and rule of our obedience? what but that

Newman's want of complete familiarity with the usual phraseology in Catholic text-books made it possible for theologians to attack his expressions with some effect. And his article is for this reason not likely ever to find acceptance in the schools. Yet it did much to clear the issues in the eyes of thoughtful men. And his position conceded less to modern criticism than the view now adopted in many ecclesiastical seminaries. But in place of admitting occasional 'error' in matters of fact or *obiter dicta* (as Newman called them), the recognised technical phraseology denies all 'error' to Scripture 'rightly interpreted.' Under the head of interpretation certain historical and scientific statements are treated as quotations, explicit or implicit, from secular historians of the time for the truth of which the sacred writer does not vouch. 'Error' is not owned to in the technical sense, but statements often characterised in popular language as 'errors' are admitted to exist.¹

narrative itself is the supernatural teaching, in order to which inspiration is given? What is the whole history, as it is traced out in Scripture from Genesis to Esdras, and thence on to the end of the Acts of the Apostles, what is it but a manifestation of Divine Providence, on the one hand interpretative (on a large scale and with analogical applications) of universal history, and on the other preparatory (typical and predictive) of the Evangelical Dispensation? Its pages breathe of providence and grace, of our Lord, and of His work and teaching, from beginning to end. It views facts in those relations in which neither ancients, such as the Greek and Latin classical historians, nor moderns, such as Niebuhr, Grote, Ewald, or Michelet, can view them. In this point of view it has God for its Author, even though the finger of God traced no words but the Decalogue. Such is the claim of Bible history in its substantial fulness to be accepted *de fide* as true. In this point of view, Scripture is inspired, not only in faith and morals but in all its parts which bear on faith, including matters of fact.'

¹ The Cardinal wrote as follows to Baron von Hügel in connection with his Essay:

'It pleased me to think that my article in the *XIXth Century* had been acceptable to you. Of course it is an anxious subject. It is easy to begin a controversy and difficult to end it. And often one does not wish to say what logically one is obliged to say. If, indeed, I knew exactly where to draw the line in such questions, I should not have had the anxiety which I cannot even now get rid of. . . . It has been a relief to my mind to find what I have written approved of by those whose judgment I respect. I am surprised at some of the statements in Scripture which you consider to need reconciliation, but, I suppose, everyone has his own difficulties. And this fact, that the private judgment of one man comes into collision with the judgment of another, leads one to be suspicious of one's private views altogether.'

To Father Hewit, the American Paulist, he writes:

A more important essay was written by Newman a little later on in reply to Principal Fairbairn, the Congregationalist minister. Principal Fairbairn, writing in the *Contemporary Review* in May 1885, attacked Newman's language concerning the human reason in the 'Apologia' and 'Grammar of Assent' as sceptical.¹ Dr. Fairbairn fell into the usual error of supposing that, despairing of reason, Newman had thrown himself for refuge into the arms of an infallible Church.

Dr. Fairbairn, like some of Newman's Catholic critics on the inspiration question, derived some advantage from Newman's disdain for the trammels of technical phraseology.² And it is, I think, very remarkable that when nearly eighty-five years old Newman stated his position on important points with a new precision. The attack stimulated his thinking powers, and he wrote with point and vigour.

Newman's object, in the passages censured by Dr. Fairbairn as sceptical, had, as we have already seen, been absolute fidelity to fact. What was the use of giving an account of professedly irrefragable reasoning on behalf of Theism and Christian Faith and of infallible accuracy in the working of the human reason itself in its dealings with religious truth, when patent facts gave such an account the lie? The human reason did *as a fact*, where it was most actively exercised on fundamental problems, run into infidelity. He had expressly denied that he regarded such a use of the reason as lawful. But it was a fact to be faced. And he had in the 'Apologia' treated the Church not as a

'I have been made very anxious on the subject of Inspiration. On a parallel subject there is a remarkable Article in the *Month*. It is apropos of Father Curci. Both arise out of the question of the relation of Science to Dogma. And that is the question of the day. The Holy See acts always with great deliberation. If it is not moved to make a decision on certain questions, perhaps by its very silence it may decide that certain questions are to be kept open.'

¹ 'He has a deep distrust of the intellect,' writes Dr. Fairbairn; 'he dares not trust his own, for he does not know where it might lead him, and he will not trust any other man's.' Of the *Grammar of Assent*, Dr. Fairbairn writes, 'The book is pervaded by the intensest philosophical scepticism.'—*Contemporary Review*, May 1885, p. 667.

² This was partly a matter of principle. Newman held that the thinkers were constantly the victims of phraseology both in philosophy and in theology, and that technical language, so valuable in the interests of clearness, was ever being perverted. It could not, like algebraic symbols, be left to work automatically, but must be constantly tested by comparison with actual thought.

refuge from scepticism, hedged off from the untrustworthy reason, but as a standing witness to spiritual truth, whose influence in practice purified the reason and restrained it from excesses really irrational.

He had more than once, in tracing the sources of the issue of reason in belief or unbelief, ascribed that issue to the different first principles from which believers and unbelievers respectively started. Challenged now to defend his position from the charge of scepticism, he made it clear that he regarded the adoption of irreligious principles as due not to the intrinsic faults of the reasoning faculty, not to its being in its own nature sceptical, but to the pressure on individual minds of the generally received maxims of the evil world in which we live.

'The World,' he wrote, 'is that vast community impregnated by religious error which mocks and rivals the Church by claiming to be its own witness, and to be infallible. Such is the World, the False Prophet (as I called it fifty years ago), and Reasoning is its voice. I had in my mind such Apostolic sayings as "Love not the World, neither the things of the world," and "A friend of the world is the enemy of God"; but I was very loth, as indeed I am also now on the present occasion, to *preach*. Instead then of saying "the World's Reason," I said "Reason actually and historically," "Reason in fact and concretely in fallen man," "Reason in the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany," Reason in "every Government and every civilization through the world which is under the influence of the European mind," Reason in the "wild living intellect of man," which needs (to have) "its stiff neck bent," that ultra "freedom of thought which is in itself one of the greatest of our natural gifts," "that deep, plausible scepticism" which is "the development of human reason as practically exercised by the natural man." . . .

'The World is a collection of individual men, and any one of them may hold and take on himself to profess unchristian doctrine, and do his best to propagate it; but few have the power for such a work, or the opportunity. It is by their union into one body, by the intercourse of man with man and the sympathy thence arising, that error spreads and becomes an authority. Its separate units which make up the body rely upon each other, and upon the whole, for the truth

of their assertions; and thus assumptions and false reasonings are received without question as certain truths, on the credit of alternate appeals and mutual cheers and *imprimaturs*.'

The Church, as the society which constantly aims at stemming the tide of human corruption, is also the purifier of the human reason from corrupting influences, and not a refuge from it on the ground that it is intrinsically sceptical. The maxims of the irreligious world lead men to the gradual denial of all revealed truth; the Christian maxims preserved by the Church keep it unalloyed. His article was entitled 'The Development of Religious Error.'

Newman's article appeared in the *Contemporary Review* of October 1885, and in December Dr. Fairbairn again rejoined, taxing Newman more explicitly than before with a sceptical view of the reasoning faculty, which Newman appeared to his critic to treat as being at the mercy of arbitrary assumptions.¹ Newman wrote a further reply, in which he made it clear that he had not used the word 'Reason' in Hamilton's sense as the 'locus principiorum,' or faculty of intuition. Just the contrary. It was with him the dialectical faculty. But he no longer spoke of true first principles as merely 'assumptions,' but as, in many cases, intuitions of the *voûs*.² The world corrupted the action of the reason by

¹ 'In the province of religion,' Newman had written in his original reply to Dr. Fairbairn, 'if [that faculty] be under the happy guidance of the moral sense, and with teachings which are not only assumptions in form but certainties in fact, it will arrive at indisputable truth, and then the house is at peace; but if it be in the hands of enemies, who are under the delusion that their arbitrary assumptions are self-evident axioms, the reasoning will start from false premisses, and the mind will be in a state of melancholy disorder. But in no case need the reasoning faculty itself be to blame or responsible, except when identified with the assumptions of which it is the instrument. I repeat, it is but an instrument; as such I have viewed it, and no one but Dr. Fairbairn would say as he does—that the bad employment of a faculty was a "division," a "contradiction," and "a radical antagonism of nature," and "the death of the natural proof" of a God. The eyes, and the hands, and the tongue, are instruments in their very nature. We may speak of a wanton eye, and a murderous hand, and a blaspheming tongue, without denying that they can be used for good purposes as well as for bad.' Dr. Fairbairn's comment is that 'reason to him [Newman] had so little in it of the truth that it was as ready to become the instrument of the false prophet as of the true.'—*Contemporary Review*, December 1885, p. 850.

² 'Great faculty as reasoning certainly is,' Newman wrote in his further reply, 'it is from its very nature in all subjects dependent upon other faculties. It

instilling false assumptions at variance with the informations of our higher faculties. This reply he proposed to publish in the *Contemporary Review* for March. He then hesitated. Old though he was, he had not lost the statesman's habit of forecasting the probable effect on the various classes of his readers, of what he thought of publishing. He took advice on the subject of publishing the article, as he had done before writing the 'Apologia,' though the present controversy was in so far smaller an arena and before a very limited audience. And two of the men who had loyally helped him in 1864 did so again now — Lord Blachford and Mr. R. H. Hutton. Would further publication in reply to a young professor's strictures be for one of the Cardinal's age and position undignified? At all events would not a fresh article in the pages of the *Review* be undignified? Yet he had to think of Catholic readers, who looked for an answer from him to Dr. Fairbairn's charge of scepticism. That charge had also been made against portions of the 'Apologia' by Catholic writers of the scholastic type. Was it not therefore quite essential for him to reply to it? How would it do to leave it to his executors to publish if they desired a reprint of his October article, with notes appended in reply to Fairbairn's renewed assault of December?

On the other hand, Dr. William Barry, already a Catholic theological professor of eminence, who had previously criticised some of Newman's writing, had now written enthusiastically in his defence in the *Contemporary Review* itself. Would that perhaps preclude the necessity of his defending himself in the *Contemporary Review* for the sake of Catholic readers? Perhaps he ought still to speak for their sake, himself, and publish forthwith the notes appended to his original article. These questions are all put in the following letters to Lord Blachford, written in the month in which he completed his eighty-fifth year:

receives from them the antecedent with which its action starts; and when this antecedent is true, there is no longer in religious matters room for any accusation against it of scepticism. In such matters the independent faculty which is mainly necessary for its healthy working and the ultimate warrant of the reasoning act, I have hitherto spoken of as the moral sense; but, as I have already said, it has a wider subject-matter than religion, and a larger name than moral sense as including intuitions, and this is what Aristotle calls *νοῦς*.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: February 4th, 1886.

'My dear Blachford,—I begin with hoping that you will let me *dictate* a letter which I call *Private*. I think you can advise me.

'In the May and December numbers of the *Contemporary* Dr. Fairbairn has two severe articles to the effect that I became a Catholic as a refuge from scepticism. In October I published an answer to the May Article in the same Review, and my question is shall I also answer his second D(ecem)ber Article.

'I have written an answer and it is ready for the press with the purpose of appearing in the *Contemporary* next month (March).

'At the last moment I soliloquise as follows,—“You are acting unworthily of your age and your station. You have made your protest in October; that is enough. If you write again you will be entering into controversy. You yourself know better than any man else that your submission to Rome was not made at all as a remedy against a personal, nay, or against a controversial scepticism. It is only a matter of time for this to come out clear to all men.”

'I feel this deeply, it would require a very brilliant knock down answer to Dr. F. to justify my giving up my place “as an *emeritus miles*” and going down into the arena with a younger man. The only shade of reason for my publishing it is that I wished to say in print that in past years I had spoken too strongly once or twice against the argument from final causes.

'I would send you the Article (which I have printed for my own purpose); it makes about seven pages of the *Contemporary*, if you wish to see it. There is nothing in it of doctrine. Only every day is valuable if it is to come out in March.

Yours affectionately,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

'The Oratory, Birmingham: February 6, 1886.

'My dear Blachford,—Your prompt answer has just come. I don't forget your eyes or that you may have to trouble Lady Blachford.

'Principal Fairbairn is a great man among the Congregationalists and is said to be the prospective head of their new College at Oxford. At the beginning of my first (October) article I said the reason of my answering him was for the sake of my friends, who would wish to know how

I viewed his criticisms. Catholics are very sensitive about giving scandal, and what I wrote was not a refutation of him, but an explanation in addition to what I published years ago in the "Apologia." His line of argument was that I did not know myself, but that he, as a by-stander, knew me better. This assumption I did not notice, but employed myself in filling up the lacunæ as I called them of what I had already written. Hence I entitled the paper "The Development of Religious Error" in illustration of the latter part, the 6th, of the "Apologia." I aimed at showing as an instance that to relinquish the doctrine of future punishment was to unravel the web of Revelation.

'This involved my notion of the word Reason and gave rise in his second (December) Article to his arguing that my definition of Reason was utterly sceptical as disconnecting Reason with Truth. To refute this charge about my sense of Reason is the main subject of my second Article which I am now sending to you.

'I should add that in a Postscript to my first Article I made fun of Dr. Fairbairn saying that my view of Reason was "impious."

'I am afraid I do not retire from what I said about final causes so much as I led you to think.

'I have omitted to say that if I did not insert the Article in slips which I send you I should leave it for my Executors to do what they will with it. This is an additional reason for feeling indifferent about its being published now. I say this to show what reason I have to be indifferent whether it appears in the *Contemporary* or not.

'Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

Lord Blachford's judgment, on reading the proposed article, was distinctly against Newman's replying in the *Contemporary*. Newman wrote on February 9 entirely concurring:

'Many thanks for your pains and promptness. I go by your judgment absolutely, and I *agree* with it. Also I fully feel this, viz. that Dr. Fairbairn's Article is simply puzzle-headed, that it does not require answering.

'The only point I feel is the chance of scandals, i.e. putting myself out of line with Catholic thought. A very clever and learned theologian has just been defending me

with great eulogy in the *Contemporary* against Dr. Fairbairn, acknowledging at the same time that I sometimes say startling things. It is not very long since he wrote an unfavourable critique upon something I said, and from his reputation I think he will do me a great deal of good.

‘His writing a panegyric on me in the *Contemporary* removes *any necessity of my answering Dr. Fairbairn in that publication*, but the question of pleasing Catholics remains.

‘. . . My question is whether your judgment and my judgment against an article will lie against Notes embodying [the article] as appendages to the pamphlet which was to be and is to be issued.’

This last suggestion was in the event acted on. The pamphlet was, however, not actually published, but printed for private circulation.

Meanwhile the loyal thoughtfulness of Mr. R. H. Hutton prompted him to reply to Dr. Fairbairn in the pages of the *Contemporary*, and his reply coming as a supplement to that already published by Dr. Barry made any further words on Newman’s own part doubly unnecessary.

CHAPTER XXXV

LAST YEARS (1881-1890)

FATHER NEVILLE has left some touching though fragmentary recollections of the Cardinal's life during his last years. He prefixes to them the following words giving the general impression left by the Cardinal's demeanour and conversation on those who lived with him—words spoken in a sermon by John Henry Newman in 1828 at the funeral of his friend the Rev. Walter Mayer, but 'applying,' says Father Neville, 'exactly to the Cardinal himself':

'His was a life of prayer. The works and ways of God, the mercies of Christ, the real purpose and uses of this life, the unseen things of the spiritual world, were always uppermost in his mind. His speech and conversation showed it. . . . It pleased God to show to all around him the state of his heart and spirit, not only by the graces of a meek and peaceable and blameless conversation (which is of course displayed by all good Christians), but also by the direct religiousness of his conversation. Not that he ever spoke for the sake of display—he was quite unaffected, and showed his deep religion quite naturally.'

But the Cardinal's profound religiousness did not prevent a most lively interest in literary and political events. In the bleak winter of 1881 he writes to Mr. Bedford:

'The late severe weather did me no harm. I had one or two brief colds, but they were such as might have been in the mildest winter. I never had the thought come upon me, "What an unusual winter is this!"—I mean from the *cold*.

'I have felt the political atmosphere far more trying. I wish with all my heart that the cruel injustices which have been inflicted on the Irish people, should be utterly removed—but I don't think they go the best way to bring this about.'

He dreaded (as we have seen) the growth of democracy, and consistently held that the Bill of 1832 was an irreparable evil—‘It opened a door which can never again be shut,’ he said. At the time of Gladstone’s renewed activity in 1885 he writes to Dean Church:

‘What a dreadful thing this democracy is! How I wish Gladstone had retired into private life, as he seems to have contemplated some 10 years ago.’

In the same year he read the manuscript of Dean Church’s ‘Oxford Movement.’ “‘Charles Marriott’ and ‘Hampden’ are first rate each in its own way,’ he writes to its author. ‘All are good, and done as no one else could do them.’ And again: ‘I think you have succeeded wonderfully in your account of R. H. Froude, and marvel how without knowing him you could be so correct.’ He greatly admired the volume of Dr. James Mozley’s letters which appeared in the early eighties, edited by Miss Anne Mozley, but the “Reminiscences” of Mr. Thomas Mozley, published in 1882, were criticised by him as seriously inaccurate. ‘If a story cannot stand on two legs,’ he remarked, ‘Tom supplies a third.’

Father Neville, who had been with him in Dublin at the time of the Crimean war, was reminded once again of Newman’s rapt attention to all its details, by his similar interest, during the years 1884 and 1885, in the war in Egypt and the Soudan.

‘In 1854,’ Father Neville writes, ‘while still in middle life, and when, after about forty years of peace, war was new to the country, Dr. Newman followed in detail the anxieties and successes of the Crimean War with great interest and deep feeling. He watched Lord Raglan almost as a personal friend, from respect for him, and from sympathy with the difficulties of his position. Day by day, with the newspaper in his hand, he would give as in *précis* to those about him, a most vivid picture of what had gone on, and the sufferings of the soldiers, which he described, seemed to be as pain to himself. When the great chartered ship, *The Prince*, with its half-million worth, as was said, of gifts of good things, was lost in a storm the night it arrived off Balaclava, he most completely broke down in tears of sorrow for the disappointment to those for whom such a cargo as that had been sent.

'And such as had been his interest in the Crimean War, proportionately so was it, in his last years, with the Egyptian. The expedition for the relief of General Gordon had all his best hopes, and his full appreciation of its adventurous gallantry. When it became lost to sight in the desert, he received the news of this as of a very solemn occurrence. And the sacrifice of Gordon, for such he judged and termed the General's fate, had the same effect upon his bearing as a personal loss. He felt it as an almost unparalleled disgrace to the country. The cause and source of it, so far as he could comprehend it, and spoke of it, is a subject which, at this date, it would be almost churlish to enter upon. But to the Cardinal it was a subject of very solemn reflection, of which he hardly could speak, and his strong feeling about it never really died in him. All through the war he kept three maps of the country hung up before him that he might follow the route, and he would not afterwards have them removed; two remain to this day.'

'Though I know no one in the Soudan, and scarcely any of their relatives,' the Cardinal himself writes to Mrs. Deane in February 1885, 'I am in real distress at the thought of what those relatives are suffering. Neither the Crimea nor the Indian Mutiny has come home to me, I don't know why, as this has. Perhaps it is because the misfortune is so wanton, and on that ground makes one so indignant. Five successful engagements, won at a cruel price, but all for nothing.'

Having been thus profoundly moved by the Gordon tragedy as an onlooker and an outsider, it may be imagined that he learnt with a quite special feeling that, though they were strangers to one another, Gordon had interchanged thoughts with him on the most solemn of subjects. General Gordon, it transpired, had with him at Khartoum a copy of 'The Dream of Gerontius,' in which he had marked his favourite passages in pencil and underlined the name 'Gordon' in the dedication to the memory of Father Joseph. The book was given by the General to Mr. Power, who sent it to a relative in Ireland, who in turn offered it for the Cardinal's inspection. 'It is indeed,' Newman wrote in his letter of thanks for the volume, 'far more than a mere compliment to have my name

associated in the mind of the public with such a man—so revered, so keenly and bitterly mourned for as General Gordon.’

To Dean Church he writes as follows of the episode on April 7:

‘I have received a little book which has taken my breath away. It is the property of Mrs. Murphy, who received it from Mr. F. Power, her brother, and was given to him by Gordon at Khartoum. So Mr. Power writes in the first page; and attests that the pencil marks, thro’ the book, are Gordon’s. The book is the “Dream of Gerontius.”’

The Cardinal could not but feel that the love of his book on the part of the heroic soldier meant that he had his own death continually in view. ‘What struck me so much in his use of the “Dream,”’ Newman writes to another friend, ‘was that in St. Paul’s words he “died daily”; he was always on his deathbed, fulfilling the common advice that we should ever pass the day as if it were our last.’

Of the Cardinal’s habits as to giving in charity Father Neville writes:

‘He did not like, indeed, he shunned, the ordinary way-side beggar; but poor people whom he knew, or were specially recommended to him, had the advantage sometimes of a large gift from him, rather than alms—an unpretending-looking little box would be put into the hand, and it would amuse him as he went home to think of the surprise when the contents came to be seen—he was sure the poor people would be glad to pay off at the shop that they might begin to get credit again. Such a box might have five pounds, even more.

‘He was very particular that anything given in his name, after he was Cardinal, should be done without stint. But this was not the way with him simply as Cardinal, for he never liked half-measures in what it concerned him to do. But with regard to money, there had been times after his conversion when at best he could not do more than take half-measures, nor as much.’

The Cardinal would not give up personal correspondence with his friends until writing became quite impossible to him. In letter after letter he complains of the fatigue of using his hand, and when I myself saw him write only his

name and the date for an autograph book in 1885, it was a process which lasted several minutes. A single letter must have taken him hours at that time—though the failure had of course been very gradual. I subjoin a few letters of the last ten years of his life, taken almost at random, yet each from some point of view characteristic.

To his old Oxford friend Canon McMullen, the Rector of St. Mary's, Chelsea, who had in 1881 almost completely lost his eyesight and was retiring from active work, he wrote thus:

‘The Oratory, Birmingham: Feb. 24, 1881.

‘My dear McMullen,—I saw your letter to your Parishioners the other day, and that leads me to write you a few lines to express my sympathy with you and my kindest wishes.

‘I know the new life of calm and peace, which God is giving you, will be united with trial and suffering; but I know, too, that, out of His abundant grace, He will in some way or other make up to you for such burden as He lays upon you.

‘However, why I write this is to say to you that I have begun to say a Mass weekly for you between this and Easter, and that I propose to do so, not only from my true attachment to you, but especially in deep gratitude for the fidelity with which you have so long and so unswervingly taken my part, through years in which I have had much to try me from adverse tongues.

‘That you may be bountifully, royally recompensed by our Great Master, for all your good deeds, is the constant prayer of

‘Yours affectionately,

JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN.’

In this same year he sat for his picture to Millais, on the occasion of a visit to London. He writes as follows to Sister Maria Pia, from Rednal, on July 21:

‘Mr. Millais thinks his portrait the best he has done and the one he wishes to go down to posterity by. Every one who has seen it is struck with it. He did it in a few short sittings.

‘We have been shocked by the almost sudden death of Dean Stanley. He had some illness or other, which turned to erysipelas; and he was carried off almost as soon

as he was in danger. He was about 65, showing that old men may be quite well to all appearance, yet may be gone in a few days. . . .

‘I went to London and to the Oratory, then [to] the Cardinal’s,¹ and was received with great attention.’

The following two letters to his nephew, Mr. J. R. Mozley, give the Cardinal’s feeling in his last years on the relations between Ireland and England:

‘Birmingham: Oct. 20, 1881.

‘I am anything but a politician, whether in grasp of principles or knowledge of facts. As to Ireland, judging by what I saw in Ireland 20 years ago, the question between the countries is not one of land or property, but of *union*.

‘Cromwell, and others have, by their conduct to the Irish, burned into the national heart a deep hatred of England, and, if the population perseveres, the sentiment of patriotism and the latent sense of historical wrongs will hinder even the more rational, and calm judging, the most friendly to England, from separating themselves from their countrymen. They are abundantly warmhearted and friendly to individual Englishmen, of that I have clear experience in my own case, but what I believe, though I have no large experience to appeal to, is, that there is not one Anglophilist in the nation.

‘Observe, Gladstone the other day at Leeds complained of the little support given him by the middle class and gentry in Ireland. I think it was at the time of the Fenian rising that the *Times* had an article to the same effect. Gladstone seemed to think them cowards: no, they are patriots.

‘I knew, when in Ireland, one of the leaders of the Smith O’Brien movement in 1848; his boast was, that from Henry II.’s time the people had *never* condoned the English occupation. They had by a succession of risings, from then till now, protested against it.

‘Our rule has been marked by a persistent forcing on them English ways. Such, I suppose, was our law of property, founded on the feudal system, instead of their own communism.

‘About this I know very little. What I do know is the stupid forcing on their Catholicism our godless education. Since 1845 all English parties have been resolved that primary education and University education in Ireland should be without religion, except that . . . the Bible with-

¹ Cardinal Manning’s.

out comment should be allowed in the primary. . . . But to conclude, I can but say, we are suffering partly from "delicta majorum," partly from our own. Is it too late, for one thing, to give Ireland a Catholic University?

'Recollect Belgium, Greece, Hungary, Bulgaria, Lombardy, all have got free in my lifetime.'

'Birmingham: October 24.

'I am no politician. I have long thought that the Irish would gain Home Rule in some shape, and that both because of the issue of the series of past conflicts with Great Britain, which seems to portend it, and because of Greece, Belgium, Lombardy, Hungary and Bulgaria. But I am no advocate for such issue, rather it seems to me a blow on the power of England as serious as it is retributive.

'As to the University question, it opens a question larger than itself. Why has not England acted towards Ireland as it has treated Scotland? Scotland had its own religion, and after a short time the attempt to impose Episcopacy on it was given up, and so indulgent has been England to Scotland, that even the Queen, the head of the Anglican Church, goes to kirk and listens to Presbyterian preachers. On the contrary, not only great sums have been poured through centuries into Ireland from England by the State and by the people, to force Protestantism on the Irish, but there were persecuting laws, of which I say nothing, because the question you have asked is one of property. The Irish people consider the sums which the Anglo-Irish Establishment took year by year from the Irish population, as the property of their own Church, which Church was proscribed by English law. In asking back a small portion of these confiscations (I think one or two of the Anglican Irish Archbishops in my day left behind them towards £500,000 apiece, on their death) they have not acted unreasonably. The sums given for Protestant education were as prodigious as those for religion.

'Now what was done as regards the University? First Peel set up his godless colleges, aided by public yearly grants, I am almost sure, or quite sure: then our Bishops set up in opposition their University—not at once, but after it had been much and long discussed both in Catholic Ireland and at Rome. We were obliged to raise £5,000 a year from the peasantry, and this we did for 20 years! There was no cry for money from us then. All we asked, and what we could not get, little as it was, was the power of granting degrees. No—we were not even to have a fair stage. At

length the Irish took, in defence of the peasantry, to ask for money. By a Catholic University I mean one in which the *Officers* and Teachers are Catholics: and I demand it for Ireland because the country is Catholic. This would be secured by the Bishops having a Veto on appointments.'

The thought of death was now continually with Newman, and the friends and acquaintances acquired during a long life were dying constantly. Lord Henry Kerr, who belonged to the former category, and Mr. Eyston, the head of a well-known Catholic family, who belonged to the latter, both passed away in 1882. Lord Henry was James Hope-Scott's brother-in-law, and his death caused some delay in the appearance of the biography of Hope-Scott, in which the Cardinal was specially interested. To both of these events he refers in the following letters to Miss Bowles:

'March 10, 1882.

'It grieves me very much to see the notice of Mr. Eyston's death in the paper. I can scarcely have seen him, since I made his and his uncle's acquaintance on the top of a mail coach in a heavy downfall of rain, but I have never forgotten him, nor his name Charles, ever since.

'How the old generation is fading away, out of sight! What a mystery is life, and how it comes home to such as me to think of old Nestor's melancholy lines, "as the outburst and fall of leaves, such the generations of man." How inwardly miserable must the life of man be, without the Gospel, and now men are doing their utmost to destroy our sole solace. . . .'

'April 13, 1882.

'Thank you for your affectionate Paschal greetings, which I return with all my heart. I send them also to Frederick, since I find you are still with him, and to Miss Bathurst and her community. . . .

'I suppose dear Lord Henry's death has thrown back the printing of the Memoir. The facts, that is, Hope-Scott's acts and letters, are so striking, that they carry his wonderful character with them, and need no comment. I say "wonderful," because it is rare to find a man of the world so deeply religious, so holy in the inner man. A man may have many good points, yet have no interior. Hope-Scott speaks for himself. . . .

'I am very well, thank you, though infirm. I wish people

would learn the difference between the two words. Then, they would not wish me to leave home.'

TO SISTER MARIA PIA.

'B^m: July 3, 1882.

'I did not forget you on the Visitation, but said Mass for you on two other days instead, because I heard that William George Ward was dying. How it was that his serious state of health was not known generally before, I cannot tell, but they say that it is a simple break up. His principal complaint is that of which Fr. Joseph Gordon died, and that was three years upon him.

'It will be still some time before Palmer's Journal will issue from the Press. I shall send it to you. It seems to me very interesting—but 40 years is more than a generation and I can't prophesy how it will strike most people. The Czar does not appear in it, though afterwards he had Palmer to dine with him. I think the book shows the impossibility of a union of Greece with Anglicans, and of Greece with Rome. As for the Russian ecclesiastics, he found that they had all but given up the idea of unity, or of the Catholicity of the Church. So far they were behind the Anglicans, who at least profess belief in one Catholic Church.

'I am very well as far as health goes—but I am more and more infirm. I am dim sighted, deaf, lame, and have a difficulty in talking and writing. And my memory is very bad.

'I fear the enemies of the Church are all but effecting its absolute fall in France. The first and second generation after us will have a dreadful time of it. Satan is almost unloosed. May we all be housed safely before that day!

'Are you not 80 now?'

In 1883 the news came that Dean Church's eldest daughter Helen was engaged to be married to Mr. Paget, afterwards Bishop of Oxford. The news gave occasion for a gift to the bride's twin sister Mary, very touching in all that it recalled. It is announced in the following letter to her father:

'March 28, 1883.

'I said Mass for Helen and her husband elect this morning. So did Fr. Neville. Of course it is, however glad an event, a very trying one for all of you, and not the least for Mary.

'I don't suppose she will find a fiddle make up for Helen, but it has struck me that you and Blachford will let me give

the beautiful instrument you and he gave me, to Mary. I don't think she will refuse it; I hear much of her proficiency.

'You gave it me in 1865—and I had constant use and pleasure in the use till lately—but I find now I have no command of it; nay, strange to say I cannot count or keep time. This is a trouble to me; one gets an affection for a fiddle, and I should not like to go without getting it a good master or mistress. My friends in this house have instruments of their own. So has Mary doubtless—but this would come with associations in its history.'

TO SISTER MARIA PIA.

'June 22, 1883.

'As the 24th is the day on which the Achilli trial ended 31 years ago, I mean to say Mass for you in grateful remembrance of the part you had in it.

'As to the Affirmation Bill, I tried to sign my name against it, but had no opportunity, so far was I from refusing. The only opportunity I had was from an anonymous Birmingham petition to Parliament—but, when I had almost got the pen in my hand, I felt that a Cardinal had no right to put down his name amid a mixed multitude. And then I thought "have any clergy signed the petition?" and "would not the Bishop have told me?" So having no hint and no means, I did not express an opinion. At the same time, if you ask my real thought, I should say that, tho' I wished to sign, I should merely have done so because others did, not to be singular. For I think it a piece of humbug, and no good would come of the Bill being rejected and no harm by its passing. No atheist is kept out as it is, and within the last fortnight a daily paper has in earnest said that atheism ought to be considered one form of *theism*! (Look at pp. 36-38 of my "Idea of a University.") When it was all over, some one wrote to a Paper to say he had *authority* from me to state that I disapproved in every way of the Bill. This was not true, and I was obliged to write a letter to say that I neither approved of it nor disapproved—that it was a mere political bill with which I had nothing to do.

'I am sorry to hear your accounts of Princess Borghese.'

Mr. Hutton published early in the following year, in the *Contemporary Review*, a very appreciative criticism of some of the Cardinal's writings, which he sent to the Oratory, following up his gift by a letter, to which Newman thus replied:

'May 6, 1884.

'My dear Mr. Hutton,—You have anticipated my letter which was going to you to-day.

'I should have written to thank you sooner, but I was like a man out of breath from the action of a plunging or shower bath, or rather like a baby in Martha Gunn's hands, who begins to cry. Not that I did not feel your extreme kindness, or rather indulgence, as well as the depth and force of your criticism. But I am necessarily suffering from having lived too long.

'I can't expect that affectionate friends such as you (for the words "affectionately yours" were in my own heart and at the end of my pen before I found them in your letter) that such can wait till my full years on earth have run out, before they speak of me; nor that the purveyors of gossip of the past should refrain from tearing off my morbidly sensitive skin, while they can, with public interest; but turning from what is accidental, I am obliged to look higher—but I am too tired to bring out here my meaning. Don't suppose I am strong, because my writing is clear—unless I wrote very slowly, letter by letter, my writing would be unreadable.

'Here I am but writing a letter of thanks. It is about 20 years since I wrote to thank you for your notice in the *Spectator* of my "Apologia" on its first publication. I daresay it was against the etiquette of the literary world, for no one was kind enough to answer me but you. In consequence I called on you at your office. I have never seen you since, have I? but, whenever in London, from the gratitude I felt for the continuance of the kindness you first showed in 1864, I have wished to do so. Now I suppose there is no chance of my ever going to London, at least for many hours. You will accept instead, I am sure, the blessing of a Cardinal of Holy Church, even though you cannot accept that title of "Holy" as given her in the Creed.

'Yours affectionately

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

The present writer saw Mr. Hutton after he received this reply, which caused him some anxiety lest he had simply given pain to the man whose influence he had wished to serve by writing his article. He conveyed his anxiety to the Cardinal in a letter which brought the following characteristic note in reply:

‘May 11, 1884.

‘My dear Mr. Hutton,—I am very ungrateful to you if I have given you serious pain. But I do not understand you so, and I feel that really you understand me.

‘The shock of a shower bath turns into a feeling both pleasurable and permanent, and it was a great omission in me, if I did not make this clear to you.

‘Yours affectionately

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.’

TO SISTER MARIA PIA.

‘Dec. 19, 1884.

‘Your letter has just come, and I think it better to send you my affectionate congratulations and Cardinalitian blessing by anticipation of the Feast, than to run the risk of engagements and over fatigue when the day comes.

‘I don’t think anything of your special mental trouble, for it does not argue any want of faith, but is merely that now you *realize* more exactly what lies before you, and your enemy takes advantage of what is really a meritorious state of mind to frighten you. I am reading with great interest Wilfrid Ward’s (son of W. G. Ward) book, “The Wish to Believe,” and if, when I have finished it, I like it as much as I do when I am half through it, I will send it to you.

‘What I *am* anxious about is your state of health. You have never, as I think, realized that the misfortune you have had is very serious. You do not now, I fear, protect yourself against what may happen as you ought. I have known cases, which, for want of proper *habitual* precaution, terminated in sudden death. Perhaps I am quite wrong in my fear that you neglect it, but, if so, I am doing no harm by my mistake.

‘You are, I know, in our Lord’s loving hands. You have given yourself to a life of great penance for His sake, and He will not, does not, forget it. “When thou shalt pass through the waters, He will be with thee, and when thou shalt walk in the fire, thou shalt not be burnt,” for you are one of those who have taken your purgatory in this life, and I rejoice to think that, when God has taken you hence I shall have one to plead for me in heaven. For me, I have no sign on me of dying yet.’

I add a few specimens of his letters and notes in 1885 and 1886:

TO DEAN CHURCH.

‘April 12, 1885.

‘My dear Dean,—Thank you for your impressive Easter Sermon.

‘It is 63 years today since I was elected at Oriel; the turning day of my life.

‘Yrs affly,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.’

TO MISS BOWLES.

‘Christmas Eve, 1885.

‘Thank you for your long letter. I rejoice to find that Frederick is such a support to you, and you to him. You have indeed had severe trials this year past. Xmas Day was the death day of my last sister, in the year I returned from Rome (1879). I will not forget your wish.

‘I am much weaker than this time last year, but, as far as I know have nothing the matter with me. The two last Christmases I have had most kind and gratifying messages from the Holy Father.

‘I send you and your brother my blessing, as Christmas calls for it.’

To Mr. John Pollen, who wrote to him in the course of a long voyage, he thus replied:

‘May 6, 1885.

‘My dear Pollen,—Your letter of this morning is most welcome, and I thank you for it. I thought it a plucky thing your going all that way by yourself, and I rejoice that you are back safe and sound. Though no traveller myself, I can sympathise in what you tell me. I have gone through the Gibraltar galleries and brought away from them at least one piece of knowledge which, after all the changes in the science of warfare, seems, [by] the account of poor Colonel Stewart’s act on running on the rock on the Nile, still to hold good, that there are two ways of disabling a gun, spiking it, and knocking it off the end of the trunnion. Also I recollect a window in the galleries from which you looked down 800 feet sharp descent.

‘Well, and I sympathise with you in the strange feeling of coming on deck of a morning and seeing before you Cadiz, Algiers, Palermo or Ithaca, like the rounds in a Magic Lantern, though the middies and the crew take it as a matter of course.

‘One thing I confess lies outside my sympathy, though it touches me much, and all the more, viz. your having recourse

to "The Grammar of Assent" as a refuge from the palm trees and apes. My imagination will not take it in, except as a pendant to that great Ch. Ch. Greek scholar who to relieve himself of the excitement of the subjunctive mood, used to take up a volume of the Tracts for the Times. I think he told me so himself.

'Your sketchy account of India made me understand why the Russians should covet it. . . .

'When you see Lord Ripon, please to tell him how I rejoice in his triumphant return. I have not written my congratulations because I feel myself *passé* and thereby privileged. Indeed I am really old now. I write slowly and with effort and pain, and have various small ailments which I seem unable to throw off, and I am writing this as I lie upon a sofa.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

In the same year he sent his collected works as a gift to his old College, Trinity, with the following letter to Dr. Percival, its president:

'May 18, 1885.

'My dear President,—I have been asking myself how I could show that I was still mindful of the kindness done me by the College in giving me a place among its Fellows, now that I can no longer present myself to them in person on the annual "Gaudy"; and the bold thought has come to me that, instead of myself, perhaps they would let me offer to them a set of the books I have published in the course of my life.

'I know indeed how books grow on the shelves of a Library, and how precious in consequence is the space, and I shall be content if there is room only for some of mine; still it seems a duty to offer all if I offer any, while, in order to give the Librarian a choice, I send you, with this letter, a complete list of them.

'I hope you will not think me unreasonable in thus writing to you. This May the 18th on which I write is the anniversary of the Monday on which in 1818 I was elected a member of your Foundation.

'May your yearly Festival ever be as happy a day to you all, as in 1818 it was to me.

'I am, my dear President, Sincerely yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

'P.S. Excuse my hand writing. I am now scarcely able to form any letters.'

TO DEAN CHURCH.

‘March 25, 1886.

‘My dear Dean,—Many thanks. I am going up to the Duchess [of Norfolk’s] Requiem Mass on Monday. How I am to get thro’ it, I can’t tell. I hope I shall not be using your house as an Infirmary—I am, not ill, but so weak and sleepy.

‘Ever yrs affly,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.’

TO THE REV. A. SPURRIER.

‘Dec. 11, 1886.

‘I wish the state of my fingers allowed me to write a sufficient, or at least a readable answer to your question. I must be abrupt, because I must be short.

‘Who can have *dared* to say that I am disappointed in the Church of Rome? I say “dared,” because I have never uttered, or written, or thought, or felt the very shadow of disappointment. I believe it to be a human institution as well as a divine, and so far as it is human it is open to the faults of human nature; but if, because I think, with others, that its rulers have sometimes erred as fallible men, I therefore think it has failed, such logic won’t hold; indeed, it is the wonderful anticipation in Our Lord’s and St. Paul’s teaching, of apparent failure [and real] success in the times after them which has ever been one of my strong arguments for believing them divine messengers.

‘But I can’t write more. One word as to your next page. Faith is a divine gift. It is gained by prayer. Prayer must be patient and persevering. I have not strength to explain and defend this here. God bless you.’

He exchanged some letters at the end of this year with Mr. G. T. Edwards, formerly secretary to the London Evangelical Society, and in closing the correspondence expressed his own feeling that he had found in the Catholic Church the fuller development of all that he had most revered and still revered in the Evangelical creed of his youth.

‘Feby. 24th, 1887.

‘My difficulty in writing breaks my thoughts, and my feelings, and I not only can’t say, what I wish to say, but also my wishes themselves fare as if a dish of cold water was thrown over them.

‘I felt your letter, as all your letters, to be very kind to me, and I feel very grateful to you. I don’t know why

you have been so kind, and you have been so more and more.

‘I will not close our correspondence, without testifying my simple love and adhesion to the Catholic Roman Church, not that I think you doubt this; and did I wish to give a reason for this full and absolute devotion, what should, what can I say but that those great and burning truths which I learned when a boy from Evangelical teaching, I have found impressed upon my heart with fresh and ever increasing force by the Holy Roman Church? That Church has added to the simple Evangelicalism of my first teachers, but it has obscured, diluted, enfeebled, nothing of it. On the contrary I have found a power, a resource, a comfort, a consolation in our Lord’s Divinity and atonement, in His real presence in Communion, in His Divine and Human power, which all good Catholics indeed have, but which Evangelical Christians have but faintly. But I have not strength to say more.

‘Thank you for the beautiful Edition of the New Testament. I have a great dislike to heavy books.’

There is a curious letter belonging to the same year dictated in reply to one in which the Jesuit Father Hopkins had recorded his experience of the anti-English feeling in parts of Ireland:

‘March 3, 1887.

‘Your letter is an appalling one—but not on that account untrustworthy. There is one consideration however which you omit. The Irish Patriots hold that they never have yielded themselves to the sway of England and therefore never have been under her laws, and never have been rebels.

‘This does not diminish the force of your picture, but it suggests that there is no help, no remedy. If I were an Irishman, I should be (in heart) a rebel. Moreover, to clench the difficulty the Irish character and tastes [are] very different from the English.

‘My fingers will not let me write more.’

On the same day he wrote to his cousin, Miss Emmeline Deane, who was anxious to paint his picture:

‘My dear Emmeline,—It would be a great pleasure and favour to me to be painted by you. These are not idle words, and I should rejoice to see you. But my time is not my own. It is not now my own as if I were young, and I

have much to do, and have no certainty when the supply of time will cease, and life end.

'You may recollect the histories of St. Bede and St. Anselm. They were each of them finishing a great work, and they had to run a race with time. Anselm did not finish his—but Bede just managed to be successful. Anselm was 76—but Bede was only 62. I, alas, alas, am 86.

'What chance have I of doing my small work, however much I try? and you lightly ask me, my dear child, to give up the long days, which are in fact the only days I have!

'The only days I have, because it is my misfortune not to be able to read by candle-light, and at this very time, though March has begun, I am anxiously waiting day by day, though as yet in vain, for the morning light to be strong enough to enable me to say Mass without the vain attempt to use a candle.

'I must add that now for two years I have lost the use of my fingers for writing, and am obliged to write very slowly in order to form my letters.

'It is all this which hinders my saying categorically "yes" to your kind, and, to me, welcome question.

'But I will say this—I am labouring to carry two volumes of "St. Athanasius" through the press—I fear this will take at least half a year—this must be—but I know no excuse, if it suits you, why you should not write again to me then, if I am then alive.

Yours affectly,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

He read in this year a short religious tale¹ by a daughter of his old friend Mr. Hope-Scott, and thus wrote to its author:

'June 21st, 1887.

'My dear Josephine,—I should like to send you a long letter, but my fingers won't write, and I fear you will not be able to read this attempt.

'I like your book extremely. It has great merits. You have hit off your characters very well. Few Catholics have described so well a pious dissenting Evangelical. And in her way Fanny is as good as Bessie. And the contrast of motives (each supernatural) which led the two into the Church is excellently brought out.

'You are somewhat ambitious in your sketch of Staples, but it is good as an imagination, which requires filling out.

¹ *In the Way*. Burns & Oates.

‘There is perhaps too much *direct* teaching and preaching in the Tale—though perhaps it could not be helped. You have referred to Bishop Hay once; I think it would have been more prudent if, at the foot of the page, you had now and then [given references]: “Vid. Bp. Hay,” “vid. Fr. Faber,” or the like.

‘Now, my dear Child, I hope this criticism will not frighten you. If I was not pleased with your work, if I did not think it likely to do glory to God, if I did not love you and take an interest in you, I should not have written. You must not be startled at my abruptness, that arises from the effort and trouble with which I write.

‘I always have you and your sisters and brother in my prayers.

Yours affectionately,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.’

Henceforth he wrote but little in his own handwriting, and the following unfinished fragment to Dean Church tells its own story:

‘July 3, 1887.

‘I was very glad to receive your letter, for I feared the heat of London was telling upon you, and the Papers said nothing of you good or bad. For myself, though I have no complaint, “senectus ipsa est morbus,” showing itself in failure of sight, speech, joints, hearing.’

The last autograph letter the present writer has seen is the following, written to himself on the occasion of his engagement to the daughter of the Cardinal’s old friend, Mr. Hope-Scott, to whom the letter already cited was addressed:

‘Sept. 28th, 1887.

‘My dear Wilfrid,—What a capital letter you have sent me. I rejoice to receive it, and send you gladly my congratulations and blessing.

‘I have neither eyes to see, nor fingers to write. So these lines (are they lines?) are but an ungrateful return for yours and Josephine’s.

Yours affectly,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.’

Other habitual tasks besides letter-writing soon became impossible. The Cardinal preached for the last time on January 1, 1888, at the celebration of the sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo XIII. The thought which had so long tried him—that he had been allowed to do so little since his admission

to the Catholic Church up to the last years of his life—was apparent in this sermon. He found in this a point of sympathy with Pope Leo, who was himself (he believed) an old and comparatively unknown man when the great opportunity of his elevation to the Pontificate was given him. It was the way of God's Providence.

'When we look back,' he said, 'at the lives of holy men it often seems wonderful that God had not employed them more fully.' He pointed out the inscrutable ways of Almighty God in choosing persons to do His work, Moses being eighty years of age before he began his career as leader of the Israelites, while St. John the Baptist was cut off at the beginning of his work. After citing as instances St. Gregory Nazianzen, and others from ecclesiastical history, the Cardinal said: 'I do not directly compare our present Holy Father with Moses, but still the same rule applies in his case. He had lived a long life before he was Pope; and he has now done things which it might be said no other man could do, yet it is scarcely to be supposed that any one present had heard his name before he was Pope. There did not seem any likelihood that he would leave his Perugia bishopric, but he was found as others were found, by the special providence and inspiration of God, and we in our ignorance knew nothing of him.'

'In conclusion,' so runs the newspaper report of the sermon, 'the Cardinal thanked God, as for one of the special blessings of his life, that he was allowed to stand there and say a few words that day, and that by the special favour of God he had lived thus long to see such a man.'

To the very last the feeling of regret for lost time would at times find fresh expression. The opposition of men—of good men—had for years defeated so many of his efforts. And now the night was approaching and he could do but little. Nevertheless, while he could not cease to feel this fact keenly, he recognised how small such personal considerations would look in the light of eternity.

'As to what may be called wrongs to *him*, his own last words on such subjects,' writes Father Neville, 'were nearly these: "You must not suppose that these little affairs of mine will be on the *tapis* in the courts of the next world." This was said with a cheerfulness and gravity very expressive

of great kindness, a good conscience, and solemn thought. It was said after a long silence: a silence which he resumed for a considerable time. He had been speaking of his many years of wasted work.'

So far as age and infirmity allowed it, the Cardinal kept up his intercourse with old friends. Three meetings in the last years of his life with his faithful ally and staunch supporter Bishop Ullathorne are chronicled in that prelate's Biography. On August 18, 1887, Dr. Ullathorne writes to a friend as follows:

'I have been visiting Cardinal Newman to-day. He is much wasted, but very cheerful. Yesterday he went to London to see an oculist. When he tries to read black specks are before his eyes. But his oculist tells him there is nothing wrong but old age. We had a long and cheery talk, but as I was rising to leave an action of his caused a scene I shall never forget. . . . He said in low and humble accents, "My dear Lord, will you do me a great favour?" "What is it?" I asked. He glided down on his knees, bent down his venerable head, and said, "Give me your blessing." What could I do with him before me in such a posture? I could not refuse without giving him great embarrassment. So I laid my hand on his head and said: "My dear Lord Cardinal, notwithstanding all laws to the contrary, I pray God to bless you, and that His Holy Spirit may be full in your heart." As I walked to the door, refusing to put on his biretta as he went with me, he said: "I have been indoors all my life, whilst you have battled for the Church in the world."'

Again, on April 16, 1888, Dr. Ullathorne writes:

'To-day I have been honoured with a visit from Cardinal Newman, and never did he look more venerable, and show more feeling. He had fixed his mind all Lent to come and see me on Easter Monday. When that day came he was forbidden to leave the house. To-day was bright, and he came; he was brought to my room leaning on the arms of two priests, and we talked for an hour, after which he left. He can no longer read, and even if he tries to sign his name he cannot see what strokes he makes. But I was much touched by his conversation.'

The last meeting of all was in the following July at Stone convent, so long the home of Mother Margaret Hallahan and

Mother Imelda. The meeting has been described by one of the nuns:

‘On the 16th of July the Community received an unexpected visit from the venerable Cardinal Newman, the last time they were ever to enjoy that privilege. His coming had been announced in the morning, and on his arrival he was met at the door by the Archbishop, who gave him his arm, and supported him to the Community room, where he received the Religious, saying a kind word to each whom he knew. He spoke of a visit he had lately made to London, and of the impression which the sight of the great metropolis had made on him, “like a glimpse of the great Babylon. . . . It made me think of the words, ‘Love not the world nor the things of the world.’ Perhaps, however, I am too severe, and only think in that way because I am an old man.” After a while he rose and blessed the Community and returned to the guest room, still leaning on the Archbishop’s arm. There he consented to rest for a short space and take some refreshment, the Archbishop pouring out tea for him and holding it to his lips. To see these two venerable men thus together, one waiting on the other and supporting his feebleness, was a sight never to be forgotten; and few who then saw them would have predicted that the elder, and more infirm of the two, would be the survivor.’¹

Of the last two years, with the gradual failure which they brought, Father Neville has left a simple and touching narrative:

‘According to the custom of Cardinals he said his own private Mass in a private chapel, and always as early as convenient to others; for the last time, the Christmas Day before he died, after which Feast he always declined to say Mass himself from fear of an accident. Sight and strength had already very greatly failed him, and he feared lest he should overbalance in taking the chalice. Reverence forbade such a risk. Nevertheless he learnt by heart a Mass of the Blessed Virgin and a Mass of the Dead. One or other of these Masses he repeated daily, whole or part, and with the due ceremonies, for the chance that he hoped for, since his sight and strength varied, that with the brighter sunlight of the spring he might some day find himself in condition to say Mass once again. He was determined, he said, that no want of readiness on his part should cause him to miss the

¹ See *Life of Archbishop Ullathorne*, ii. 533. Dr. Ullathorne on resigning his See was made a titular Archbishop.

opportunity should it occur. This preparation became to him the great pleasure of the day, both from what he could look forward to in hope, and also from the reverence that filled him by the solemnity of the words and different actions. This reverence would sometimes be manifest in his face and voice, and sometimes he would give expression of it by word to those who assisted him. He continued this preparation until within two or three days of his death, August 11, 1890. The hoped-for opportunity to say Mass never came.

‘Other religious privations had already come upon him. First that of the daily Office in the Breviary. He had always been greatly attached to the recital of the Office, and he rejoiced especially in the recurrence of the Sunday and other longer offices; his favourite parts of which never palled upon him as subjects for conversation. But the time came when he could no longer use the Breviary, and then, by the advice of Bishop Ullathorne, he substituted the Rosary in its stead. What the Rosary became to him under these new circumstances, those can imagine who know what his attachment to the daily Office had been; his ready reply to a condolence on his loss of the power to say it being, that the Rosary more than made up for it; that the Rosary was to him the most beautiful of all devotions and that it contained all in itself. In time, however, the Rosary had to be abandoned, a want of sensitiveness in his finger-ends disabling him from its use. From far back, in the long distance of time, memory brings him forward, when not engaged in writing or reading, as most frequently having the Rosary in his hand.’

One by one, too, old habits and amusements had to follow these devotional exercises, leaving dictation and the reading of others to take their place. He was unable any longer himself to preach. But when in 1889 Leo XIII. protested against the erection in Rome of a statue to Giordano Bruno, Cardinal Newman dictated some words to be read by one of the Fathers from the pulpit, vehemently endorsing the Holy Father’s protest.

In the same year Englishmen were talking a good deal of the conspicuous part which Cardinal Manning was taking in arbitrating between masters and men in the dockers’ strike. The subject gave occasion for a pleasant exchange of letters between the two English Cardinals. Father Neville speaks as follows of Newman’s feeling in relation to Cardinal Manning’s action in the matter:

“What did Cardinal Newman think of that movement?” It is a subject that had not been brought before him in former years, and it was not now in his power to judge of it at all fully; but he could see with great satisfaction how Cardinal Manning had manifested to the whole country the interest Holy Church takes in the welfare of the poor. To Cardinal Newman this was a subject for rejoicing; he therefore dictated a little letter to the Cardinal Archbishop congratulating his Eminence most heartily thereon. Cardinal Manning’s reply was as follows:

‘Archbishop’s House, Westminster: September 30, 1889.

‘My dear Cardinal,—Your letter of this morning is as grateful to me, as it was unlooked for; and I thank you for it very heartily.

‘I was rejoiced to see the other day the words you spoke in Church about Giordano Bruno. They showed the old energy of days now past for both of us.

‘Do not forget me in your prayers; every day I remember you at the altar.

‘Believe me always,

Yours affectionately,

HENRY E. CARDINAL MANNING.’

To the very end Cardinal Newman longed to do some useful work, though the failure of his powers left him little opportunity. One occasion did present itself only a few months before his death. I slightly abridge Father Neville’s account of it:

‘It concerned a number of young Catholics employed in a large manufactory where great care was taken of them, all of the hands being girls. It was the rule that every one on the premises should assemble at a fixed time in the working hours, once a day, for religious instruction, viz. the reading of Scripture with an exposition thereon by the masters themselves, who were of the Society of Friends. This rule had been complied with a very long time, but when the priest of the mission heard of it, he strictly forbade his own people to attend, no matter how short the time. The masters would not take the priest’s word as final; they would like, they said, the opinion of some such liberal-minded Catholic as Cardinal Newman on so unexpected a command. This our Cardinal thought a call upon him to come forward, and he lost no time. It was in the month of November, the year before he died, a time of thick snow and thaw, which obliged him to walk some little way to the works; but he would not hear of delay and drove to see the masters.

'The masters maintained very well their own religious grounds for the observance of the rule, and since they could not enter into the Cardinal's argument for relaxation which he rested on the need of the entirety of the Creed,¹ he had, he said, to have his wits well about him not to go wrong. That, however, he rather enjoyed. The masters received what he put forward with kindness and respect, and they said they would talk the matter over by themselves. Anticipating success, the Cardinal's first words on re-entering his carriage came with pleased briskness: "If I can but do work such as that, I am happy and content to live on." A few days brought the good news that all difficulties had been got over by a room having been set apart for the Catholics to meet in for prayer by themselves—a very great privilege that is in force to this day.'

Two letters written in 1889 and 1890 should be added to those that have been given. One relates to the death of Father Hecker, the Paulist whose efforts to interpret the Catholic religion to his contemporaries in America had commanded Newman's close sympathy. The other shows him at the end of his long life of nearly ninety years exchanging words of sympathy and fellowship with an adherent of his own early Evangelical creed—Mr. Edwards, and sending him his own translation of the ancient prayer, used by St. Ignatius Loyola in his spiritual exercises, '*Anima Christi sanctifica me.*'

TO FATHER HEWIT.

'Feb. 28th, 1889.

'My dear Father Hewit,—I was very sorrowful at hearing of Father Hecker's death. I have ever felt that there was this sort of unity in our lives, that we had both begun a work of the same kind, he in America and I in England, and I know how zealous he was in promoting it. It is not many months since I received a vigorous and striking proof of it in the book he sent me. Now I am left with one friend less, and it remains with me to convey through you my best condolence to all the members of your Society.

'Hoping that you do not forget me in your prayers,

'I am, dear Father Hewit,

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.'

¹ His argument had ever been that heretics held part of the Creed, Catholics the whole—obviously not a popular argument.

TO MR. G. T. EDWARDS.

‘29th January, 1890.

‘My dear Mr. Edwards,—Accept my tardy Christmas greetings and good wishes to you for fulness in faith, hope, charity, gladness and peace; for the blessings of Holy Church, and of Gospel gifts, for the Communion of Saints, and the Life Everlasting.

‘I shall venture to send you what I may call my Creed over-leaf.

‘Yours most truly,
J. H. N.

‘MY CREED.

Soul of Christ, be my sanctification;
Body of Christ, be my salvation;
Blood of Christ, fill all my veins;
Water of Christ’s side, wash out my stains,
Passion of Christ, my comfort be,
O good Jesus, listen to me
In thy wounds I fain would hide
Ne’er to be parted from Thy side;
Guard me should the foe assail me;
Call me when my life shall fail me.
Bid me come to Thee above,
With Thy Saints to sing Thy love,
World without end. Amen.’

‘It might be said of the Cardinal,’ writes Father Neville, ‘that he clung to life to the end. He knew how he would be missed by some, and he felt for them; and there were objects and interests which he held very tenderly in mind with this thought of them—what would happen in the struggle which in his forecast of the future seemed likely to come? God’s cause was ever in his mind. And as long as he could in any way serve it he desired to stay.’

However, in the summer of 1890 it was clear that the end was not far distant. Father Neville records that the Cardinal was displeased with the doctors for speaking as though he might yet live a year or two when they must know that it was a matter of months or even weeks. Death did come almost suddenly. But it was immediately preceded by a somewhat remarkable momentary rally on the evening of August 9, which Father Neville thus records:

'The Cardinal entered his room . . . his footstep was slow yet firm and elastic; indeed, it was not recognized as his, his attendant was surprised that it was he; soon, when seen, his bearing was in keeping with his step;—unbent, erect to the full height of his best days in the 'fifties; he was without support of any kind. His whole carriage was, it may be said, soldier-like, and so dignified; and his countenance was most attractive to look at; even great age seemed to have gone from his face, and with it all careworn signs; his very look conveyed the cheerfulness and gratitude of his mind, and what he said was so kind; his voice was quite fresh and strong, his whole appearance was that of power, combined with complete calm.' . . .

That night he was taken ill of congestion of the lungs. He rose next morning, but had to go to bed again. Then happened a little incident which brings before us vividly his clinging and grateful memory of those who had ministered by their kindness to his suffering temperament in days of trial. I relate it in Father Neville's own words:

'A poor, an indigent person, a stranger to him, had once left for him at the house door a silk handkerchief with a message of respect. This was very many years before he was Cardinal, and when he seemed, so to speak, much set aside; at a time, too, when he was himself very poor. Both present and message were received by him as they were meant, and with a solemn gravity which checked even a smile. He kept the handkerchief as something he prized. When he went to bed expecting to die, he had it brought to him, and put it on, and, though the doctors said he might as well be without it, he died with it on. He had kept it quite thirty years, even more.'

The Cardinal received the last Sacraments on August 10, and passed away at a quarter to nine in the evening of August 11, having been unconscious for most of the day. The funeral was at Rednal on the 19th. He was buried in accordance with the instructions he had left, in the grave of his beloved friend Ambrose St. John, and on the pall was his chosen motto '*Cor ad cor loquitur.*' On the memorial slab at his own desire were engraved the words '*Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.*'

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